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The Outlook

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The Outlook

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UNDEMOCRATIC DEMOCRACY

The New York "Times" announces in one of its headlines that "Governor Dix is in full control." We wish he were, but he is not. This is not his fault; it is the fault of the Constitution of the State of New York. The Governor of that State has certain important but narrowly defined powers. The Constitution does not give him, as the Constitution in a democracy should give its chief executive, "full control" of the administration of the State. In this respect the Federal Constitution is far more democratic than many of our State Constitutions. The President of the United States appoints all heads of departments. He can remove any or all of them. The people, therefore, have a right to hold him responsible for the conduct of those departments. If the country approves the conduct of the Interior Department under Secretary Ballinger, the credit goes to the account of President Taft. If it disapproves, the debit goes to the account of President Taft. But the Governor of the State of New York does not appoint the heads of departments in the State. They are elected. If Mr. Bensel's administration of the engineering work in the State is good, that is not to Governor Dix's credit. If it is unsatisfactory to Governor Dix or to the people of the State, neither the Governor nor the people have any remedy. The power of removal given to the President confers on the people through the President a *quasi* power of recall. They have no such power in the State. One reform greatly needed in many of our States is the adoption of the Federal principle: the election of one Executive head with power to appoint and to remove all heads of departments. Governor Dix should be "in full control." The people could then hold him responsible for the administration of the affairs of the State. That they now cannot do. The man who really appointed the heads of departments in the State of New York is Mr. Murphy, the Tammany chief; and the people have no way of holding him responsible for his appointments.

LAW AND ORDER IN THE PHILIPPINES

Mr. Dickinson, Secretary of War, and General Edwards, Chief of the Insular Bureau, recently returned from a trip around the world, their longest stay having been in the Philippines. Both officials have now published their impressions. The Secretary's account is in the form of a special report to the President; General Edwards's is in his annual report as Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs. Both accounts are primarily interesting because of the light thrown upon present-day conditions in the islands. At last it can be announced that, whenever an American quits the Philippine Civil Service, he is, as far as possible, to be succeeded by a Filipino. Such a policy could never be carried out if peaceful conditions did not obtain in the islands. Even the "head-hunting tribes"—those which have had a passion for decapitation—in the north now feel safe in their lives and property, and are devoting themselves to agriculture, enjoying meanwhile more of the comforts of life than at any previous time, while the non-Christian tribes in the south have found out that the American Government is not exploiting them, but that everything done in the way of control results to their immediate benefit. No reduction has been made in the number of United States troops in the islands, but no call upon them seems likely in the

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immediate future, so General Edwards says; their continued presence, he thinks, may be considered valuable merely for moral effect. The Constabulary, operating from nearly a hundred and forty stations, also serves as a military force, and, as such, demonstrated its fitness with the two cases of disorder above mentioned. Besides this service, the Constabulary, as Secretary Dickinson points out, has been efficient as an auxiliary force in sanitary work, especially during epidemics. While the commissioned officers of the Constabulary are generally Americans, a number of Filipinos are also officers, and the policy is to fill vacancies by the appointment of Filipinos as rapidly as they meet the requirements. Thus, among the natives, the Constabulary is becoming increasingly respected. The men and the native non-commissioned officers are constantly conciliating the people towards the administration, are learning the English language and habits, and are thus the medium of wholesome influences upon the people. As an indication of loyalty, Mr. Dickinson relates asking a member of the Constabulary, in the formerly wild Bontoc country in northern Luzon, whether or not he would stand by our flag in the case of trouble with a foreign power. The man answered: "Do you think I would hesitate to do that? Did I not recently, in the discharge of my duty, when ordered, fire upon and kill one of my own townsmen who was defying the enforcement of the law?"

CAPITAL, LABOR, AND THE PUBLIC

That the influential capitalists of the country are more and more taking a broad view of their duties and responsibilities with regard to labor on the one hand and the public welfare on the other is strikingly indicated by two addresses given before the Quill Club of New York at a recent meeting, one by Mr. Paul Morton, President of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and the other by Mr. George W. Perkins, until recently a partner of the firm of Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. The Quill Club is a discussion club, composed of thoughtful New Yorkers of various professions. The subject under discussion was World Business. Mr. Morton made a plea for the industrial combination, "call it Trust if you will," assuming, however, that the country was determined to place these combinations under Government regulation. He regarded the right relations between labor and capital as forming the most important element in the industrial progress of the United States and the development of its commerce with the rest of the world. It is of special interest when Mr. Morton, a railway man by industrial training, speaks of the labor question in the following terms:

> The real object of a labor union should be the true and ultimate welfare of labor, of the employer, and of the country in which it does business. I am a great believer in organized labor, but it is a big mistake to misdirect itself by attempting to bring a good man down to the level of a poor man. Its aim should be to encourage the man who wants to work and who is efficient, and to undertake to educate the inferior man to become as good as the best and thereby increase the production of its organization as a whole. Personally, I think it should stand for and not discourage piece-work. Organized labor and organized capital should both stand for efficiency and do everything possible to create wealth. I am sure there is no sensible man who will not entirely approve of a labor organization which has efficiency as one of its chief reasons for existing. Without co-operation between labor and capital we cannot meet the competition of the world.

GEORGE W. PERKINS ON "WORLD BUSINESS"

In a remarkable address on the same occasion, which is published in full in the "Churchman" for December 31, Mr. George W. Perkins advocates combination in industry, which he prefers, however, to call co-operation in industry. Mr. Perkins traced the growth of the idea that industry is war—war between competitors, war between labor and capital, and even war between nations—and asserts, what we heartily believe to be true, that civilization has reached a stage where the injury of one group of citizens means really the injury of all the citizens. He referred to the fact that the recently organized International Steel Institute has adopted as the motto of its seal or emblem, "Right is might: Co-operation;" and added that "only a few years ago if these same men had met, it is safe to say that every one of them, if asked for a design for a seal for

an International Steel Association, would have said that the wording should be, 'Might is right: Competition.'" In pursuance of the principle of co-operation, Mr. Perkins, who is perhaps the foremost practical authority in the United States on this subject, urges that the relations between labor and capital should be cemented by genuine profit-sharing. "You cannot spend a million dollars on the education of one generation without having a million of questions raised by the next generation. As a result of the educational process that has been going on [Mr. Perkins had just referred to the great sums of money given by the captains of industry to establish schools, colleges, and libraries], one of the questions raised by the present generation is, 'What is the proper division of profits as between capital and labor?'" Profit-sharing, according to Mr. Perkins's definition, must not be confused with the payment of wages. The wage-worker desires to know and has a right to know whether the payment he receives for his service, be his wages much or little, is a "fair proportion of what is made in the business of which he is a partner." The entire address is worth reading, for it is one of the soundest expositions we have lately seen of the threefold partnership of capitalist, laborer, and consumer. A pleasant and significant incident occurred in connection with this address. At a certain point in the reading of his manuscript, at the end of a sentence which completed a statement about the phenomenal growth of the idea of honest dealing and the moral responsibility of corporations, Mr. Perkins emphasized the fact that these ideals had recently made more rapid progress; then he paused and added: "When I was dictating this paper and had reached this point, my stenographer interjected, 'And Teddy did it!' and I did not object to the interruption." This incident was greeted by the Quill Club with rounds of applause.

A COMMITTEE REPORT ON THE NEW YORK SUBWAY SITUATION

The proposal of the Interborough Company for the extension of the existing subway system in New York City has received strong support from another quarter Several weeks ago, at the request of Mayor Gaynor, the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Association appointed a Joint Committee to study the subway situation and advise the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The Committee was made up of prominent and public-spirited citizens, headed by former Mayor Seth Low. Four sub-committees studied the transit problem thoroughly; and the main Committee has now embodied the findings of those bodies in a comprehensive report. The Committee expresses its unanimous hope that the city authorities will accept the offer of the Interborough, with possible modification in details, and that they will accept it promptly and put an end to a situation that has become intolerable. The main reasons advanced for preferring the Interborough offer are: The benefit of having one complete system, the shortening of the lease of the present subway by fifteen years, the assurance that the city will have an operator not only for the proposed additions but for any further extensions that the city may decide to make in the future, the assurance of an early beginning of the work, the leaving to the city of money for other needed public improvements, and the assurance of a single five-cent fare over the entire system. The Committee also considers the main argument which is advanced against the adoption of the Interborough offer, namely, that it means the adoption of the principle of monopoly in future subway operation, rather than the principle of competition. This argument is based upon the belief that competition is more likely to secure satisfactory operation for both of the two systems than regulation would be in the case of a single system. This argument the Committee does not believe to be strong enough "to prevail against the advantages which have been shown to inhere in a complete system owned by the city, upon which only a single fare is charged, upon which universal transfers will be given, and the operation of which is subject to the control of the Public Service Commission." It appears to the Committee that the argument in favor of competition is based in the public mind very largely upon temporary conditions. It is led to believe that "the quality of service given by any

corporation at any given time depends more upon the personal equation than upon the presence or absence of competition."

THE COMMITTEE'S RECOMMENDATIONS

In making its recommendations, the Committee quite evidently holds no brief for the present management of the Interborough System, and it does take occasion to say a word of commendation for Mr. McAdoo and the management of the Hudson Tunnels. "Does any one doubt," says the Committee, "that, if Mr. McAdoo were placed in charge of the Interborough System, the attitude of the Interborough toward the public would be radically changed? Some day even the management of the Interborough may learn that the good will of the public is worth having for every reason. When this idea really reaches home, the Interborough will strive as earnestly as Mr. McAdoo now does to please the public. A system that is overtaxed, as the Interborough is overtaxed during the rush hours, cannot be expected to give service which will not be complained of. Perhaps most of the complaints against the Interborough originate in this condition of things. But there is room, as every one knows, for a change of attitude toward the public on the part of the Interborough management, which would make its service satisfactory in many minor respects as to which now it is a subject of just criticism. Such a change of attitude might come from competition, but it may also come without it." In spite, however, of this frank recognition of the shortcomings of the management of the existing subway system, the Committee feels constrained to "deprecate the adoption of a policy of competition which would forfeit all of the advantages pertaining to the Interborough offer which have been outlined, which would involve the city in useless expense, and in return for which, in the judgment of this Committee, the city would be likely to reap disadvantage rather than advantage." The Public Service Commission, and now the Joint Committee, have advanced strong arguments for the acceptance by the city of the Interborough offer. The Outlook has already stated its conviction that the principle of competition is one that it is important to preserve in so far as is possible in the operation of rapid transit lines in large cities. The Outlook realizes, however, that this is a principle which may well be modified in its application at any specified time by other considerations and by existing conditions. The unanimous judgment of two such bodies as the Public Service Commission and the Joint Committee—the one composed of experts who have been studying the problem with the closest attention for many months; the other composed of broad-minded citizens who have given the most careful attention to the factors in the problem for a shorter length of time—should, in our opinion, have great weight with those who are neither experts nor in a position to make a careful study of the question.

HANDS OFF

A plan has been announced by Mr. John W. Alexander, the well-known painter and President of the National Academy of Design, and also by the governing board of the Academy, by a group of its influential members, and by others interested in the institution, to secure from New York City, as they hope, permission to erect an Academy building in Bryant Park fronting on Sixth Avenue and occupying the block from Fortieth to Forty-second Street, the land to be a gift from the city and the building to be erected from funds furnished entirely by the Academy. The opposition with which this plan has been received is the most important fact in connection with that proposition. It shows that New York has thoroughly made up its mind that it will not part with any portion of the open spaces reserved for recreation and health. These open spaces, whether they are playgrounds or parks, are altogether too small; there ought to be three times as much ground given to air and to recreation as is now set apart within the limits of Greater New York. This proposition was preceded, readers of The Outlook will remember, by a proposal to erect a building for the Academy in Central Park on the site now occupied by the Arsenal, and that plan was defeated by the vigorous protests made by the public against the surrender of any part of what might be

called the common lands of the city. The property between Bryant Park and Fifth Avenue is occupied by the new Library building, a distinct addition to the architectural features of New York. If the plans suggested by the gentlemen who wish to use the Sixth Avenue frontage of the park for the Academy building are carried out, the proposed building will run flush with the curb of the sidewalk, the latter passing through an arcade, and a comparatively narrow space would be left between the new building and the Library. The Outlook protests against this use of Bryant Park on the ground that New York greatly lacks park room, and that no further encroachment on the room which it now has should be permitted.

A GREAT ART BUILDING

That New York greatly needs an adequate picture gallery, and that such a gallery ought to be under the direction of the Academy of Design, no one interested in art in this city seriously questions. The Academy is now compelled to hang its pictures at its exhibitions on rented walls, and those walls are not adequate either to the needs of large exhibitions or permanently to represent the art interests and resources of the metropolis. There is at present a very important collection of the work of American artists in illustration on exhibition in another city, whence it will be taken to two or three other cities—Chicago and Boston among them—but it cannot be exhibited in New York because no place is open to receive it. This is a state of things little creditable to a city which, more than any other American city, is the center of art production, whatever may be said of its artistic taste. The Outlook believes enthusiastically in Mr. Alexander's energetic and earnest endeavor to solve the question of housing the Academy and making adequate provision for art exhibitions; but it does not believe that the Bryant Park site would be adequate or proper. The new building for the Academy ought to be as noble a piece of architecture as the country is capable of producing, and it ought to be so placed that it can be seen from all sides, and its dignity, beauty, and size should symbolize the purposes to which it is dedicated. If to erect such a building two blocks now covered by houses are necessary, it ought to be possible to secure from the metropolis a sufficient capital to put the Academy in possession of adequate ground. The new building ought to be a part of the higher resources of New York; under the direction of the Academy it ought to be a municipal building dedicated, in part at least, to the largest popular use. Mr. Alexander is one of the American artists who has proved his faith in the possibility of democratic art by making very important contributions to it. His mural work in the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh not only ranks with the best artistic work in the country, but it is thoroughly modern and local in its inspiration. Its motives were not taken from classical or Renaissance times; they were taken from Pittsburgh, and are treated with the courage and simplicity of faith which have been characteristic of great art in every age. If Mr. Alexander and his associates will elaborate a scheme great enough in its inclusion of all interests, his scheme would be equally representative of the metropolis and would appeal to the imagination of New York. It is the firm conviction of The Outlook that sufficient funds could be collected to turn such a dream into a reality.

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION

When the bill providing for the incorporation of the Rockefeller Foundation, which placed in the hands of the Board of Trustees a vast sum of money, was introduced into Congress last year, exception was taken to several provisions on the ground that so great a fund, if improperly employed, or put at the disposal of some anti-social endeavor, might be used for the injury of the public; and so strong was the opposition that the bill was not passed. A number of important amendments have now been introduced for the purpose of freeing the bill of the provisions which Congress found objectionable. These amendments provide that the capital of the Foundation shall not exceed one hundred millions of dollars; this amount, however, is not intended to cover advances in the value of the property after it has been received by the

Foundation. They prohibit the accumulation of its income, which is to be "currently applied" to the purposes of the Foundation; thus preventing an undue accumulation of the Fund. The amendments also provide that the names of trustees chosen by the original members named in the bill shall be submitted to the President, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Presidents of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, and the University of Chicago, and that such names must secure a majority vote of these gentlemen. Provision is also made for the distribution of any property held by the Foundation at the expiration of fifty years, in case the trustees think it advisable to make such distribution; and at the end of one hundred years Congress shall have power to compel the distribution of any of its principal. Power is also granted to Congress to impose at any time such limitations upon the objects of the corporation as it may deem the public interest demands, and all property in any form received by the Foundation shall be subject to the terms prescribed by Congress in the bill and its amendments, or that may be hereafter imposed by Act of Congress. It is believed that these amendments will prevent any use of the great fund in the hands of the trustees which may be inimical to the public good, or any future trustees from placing the great fund at the service of any special interest.

THE DEUTSCHES HAUS AT COLUMBIA

Mr. Edward D. Adams, President of the Germanistic Society of America, whose benefactions have already been noted in these columns, has now added to them the gift of thirty thousand dollars to Columbia University for the particular purpose of purchasing and equipping a Deutsches Haus. This should be a distinct aid in the laudable efforts on the part of Columbia University and Harvard University to promote cordial relations between Germany and the United States. The "Haus" is to contain an academic bureau of information, to be under the direction of Professor Rudolf Tombo, Jr., now absent in Germany on sabbatical leave, which will work in co-operation with a similar one in the University of Berlin, conducted by Professor Paszkowski. At these bureaus students may obtain all possible information regarding various educational institutions in Germany and the United States. In addition to the academic bureau of information, the American "Haus" is to contain a Germanic Institute, equipped for the study of German history and civilization under the direction of a competent scholar, with whom will be associated the Kaiser Wilhelm Professor of each year. The building is also to contain a private apartment for that professor during his term of service. The "Deutsches Haus" will be an important link in clinching the German-American connection as above outlined. The "Haus" is to be located near the University, and is expected to be ready for occupancy before the opening of the next academic year. It will do much to cement friendly German-American feeling in general, and in particular to emphasize the value of the Kaiser Wilhelm Professorship.

GERMAN-AMERICAN PROFESSORIAL INTERCHANGES

The gift of a hundred thousand dollars from an anonymous donor is also announced, making it possible for the Columbia trustees to place the Roosevelt Exchange Professorship in the University of Berlin upon a more satisfactory basis, and also to consider the extension of the system of exchange professorships to other German universities. The gift calls renewed attention to the professorial exchange comprised under the present Kaiser Wilhelm and Roosevelt Professorships. They are the result of a long-standing purpose, made effective by the active support of the German Emperor over five years ago. The Emperor said to Mr. Tower, the American Ambassador, that, for the peace of the world and the advance of civilization, there should now be added to the diplomatic and commercial intercourse of the nations their more disinterested and altruistic intercourse through the intermediation of their educators, and that, above all nations, Germany and the United States should introduce this method of bringing the leaders of the

world's culture together. The purpose was carried out through the intermediation of two American universities, Harvard and Columbia, in the prosecution of two independent but not conflicting plans. The Harvard-Berlin professorial exchange follows the plan of the late Dr. Althoff, Ministerial Director in the Prussian Ministry of Education. His advances were accepted by President Eliot, and in the autumn of 1905 Harvard sent out Professor Peabody to lecture at the University of Berlin. The Harvard system comprises an exchange of educators between the Harvard corps of professors and such educators as the Prussian Ministry of Education may propose. It is an interchange of professors who speak in their own languages on their own special subjects. On the other hand, the Columbia plan—the outcome of a project formulated for more than twenty years—involves the appointment of men who speak in the language of the students on some topic connected with the history and institutions of their native land. The plan provides for the establishment of a professorship of German History and Institutions at Columbia, to be called the Kaiser Wilhelm Professorship, and for the establishment of a professorship of American History and Institutions in the University of Berlin, to be called the Roosevelt Professorship. Upon nomination by the Prussian Ministry of Education the Columbia trustees annually appoint the incumbent of the Kaiser Wilhelm Professorship, and from nominations by those trustees the Prussian Ministry of Education annually selects the incumbent of the Roosevelt Professorship. The latter is required to do his work at the University of Berlin for the winter semester, but may be sent by the Prussian Ministry to any other university for the summer semester; similarly, the Kaiser Wilhelm Professor is at Columbia only for the first half-year; during the second he may lecture at other institutions. In making a selection neither the Columbia trustees nor the Prussian Ministry are confined to the corps of professors in any university; indeed, a man may be selected without regard to any university connection at all. This plan was first laid before the Emperor and Dr. Althoff in August, 1905. Both heartily approved it and, through their support and a munificent endowment by Mr. James Speyer, the plan became effective in 1906. The Kaiser Wilhelm Professors at Columbia so far have been Professors Schumacher, of Bonn; Leonhard, of Breslau; Penck, of Berlin; Rünge, of Göttingen; and Daenell, of Kiel. The Roosevelt Professors at Berlin have been Professors Burgess, of Columbia; President Hadley, of Yale; Professor Adler, of Columbia; President Wheeler, of the University of California; and Professor Smith, of the University of Virginia. Thus two admirable educational interchanges have now several years of impressive history behind them.

THE PADLOCK BILL

Last week the "Padlock Bill" passed the Spanish Cortes, or Parliament, by a large majority. The measure has become known as the "Padlock Bill" because it locks up Spain against the establishment of new religious "congregations" during the next two years. While this is taken by Papal extremists as an affront (persisting as they do in regarding the Vatican as a sovereignty and not as a church), more liberal-minded Catholics take another view. They admit that some such law is really necessary if, in its desire to revise the Concordat of 1851, the Spanish Government is to have an opportunity of negotiating with the Vatican on honorable terms. The Concordat, or agreement between the Spanish Government and the Vatican, declares that the Roman Catholic faith is the religion of Spain, provides for its support, protects episcopal rights and *the already established* religious orders. But it does not require the Government to allow monastic orders to be extended without limit. They have recently been alarmingly extended. The closure of monasteries and convents in Portugal a few weeks ago has resulted in the settlement in Spain of all the Portuguese monks and nuns—a striking addition to the already great increase in the numbers who have settled in Spain since the loss of the Spanish colonies, and more particularly since the expulsion of certain orders from France. While the power of the Spanish priest and the Spanish bishop is still legitimately a vital force, that of

the average monk and nun in Spain has become so discredited as to cause much popular aversion towards the religious orders, even among otherwise fervent Roman Catholics. Hence, to preserve and consolidate the Government's authority, it was long since recognized as desirable to limit the formation of more monastic and conventual establishments in the Peninsula. The policy of the present Radical Premier, therefore, logically follows the modifications attempted by his Liberal predecessor. Canalejas has now succeeded where Sagasta failed. The "Padlock Bill" will be, we trust, only the first link in a chain to bind the Vatican from obstructing popular progress. To be in line with present-day progress in Spain there should be a new Concordat which, while duly recognizing the Roman Catholic religion as the religion of the State, shall contain provisions limiting the Church's property holdings, prohibiting minors from entering monastic houses, throwing those houses open to legal inspection, and, above all, subjecting Church teachers to State inspection. If these moderate reforms are resisted by the Vatican, it is not improbable that they will be followed by an entire separation between Church and State in spite of the Vatican. But the impetus of the success already achieved by the Government should, we think, do something towards promoting at least a temporary agreement between Spain and the Vatican.

A PATTY-PAN REVOLUTION

Emerson once spoke of the movement out of which Brook Farm grew as "a revolution in a patty-pan." Such a revolution has happened in Monaco. It was fortunately bloodless; the population is so small that a sanguinary revolution might have obliterated all the male citizens. Monaco is the smallest sovereign State in the world. There is a still smaller State in Italy, but it is under the control of the King. Monaco, on the other hand, is entirely independent. Its population consists of fifteen hundred people, of whom six hundred and fifty are voters. Prince Albert last year accorded to his subjects the right to elect a Municipal Council. This only whetted their appetite for freedom. Monaco is the greatest gambling-place in the world. There are sometimes fifteen thousand foreigners in the place, gayly or in somber mood leaving behind them the toll exacted of them at the gaming-tables of the Casino. The citizens of Monaco have felt that the millions of francs which go into the coffers of the Casino, in which the ruling Prince is a partner, should be expended with some reference to the interests of the citizens. They therefore sent a deputation to call on the Prince, who was in Paris, and present the popular demands. The Prince was otherwise engaged, as visiting princes often are in Paris. Not having the memory of any French revolution in his mind, he kept the deputation waiting a week, and then sent them word that he would be glad to meet them in Brussels. This contumacious treatment was a lighted match which ignited the accumulation of inflammable material in Monaco. Meetings were promptly held, denunciatory speeches were made, and matters went so far that the courtesies of the post-office were disregarded and the Prince was summoned home by telegraph. The Prince thereupon sent his son, the hereditary Prince Louis, to arrange matters. On arriving in Monaco this gentleman was received in dead silence by a crowd at the station. One lady who gave the usual welcome, "*Vive le Prince Louis!*" was answered by a shout of "*Taisez-vous!*" The Prince, who is said to be well-mannered and well-meaning, went to his palace through silent streets, and was there notified by the Municipal Council that he would have forty-eight hours in which to make up his mind, and that if he could not make it up in that time in accordance with the desires of the people, no one could tell what would happen. Under the circumstances the Prince thought it wiser to make up his mind and to notify his father of his conclusion; and in a few hours the absolute monarchy of Monaco was changed into a constitutional monarchy, under a Constitution which is being drawn up by a commission of French public lawyers. The first Parliament will number eighteen members. The only large thing about Monaco is its relatively enormous income, which, under the new Constitution, will be handled, not by the

Prince, but by the State, with the cheerful allowance of eight hundred thousand dollars a year to the Prince, who is said to have in addition a very large private fortune. This latest *opéra bouffe* appears to have been kept in the comic key to the very end.

THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF "KÖNIGSKINDER"

On Wednesday night, December 28, a new opera by a distinguished foreign composer received in the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York, its first public hearing on any stage. Only once before has a similar operatic event occurred, and that also was in the present season. In the first instance the most celebrated of modern Italian composers, Puccini, translated the melodrama of our West into the musical idiom of Italy. The second opera, Engelbert Humperdinck's "Children of the King," tells a simple legendary story in the musical language of the country that has given the majority of the masters of music to the world. In his first opera, "Hänsel und Gretel," Humperdinck converted a fairy story known to every German child into one of the most delightful and successful of modern operas. This time he has taken a typically German fairy story for his theme, but the characters are not children, and the symbolism, while simple, is deeply significant—the story of a people who clamor for a king yet deny him because he does not come to them wearing a king's garments, of the royalty of soul that the world cannot recognize when unaccompanied by pomp and gold. But symbolism, while it may touch the note of the universal in a story, does not hold an audience unless the drama or music drama has a real and moving quality. This quality the story and music of "The King's Children" unquestionably possess "Königskinder" as a play, with incidental music by Humperdinck, was produced a number of years ago in Germany, and also in New York in German at the Irving Place Theater in April, 1898, with Agnes Sorma. It was given here in English by Martin Harvey in November, 1902. One of the king's children is a prince who wanders disguised in search of adventure; the other, a poor goose-girl, beautiful and innocent and royal of soul. The king's son chances upon her tending her geese and wins her love, although she does not know that he is a prince, or, indeed, what a prince may be. She is held in enchantment by a wicked witch so that she cannot follow her lover; but the village fiddler, who has the poet's divination, frees her from the spell. The king has died while the prince is wandering abroad, and the people seek a king. The witch prophesies that whoever shall first enter the city gate at twelve on a certain day shall be their ruler. The prince returns without his robes and crown, and the people jeer at him, refusing to recognize him. He is employed as a swineherd, and only the fiddler and the broom-maker's little daughter perceive the truth. When the gates are thrown open as the hour strikes, no gorgeous figure stands there, but the poor goose-girl, followed by her geese and wearing her royal lover's crown. The people turn upon them and drive them from the gates, and the broom-maker's little daughter is left alone bitterly weeping. The last act shows the minstrel, maimed and banished for his allegiance, living in the hut of the witch, who has been put to death for her false prophecy. The snow is falling. The minstrel opens the window and feeds crumbs to the little snowbirds. The children come and beg him to return and play for them, and to search for the lost king's children. After he has been led away by them, the prince and the goose-girl return, footsore and starving. The prince buys a loaf of bread with his golden crown, but it is the witch's poison bread, and, having eaten it, they die. The fiddler and the children return too late. The farewell sung over them, at the conclusion, by the fiddler and the chorus, predominantly of children's voices, is one of the most exquisite and tender effects ever presented in opera. It is such appreciations and divinations that reveal the best phase of the Teutonic spirit in art.

THE PERFORMANCE

Through all the fine musicianship of Humperdinck's score this clarity, this clear simplicity of imagination, is felt. The score is constructed on frankly Wagnerian lines, as was that of "Hänsel und Gretel." There are a number of skillfully used

themes of interest to the student of composition, the elaborate commentator, and the listener of categorical tastes. But for the average music lover it is enough that the course of the music beautifully characterizes the story and the emotions involved. There is a frequent use of folk themes, either real or simulated. The music written for the children has this character, and at times that of the goose-girl and the fiddler. As there are no striking departures in harmonic invention, there is no great originality in the matter of themes. Several of them, indeed, have a familiar ring. Yet the work, when all is told, is unique, an exquisite and typically German creation. Of the conducting by Herz only praise can be written. Mr. Jadlowker's manipulation of the rôle of the Prince could hardly rank as an interpretation. It was reasonably satisfactory, however, and creditably sung. Miss Farrar's goose-girl was lovely to the eye, and for the most part to the ear. While one could not lavish upon it the superlatives called forth by the occas onal inspired operatic performance, it wa; sympathetically conceived in the spirit of the story and only at times departed into the realm of the theatric—as in the lance, which was more suggestive of a m dified Salome than a goose-girl. Mr. R iss also, in the small part of the bro m-maker, presented another of his incomparable portraits and sketches that should be a lesson to all who essay character parts in opera. Mme. Homer successfully concealed her beauty behind the wicked features of the witch, and brought her fine art to assist in the creation of the effect of the whole. Both the young girl who took the part of the child in the last act and the real child who impersonated the broom-maker's little daughter were delightful, and the picture of the grave, gray-haired, spectacled composer before the curtain hand in hand with the small child to whom he gave a winter sunshine smile and dignified clasp of congratulation was one pleasant to remember.

THE BALALAIKA ORCHESTRA

A new kind of orchestra has been giving concerts in two or three cities of the Atlantic seaboard. Like some other things musical that have made an impression on American audiences, this novel orchestra is of Russian origin. Its appearance on the stage is of itself unusual. The players of the ordinary orchestra are distributed over a considerable area, and have at their sides or in front of them or in their hands a wide variety of instruments. Not so with the Imperial Russian Court Balalaika Orchestra. The players sit in a compact semicircle. They remind one of nothing familiar so much as of a college banjo, mandolin, and guitar club. Every player but two holds in his hands an instrument which somewhat resembles the banjo, the guitar, and the mandolin, yet is quite distinct from each. The two exceptions sit alongside of an instrument that looks like a small grand piano with the cover off; and they sit in such a position as to be able to pluck the strings with the right hand while fingering a few black-and-white keys with the left. These keys are placed at right angles to that end of the instrument which would be occupied by the keyboard if the instrument were a piano. Another peculiarity at once noticed is that practically all the guitar-like or mandolin-like instruments—that is, all the instruments but the two last mentioned—have a three-cornered body, with the neck attached at one angle. A few, however, of the smaller instruments are apparently circular. They all evidently are of the same family; but they vary in size from that of a mandolin to that of a small-sized double-bass. The leader of this orchestra, Mr. Andreef, takes his place on the stand and raises his baton. At the first downward beat there is another surprise. It is the sound. What does it resemble? If the reader can imagine a full-string orchestra, violins, violas, 'cellos, and basses, all playing *pizzicato*, with the delicacy and refinement of tone of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but with the sonority of a college banjo club, he may get an idea of the sound of this Balalaika orchestra. Sonority, however, is not used here to suggest, necessarily, loudness. One of the astonishing effects produced by this band of musicians is that of volume and warmth of tone combined with extreme softness. The two piano-like instruments, which are plucked somewhat after the fashion of a harp, often supply the effect of a *sostenuto* (sustained tone) when the

players run their fingers gently back and forth across the strings. Indeed, the wide variety of tonal effects by an orchestra composed solely of plucked instruments is not the least impressive achievement of these Russian players. The balalaika is a favorite instrument of the Russian peasant; but it has been specialized, so that in place of a single instrument of restricted range there is this orchestra of great range. The music which this orchestra plays is largely the folk music (the folk songs and the folk dances) of Russia. Mr. Andreef has not only used great skill in developing the instrument, but also in adapting the music for the instrument when developed. He has preserved its simplicity of form, its quaintness and freshness of harmony, and its melodic directness. At the same time he has made it richer and fuller and more elastic in expressiveness. The orchestra does not confine itself to this Russian folk music. It plays very effectively such pieces as a set of selections from the opera of "Carmen," or a transcription of Schumann's "Warum." This, it is true, is not the highest art; but it is very pleasing. It is, however, the peasants' music that is most worth while to hear on this balalaika orchestra. For generations folk music has been used as material by composers to produce works of art. Here is an attempt to use, not only folk music, but the folk instrument.

SAVE THE LIFE-SAVERS' LIVES

Last June the United States Senate passed a bill providing for pensions for the members of the Life-Saving Service. The bill has since been before one of the House committees. Its number is Senate Bill No. 5677. It is a good bill, and ought to be passed. A fortnight ago The Outlook called attention to the fact that, while soldiers and sailors may look forward to their retirement pay, the members of our Life-Saving Service, combining the work done by soldiers, policemen, and firemen, have no such outlook. The Service employs about two thousand men. All, save a small percentage, are surfmen. They are employed only about nine months of the year. They are poorly paid; yet out of their income they must furnish their own uniforms and storm clothes. If they are married—and four out of five are—they must maintain the family from which they are necessarily absent for at least three-quarters of the year. Their work is valuable in the highest degree. Hundreds of vessels are warned by them every year of danger, and very many among the passengers and crews of the vessels which meet with disaster on our coasts are saved by the exertions of the men at the Life-Saving Stations. There are nearly three hundred such stations at points of danger on our coasts. The present personnel is of a high order, but in order to keep it so, retirement pay, after a specified term of service, would be not only a common act of justice, it would also be a good stroke of policy. But the first reason ought to be quite sufficient; and we believe, if the bill can be brought to a vote, it will be passed.

A FIRST-CENTURY DOCUMENT

A highly interesting, if not so highly important, discovery, has again rewarded scholarly search for ancient manuscripts in finding what appears to be a Jewish-Christian writing of the first century. Several years ago it was known that Dr. Solomon Schechter, President of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York, was engaged in examining a mass of about twenty thousand Hebrew manuscripts, which he had obtained from the Jewish congregation in Cairo, their custodian for ten centuries. He has lately issued through the Cambridge University Press a volume, "Fragments of a Zadokite Work," in which he translates and comments upon the important document he has found. An extended account of it is given in a recent Sunday edition of the New York "Times." It is an eight-page manuscript, in which the leader of a religious group addresses his brethren, adherents of "the new covenant in the land of Damascus." To each of two great Jews who had endeavored to enlighten and strengthen their countrymen it gives the name "Messiah." The first is said to have been "from the family of Aaron;" the second, coming to his work some twenty years later, is less definitely termed a "Teacher of righteouness." Both were dead, but were expected to reappear. Another character, named "a man of

scoffing" and "Belial," is denounced for sundry immoralities, especially for endeavoring during forty years to pervert Israelites from adherence to their ancient Law. Who these three were is now for critics to determine. Dr. Schechter offers rather cautiously a conjecture that the "man of scoffing" merely personifies the anti-Jewish principles that provoked the Maccabean revolt in the second century B.C., and that the two Messiahs may stand for a single individual of that period. Dr. George Margoliouth, custodian of Hebrew manuscripts in the British Museum, is quoted as speaking more positively for another opinion. He regards the two Messiahs as meaning John the Baptist and Jesus, the "man of scoffing" as the Apostle Paul, who, according to Acts xxi. 28, was denounced in Jerusalem precisely as in this document. This, in his view, comes from a Jewish group who, having settled in Damascus after the fall of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, maintained observance of the Mosaic ordinances in combination with Christian faith in the new covenant described in Hebrews viii. 8–13. The considerations adduced for his theory by Dr. Margoliouth are rather persuasive. Whether this will ultimately stand or not, it is an extraordinary experience to be assured by so eminent critical authority that a Jewish-Christian document not improbably coeval with Mark, the earliest of the extant Gospels, has been discovered. It does not, however, appear that this is likely to shed light on any problem of New Testament criticism. This is the fourth find during the last forty years of special interest to New Testament scholars.

THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS

A National Society for Prevention of Blindness and Conservation of Vision was organized on December 17, at a conference held in the United Charities Building in New York City, and thereby an important forward step was taken toward saving helpless and ignorant people from loss of sight. The meeting was called by Dr. F. Park Lewis, Chairman of the Committee on the Prevention of Blindness of the American Medical Association; Edward M. Van Cleve, President of the Ohio Commission for the Blind; and James P. Monroe, President of the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind, who were a committee appointed for the purpose at a conference in February last. The object of the organization is to unify the campaign which has been carried on by separate organizations in various States and localities. The Committee on Organization recommended that the society include all persons and bodies desiring to co-operate in prevention of infantile blindness, prevention of blindness from industrial and other accidents and from disease, and conservation of vision through improved hygiene during school life and industrial occupations, and that it in[illegible] the co-operation of prevention societies now in existence, of State and National medical societies, educational bodies, labor organizations, commercial bodies, women's clubs, and the like. A resolution was passed recommending that measures be taken to secure State legislation for the training, registration, licensing, supervision, and control of midwives, whose ignorance is held responsible for much preventable blindness. Many causes of blindness that might be prevented were discussed by specialists—such as the poor lighting of public buildings (to which cars and ferryboats might be added), the ten-cent spectacles sold on the streets, and infection from swimming-pools and all public baths where the water is not changed often enough. Samuel Ely Eliot, Secretary of the Russell Sage Commission for the Prevention of Blindness, showed lantern slides of bad lighting conditions in schools and elsewhere, and also illustrations of protective devices in the steel industry, and of the measures that are taken in the medical inspection of schools. The National organization project was approved by five of the following leading ophthalmologists and physicians: Charles Stedman Bull, M.D.; John M. Weeks, M.D., of the New York Eye and Ear Hospital; G. E. de Schweinitz, M.D., member of the Committee on Prevention of Blindness of the American Medical Association; John Winters Brannan, M.D., President of the Board of Trustees of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals of New York City; and Cressy L. Wilbur, M.D., Chief Statistician Department of Commerce and Labor, Bureau of the Census, Washington, D. C.

THE LORIMER CASE

Last week The Outlook expressed its earnest hope that the Lorimer case may be taken out of the hands of the special Senate Committee to which it has been referred and may be fully ventilated in open debate upon the floor of the Senate in order that the whole country may have an opportunity to learn the facts and to understand the attitude of each Senator upon the important questions involved.

What is the Lorimer case, and what are the legal and moral questions which it presents?

On August 8, 1908, a direct primary was held in Illinois to guide the Legislature in its election of a United States Senator; it was simply advisory, and under the Illinois statute was "for the sole purpose of ascertaining the sentiment of the voters." At this primary A. J. Hopkins received 170,000 votes, G. E. Foss 120,000, W. E. Mason 87,000, and W. G. Webster 15,000. William Lorimer, then a Representative in Congress, was not a candidate. The first ballot was cast in the Legislature January 19, 1909, and the contest was so acute that ninety-five ballots were taken, the voting lasting until May 26. Mr. Lorimer's name did not appear in the balloting until May 13, when he received one vote. On May 18, 19, and 25 he also received one vote. On May 26 he received 108 votes, 53 of these being Democratic and 55 Republican. It was and is generally believed in the State of Illinois that these extraordinary features of Mr. Lorimer's election were brought about by the use of money, and the result was that certain members of the Legislature were indicted and tried for bribery and corruption. The facts brought out in these legal proceedings created a political and social scandal of the first magnitude in the State of Illinois. Mr. Lorimer, nevertheless, took his seat in the United States Senate. But the allegations of corruption pursued him there, and in June, 1910, a memorial signed by Clifford W. Barnes, President of the Legislative Voters' League of Chicago, was referred by the Senate to its Committee on Privileges and Elections. This memorial, the Senate records show, alleged that the election of Mr. Lorimer was secured by bribery. The allegations were so serious that a sub-committee went to Chicago to make an investigation of the charges. The full Committee, after hearing from the sub-committee, has now made its report. In this report it is stated that precedents established by previous cases in the Senate determine that, in order to declare the election of one of its members invalid, the Senate must be convinced, either—

1. That the person elected participated in one or more acts of bribery, or attempted bribery, or sanctioned or encouraged the same, or
2. That by bribery or corrupt practices enough votes were obtained for him to change the results of the election.

The Committee admits that four members of the Illinois Legislature testified in court "to receiving money as a consideration for their votes," but its general line of argument appears to be that what the Committee calls the "infamy" of these bribe-takers was so great that their statements regarding the men who bribed them are incredible; that therefore the Committee cannot be sure that anybody bribed them; and so, finally, it cannot be proved to the satisfaction of the Committee that there were more than four corrupt votes in the election, and it requires seven corrupt votes to remove Mr. Lorimer from his seat. We quote the language of the report:

> The majority for Senator Lorimer in the joint assembly of the two houses of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois was fourteen. Unless, therefore, seven or more of these votes were obtained by corrupt means, Mr. Lorimer has a good title to the seat he occupies in the Senate. If it were admitted that four of the members of the General Assembly who voted for Mr. Lorimer were bribed to do so, he still had a majority of the votes cast in the General Assembly and his election was valid. It is, however, claimed that if the four witnesses before named were bribed to vote for Mr. Lorimer, those who bribed them were equally guilty, and that the votes of Browne, Broderick, and Wilson [the legislators who have been accused of doing the bribing] should also be excluded. But the Committee can find no warrant in the testimony for believing that either one of said legislators was moved by any corrupt influence.

We do not think this report forms a cheerful document for those citizens who would like to believe that high standards

of intelligence, ability, and honor prevail in the United States Senate. Senator Bulkeley, of Connecticut, who signs this report, is as shrewd and skillful a practical politician as there is in the Senate. He is thoroughly familiar, from his experience in his own State, with the methods of legislative corruption. We should like to ask what kind of testimony would be regarded by him as "a warrant for believing that either one of said legislators was moved by any corrupt influence." It is a relief to turn to the dissenting report of Senator Frazier, of Tennessee, who did find warrant for believing that the alleged bribers were moved by corrupt influence. We quoted his words last week, but they are important enough to repeat:

> The four self-confessed bribe-takers implicate three other members of the Legislature who voted for Senator Lorimer as the persons who bribed them. The testimony satisfies me that the three alleged bribe-givers were guilty of that offense. To my mind, the man who bribes another is as corrupt as the one who is bribed, and by his corrupt act of bribery he demonstrates the fact that he is none too honest to receive a bribe if offered him.

The facts stated by the majority of the Committee in their exoneration of Senator Lorimer, taken in connection with Senator Frazier's expressed belief that bribery was proven to his satisfaction, appear to us to make it clear that Senator Lorimer's election is invalid in accordance with the standards which the Committee itself lays down. But we go still further, and place our protest against the admission to the United States Senate of such a man as Senator Lorimer on broader grounds.

In the volume on "The Government of England," by President Lowell, of Harvard University, we find the following description of the operation of the Corrupt Practices Act in English Parliamentary elections:

> If upon the trial of a controverted election the court reports that any corrupt practice has been committed by the candidate, or that bribery or personation has been committed with his knowledge and consent, his election is void and he is forever incapable of being elected to Parliament by that constituency. Moreover, if the election court reports that a corrupt practice has been committed by his agents, *although he may be personally quite innocent*, his election is void and he is incapable of being chosen by that constituency for seven years. . . . If bribery, treating, personating, intimidation, or undue influence, whether physical or ecclesiastical, has been general in the constituency—that is, so extensive that the voting could not have been the free expression of the will of the electorate—the result of the election is invalid at common law, although neither the candidate nor his agent is directly implicated.

The United States Senate ought not to be behind the British Parliament in the standards of honesty which it demands in the election of its members. The testimony collected by two Illinois State attorneys of opposite party faith and submitted to the Committee of the Senate shows beyond the shadow of a doubt that the most appalling condition of corruption and bribery prevailed in the Illinois Legislature at the time of the so-called election of Mr. Lorimer. We are at a loss to understand how any men of honest convictions can read this testimony without concluding that this widespread corruption included corruption in connection with the election of this United States Senator. According to English standards this would of itself be sufficient to dismiss Mr. Lorimer from his seat. It ought to be. Such corruption not only disgraces all who take part in it, but disgraces every public man who condones it, and every constituency that knowingly elects to office those who condone it.

INTERNATIONAL NEIGHBORLINESS

Lieutenant-Commander Belknap's book [1] recalls a thoroughly healthy and pleasant memory of our international relations. In times of terrible and overwhelming disaster to any nation, the sister nations of the world of to-day—in striking contrast to what has been true of past ages—are for the time being lifted above the plane of self-interest on which they normally move and must move, and show themselves capable of acts of sincere and disinterested friendliness.

The whole civilized world felt a shudder of genuine horror and a thrill of genuine sympathy over the news of the frightful calamity which had befallen Messina. Among the nations whose sympathy found

[1] American House Building in Messina and Reggio. By Reginald Rowan Belknap. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

immediate and practical expression our own country stood foremost. Congress at once made provision for furnishing relief to the sufferers; and the American battle fleet, then nearing the end of its cruise round the world, acted without even waiting for explicit orders. No small part of the respect and good will inspired by the United States in the world at large during recent years has been due to the known preparedness for war of the United States navy; and it is a matter for just pride to Americans that the very qualities which give the navy its military efficiency are also the qualities which have again and again—at Martinique, at Jamaica, at Messina—enabled the navy to give the most convincing proofs of efficient National good will to foreign peoples. When, by consultation with the Italian Government, it was found out exactly what shape our help should take in order to do most practical good, Lieutenant-Commander Belknap was sent to Messina to take charge of the work; and a number of the officers and enlisted men of the navy were detailed to serve under him.

In this volume the Commander shows just what the work was and how it was done. It was signally successful from every standpoint, and reflects the utmost credit on the Commander and all his subordinates, both those from the navy and those from civilian life; including especially the Red Cross. In efficiency, in economy, in speed, and in thoroughness there was nothing left to be desired as regards any part of the work.

Next to the ability, energy, and zeal of the workers, the main cause of their success lay in the admirable relations they were able to maintain with the Italian officials and the people of Messina—for the manner of giving is, of course, always as important as the gift. The book itself is dedicated to Commander Belknap's "devoted colleague," Lieutenant Brofferio, of the Italian navy. The commune of Messina conferred citizenship upon the American officers, Messrs. Belknap, Buchanan, Wilcox, Spofford, and Donelson (how truly National our navy is, is instanced by the fact that their respective birthplaces are in Massachusetts, Indiana, Georgia, Oregon, and Mississippi), and the artist Mr. John Elliott. The Little Sisters of the Poor sent a letter of thanks so touching that it deserves to be quoted in full:

To the Directing Manager and Gentlemen engaged in the erection of Barracks at Messina:

Gentlemen—I the undersigned, Superior Provincial of the Little Sisters of the Poor, having been apprised of your approaching departure from Messina, feel it my duty to thank you for the great kindness shown to our Sisters in that unfortunate country; no words can express our gratitude for the noble manner in which you have treated us.

We have every reason to hope that our Home will soon be reopened, as it is the desire of our Holy Father, Pius X, that the aged poor should be taken care of.

Gentlemen, you may rest assured that your benevolence for our work will never, never be forgotten; you will always be considered as our first benefactors, and our prayers and the prayers of our dear poor will follow you everywhere. If you come back to visit this desolate country of Messina, we hope you will come at once to see us, as we are really your "protégées."

Receive, gentlemen, my most grateful homage, and believe me

Your most humble servant in Christ our Lord,

SR. AIMÉE DE LA PROVIDENCE,
Provinciale des Petites Sre. des Pauvres,
Piazza San Pietro in Vincoli, Roma.

August 8, 1909.

Where all did so well, it seems invidious to single out any for special reference; yet I think that all who saw the work at Messina took away a peculiarly vivid mind picture of the stalwart enlisted men of the United States navy. Taken as a whole, there are no better citizens of this country than the officers and enlisted men of our navy. If any other country has their equals, that country is indeed fortunate.

Perhaps the difference between what could occur in our navy and what is possible in any other navy may be illustrated by the recital of something that happened just at the close of our work at Messina. One of the civilian volunteers who worked hard and faithfully under Commander Belknap was Lloyd Derby, who had reached Messina immediately after Captain Belknap took charge. Derby had just graduated from Harvard, and was finishing a trip round the world, but when he reached Messina, finding that there was need of volunteers, he stopped, and for three or four months served under Belknap. When the work was over, he went to Rome to spend a few days, and

one day in the Forum suddenly espied a man in the uniform of an American sailor. His association with the sailormen at Messina had given him a strong feeling for them, and he made friends with the stranger. He found the man had come from an American war-ship, and had saved up his pay for some months in order that he might see Rome thoroughly. Accordingly when he drew his back pay and got leave, he came straight to Rome, hired a guide, bought a Baedeker, and was now methodically seeing everything best worth seeing, and, in addition, was improving his mind and utilizing the guide to further advantage by learning Italian from him. Derby was himself much interested in Roman history and antiquities, and he found that the enlisted man was a genial soul whose knowledge of the subject was even greater. After spending the morning together to their mutual satisfaction, they parted only after Derby had gotten his new friend to promise to take dinner with him that evening at his (Derby's) hotel; and the dinner proved as enjoyable as the morning had been.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SELECTING OUR IMMIGRANTS[1]

In the early history of our country the immigration was comparatively slight and incidental. It was developed partly by the democratic unrest and revolutionary tendencies in Europe, whence men fled to America as to a refuge from oppression, and by special disasters in Europe, specifically the Irish famine. It was retarded by the growing hostility in the slave States to any additions to free labor and consequently free voters, by the fact that American democracy was still experimental, and by America's unsavory reputation abroad, reflected in such novels as "Martin Chuzzlewit" and such essays as some of Sydney Smith's. Toward the close of the Civil War, in 1863, Congress, then controlled by the Republican party, passed the Homestead Law, which the Southern Democrats in the Senate had four years before successfully resisted. This bid for immigration, so soon followed by the close of the war and the victory of Nationalism, was successful. The offer of something for nothing is always appealing; and this offer to *give* land to the landless brought to our shores a great number of enterprising workers who had been in the Old World tenants or agricultural laborers, and who came here to become independent landowners. This immigration came almost wholly from northern Europe, was largely agricultural, and of necessity distributed itself over a wide extent of country. By the Homestead Law America both selected and distributed her immigrants.

With the overthrow of despotism in western Europe the first cause of migration came to an end; with the taking up of most of America's best arable lands the second cause of migration came to an end. Since 1883 the attraction to immigrants has been the relatively large wages paid to laborers. By a process as natural as that by which America selected agriculturists she has since been selecting wage-earners; a large majority of them unskilled laborers; three-quarters of them males; many of them unmarried; nearly three-quarters of them from southern Europe; over a third of them illiterate. The incentive to the first migration was liberty, and in the case of Ireland hunger, and it brought us all sorts and conditions of men; the incentive to the second migration was land, and it brought us sturdy agricultural workers; the incentive to the third migration is wages, and it brings us day-laborers. The second migration built rural homes; the third, laborers' camps, mining towns, and city slums.

Nothing that America can possibly do can change the present migration back to the former migration. This country cannot reproduce revolution in Europe, nor famine in Ireland; and although it can, by drainage and irrigation, do something to create more arable land in America, and perhaps more by developing wise methods of agriculture, it cannot do enough to recreate a tide of agricultural laborers to make rural homes. But it can do something to select the kind of laborers it needs and to distribute them where they are needed. And, what is more important, it

[1] The quotations in this article are from the "Brief Statement of the Conclusions and Recommendations of the Immigration Commission" (1910), and from "The American Commonwealth," New Edition (1910).

can adopt by common consent the principle advocated by the Immigration Commission, which we print here with all the emphasis that type can give to it:

"A SLOW EXPANSION OF INDUSTRY WHICH WOULD PERMIT THE ADAPTATION AND ASSIMILATION OF THE INCOMING LABOR SUPPLY IS PREFERABLE TO A VERY RAPID INDUSTRIAL EXPANSION WHICH RESULTS IN THE IMMIGRATION OF LABORERS OF LOW STANDARDS AND EFFICIENCY, WHO IMPERIL THE AMERICAN STANDARD OF WAGES AND CONDITIONS OF EMPLOYMENT."

And, what is more important, imperil the standard of American individual and National character.

If America is not willing to accept a slower expansion of industry, if it is determined to adhere to the "get rich quickly" idea as a National policy, it can do nothing; if it is willing to go more slowly and to put the development of a National character above the development of material wealth, there are three things it can do:

I. America can modify its present prohibitory tariff, which has passed far beyond the bounds proposed by its original creators as needed to secure a variety of industries, a home market, and a comfortable support to all engaged in these industries. It need not lower the standard of American wages and conditions of employment. But it can aim so to readjust its tariff that it shall not continue to make great fortunes for the few, and to draw hither a "cheap labor" which develops in America an unskilled, illiterate, transient, and un-American population.

II. America can learn a lesson from other countries, and do something to select its immigrants. At present we leave the agents of steamship lines and labor bureaus to select them for us. They scour Europe to find men willing to migrate, entice them by seductive promises of great wages, and conceal from them the fact that they must pay high prices; and we content ourselves by putting a policeman at the gate to turn back the diseased, the pauper, and the criminal—if we discover him.

An interview published recently in the New York "Times" with William E. Carson, an American traveler, shows how Canada deals with this aspect of the immigration problem:

> I made a short tour through England in the rural districts with a band wagon sent by the Canadian agency with moving pictures. It stopped in all the villages, and pamphlets were given out in hundreds, headed "Canada is God's Country. Come and Live with Us!" The picture-shows were packed day and night. It is not only that they encourage the immigrant to leave his own country, but he is looked after when he arrives on this side of the Atlantic. I crossed over on the Allan liner Virginian with 1,500 well-to-do immigrants on board. They came from Scandinavia, Germany, and Great Britain. Each one had a little money. The steamship companies will not book immigrants from southern Europe, and advertise in their circulars to that effect. On the arrival of the liner at St. John, New Brunswick—the winter port of disembarkation—there were a number of Canadian officials to look after the people, see that they were not swindled, and that they got on the right train.

This is a process of distribution as well as of selection. Mr. Carson is probably correct in saying that America must carry it on by State, rather than by Federal, action. For the States that need the immigrants are the ones to select the immigrants. The matter might well claim the attention of the next meeting of the Governors of the States. To this result, also, the Immigration Commission were brought by their investigation: "No satisfactory or permanent distribution of immigrants can be effected through any Federal employment system, no matter how widespread, because the individual will seek such social and economic conditions as best suit him, no matter where sent. What is needed is a division of information which would co-operate with States desiring immigrant settlers."

III. Equally important is just, fair, and humane treatment of the immigrant laborers, skilled and unskilled, who arrive here. We are glad to be assured by the Commission that the padrone system is disappearing. "The only class of aliens under the control of padrones in any considerable numbers are the Greek boys employed in shoe-shining establishments or in peddling flowers, fruit, or vegetables in the larger cities." But there are other abuses which need correction: the steerage conditions, which are excellent on some lines but are still bad in many trans-

atlantic ships; the immigrant homes and aid societies, which are sometimes excellent, but sometimes so bad as to be a fraud, and sometimes are even "ready to furnish to keepers of disreputable houses young girls as servants in such houses;" and immigrant banks, which are usually kept by steamship ticket agents, small merchants, saloon-keepers, or labor agents, and, except in three or four States, are entirely unregulated by law. But still worse are the social and labor conditions under which the newcomers are often allowed, perhaps we should say compelled, to live. "The condition of many who toil in the coal mines and iron furnaces of Pennsylvania is described as wretched," says James Bryce. Bad as they are in some of our great cities, "a comparison of the conditions in a great city like New York or Chicago," says the Immigrant Commission, "with those in some of the smaller industrial centers, such as mining and manufacturing towns, shows that average conditions, as respects overcrowding, are very materially worse in some of the smaller towns than in the large cities." No wonder that the laborer goes back to his native land as soon as he has earned money enough to satisfy his modest ambition; or that, if he remains, it is to add to the discontented and the revolutionary element in the population of the country.

For this condition the great employing corporations are primarily responsible. But the State Legislatures, and even the churches, are not wholly exempt from responsibility—the former for not preventing them by law, the latter for not arousing public opinion against them and improving them by philanthropic effort.[1] The policy of one class of employers—for not all are of this class—is as short-sighted as narrow and selfish policies usually are. "The first question," says Mr. Bryce, "which really lays hold on and appeals directly to the newcomer from strange lands, the first thing that brings him into direct touch with American life, is a labor dispute. . . . Employers who have brought together foreigners and put their faith in them as strike-breakers have sometimes been woefully disappointed. Indeed, the Pole or Slovak follows a militant chief more blindly than a native American would. He has less to lose, and his standard of comfort is so low that the privations of a strike affect him less." The labor unrest, the chronic discontent occasionally breaking out into open and costly results, and the Socialistic and Anarchistic theories which they promote, are among the products of that "cheap labor" which modern immigration is bringing to our shores. The employers who impose on their workingmen such conditions are quite as responsible for these results as are the labor leaders to whose supposed unscrupulous demagoguery they are often charged.

The immigrant problem is not merely how to exclude undesirable immigrants; it is not less how to select desirable immigrants, and how to treat them justly and humanely when they come.

[1] What these conditions are and what could be done and ought to be done by the State, by the employer, and by the churches, are indicated by Mr. Roosevelt in his article "The Coal Miner at Home," in The Outlook for December 24, 1910.

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As the year closes the citizen recalls its events in such domains as agriculture, manufactures, education, labor, science, art, law, politics, and religion. He asks himself, "Was the twelvemonth darker and drearier than its predecessor, or brighter and better?" There can be but one answer—an emphatic "Brighter and better."

If this is true of society in general, is it true of the individual? It ought to be; for there are perpetual correspondences between the world and the individual. Heaven knows that in the world there are still falsehood and indecency and inhumanity and meanness and selfishness a-plenty. But we also know that never has the searchlight been so effectively turned on these things as during the past year; that never have truth and decency and justice and righteousness and peace held as much sway. If this is true in the world in general, it ought, of course, to be true of the average man. His individual life, we must believe, is growing richer, not poorer; stronger, not weaker.

And this is something that every man can do for his country: he can be strong and noble himself. For the country is

made up of ninety millions of individuals, and it can be made strong and noble only as they are strong and noble. No sound house can be made of unsound timber. No honest country can be made of dishonest individuals. We are constantly tempted to put too much emphasis on methods and too little on character. The saying of Stevenson, which we quote from memory, not with verbal accuracy, is worth constantly recalling: "There is but one person whom it is my duty to make good—myself. My duty toward the rest of mankind is rather to make them happy."

What can I do to make the Government honest? One thing I can do is to treat the Government with honesty—not cheat the tax collector or the Custom-House. What can I do to put an end to this detestable graft? One thing I can do is neither to pay it nor to receive it. What can I do to purify politics? One thing I can do is to vote for the public welfare—not for any private interest.

Moral reform, like charity, begins at home. One way to make the next year the best year that America has ever seen is for each individual to make his own year the best in character that he has ever lived. That is a very simple recipe; but it is as radical and as far-reaching as it is simple.

THE LONG VIEW OF LIFE

A young man gets a position in a business of some kind, and secures his opportunity, which is all he has a right to ask for. There are two ways in which he can deal with it: He can do his work honestly day by day for his wages at the end of the week, filling up exactly the measure of work assigned to him. This will make him a trustworthy employee, who can be counted on to do conscientiously what he is told to do; he becomes a good soldier in the army of workers. Or (and this is the turning-point in his career) he can fill the measure to overflowing, pouring all his intelligence and energy into it, without much thought of the amount he is to be paid. If he chooses this way, he presently gets out of the ranks and becomes a leader, a captain in the army of workers.

He may be satisfied with doing well what falls to him each day, or he may push on by mastering the details of his business, making himself familiar with every part of it, and fitting himself for steady advancement by keeping ahead of the work required of him. Most men are content with what comes to them, and remain employees; a few make themselves masters of the secrets, methods, and conditions of their business and become employers. A man fixes his place in life by the amount of time and work he is willing to put into preparation for larger tasks and greater responsibilities.

In this country few young men need to be urged to work harder; for work already fills an immoderate and excessive portion of the time of most Americans. But young men and older men in this country need to be urged to plan their work on longer lines and to do it with greater intelligence. One of the most interesting directions which scientific experiment is taking to-day is that of intensive farming; this means, not adding acre to acre, but doubling and quadrupling the yielding capacity of the acres under cultivation. And this is supplemented in the business world, especially in the great industries, by the scientific management of business, the end of which is, by more intelligent methods of work, to reduce the labor and at the same time greatly increase production. These two principles every young man ought to study: how, without additional work, he can get more effective work out of himself; how, without the expenditure of increased force, he can make himself more fruitful.

The vital defect of the young man who plans his work for the day instead of for the decade is that he works like an artisan instead of like an artist; he does what is set before him and obeys orders instead of looking ahead and making himself an expert. He does not apply ideas to his work, but pursues it in routine fashion, without individuality of method. The problem which the young man who is to be successful, not only in the practical but in the fuller and nobler sense of the term, must face, is to reduce the expenditure of physical and nervous strain while increasing his productivity and bringing out of himself the finer fruits which scientific methods have developed. There is an enormous undeveloped force in the human race that some day, by more thor-

ough training and more intelligent use of faculties, will be at the service of humanity. As we are now drawing energy from the air and the earth to do the work and carry the burdens of humanity, so some day we shall draw from the unused and ill-directed capacity of men a finer and greater efficiency. The end of life is not to toil like a slave, but to work like a free man, with a vision of what one means to do with one's life, with intelligence of method, with concentration of power.

THE SOURCE OF MORAL AUTHORITY

A correspondent, on another page, gives to our readers his idea of the way in which the Moral Law was communicated to men. His view may be summarized in a sentence thus: God gave it to Adam, Adam gave it to Methuselah, Methuselah gave it to Noah, Noah gave it to Abraham, Abraham gave it to Moses, and Moses gave it to the rest of us. According to this view, we have to go back four thousand years to get the first publishing of the Law, and an indefinite number of years prior to that time to get the first giving of the Law. Our correspondent seems to think that this view gives the Law direct authority. We think it requires us to travel a long way back to get to the Law, and still further back to get to God.

We hold a very different view. We agree with the author of the Book of Deuteronomy:

> For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off.
>
> It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it?
>
> Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it?
>
> But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.

Our correspondent goes not only across the sea to bring us the Law, but across many centuries. We believe that the Law is very nigh unto us—in the hearts of men, that they may do it.

The law of gravitation is written in the nature of material things. Isaac Newton did not give the law; he found it. The laws of health are written in man's constitution; they are not given by the treatise on physiology, they are simply interpreted by that treatise. The Moral Law is written in the constitution of man. Moses is not, properly speaking, a lawgiver; he is an interpreter of the law previously written, as Paul says, "in the hearts of men." When the Decalogue says, Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor, it simply interprets the laws of the social order; it simply means that men are so constituted that if they are to live happily and peacefully together, they must obey these laws. Much as the doctor means when he says to his patient, You must not smoke, or, You must take more exercise; he means that you are so constituted that if you are to have a healthy life you must forego the smoking, and you must take up the exercise. The law, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, simply means: This is your constitution; you are made for love; not to love is to be unnatural; to love is to be in accordance with your own nature. You and God are made for one another; you have sprung from him; you can walk in fellowship with him; if you understand him aright and understand yourself aright, you will be knitted to him indissolubly by a great love.

We do not, therefore, go back four thousand years to Mount Sinai, nor, an indefinite number of years prior to Mount Sinai, to Adam. We do not go back at all. We look into our heart and our conscience, and we look into the hearts and consciences of our fellow-men, and we there see written in invisible ink—but ink that nothing can erase—the laws of right and wrong. The authority of that law is in the spirit of man because God is in the spirit of man, and the Bible is an authority because, and only because, it is an expression of the experiences of men who recognized this law and interpreted it; who saw this God, who is the Lawgiver, and were obedient to him, and loved him, and lived with him.

THE PASSING OF HUMPTY DUMPTY

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

A few weeks ago Mr. Louis D. Brandeis startled the country by declaring at a hearing on railway rates before the Inter-State Commerce Commission that it would be possible for the railways of the country to make a saving estimated at a million dollars a day. Mr. Brandeis's statement was received with incredulity by many and with ridicule by some. A group of Western railways offered him any salary which he might name if he would undertake their management and bring about the saving which he had declared possible. Mr. Brandeis's assertion was so astounding that it sounded like the talk of a visionary with a patent panacea. But he based his assertion, not upon some quack nostrum, but upon scientific principles which he had seen applied in other industries with marvelous results. In the following article are set forth those principles of scientific management, and some of the benefits to the capitalist, the laborer, and the consumer which have actually been accomplished by their application.—THE EDITORS.

"But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" Alice objected.

"When *I* use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

Alice was too much puzzled to say anything, so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again. "They've a temper, some of them—particularly verbs, they're the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs. However, *I* can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That's what I say!"

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, "what that means?"

"Now you talk like a reasonable child," said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. "I meant by 'impenetrability' that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life."

"That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said, in a thoughtful tone.

"When I make a word do a lot of work like that," said Humpty Dumpty, "I always pay it extra."

—*Through the Looking-Glass.*

HUMPTY DUMPTY was evidently a born manager.

Whether it is a football team or a college faculty, a shoe factory or a railway, a machine-shop or a hotel, every body of men engaged in a common task requires management. There are, however, two kinds of management, the old and the new. Humpty Dumpty would fit in well with the traditional methods and the traditional attitude adopted by many successful managers of the past.

In recent years, however, a number of concerns have abandoned the traditional methods and the traditional attitude. They have done so because, frankly, they have found that it has paid to do so. One concern in Philadelphia, for example, a company manufacturing machinery, was a few years ago struggling with an annual deficit. Now it is carrying on a business which is highly profitable. It has doubled its output. What has made the difference? It has not installed any new machinery, except for some minor changes. It has not enlarged its plant, except for devoting more floor area for storage. It has not increased its force of workmen; on the contrary, it is putting out its increased product with a force of men on the whole smaller than that which it formerly employed. It has not made its saving by reducing the wages of the men; on the contrary, it has increased those wages over the former scale by at least twenty-five to forty per cent. It has not brought this change about by dismissing its former employees and engaging a new and better lot of men; on the contrary, of its present force a large majority were in its employ at the time of its depression. It has not raised to the consumer the price of its product; on the contrary, it is charging less for its product than it formerly did. Other concerns, large and small, engaged in many kinds of productive activity, have similar stories to tell.

This is something that concerns us all. It is not merely of interest to those engaged in business. It is of concern to us whose financial operations seem to consist mainly in paying the butcher, the grocer, the tailor, and other creators of the cost of living. If there is any way by which production can be increased, so that there will be more flour, more clothes, more building materials, more of all sorts of

necessities, and at the same time the great mass of the people who produce these things shall have more money to buy them with, we shall not be worried any longer by the rising cost of living. If at the same time a manufacturer can be surer of his profits, and the wage-earner finds his work less of a strain, we shall get our benefits at a cost to no class except those who thrive on trouble. If there is something that will bring us these benefits, we ought to know about it.

What has made this difference in the concerns to which I have referred has been simply a revolutionary change in management.

The problem of management is to secure the best results of the whole body by securing at once the efficiency of each individual and the working together of all the individuals with each other. Some men seem to be born managers. The traditional method by which those responsible for a concern attempt to make the management of that concern effective is to find one of these born managers and put him in authority, and to supply him with subordinate bosses who, like him, have, but in lesser degree, the managerial instinct.

Such men having been selected, they undertake to get the best possible work out of the workers. How they do this depends partly on the bosses and partly on the bossed. Some born managers have the power to drive, others have the power to lead. For a section gang on a railway a man is chosen as boss usually because he is a good driver. He walks around among the men and sees that they work with their picks and shovels about as well as they know how. In a force of workers who are of a higher type mentally, on the other hand, as, for example, in a machine-shop, the man who, while exercising authority, also encourages the workers to make suggestions and try to improve on familiar methods of work is regarded as especially fit for his task. If by intimidation or tact he prevents friction, or by an abundance of good fellowship in himself he spreads among the workers a spirit of co-operation, he is unusually successful.

There are certain constant difficulties thus encountered in the management of men. In the first place, efficiency depends so greatly upon the personal equation that a change from one manager to another is sometimes fatal. In the second place, there is a continual condition of unstable equilibrium because the natural interest of the worker is to do as little work as he can without losing his recompense or forfeiting advancement, while it is the natural interest of the management to get as much work as possible out of the workers without increasing their recompense or foregoing the chance, when it comes, of reducing it. In the third place, the workers, as a whole, know more about their work and the right way to do it than the manager does, and are therefore in a position to seem to be accomplishing more than they really are. In the fourth place, the manager has such a number of details to look after that when something of apparently minor importance goes wrong he cannot afford to give his time to attend to it, and the worker must deal with it as best he can, although it may involve some one else over whom he may have no authority or concerning whose work he has no knowledge. In such a case the manager is entirely right in ignoring a minor matter in order to give his attention to a more important matter, in spite of the fact that the total effect of all the minor defects may be greater than the total effect of all the greater defects.

To overcome these difficulties many devices have been proposed. Instead of paying workers so much a day, many concerns pay them according to the amount of work each does. If a worker does more than his fellow, he gets more. He gets so much for every ton of coal he shovels, or every piece be turns out at his machine, or every coat he finishes. This is Humpty Dumpty's method. This acts as an incentive to the worker to work as hard and as fast as he knows how. The workers in most industries, however, have come to the conclusion that this device is not for their benefit. It sets a pace that results in fatigue and in ultimate injury; and, moreover, it usually results in an ultimate reduction in wages, since the pacemaker tends to set the standard for a day's work, and everybody else finds that at the end of a day he has fallen behind, and, consequently, does not get even a

day's wage. Then there are many devices for reports, for time-checks, for accounts of stock, for daily cash balances, for inspectors, and "spotters," and spies. These, however, all tend to bring into the open the latent hostility between the workers and the managers, and render ineffective every effort to utilize tact and encourage good fellowship. In some concerns, whose directors are far-sighted men, there are systems of profit-sharing. These, admirable as they are in enlisting the loyalty of men to the concern of which they are made partners, do not, however, remove the chief difficulties of management. All such devices—whether good or bad—are based on the assumption that the workers themselves know how to do their work in the best way, and that what is needed is an incentive to induce them to do their best.

It is as if in the human body the brain for the toe were in the toe, the brain for the elbow were in the elbow, the brain for the arm, the hand, the knee, were respectively in the arm, the hand, and the knee; and as if the duty of the brain in the skull were ended by giving directions to the different members as to what they should do, and trying to get them to think out for themselves how and when to do it. As a matter of fact, the human body (however it may be with the body of the jellyfish) is organized on a different principle. The brain for the toe, the elbow, the arm, the hand, the knee, is all in the skull, with subordinate nerve ganglia at various centers charged with the duty of carrying out its orders. Under this arrangement the toe, the elbow, the arm, and every other member of the body is relieved of the duty of trying to plan its own functions. If the toe encounters any trouble—too great cold, for instance—it is not left to find a remedy for itself; it at once notifies the brain, and the brain knows just what to do under the circumstances. In this way every member of the body has the planning department of the body at its instant service. The one brain is the servant of all. Under this arrangement the feet of the runner, the arm of the baseball pitcher, the fingers of the artist or the pianist, the throat of the orator or the singer, become highly skilled. If some organ of the body gets out of order, all the members, of course, suffer; but the planning department immediately gives the matter its attention, and, if it cannot restore normal conditions, it calls in an expert. The responsibility is concentrated where the knowledge is.

That, in brief, is the difference between Humpty Dumpty management and scientific management.

Let us see what this difference means when applied to a machine-shop. Here, let us say, is a factory which makes cylinders of all kinds. Under Humpty Dumpty management, the order goes forth from the president's office that a dozen cylinders of a certain size are to be manufactured. The foremen announce the order, and the mechanics go after the tools and the material. Then the foremen and the mechanics stand around in groups, and with measures and dividers decide what size the different parts shall be, what holes shall be bored, and what bolts shall be used. Each mechanic is encouraged to make suggestions; and every one who shows ingenuity is rewarded in some way. Finally, when, after much discussion and interchange of opinion based on experience, a design or set of designs is decided upon, the work begins. Each mechanic decides how to set his lathe, what feed to use, and on what cone he shall slide the belt. All set to work. Over each group of mechanics is a boss who watches them to see that no one shirks. He has watched men before, and has an idea as to what constitutes a day's work. If the men do not work as fast as he thinks they ought, he calls them to account, and threatens discipline.

No shop is managed exactly on that plan, because no one really believes thoroughly in Humpty Dumpty management. Practically every shop has a designing-room. Why? Because it is perfectly plain that highly trained mechanical engineers know more about the designing of machines than mechanics do. So every shop has at least a rudimentary planning department. This department plans exactly *what* shall be made. The plans are based on the results of scientific experiment. A vast amount of time has been spent in testing the strength of metals, in calculating the effect of strains, in watching the results of chemical combinations. From

the information thus gained in the laboratory certain laws have been discovered. So when a machine is to be manufactured, designing engineers, who understand these laws, make plans of the machine. But, it may be objected, these designing engineers have to be paid much higher wages than mechanics. Of course; but the cost of employing these highly trained men is more than offset by the saving that is consequent upon having the designs properly made. So every machine-shop devotes valuable space and a good deal of money to what is not directly productive work. In that part of manufacture, therefore, which determines what shall be made, management is now almost universally scientific.

This, however, is the lesser part of management. The greater part of the management of a shop has to do, not with the "what," but with the "how." Under scientific management, the designing-room, which now plans the "what," is expanded into a Planning Department which plans not only the "what" but also the "how." In a big contracting business or in the financial management of a university the planning department would be different in form but not different in principle, so far as the "how" is concerned. Most concerns are managed according to the methods of Humpty Dumpty. In most machine-shops, after the designs are drawn and the duplicates are sent out to the shop, the methods of work are left to the initiative and ingenuity of the workmen. The reason for this is simple: there is no one in the shop who knows better than the workman how the work should be done.

Before, then, a machine-shop can put its brains completely in its head, where they belong, it must collect its brains. It now has brains for the determination of what shall be made; it must now develop brains for the determination of how it shall be made. And the methods in this case are the same as in the other—the methods of the scientific laboratory. In other words, if management is to be really scientific, it must adopt other than traditional ways of securing knowledge about methods of work. At present a man is a mechanic by virtue of having picked up his knowledge from another mechanic who has picked up his knowledge in turn from still another mechanic. So with the bricklayer, the typesetter, the weaver, the shoveler. In each case the man with a trade has acquired by word of mouth and by watching others at work the accumulated experience of the workmen of that trade. So long as this is the only knowledge that exists in a shop, a planning department for methods of work is useless. No foreman, no superintendent, can pick up more knowledge about the trades he is supervising than can all the workmen under him; and unless he knows more than his subordinates he cannot direct them how to work. And yet to-day there are machine-shops in which not only the designs for the machines to be made are minutely drawn, but the plans for the way in which those machines shall be made are drawn and written down with even greater minuteness. How has this been brought about?

Two simple instances may make this clear. For hundreds of years the art of bricklaying has been practically stationary. Men to-day lay bricks in much the same fashion as they did when the Assyrian Empire flourished. A few years ago Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth, a contractor, who had become interested in the experiments which Mr. F. W. Taylor had conducted in the art of cutting metals, decided to make some experiments in bricklaying. He analyzed the motions of the bricklayer by going through them himself with the aid of his wife. The first thing he discovered was that every time a bricklayer stooped down to pick up a brick he lifted about a hundred and ten pounds. The upper part of a man's body weighs somewhat more than a hundred pounds; and in order to pick up a five-pound brick he had to lift the weight of his body too. Not much of the wasted effort was saved if he picked up two bricks. He at once concluded that immense effort would be saved if the bricklayer did not have to stoop at all. The next thing he discovered was that the bricklayer used up time and effort in turning the brick around in his hand until he got it in the correct position (for a brick has a top and a bottom), and he concluded that the brick should be delivered to the bricklayer right side up. Then he discovered that the

bricklayer used up time and effort in tapping the brick to see whether it was sound. He concluded that only sound brick should be delivered to the bricklayer. So by analysis he discovered that in bricklaying there were two distinct sets of motions: on the one hand useful and useless, and on the other agreeable and disagreeable. By study of the subject he so eliminated the useless and the disagreeable motions as to reduce the total number from eighteen to five. As a consequence, in spite of the incidental cost involved in making some change in apparatus (a moving scaffold, for example, on which bricks could be delivered at the right height), in employing some extra helpers for sorting the brick, and the like, he increased the output from something like a thousand brick a day per man to about twenty-seven hundred. This increase in output enabled him to promise every workman who followed his directions a great increase in pay. On the other hand, the workmen, so far from being "speeded up," were actually enabled to do their work with less fatigue.

Another example is still more striking. No work seems more simple, more unlikely to be subject to scientific study, than the art of carrying pig iron. This, however, has been subjected to the most careful scientific study. Men at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, were loading pig iron on cars at the rate of about twelve tons a day. Certain pig-handlers were given extra wages for doing this work under special direction. An attempt was made to ascertain the relation between the amount of horse-power which each man exerted and the fatigue he incurred. Long-continued experiment furnished a vast amount of information, but, apparently, no law. Finally, Mr. F. W. Taylor, who was conducting the experiments, handed the data over to an associate who was apt at mathematical problems. Very soon he reported that he had discovered the law—that fatigue varied in proportion to a certain relation between the amount of load and the periods of rest. For example, a man carrying a ninety-two-pound pig had, in order to avoid fatigue, to be at rest fifty-eight per cent of the time. The discovery of this law involved a great amount of data, including certain physiological facts concerning the poisonous effects of waste tissue upon the blood, and difficult mathematical formulæ, including the plotting of curves. As a result, the pig-handlers were directed exactly how to lift and carry their loads and when to rest, and the amount of pig iron handled by each man every day increased from twelve and a half tons to forty-seven. Of course the men received a great advance in wages.

Now, neither the bricklayer nor the pig-handler, even with the greatest amount of ingenuity, could have made such improvement in methods. The bricklayer could not, because he had no authority to say how the bricks should be delivered to him, even if by chance he had discovered that such a method of delivery would have been better; and the pig-handler could not, because such scientific study as was necessary for the discovery was altogether beyond his mental resources, as it would be beyond mine or those of most of my readers.

Similarly, scientific experiments have laid bare a world of knowledge regarding the art of cutting metals. I cannot here relate the story, which Mr. Taylor has told me, of his interesting study of this subject that has been continued for a period of twenty-six years at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars—a study which has resulted in the construction of a simple slide rule by which any workman can set a lathe to the best advantage. No mechanic, however skilled, could possibly attain by experience any such knowledge.

Similar study has been applied to scores of industries, and has resulted in the discovery of methods of work that enormously increase production. Indeed, the result has proved as revolutionary in increasing output as the introduction of machinery was.

When the management of a concern has such knowledge, scientifically acquired, at its command, it is in a position to transfer its brains to its head—that is, to create a planning department.

Yet one may plan and plan and still get nothing done. Men are not automatons. They will not, of themselves, follow plans that are offered to them. Indeed, they naturally resent any suggestion that some one else knows more than they do about their own business. It is evident,

then, that scientific management consists in something more than the scientific study of operations and the establishment of a planning department. Something must be done to make it apparent to the workers that it is to their interest to acquiesce in the change. What is that something?

It must be an assurance, in a tangible and permanent form presented automatically to each worker, first, that the instructions he receives are within his capacity, and, second, that if he follows those instructions he will receive his share of the increased product. In most cases that have come to my knowledge this assurance has been given by a stipulation that a bonus shall be received by every worker who attains a definitely set standard. When a scientific study of operations has been made, such a standard is perfectly ascertainable. For example, a minute analysis of such a delicate operation as laying gold-leaf on a bookbinding has shown just what are the factors in the operation. Each modification of the operation is simply a rearrangement of those known factors; and as the time consumed by each factor is known, a simple sum in addition will tell what time is needed for the whole operation. When a percentage (also scientifically determined) is added as a margin, the standard is set. If there is doubt in the mind of the worker, the foreman explains just what the operations are, and, if necessary, performs them in the given time. The bonus for reaching this standard is an addition to the regular wages or salary. For each foreman a bonus is given for each bonus earned by a subordinate. If the worker fails at any time to earn a bonus, there must be a definitely ascertainable reason for it. If it is the fault or defect of the worker, the boss or foreman is at once as interested as the worker is to see that the fault or defect is remedied; if it exists elsewhere, both are at once interested to see that the reason is discovered. If the preliminary study on which the standard is based has been properly done, there is in addition to the bonus a reward in greater ease of work, release from distraction and confusion, and consequent freedom from fatigue.

It thus appears that through scientific management greater profits are secured through an increase in wages. Or, to put it conversely, an increase of wages is secured through greater profits. Under the traditional methods there was supposed to be a predetermined amount to be divided between the employer and employee. If the employer got an increased share, the employee found his share diminished; and *vice versa*. In other words, the relation between employer and employee was on a war basis. Of course the employees combined in self-defense; of course they insisted on collective bargaining, and they were right in doing so; of course when they found the employer weak they struck or gained their ends by threatening to strike. On the other hand, of course the managers, being responsible for dividends, did what they could to keep wages down, and, when they could not do that, tried to raise the price of their product to the consumer. With the introduction of scientific management, on the other hand, the relation between employer and employee is transformed. Their interests become identical. And their interests are likewise the same as the interest of the consumer. All are interested in the reduction of cost; and all share the benefit. It is impossible to put scientific management into operation until this is recognized. It is the essence of scientific management to see that the benefits are fairly distributed. In fact, the distribution of these benefits becomes of itself a means of production.

More than that, the employee finds congenial work. If for reason of unfitness he cannot reach the standard scientifically determined, he becomes a subject for study by the management, and, if he has ability in any direction, he is soon assigned to work that he can do. For example, among the men who had been handling pig iron at Bethlehem, seven out of eight had not the strength or the stolid temperament that fitted them to reach the standard set. They were assigned to other work, and many of them were soon earning higher wages than they could have earned by handling pig iron. The very process which revealed their unfitness for the lower kind of labor revealed qualities that fitted them for a higher kind of labor. Moreover, those

who show proficiency in their tasks are by that very fact started on the road to promotion. The machinist who is especially skillful at the lathe is soon chosen to be one of the bosses; for under scientific management the boss is not chosen because he is a driver, but because he is so adept that he can become a teacher of others. In one machine-shop I noticed a young man, scarcely more than a boy, at work at a desk in the planning department. "What is he doing?" I inquired. "He is selecting the tools to be used by the mechanics," was the answer. "What, that boy!" "Yes." "But I should think he ought to have expert knowledge of the tools and experience in the use of them." "He has. That is why he is in the planning department. He started in as an apprentice; he showed aptitude; he quickly became a regular mechanic; and in his work he showed such skill that he was put at work on his present job." Scientific management thus necessarily involves the scientific selection of the workman.

This instance of the boy in the planning department illustrates another feature of scientific management. I mean what is called functional foremanship. It is necessary that the boss should know more than the workman, and the foreman should know more than the boss. But no one man can have a specialist's knowledge in all departments of work. Consequently the work of the bosses is apportioned according to functions. One boss has charge of the preparation of the work—the collection of the tools and the material. He may be called the gang boss. Another has charge of the setting of the machines, so that they will work most efficiently. He may be called the speed boss. Another has charge of the order in which the work is done. He is called the route boss. Another has charge of the instruction cards, another of the motions that the workers should use to do their work most quickly and easily, another of the discipline. Each has his own function.

This arrangement of functional foremanship is not new; it has long been applied to the coaching of football teams. In every large university there are coaches (foremen) for the end rushers, coaches for the quarter-back, coaches for the center, and so on for each position—and even coaches for punting and drop kicking. Each of these coaches is selected because he knows more than any one else available concerning some particular feature of the game. Functional foremanship is new only in industry. We are much more scientific in our sports than in our serious work. Motion study had been long a commonplace in golf before it was applied to bricklaying; and functional foremanship has long been the rule in the coaching of football and baseball teams.

Every worker has therefore at his service a specialist who knows more about certain elements of the task than the worker does himself—a coach, or, if you will, a teacher. This specialist or coach or teacher not only has special knowledge—which, instead of being guesswork or hearsay or tradition, is, in fact, the product of scientific investigation—but also is concerned to put this knowledge to the worker's use, for he succeeds only in proportion as his subordinates succeed. In consequence, the worker, so far from regarding the boss as a taskmaster to evade and outwit, looks to the boss as an aid. In consequence, likewise, the officers higher in authority are relieved from detail by the functional foremen, and are free to give their thought to the decision of special questions—such as those raised by emergencies. For example, a certain weaver at a loom finds that he is unable to do the work in accordance with his instructions. He at once calls upon the boss for an explanation. The boss comes, watches the operation, and sees that the weaver is making two unnecessary motions in each operation; does the work at the loom—as the professional golfer swings the club to show the duffer the proper form—and thus eliminates the trouble. Or, again, after watching the operation, the boss discovers that the worker is following instructions, but that the material is not what was intended for that particular piece of work. He immediately calls the attention of the proper authority to the fact. The planning department at once sends word to the vice-president that the concern from which the material was ordered has made

a mistake, and asks for a decision as to whether the work shall be continued with the necessary revision as to standards of work, or whether the work on that particular product shall be discontinued until the proper material is received. Here is an emergency. The fact that the management is based on scientific principles allows that emergency to be promptly recognized and promptly met. Thus every one in the organization is acting in accord with every one else. The high-priced man is doing high-priced work; the low-priced man is doing low-priced work; and the low-priced man has every fair chance to become, through achievement, a high-priced man.

I cannot expect within the limits of such an article as this even to indicate all that is involved in scientific management. I hope, however, that I have made it clear that scientific management is not the adoption of certain devices—such as the bonus for special piece-work; that it is not mere systematization; but that it is the acceptance of certain fundamental principles. It requires a new attitude toward organized action, particularly in industry. It is a form of co-operation practically applied.

For that very reason it is at first opposed both by managers and by wage-earners. The opposition from wage-earners is due to the fact that industry is now on a war basis, labor unions are war organizations, and anything that tends to individualize labor is regarded by wage-earners as a weakening of their side. In this the wage-earners are entirely right *as long as the war basis is maintained.* So long as wage-earners feel that the managers are representatives of rival claimants to a common fund, so long they will regard the individualization of the laborer as a device to cheat them out of their share. They must first be convinced that the war basis has been abandoned. In this they will act slowly. The opposition from managers is due likewise to this deep-seated acceptance of the war basis as permanent. It is also due to the fact that under scientific management the responsibility of the manager is greatly increased, and men are instinctively disinclined to accept greater responsibility. Scientific management, therefore, spreads slowly.

It is retarded, moreover, by certain misconceptions. Some men, whose attention is held by some device in use under scientific management, and recognizing it as familiar, jump to the conclusion that they have it already in their business, when, as a matter of fact, they do not even understand, much less accept, its principles. Others, ignoring the fact that science is no respecter of industries, complacently declare that it will not work in their particular business. Others, recognizing the patent evils of ordinary piece-work, object to it as "speeding up" workers, overlooking the fact that one of its prime objects is to relieve the worker of the strain and fatigue that arise from the attempt to secure speed by merely redoubling effort. Others object that it is mere theory, oblivious of the fact that it is in operation in a wide variety of industries. Others suspect it as a "panacea," while perfectly willing to recognize in another sphere, that of medicine and surgery, science to be the mortal enemy of all "panaceas." Others criticise it as a narrowing process, failing to realize that a man is narrowed not by his field of labor but by drudgery in any field. Others oppose it on the ground that it kills initiative in men, forgetting that the application of science is everywhere a provocative of the true spirit of initiative.

Some of the advocates of scientific management have, in their enthusiasm, made the mistake that is often made on behalf of science—the mistake of imagining that science can tell all secrets. No science has revealed the secret of Beethoven's music, or Shakespeare's dramas, or the Cathedral at Rheims. No science can produce beautiful pictures, or instill into the minds of undergraduates the love of letters. No excess of zeal, however, on the part of any advocate should distract the minds of thinking people from the fact that, wherever men work together under direction, scientific management can increase their product, reduce needless effort, and make at least an approximation to a fair division of the fruits of their toil. In most cases it has multiplied the output by two or three, has supplanted a deficit with a good net income, and, in many instances, at the same time has

reduced the price of the product to the consumer.

There is no reason why scientific management should not be applied equally well to a private corporation, to a co-operative, profit-sharing concern, and to such a socialistic institution as the Post-Office. To the question whether the tool-users shall be the tool-owners or not, scientific management has nothing to say. As a matter of fact, with industrial conditions as they are at present, it has been proved that under scientific management it is better for all tools (small tools as well as machinery) in the same concern to be under one control, and that virtually means under one ownership. This might be the joint ownership of capitalist and workers. If the machinery belongs to a corporation or a firm, the small tools should not be left to the ownership of the workmen, but should be a part of the concern's equipment. If the machinery is collectively owned, so should be the small tools. The one thing essential, however, is that the management should have the authority to apply to the selection of the tools the same scientific process that they should apply to all other elements in the direction of the industry.

From what I have said I hope it is clear that scientific management involves the acceptance of the following four principles: First, the planning department, with its various functions assigned to different agents, should be in full control of every part of the organism, determining exactly, and ordering by means of drafted directions, not only what the product shall be, but how the processes shall be carried on. Second, to this end, the planning department must adhere to the laws of science (the science of the laboratory) in studying and deciding upon all the elements in the common enterprise, including in these elements not only things and their properties but also men and their ways. Third, necessarily, therefore, the planning department must abandon the practice of classifying men according to the labels they wear, and instead must proceed scientifically in the selection of the workers and in the assignment of them to their tasks. Fourth, the planning department must adopt such a system of distributing responsibility and compensation as will make authority coincident with knowledge and apportion reward according to service rendered.[1] Whatever management is based on these four principles may fairly be called scientific. It is of minor consequence what devices or what system it adopts to make those principles effective.

As has been said, scientific management cannot be "bought and delivered in a box;" but when it is once installed, it will bring results that cannot be achieved by a merely born manager. If a man wants to practice medicine, it is well if he is a "born doctor," but nowadays it is not sufficient; it is not even necessary. So it will some day be with the manager. It is my conviction that Humpty Dumpty will have a great fall.

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[1] I have here set down these principles in the order in which I have developed them in the course of the discussion. Mr. F. W. Taylor, the acknowledged chief authority on the subject of scientific management, puts them in a different order and in different terms, as follows:

"1st. The development of a science in place of 'rule of thumb' for each *element* of the work.

"2d. The scientific selection and training of the workman.

"3d. The bringing of science and the scientifically trained workman together, through the co-operation of the management with the man.

"4th. An almost equal division of the work and the responsibility between the management and the workmen, the management taking over all work for which they are better fitted than the workmen, while in the past almost all of the work, and the greater part of the responsibility, were thrown upon the workmen."

THE INDIAN AND THE MORAL CODE

BY CHARLES A. EASTMAN[1]

LONG before I ever heard of Christ or saw a white man I had learned from an untutored woman the essence of morality. With the help of dear Nature herself, she taught me things simple but of mighty import. I knew God. I perceived what goodness is. I saw and loved what is really beautiful. Civilization has not taught me anything better.

As a child I understood how to give; I have forgotten that grace since I became civilized. I lived the natural life, whereas I now live the artificial. Any pretty pebble was valuable to me then, every growing tree an object of reverence. Now I worship with the white man before a painted landscape whose value is estimated in dollars. Thus the Indian is reconstructed, as the natural rocks are ground to powder and made into artificial blocks which may be built into the walls of modern society.

The first American mingled with his pride a singular humility. Spiritual arrogance was foreign to his nature and teaching. He has never claimed that the power of articulate speech was proof of superiority over the dumb creation; on the other hand, it is to him a perilous gift. He believes profoundly in silence—the sign of a perfect equilibrium. Silence is the absolute poise or balance of body, mind, and spirit. The man who preserves his selfhood ever calm and unshaken by the storms of existence—not a leaf, as it were, astir on the tree, not a ripple upon the shining pool—his, in the mind of the savage sage, is the ideal attitude and conduct of life.

If you ask him, "What is silence?" he will answer, "It is the Great Mystery. The holy silence is His voice." If you ask, "What are the fruits of silence?" he will say, "They are self-control, true courage or endurance, patience, dignity, and reverence. Silence is the cornerstone of character."

"Guard your tongue in youth," said the old chief Wabashaw, "and in age you may mature a thought which will be of service to your people."

The moment that man conceived of a perfect body, supple, symmetrical, graceful, and enduring, in that moment he had laid the foundation of a moral life. No man can hope to maintain such a temple of the spirit beyond the period of adolescence unless he is able to curb his indulgence in the pleasures of the senses. Upon this truth the Indian built a rigid system of physical training, a social and moral code that was the law of his life.

There was aroused in him as a child a high ideal of manly strength and beauty, the attainment of which must depend upon strict temperance in eating and in the sexual relation, together with severe and persistent exercise. He desired to be a worthy link in the generations, and that he might not destroy by his weakness that vigor and purity of blood which had been achieved at the cost of much self-denial by a long line of ancestors.

He was required to fast from time to time for short periods, and to work off his superfluous energy by means of hard running, swimming, and the vapor bath.

Personal modesty was early cultivated as a safeguard, together with a strong self-respect and pride of family and race. This was accomplished in part by keeping the child ever before the public eye, from his birth onward. His entrance into the world, especially in the case of the first-born, was often publicly announced by the herald, accompanied by a distribution of presents to the old and needy. The same thing occurred when he took his first step, when his ears were pierced, and when he shot his first game, so that his childish exploits and progress were known to the whole clan as to a larger family, and he grew into manhood with the saving sense of a reputation to sustain.

The youth was encouraged to enlist early in the public service, and to develop a wholesome ambition for the honors of a leader and feast-maker, which can never be his unless he is truthful and generous, as well as brave, and ever mindful of his

[1] As many of our readers know, Dr. Eastman is a Sioux Indian; his tribal name is Ohiyesa.—THE EDITORS.

personal chastity and honor. There were many ceremonial customs which had a distinct moral influence; the woman was rigidly secluded at certain periods, and the young husband was forbidden to approach his own wife when preparing for war or for any religious event. The public or tribal position of the Indian is entirely dependent upon his private virtue, and he is never permitted to forget that he does not live to himself alone, but to his tribe and his clan. Thus habits of perfect self-control were early established, and there were no unnatural conditions or complex temptations to beset him, until he was met and overthrown by a stronger race.

To keep the young men and young women strictly to their honor, there were observed among us, within my own recollection, certain annual ceremonies of a semi-religious nature. One of the most impressive of these was the sacred "Feast of Virgins," which, when given for the first time, was equivalent to a public announcement of a young girl's arrival at a marriageable age. The herald, making the rounds of the teepee village, would publish the feast something after this fashion:

"Pretty Weasel-woman, the daughter of Brave Bear, will kindle her first maidens' fire to-morrow. All ye who have never yielded to the pleading of man, who have not destroyed your innocency, you alone are invited to proclaim anew before the Sun and the Earth, before your companions and in the sight of the Great Mystery, the chastity and purity of your maidenhood. Come ye, all who have not known man!"

The whole village was at once aroused to the interest of the coming event, which was considered next to the Sun Dance and the Grand Medicine Dance in public importance. It always took place in midsummer, when a number of different clans were gathered together for the summer festivities, and was held in the center of the great circular encampment.

Here two circles were described, one within the other, about a rudely heart-shaped rock which was touched with red paint, and upon either side of the rock there were thrust into the ground a knife and two arrows. The inner circle was for the maidens, and the outer one for their grandmothers or chaperons, who were supposed to have passed the climacteric. Upon the outskirts of the feast there was a great public gathering, in which order was kept by certain warriors of highest reputation. Any man among the spectators might approach and challenge any young woman whom he knew to be unworthy; but if the accuser failed to prove his charge, the warriors were accustomed to punish him severely.

Each girl in turn approached the sacred rock and laid her hand upon it with all solemnity. This was her religious declaration of her purity, her vow to remain so until her marriage. If she should ever violate the maidens' oath, then welcome that keen knife and those sharp arrows!

Our maidens were ambitious to attend a number of these feasts before marriage; and it sometimes happened that a girl was compelled to give one on account of gossip about her conduct. Then it was in the nature of a challenge to the scandal-mongers to prove their words. A similar feast was sometimes made by the young men, for whom the rules were even more strict, since no young man might attend this feast who had so much as spoken of love to a maiden. It was considered a high honor among us to have won some distinction in war and the chase, and, above all, to have been invited to a seat in the council, before one had "spoken" to any girl save his own sister.

It was our belief that the love of possessions is a weakness to be overcome. Its appeal is to the material part, and, if allowed its way, it will in time disturb the spiritual balance of the man. Therefore the child must early learn the beauty of generosity. He is taught to give what he prizes most, and that he may taste the happiness of giving, he is made at an early age the family almoner. If a child is inclined to be grasping, or to cling to any of his little possessions, legends are related to him telling of the contempt and disgrace that fall upon the ungenerous and mean man.

Public giving is a part of every important ceremony. It properly belongs to the celebration of birth, marriage, and death, and whenever it is desired to do special honor to any person or event.

Upon such occasions it is common to give to the point of utter impoverishment. The Indian in his simplicity literally gives away all that he has to relatives, to guests of another tribe or clan, but, above all, to the poor and the aged, from whom he can hope for no return. Finally, the gift to the "Great Mystery," the religious offering, may be of little value in itself, but to the giver's own thought it should carry the meaning and reward of true sacrifice.

Orphans and the aged are invariably cared for, not only by their next of kin, but by the whole clan. It is the loving parent's pride to have his daughters visit the unfortunate and the helpless, carry them food, comb their hair, and mend their garments. The name "Wenonah," or Eldest Daughter, distinctly implies all this, and a girl who failed in her charitable duties was held to be unworthy of the name.

The man who is a skillful hunter, and whose wife is alive to her opportunities, makes many feasts, to which he is careful to invite the older men of his clan, recognizing that they have outlived their period of greatest activity, and now love nothing so well as to eat in good company and to live over the past. The old men, for their part, do their best to requite his liberality with a little speech, in which they are apt to relate the brave and generous deeds of their host's ancestors, finally congratulating him upon being a worthy successor of an honorable line. Thus his reputation is won as a hunter and a feast-maker, and almost as famous in his way as the great warrior is he who has a recognized name and standing as a "man of peace."

The true Indian sets no price upon either his property or his labor. His generosity is limited only by his strength and ability. He regards it as an honor to be selected for a difficult or dangerous service, and would think it shame to ask for any reward, saying rather, "Let him whom I serve express his thanks according to his own bringing up and his sense of honor."

Nevertheless, he recognizes rights in property. To steal from one of his own tribe would be indeed a disgrace, and, if discovered, the name of "Mamanon," or Thief, is fixed upon him forever as an unalterable stigma. The only exception to the rule is in the case of food, which is always free to the hungry if there is none by to offer it. Other protection than the moral law there could not be in an Indian community, where there were neither locks nor doors, and where everything was open and of easy access to all comers.

The property of the enemy is spoil of war, and it is always allowable to confiscate it if possible. However, in the old days there was not much plunder. Before the coming of the white man there was, in fact, little temptation or opportunity to despoil the enemy; but in modern times the practice of "stealing horses" from hostile tribes has become common, and is thought far from dishonorable.

Warfare we regarded as an institution of the "Great Mystery"—an organized tournament or trial of courage and skill, with elaborate rules and "counts" for the coveted honor of the eagle feather. It was held to develop the quality of manliness, and its motive was chivalric or patriotic, but never the desire for territorial aggrandizement or the overthrow of a brother nation. It was common in early times for a battle or skirmish to last all day, with great display of daring and horsemanship, but with scarcely more killed and wounded than may be carried from the field during a university game of football.

The slayer of a man in battle was supposed to mourn for thirty days, blackening his face and loosening his hair according to the custom. He, of course, considered it no sin to take the life of an enemy, and this ceremonial mourning was a sign of reverence for the departed spirit. The killing in war of non-combatants, as women and children, is partly explained by the fact that in savage life the woman without husband or protector is in pitiable case, and it was supposed that the spirit of the warrior would be better content if no widow and orphans were left to suffer want as well as to weep.

A scalp might originally be taken by the leader of the war-party only, and at that period no other mutilation was practiced. It was a small lock not more than two inches square, which was carried only during the thirty days' celebration of a

victory, and afterward given religious burial. Wanton cruelties and the more barbarous customs of war were greatly intensified with the coming of the white man, who brought with him fiery liquor and deadly weapons, aroused the Indian's worst passions, provoked in him revenge and cupidity, and even offered bounties for the scalps of innocent men, women, and children.

Murder within the tribe was a grave offense, to be atoned for as the council might decree, and it often happened that the slayer was called upon to pay the penalty with his own life. He made no attempt to escape or to evade justice. That the crime was committed in the depths of the forest or at dead of night, witnessed by no human eye, made no difference to his mind. He was thoroughly convinced that all is known to the "Great Mystery," and hence did not hesitate to give himself up, to stand his trial by the old and wise men of the victim's clan. His own family and clan might by no means attempt to excuse or to defend him, but his judges took all the known circumstances into consideration, and if it appeared that he slew in self-defense, or that the provocation was severe, he might be set free after a thirty days' period of mourning in solitude. Otherwise the murdered man's next of kin were authorized to take his life; and if they refrained from doing so, as often happened, he remained an outcast from the clan. A willful murder was a rare occurrence before the days of whisky and drunken rows, for we were not a violent or a quarrelsome people.

It is well remembered that Crow Dog, who killed the Sioux chief Spotted Tail in 1881, calmly surrendered himself and was tried and convicted by the courts in South Dakota. After his conviction he was permitted remarkable liberty in prison, such as perhaps no white man has ever received when under sentence of death.

The cause of his act was a solemn commission received from his people, nearly thirty years earlier, at the time that Spotted Tail usurped the chieftainship by the aid of the military, whom he had supported. Crow Dog was under a vow to slay the chief in case he ever betrayed or disgraced the name of the Brulé Sioux. There is no doubt that Spotted Tail had committed crimes both public and private, having been guilty of misuse of office as well as of gross offenses against morality, and therefore his death was not a matter of private vengeance, but of national retribution.

A few days before Crow Dog was to be executed he asked permission to visit his home and say farewell to his wife and twin boys, then nine or ten years old. Strange to say, the request was granted, and the condemned man sent home under escort of the deputy sheriff, who remained at the Indian Agency, merely telling his prisoner to report there on the following day. When he did not appear at the time set, the sheriff despatched the Indian police after him. They did not find him, and his wife simply said that Crow Dog had desired to ride alone to the prison, and would reach there on the day appointed. All doubt was removed next day by a telegram from Rapid City, two hundred miles distant, saying, "Crow Dog has just reported here."

The incident drew public attention to the Indian murderer, with the unexpected result that the case was reopened, and Crow Dog acquitted. He still lives, a well-preserved man of about seventy-five years, and is much respected among his own people.

It is said that in the very early days lying was a capital offense among us. Believing that the deliberate liar is capable of committing any crime behind the screen of cowardly untruth and double dealing, the destroyer of mutual confidence was summarily put to death, that the evil might go no further.

Even the worst enemies of the Indian, those who accuse him of treachery, bloodthirstiness, cruelty, and lust, have not denied his courage, but in their minds it is a courage that is ignorant, brutal, and fantastic. His own conception of bravery makes of it a high moral virtue, for to him it consists not so much in aggressive self-assertion as in absolute self-control. The truly brave man, we contend, yields neither to fear nor anger, desire nor agony; he is at all times master of himself; his courage rises to the heights of chivalry, patriotism, and real heroism.

"Let neither cold, hunger, nor pain,

nor the fear of them, neither the bristling teeth of danger nor the very jaws of death itself, prevent you from doing a good deed," said an old chief to a scout who was about to seek the buffalo in midwinter for the relief of a starving people. This was his childlike conception of courage.

THREE-CENT LUNCHEONS FOR SCHOOL-CHILDREN

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

A LONG-DEBATED issue was settled at a meeting of the Board of Education of New York City held on November 23, 1910, when the plan of furnishing three-cent luncheons to the public school children of New York was officially declared successful. At this meeting it was voted that the equipment for cooking and serving luncheons be installed in three additional school buildings —School 107, at 272 West Tenth Street; School 92, at Broome and Ridge Streets; and School 120, at 187 Broome Street. The system was already in working order in School 21, in Mott Street. Without doubt it will now be indefinitely extended.

Behind this victory lie two years of hard work and thorough experimentation. Because it is well managed, the scheme appears to be a simple one; but it has been elaborately worked out, and rests upon an unusually solid foundation of common sense and experience. Furthermore, it is the achievement of one able and disinterested woman, Miss Mabel Kittredge, who is already well known through her Association of Practical Housekeeping Centers, with its "model flats," or tenement-house object-lessons, and who in this later enterprise has been faithfully assisted by Mrs. Ernest Poole, wife of the writer and sociologist, and by Mrs. Benjamin Whittaker. These three women now comprise the New York School Lunch Committee, of which Miss Kittredge is Chairman.

Everybody can grasp the fact that a school-child, especially one that is already under-nourished, needs a midday meal. But not everybody knows that there are comparatively few children who can take for granted the daily supplying of this need; only that small percentage, in fact, who come from comfortable, well-ordered homes. A table spread with a substantial luncheon does not automatically appear at a stated time in the homes of the poor, even when the mothers spend their days at home; and however the well-fed citizen may picture it, this pleasant miracle is still less likely to occur in the many homes where both parents are engaged in outside employment. There are therefore thousands of children who can at the utmost gain nothing but dubious scraps by going to their homes at midday. If, on the other hand, they are supplied by their parents with a few pennies to buy food for themselves at noon, their purchase is practically sure to include rankly unwholesome pastry, tea, coffee, or something worse than these.

But the primary need of a child is to be physically nourished, and a teacher who knows that his pupil is hungry must have very little heart for enforcing mental discipline. Many teachers have, of course, felt this and expressed it, with the result that the proposition to supply school-children with free luncheons was several years ago repeatedly brought up for discussion. It was decided, however, that to furnish food where it was not asked for was not a legitimate municipal function. The old cry of pauperizing the poor was sounded. And officially the matter dropped.

Then Miss Mabel Kittredge, made confident by her long experience in practical domestic economy, petitioned the Board of Education to allow her to try an experiment in one school building. The privi-

lege being granted, Miss Kittredge looked over the facilities for her plan offered by school No. 51, on West Forty-fourth Street, between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, and made exceedingly careful calculations. The building already contained a small and rather rude kitchen and a range where luncheons were daily prepared for the teachers in the building. It also contained an Assembly Hall, a room large enough to seat two hundred children. Being allowed the use of these rooms, two women were hired to do the actual cooking, under careful, even mathematical direction, and it was made known among the two thousand children in the building that hot midday luncheons were to be on sale at prices ranging from three to five cents. Miss Kittredge already familiarly knew the class of children with whom she would have mostly to deal, and the homes they would come from. She foresaw the unexpressed conservatism and suspicion that would have to be combated. On the other hand, she assumed that neither parents, teachers, nor onlooking sociologists could formulate any real objection to the children's spending their lunch pennies for a wholesome meal instead of an unwholesome one. It remained, of course, a matter of chance whether the boys and girls themselves would make the sensible choice, whether any considerable number of them could be reclaimed from their habitual dietary vagaries.

But, drawn either by curiosity or by the smell of hot soup, the children did come to be fed. Scarcely a hundred lunch-tickets —mostly the three-cent kind—were presented at first, but it wasn't very long before there were two hundred. The patronage was uniformly hungry, but almost uniformly obliged to restrict its outlay. So the first change in plan was to drop the four and five cent luncheons as being too extravagant for the juvenile purse and to re-establish the meals on an invariable three-cent basis. It was found that the average child can spend this sum. And consider for a moment what, under Miss Kittredge's arrangement, he obtains with it.

The favorite luncheon, the directors say, is soup, which is made of the best materials, and is not diluted. It is not only nourishing but temptingly palatable. In the school made up largely of Irish children barley soup was alternated with rice and pea soup and with clam chowder, and two large slices of bread are served with each luncheon, of whatever it may consist. Meat and potato sandwiches and hot cocoa make up another luncheon, and macaroni and tomato sauce is a dish popular among all nationalities. Baked beans, farina with milk, and rice pudding with milk are other menus. This list is varied somewhat for the Italian children in Mott Street, who are offered with their two slices of bread sometimes potato soup, sometimes lentil soup with stock, sometimes split-pea soup, and sometimes *minestra*, or vegetable stew. Lima beans and macaroni, rice with cheese or tomato sauce, peas with *pasta*, beans with *pasta*, and cocoa with meat and potato sandwiches, are other substitutes. And for one cent apiece the following sweet "extras" are offered: prunes, banana, cup of cocoa, four crackers, sweet potato, apples in all styles, gingerbread, jelly sandwich, spice cake, and cranberry sauce. All these dishes are, of course, chosen primarily for their nourishing properties, but the matter of their taste is also scrupulously considered. The dreary colorlessness of the institutional meal is avoided altogether. Good materials are bought, the dishes are properly flavored, and they are served steaming hot. Most amazing of all, the accounts are kept under perfect control.

The members of the committee have substituted one arrangement for another until now their dispensing system works with oiled precision. Before school each morning brass checks, good for one meal, are sold in the school yard. Children who need luncheon and are unable to pay receive checks from their teachers and the money is collected later from charitable sources. It is not known, however, among the pupils which of their number pay for their own meals and which are helped. At nine o'clock word is sent to the cook as to the number of luncheons that will be needed at noon, thus doing away with any waste. One cook is able, according to the present simplified arrangements, to prepare a meal for two hundred children. Promptly at twelve o'clock, for fractions of minutes as well as fractions of pennies have to be considered in this enterprise, a great tin tank of soup—assuming that

it is a soup day—is brought from the kitchen to the room where the meal is served. This is placed by the table, where the bowls, spoons, and round individual trays are already waiting. To make everything go smoothly there has to be co-operation, so the tallest boys, who are immensely proud of the privilege, and who are dressed for the ceremony in white aprons and caps, are allowed to help serve. One stands ladling soup into the bowls, while another—who must wear white cotton gloves—stands by the great basket that is closely packed with slices of bread. In perfectly decorous file, the hungry children march past the serving-table and receive each a tray, a steaming bowl of soup, and two slices of bread, after which they pass quietly on to the long dining-tables (long boards placed on saw-horses, put up and taken down each day), where they stand while eating their luncheon. Those who have extra pennies to spend pause on the way long enough to buy a bit of cake or fruit from the reserve supplies. Anybody who knows anything about children can estimate for himself how long it takes for the luncheons to disappear. When a child has finished, he takes his dishes to the end of the room, and, in the unlikely event of there being a drop left over, pours this into a waiting can. Then he hands his empty bowl and tray to a boy who is standing ready to assemble them, and passes out. At twenty-five minutes past twelve the ceremony is over and the room empty—except for the pupils who remain to care for the returned dishes and help with the dish-washing. Any child contributing service receives a meal in payment.

Now and then a spurt of mischief shows itself, but this is of an innocent sort and results in nothing approaching a scrimmage, nor, which is more surprising, in any accident to the luncheon. The youngest and frailest arms seem able to guard their bowl of soup without disaster, and the room is clean and crumbless when the meal is over. Indeed, the children seem incredibly lamblike, awaiting their turns with docile patience and then eating their luncheons, although with excessive despatch, still with an expression of remote and dreamy joy.

Up to the time of installing the lunch system in the three schools already mentioned, the lunches have cost the city nothing except water and gas. The expense from this time on, now that the Board of Education has assumed responsibility for the enterprise, will still amount to but $150 for each school—which is Miss Kittredge's estimate for supplying stove, tables, and all cooking utensils and dishes. The administrative work has been, and will continue to be, contributed. And the exact cost of the lunches is paid by the children themselves. So far, however, there has been a deficit due to the cost of cooking, and this the committee itself has supplied. How to do away with this deficit, which has already been reduced from one to one-half cent per capita per day, is the problem at present to be faced. At the close of the school year 1909–1910 it was estimated that the receipts from the sale of luncheons in two schools for one year had been $1,461.92. The receipts from the sale of extra penny desserts had been $366.15. This made a total income of $1,828.17, while the total expense in the two schools outside of administrative work and equipment was $2,253.14.

A point that must have influenced the Board of Education was that Miss Kittredge and her committee were able to show proof of tangible results from their work. Actual physical gain has been noted in the case of the children who have been wholesomely fed. A medical examiner for the Board of Health first examined all the children in the two schools for malnutrition. Those suffering from malnutrition were then divided into two classes—those who received school lunches for a period longer than one month, and those who received no school lunches at all. The group of children of whom there were complete records and who received lunches numbered 143, while the second group, who received no lunches, numbered 81. After this, both groups of children were weighed at intervals, with the result that the average gain in weight during three months' time of the children taking the lunches was a fraction more than ten pounds, while the average gain of the children not taking lunches was but a fraction more than three pounds.

Certain of the very substantial reasons why malnutrition prevails so widely among

school-children of this class were also interestingly revealed by this investigation, which extended to the collection of data from the pupils' homes. It was found, for instance, that of 222 families, 157 were supplying insufficient food. Another important point was that among 226 children 58 per cent drank tea and coffee once each day, and that 35 per cent drank tea and coffee more than once a day. Room congestion is regarded as also greatly influencing the physical condition of children. Among 217 families, it was found that only 8 per cent were able to provide one room for each member of the family. Again, in investigating 146 families, the weekly income was discovered to be in 64 per cent of the cases less than $16 per week. In short, no honest and intelligent person can doubt that New York school-children are underfed. The success, therefore, of the first effort that has been made to remedy this need, an effort dissociated both from charity and from money-making, is a matter of genuine public interest.

ON A BENCH IN THE PARK

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

"WHAT'S the matter?" she asked at length, moving impulsively and almost involuntarily a little nearer to him.

She had been watching him for some time—ever since he had taken his seat at the other end of her bench; but he had not appeared to know that she was there. He had come along absently in the spring sunshine, and had dropped into his present position with the casual, accidental air of a dislodged pebble falling into place. When she spoke to him, he looked up slowly and enveloped her in a vague regard which she waited patiently to focus with her concrete presence. At last he saw her, and then she smiled and waited again while he fully made up his mind what it was that he saw.

What she saw meantime was a tall, spare man of about forty-five. He was dressed rather carelessly, as if he had not thought very much about his clothes when he was putting them on, and he wore an informal old felt hat pulled down over his eyes. But he was a gentleman; with all her impulsiveness, she would hardly have ventured to speak to him if she had not been sure of that. The cut of his features was thoughtful and fine, expressing a curious mixture of whimsicalness and melancholy; his hair was turning gray over the temples, and his shoulders stooped a little. Just at present the melancholy of his expression swamped the humor entirely, so that it was a wonder she had guessed at the latter trait. But when he had quite completed his courteous, wondering scrutiny of her, he smiled and justified her penetration. He took his turn at moving inward along the bench.

"I've just finished my novel," he answered.

"I thought so." She nodded and sighed, leaning back once more against the bench. "I've just finished my picture."

She was a little younger than he; but her hair also was turning gray, and, although her shoulders did not stoop, they were very thin underneath her blue flannel waist. She was pretty, however. Her face had a bright, resolute look, and her eyes were shining above the depth of lurking melancholy which she seemed to share with her chance companion as a common birthright. She was a lady, too; in his turn, he might not otherwise have cared to return her greeting.

She was silent a moment. Then she laughed—such a funny little chuckle of mirth, founded on a basis of dejection, that his humor struggled to respond from beneath his ascendent gloom. But he could not manage it quite yet; he was not ready for raillery. Seeing this, she fell grave again, and sympathy informed her voice.

"I guess you haven't just finished it. Not this morning—nor yesterday afternoon?"

"No, day before yesterday."

"Oh, that's bad!" She shook her head as intelligently as she had nodded it before. "I finished my picture this morning, and so I'm not very far down yet. I haven't really begun either to hate it or miss it."

"Hate it?"

He lifted his eyebrows slightly. But there was no contention in his tone, only inquiry.

"Perhaps you don't do that; some people don't. I do always, though. It's a matter of bitter resentment with me that I should have been so laid hold of, possessed, by a thing which amounts to no more in the end than one of my pictures. This morning I adored my last picture; I tolerate it now—with misgivings; to-morrow I shall hate it."

He was thoroughly aroused by this time, and he turned sideways on the bench and studied his companion with smiling eyes.

"You will miss it, however?" he ventured.

"Oh!" She was half scornfully disappointed. "Don't ask me stupid questions!"

"How long have you had your novel on hand?"

Since, somewhat abashed, he kept silence, she resumed the conversation and gave it another turn.

"A year and a half."

He sighed as he answered; but he was relieved at her renewed friendliness, and his tone acknowledged it.

"Nothing else?"

"No; it has been my one occupation."

"Not even some magazine papers or stories?"

"Not a single one."

"Well, you *are* worse off than I am, then; and I'm sorry for you. I've been only eight months at work on my picture, and it has not been my exclusive concern. I have given my major attention to it, and have always allowed it to take first place; but still there were days when it wouldn't obey me, and then I sketched out a few new pictures, which I can turn to now. Either"—she smiled at him brightly—"I am wiser than you, or I am not such a good worker."

"There's a great difference in our trades," he commented, after a moment's reflection. "I think I never knew a painter who didn't have several pictures on hand at once, in all sorts of stages of incompletion; whereas a writer is usually found devoting himself entirely to one book at a time. The advantage is only one of many which you hold over us."

Again she smiled.

"Do you do that, too? What inconsistent creatures we are! We would neither of us dream of exchanging; yet you have confessed to an envy of me, and I am fully convinced that your craft is easier than mine. How simple and satisfying to give one's entire attention to pouring one's self into a single cup! It must have been a great year and a half which you are paying for now."

He looked at her whimsically. The cloud of his melancholy was breaking fast, and the light of his humor was shining through in fuller and fuller gleams.

"You talk like a summer tourist," he said. "There are lots of them up in the valley where I have my summer home, and they come and stare at me. 'Oh, Mr. Scribbler, what a fortunate person you are! To think of living in this lovely place and having nothing to do but write all day!'"

He was going to say more; he had, in fact, taken a new breath and let a portion of it out in a burst—"Nothing to do!"—but she interrupted him.

"That is not kind in you. You know that I never implied or supposed for a moment that the pouring process was a smooth one. But it's what you live for, after all; and so it is your chief good."

"Oh, I don't know." He leaned forward and took his tired head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. "Sometimes I think there isn't anything good about it. It's such blamed hard work, and it's so uncertain! Even when you are doing it, you don't know exactly what it is you are doing, still less whether it's good or not; and when you have finished it, it is never what you thought it was going to be. Hard work? Good Lord! I have sometimes been tempted to take those enthusiastic tourists into my

study and show them the scrap-basket full of papers which I have discarded in the attempt to write one paragraph."

"Of course!" Her voice soothed and rallied him. "I scratched out and repainted one corner of this last canvas of mine just fifteen times."

He looked up, met her eyes, and laughed as she had tried to make him laugh in the beginning. She joined him happily.

"Why do we do it?" He leaned his arm confidingly on the back of the seat and looked at her attentive profile with bantering eyes. "Have you any theory as to what in creation makes us?"

She shook her head.

"I've long since given up having theories."

"We needn't," he went on, ponderingly. "Nobody asks us to. On the contrary, all our friends join at the outset in begging us to refrain. Unless we are absolute fools, we know that we are committing ourselves to difficulty and suspense and struggle, to disappointment and failure, to doubt, to all sorts of evils to which we are, by a nice irony, peculiarly sensitive. Yet off we go."

She pondered a moment in her turn.

"When young writers come to you now for advice, do you warn them away and counsel them to go into business?"

"No, I don't!" He admitted the force of the question by the frank change in his tone as he answered it. "I almost always say, 'Go ahead—and the gods be with you!'"

She made no comment, but she looked at him and smiled with one of her satisfied little nods.

"Another strange thing about that is," he went on thoughtfully, "that I have yet to receive my first word of reproach from any of the people I have encouraged to start on this perilous career. They haven't all of them made good, of course. They haven't all of them persevered; some of them are prospering mightily now as business men. But even the latter look back on what they call their 'fling with literature' (good term, too, only literature did all the flinging) with the unanimous verdict that 'those were good old days.' As for the scribblers who have stuck it out, they are quite touchingly loyal and grateful. One of them met me the other day, and stopped and shook hands with me, his nice young soul in his brave young eyes. 'I owe you everything,' he said, 'and I shall never forget it.' Owed me everything! What do you think that meant? Some hack work on an encyclopædia, and an occasional story in a second-class magazine. He wasn't happy about it, of course; it wasn't at all what he had hoped to accomplish by this time. But even in his disappointment he still owed me everything."

"Good!" Her eyes shone with serene understanding. "A man who feels that way keeps on until the first-class magazines come begging at his door."

"Oh, but meantime!"

He pursed his lips and knit his brow as one who remembers unpleasant things.

"Yes, meantime, I grant you—" This time it was she who made the sudden concession and came to his point of view. "That meantime is pretty bad. One wonders that anybody has the courage to stick it out."

"Doesn't one—just?"

He wheeled about, prepared to meet her eyes laughingly, but he paused. Her face was sober.

"Did it last so long with you?" he asked, gently. His eyes were compassionate.

"Ten or fifteen years," she answered, withdrawing her gaze from an old gray rock and smiling—tardily. "Success (if it is success now—I'm not sure) came gradually when it came at all, and I don't know how to date it. But it wasn't the length of time that I minded; it was the uncertainty."

"Yes, that's the devil— Excuse me," he said, sympathetically.

"Isn't it?" She not only excused him, but thanked him with her glance. "Even the most assured person can't know absolutely that he's going to succeed; and if he isn't, what a waste of life he is guilty of! On the other hand, if he is, in the end no amount of labor, patience, delay, should be counted too much. It's a cruel predicament."

"I wrote for six years with no success," he told her; "and then I concluded that I had made as long an experiment as was decent, and I shut my desk and went

downtown to see if I could find a business position. While I was gone my sister opened my desk in search of a pencil, found my last manuscript, read it, and sent it to a publisher. Its acceptance and the offer of a clerkship in a grocery firm came in the same mail."

"My!" She held her breath girlishly. "That was a narrow escape."

"Indeed it was." He mocked himself by his tone. "You see, in my case, it is my sister to whom I 'owe everything.'"

"Or Fate," she pondered. "I like to believe in Fate. It's too harrowing to think that some Hawthorne or Brontë may have given up and turned away before the very threshold of 'The Scarlet Letter' or 'Jane Eyre.'"

"Better a thousand failures than that," he assented.

"That would be the worst kind of failure," she corrected him.

"Well, as for failure—" He meditated. "Do you know the real difference between failure and success?"

"Indeed I don't. She met him earnestly. "They're pretty well mixed up together, I guess. My last picture failed to express what I meant to put into it, yet it hung on the line in the Exhibition."

"Precisely. For my part, the only success I have ever achieved lies in the next novel I propose to write."

She laughed.

"Your best salvation, then, would seem to lie in getting to work at that novel as fast as you can."

"Too tired." He shook his head.

"Don't want to either, can't bear the thought," he went on presently. "I wonder if you know that state of mind."

"Yes." She considered. "Yes, I suppose I do; but explain it to me."

"Well, I am reluctant to set my hand to a work which I know is going to rule me for months and maybe years; I shrink from the strife and exertion, I—"

"Resent it!" she broke in. "That's what I said in the first place. But my resentment comes afterward, when the work is over and I see how little it amounts to."

"You never have any misgivings before?"

"No, not before, or I should hardly make a beginning at all; but sometimes in the midst of things, and that is— Please say it again."

"Hell," he supplied, with a little variation.

"You're right." He took up the thread at once. "It's that way with me, too. The abstract notion of sitting down and handing myself over body and soul to another novel is positively repugnant to me now. But of course I've a fine new scheme in my brain; and some morning I shall get up and drift half unconsciously to my desk and begin my first chapter. I sha'n't realize exactly what I am doing, and all that I do realize will be clear joy, for beginnings are seventh heavens. Jove! such rapidity, such conviction! The words cover the paper of their own accord, the people leap into life, the story shapes itself, the significance hovers; at last, at last, a real masterpiece is coming into life. I am convinced that no variety of human rapture is to be compared to that of beginning a novel. Then—"

He broke off and looked at her, and she looked back at him with a rueful little smile of full understanding. They both laughed, and sighed.

"I wonder what it is that happens," he mused, leaning forward to poke the grass with the end of his stick. "All of a sudden, without any warning! It is as if a merry companion with whom you were climbing a hill hand in hand should sit down abruptly and say, 'Now this is as far as I mean to go on my own feet; you must carry me.' Of course, when she does that, you look her over and find her to be not half so attractive as you had thought her at first—heavy, unwieldy, sure to be a grievous burden. But you are loth to abandon the hope which has come to mean much to you by this time; so you tackle her and start, staggering, off up the mountain-side. That's where your trouble begins. She rides you willfully, waywardly, betraying you into snares and pitfalls, turning you out of your path altogether, mocking you, goading you. It is strange that you stick to her; yet, after all, perhaps it is she who does the sticking—you are her slave."

"Yet you don't hate her?" his comrade put in, her eyes very bright with sympathetic excitement.

"No, I don't, oddly enough," he replied. "I generally respect her the more, the farther we get along. I've no illusions about her; she is not the airy, transcendent masterpiece I took her to be at first. But she's solid—I've proved that! —and I have sober hopes by and by of making something out of her, or of her making something out of me—I'm not sure just which."

"Are your first chapters always your best?"

It was a thoughtful question, groping in uncertainty; but he caught it up and flung its answer back as if it had been a challenge.

"No, confound it! That's one of the things that madden me most about the whole business. Sometimes I have to throw away all those first chapters which I wrote in such an ecstasy; whereas later chapters over which I toil despairingly turn out to be the best in the book."

"Yes." She confirmed him with serious eyes. "Most of my intended triumphs go into the rubbish heap, but my forlorn hopes have several times turned out pretty well."

"How do you account for it?"

"I told you I had long since given up trying to account for anything."

They sat in silence a few minutes; then—

"The upshot is," he reflected, "that we are both of us perversely engaged in the most unsatisfactory of occupations."

"The upshot is," she serenely denied him, "that we are engaged in the most nearly satisfying of all occupations."

"You really think it's worth while?"

He disarmed her by the simplicity of his tone and the guilelessness of his glance; so that, instead of scoffing at him, as she seemed at first inclined, she ended by meeting him on his own ground and answered quietly:

"Yes."

"Why?"

Her eyes widened, she could not help it; this was going too far. But he hastened to forestall the words that seemed to lie just behind her quickened expression.

"I know—that's not good form. I should never put such a question to you if we were talking for the benefit of a circle of listeners at the Authors Club. But we are off here quite by ourselves, and we don't even know each other's names—"

He coaxed her, smiling.

"It isn't the matter of form," she answered. "I don't mind forms or lack of forms. But—"

She hesitated.

"Out with it! You didn't mind calling me stupid ten minutes ago."

"No, but"—her eyes met his with a twinkle—"I like you better now."

"Never mind." He acknowledged the tribute. "Knowing that—thank you—I shall be the less likely to take offense at anything you may say. Perhaps I do understand already why our trades are good, but I'd like to hear you say it."

She was silent for two or three minutes, her look balancing curiously between humor and simplicity. Then the simplicity won.

"Our work is good," she said, slowly, "because it deals with the highest issues of life. It has a limitless sphere, it skirts the edges of infinity, and it has all the room there is to grow in. People come to the end of their material interests, but they can never come to the end of their spiritual concerns. It is therefore a much solider task to minister to spirits than to bodies. Painting and writing call into play our keenest faculties, and they incite us to develop yet keener ones if we can. They link us with God—"

She broke off, and again the humor stirred in her eyes.

"Haven't I said enough?"

"Well"—he stood up, and took off his hat and held out his hand—"I'm glad I met you."

"So am I." She nodded again, with her funny little air of satisfaction. "You needed me. Good-by."

As they parted a lady in a carriage turned quickly to her companion and said:

"Look! See those two people over there, just beyond the big rock? Well, he's Max Benton, the novelist; and she's Lucy Penfield, the landscape painter. They're real celebrities."

"Dear me!" The companion brought her lorgnette to bear on the couple with great interest. "Now what an easy and pleasant life theirs must be! Don't you rather envy them?"

THE NEW BOOKS

It is hard to believe that the author of "The Song Lore of Ireland," Redfern Mason, is not a fiery Gaelic man, though he declares himself an Englishman. He has gathered a mass of most interesting and curious material, and, fortunately for the reader, presents it in excellent array. He begins at the beginning, the music and poetry of the ancient inhabitants of Ireland showing conclusively that this ideal outlet has been the channel of all Irish expression for ages. The bards and minstrels pass in review; the love songs, the Goltru, or music of sorrow, the tender lullabies, the gay nuptial music, are all analyzed, and many original scores are given. Any one who has heard Madame Sembrich sing "The Coulin" or "Kittie of Colerain" has felt the power of Irish emotion. The author tells us, among other claims, that the United States won its freedom to the strains of "All the Way to Galway," known all over the world as "Yankee Doodle," and while the English marched out of Yorktown the pipes squeaked another Gaelic air, "The World Turned Upside Down." All through his discourse upon music and song there is a passionate protest against the repressive policy of England and a triumphant faith in the final victory for Ireland. The recent revival of study and interest in the Gaelic and the vitality of Irish ideals encourage him in his hopes. The book is a valuable contribution to the picturesque story of the Gaelic spirit and the history of Ireland. (Wessels & Bissell Company, New York. $2.)

If one is fortunate enough to own "The Oxford Book of English Verse" or "The Oxford Book of French Verse" in the "Golden Treasury" style of volume, he may wish to own "The Oxford Book of Italian Verse." Like its predecessors, the book has been edited by Mr. St. John Lucas, and the size and external style of the volume are uniform with the earlier anthologies. The main difference between this volume and the others lies in the fact that the poems as a rule are longer. Though this involves a proportionately smaller number of authors, Italy is properly represented. As is appropriate, St. Francis comes first, then the Sicilian poets of the thirteenth century, then Dante and Petrarch and Boccaccio, then the Humanist and other Renaissance poets, and after them the more artificial versifiers, who give place to Alfieri and Leopardi and Manzoni, and the list closes with the great poet who has only recently passed from us—Giosuè Carducci. While the book might have had a somewhat different appeal had more sonnets and short poems been included, the collection as a whole is a really noble monument to Italian verse. (Henry Frowde, New York. $2.)

A curious misstatement occurs in the opening sentences of Mr. Dwight G. McCarty's "Territorial Governors of the Old Northwest" in his identification of the "western country" of colonial times with the region since split up into the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. When the American colonist thought of the West at all, he thought more particularly of the country around Pittsburgh, the Ohio country to the south of that, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. It was there, not in the Old Northwest, that American trans-Alleghany expansion first found foothold, as Mr. McCarty himself recognizes on a later page. Again, he is in error in the assertion that the form of government for the Old Northwest was "prescribed by the United States from the beginning." It was actually prescribed at first by Virginia, according to methods which, oddly enough, Mr. McCarty is at pains to review in some detail. There is error also in his statement that a correct study of Western American institutions must "of necessity begin" with an examination of "the genesis and early development of the Northwest Territory." It should rather take as its starting-point the institutional foundations laid by the pioneers of Watauga, Transylvania, and the Cumberland settlements, as Eastern Tennessee, Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee were originally known. Despite these errors—doubtless attributable to the influence of local pride, which so often unconsciously affects historical judgment—Mr. McCarty's book is really useful. Unquestionably, whether apart from or in connection with the history of the Old Southwest, the development of the Old Northwest should be carefully studied, and to such a study his volume serves as a helpful introduction. It is, in fact, an outline history of the government and administration of the Northwest Territories from the time of American acquisition down to the admission of Wisconsin as a State, as revealed especially in the activities of the Territorial Governors. The first two chapters deal with the attempts at government previous to the adoption of the famous Ordinance of 1787; the provisions of the Ordinance are analyzed in the next two chapters, while the rest of the book is devoted to a comparative study of the forms and processes of government as actually worked out in the different Territories. A good deal of valuable historical information not readily accessible is thus brought together, digested, and set forth in a lucid way. (State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.)

The "Memoirs of the Princess Caroline Murat" extend over the period of the Second Empire, and disclose the personal attitude of the granddaughter of Caroline Bonaparte and Prince Murat, King of Naples. The insistence upon royal prerogative of this descendant of the Bonapartes is not to be wondered at, in the light of the many

intimate revelations we have had, from Madame Letizia down. It is most interesting to compare these Memoirs with the two volumes by H. Noel Williams on "The Women Bonapartes," published by the Scribners last year, and to trace the effect to the causes, reading back from this period, when Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie reigned in Paris, so vivaciously described by the granddaughter of Prince Murat. The tremendous forces released by the power of Napoleon, many of which were to be found in the individuals of his immediate family, exercised an influence upon Europe that taxes historians and biographers to this day to account for. The Princess Caroline Murat was born and spent some years in Bordentown, New Jersey, within the mysterious precincts which used to awaken awe in our childish minds when the Bonaparte residence was pointed out to us by less deeply impressed elders. Prince Lucien, her father, after the fall of his uncle, settled and married in America, whither the Emperor's oldest brother, King Joseph of Spain, had preceded him. By the way, the Princess Caroline recalls, among other persons whom she knew in her early youth, "Billy Vanderbilt," "a tall, slim, shy, sandy-haired youth," whose father was then laying the foundations of his great fortune. After the fall of Louis Philippe the Lucien Bonapartes returned to France and figured in the Court of Napoleon III, the son of Hortense Beauharnais, so hated by Caroline Bonaparte. The Princess Caroline Murat married (a second time) in England, and spent the last thirty years of her life in that country, chafing against the manners, opinions, and people all the time, and longing for her own land. She acknowledged the claims of the Empress Eugénie even in exile, but her personal disapproval and dislike of the clever, strong Spanish woman never abated. She pens bitter accusations against her, as ambitious, despotic, and misled by her overweening desire for power. She believes that her interference in affairs of state precipitated the fall of the Second Empire, and intimates that her selfish love for her son, the young Prince Imperial, brought him to fatal disaster. On the whole, the Princess Caroline, wife of Mr. Garden, of Redisham Hall, Suffolk, does not make the impression of having been a happy woman, though her life was full of interesting happenings and significant changes. She declares that she exchanged France for England, Paris for Suffolk, all the delights of her French life for a life "in the most stupid of English counties, the most prejudiced of English families." She arraigns England for the destruction of the Emperor, of Napoleon III, and of the Prince Imperial. Why should she love England? Her description of the funerals of Napoleon III and of the Prince are fitting pendants to the unsatisfied life portrayed in these pages, filled with as frank a revelation of a human spirit, however veiled the outward acts may be, as often is made in autobiographical writing. There are a number of portraits and pictures of noted places in the handsome volume. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.75.)

"Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan," by Charles L. Graves, is in a way a complement to the biography of his brother Daniel, which was written many years ago by Tom Hughes, and was a creditable story of strong character, uncommon intelligence, and a genius for friendship on the part of the founders of the widely known publishing house, the Macmillan Company. By his own direction, Daniel Macmillan largely effaced his own personality in the memoir prepared by Mr. Hughes, but the book was enriched by a great number of letters from men of literary distinction. The endeavor of the writer in this volume has been to show the relations between the two brothers more fully, and to sketch with a freer hand the personality of the two men who not only established a publishing house of the first rank, but whose acquaintance with men of letters and with well-known people of their time ripened into warm and often intimate friendship; so that the story of Alexander Macmillan's career is a valuable foot-note to the literary history of the last half of the last century. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.)

If it be true, as recorded in some quarters, that David Grayson is a *nom de plume*, it must also be true, as has been suggested in some other quarters, that "Adventures in Contentment" and the present volume, "Adventures in Friendship," come from a practiced hand. Both have a charming out-of-door atmosphere, and both might be called incidents in the discovery of humanity. "Adventures in Friendship" is an informal, happily phrased text-book of kindliness, with picturesque detail and a leisurely and conversational style; it tells of the successful practice of human brotherliness. There are chapters in this delightful book which suggest "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," so charged are they with the potency of human sympathy and helpfulness, so illustrative are they of the recuperative power of human nature when the sun of love shines on it. "Adventures in Friendship" is to be commended to all those who imagine that the business of life is to make money; who are absorbed in dealing with things and have missed the way of peace and joy; who rush when they ought to loiter, and are in a fury of action when they ought to be meditating: altogether a delightful book. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.20.)

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney's "Romance of Imperial Rome" includes, with an interlude on "The Loves of Horace," seven tragic tales of various dates from Augustus to Alaric. History yields points of support for their webs of ingenious and, to those who surrender to the romancer's art, thrilling fiction. Complete surrender may be hindered for some by an occasional jolt in

the story, such as seeing Vesuvius smoking in Augustus's time. Songs from Roman and other poets are aptly introduced to adorn the tales, together with busts and statues of distinguished personages and fine photogravures of great paintings. The hesitation of modern historians to accept the traditional blackening of such characters as Augustus's daughter Julia, and Marcus Aurelius's wife, Faustina, is carried to the extent of clearing them as victims of malicious calumny, but the recent rehabilitation of the Emperor Tiberius as a stern Roman puritan similarly victimized is thrown out of court. On the other hand, Julia's stepmother, the Empress Livia, is more than hinted to have been one of those "terrible stepmothers" whom her contemporary, Ovid, brands as poison-mixers. Mrs. Champney's treatment of Horace's odes to women as suggesting "the eternal conflict between sacred and profane love" is original and thoughtful, but does not make it easier for one who reads him entire in his own tongue to absolve him, as she seems to, from the sensual amours that his time condoned. She has accomplished sufficiently well her attempt to make the pale shades of that old world live again. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.)

The third volume of the late Dr. Pfleiderer's "Primitive Christianity" discusses its writings and teachings in their historical connections. The twenty-one chapters of the volume are grouped under four heads—Jewish Hellenism, Syncretism and Gnosticism, Apocryphal Acts and Gospels, Doctrinal and Hortatory Writings of the Church. Among these last named are included, as not of Apostolic authorship, six of the canonical Epistles—Hebrews, Ephesians, Colossians, First and Second Timothy, Titus, and also the Revelation of John. These are classed with such post-Apostolic writings as the letters of Ignatius and Polycarp. Modern scholarship has corrected the ancient and still inevitable error of regarding the second-century Gnostics as merely pestilent heretics. They furnish the earliest case of the still recurrent fact that the Church has something to learn from those it regards as such. The veteran Berlin scholar says of Gnosticism: "It exercised the most potent influence in the development of Christianity; by it was brought about the unfolding of the new principle into a comprehensive system, rich in thoughts and interests of the most varied kinds, and thus the formation of a universal Church was rendered possible." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.)

The Massachusetts Association Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women (687 Boylston Street, Boston) publishes a paper read by ex-Justice Brown, of the Supreme Court of the United States, before the Ladies' Congressional Club of Washington, D. C. We recommend any women whose minds are open on this subject to get and read this pamphlet, not as a conclusive argument on one side or the other, but as a characteristically judicial summing up of the case, with a present judgment adverse to the suffrage movement. The author dismisses as wholly untenable the argument on the one side that suffrage is a right, on the other that women are inferior to men, and argues the question on the broad ground whether the doubling of the suffrage would be for the advantage of the State. The spirit of the document is well illustrated by the following paragraph:

> The argument that the greater *gentleness* and sweetness of the female sex will predispose to peaceful instead of warlike measures does not strike me as of great weight. Conceding their greater docility in the ordinary affairs of life, I have thought that, when they feel a deep personal interest, there was not much to choose between the two sexes. Women can answer better than I whether, for example, in family quarrels their voices are oftener for peace than their husbands'; whether in an important political crisis they are less violent than men; whether the results of the Civil War have been accepted as freely by Southern women as by the men; whether women's conventions are more or less free of jealousies, recriminations, plots and counter-plots than ordinary political conventions; or whether, in case of strikes or business disturbances, acts of violence were confined to the strong sex. I do not assume to answer these inquiries myself, but can only say that such testimony as I have heard does not always bear in the direction of peace and amity.

Few modern writers or preachers have the especially strong and sympathetic touch with which Hugh Black reaches his hearers. His volumes on "Friendship," "Work," and kindred themes are well known. This season brings a new one on "Comfort." The deep under-current of the whole is found in the text so wonderfully unfolded by Phillips Brooks in his sermon on the purpose and use of comfort. The dedication to one who has learned to comfort others by the comfort wherewith he himself has been comforted of God opens to the reader a vista where comforting means fortifying, not that enervating sympathy so often craved and so often mistakenly offered. Comfort is strength, and is twice blessed, like the quality of mercy. We can but hope that many of the sadly troubled souls who in the past year have learned the lesson of sorrow may have an opportunity of possessing and reading this helpful volume. The subjects treated are The Gospel of Comfort, The After Look, Trial as Discipline, Trial for Purity, Sorrow and Insight. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.)

Miss Helen A. Clarke, who has gathered together so much interesting material bearing upon the English and Italian backgrounds of many of Browning's poems, has prepared a volume on "Ancient Myths in Modern Poets," in which she deals with the great story of Prometheus from the time of Hesiod to that of Shelley, and with the moon and the sun from the Homeric hymns to Keats. Miss Clarke has brought together a good deal of valuable material, and has traced the passage of these two great stories through two thousand years of literature. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $2.)

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

A FARMER'S VIEW OF PRICES

In your issue of November 26, in an editorial on the abundant crops of 1910, and of the fine wheat prospects in Argentina and Australia, where it is now late spring and the crop of 1911 is safe, you have this to say on prices: "It will be interesting to note whether this increased acreage, together with that in North America, will lower prices." The assumption is that the prices of cereals and other staple food products of the farm are now far too high and have not yet been lowered. And that seems the universal opinion of city dwellers and of the city press. As a farmer I ask space for comment.

First, as to the producer, the farmer. In Ohio he now gets, at shipping and milling points, 90 cents per bushel of wheat (60 pounds), 50 cents per bushel of shelled corn (56 pounds), and 30 to 35 cents per bushel of Irish potatoes (60 pounds). Here the farmer's responsibility for prices ends; and these prices are as low as these products can be grown at any profit with $1.50 and board per day for unskilled farm labor, and other expenses in proportion. Apples are high because there is only a quarter crop for our whole area. Pork products are high because a very short corn crop some three years ago caused an abnormally large autumn marketing of hogs, including very many breeding sows, and the normal number and weight of marketable hogs has not been, and could not be, as yet produced; and other meats are high for similar reasons. The point (and the fact) is that the farmer is not now, on the average, getting one cent above a living price for his products.

Second, as to the village and city consumer. If he would buy the same goods and in the same ways (quantities) that he did thirty or fifty years ago, he would pay little, if any, more. He could now, as then, lay in for the winter ten bushels of potatoes from the farmer's wagon for $3.50 to $4, five bushels of apples for $4 to $5, two barrels of wheat flour for $10 (from the mill or cash grocer), two hundred pounds corn-meal for $3, and so on, for his winter's supply at wholesale. No, he does not now buy thus. Three things chiefly make him, as a rule, pay abnormal prices: fancy goods in fancy packages; minute retail purchase with house delivery; the credit system with bad debts, which those who pay at all must also pay. One or more of these three enter into nearly every purchase. Does he buy good corn-meal at $1.50 per hundredweight cash? No, he must have prepared breakfast foods, cooked into paste, rolled into filmy sheets, and toasted to a popcorn flavor, done up in fancy packages, adorned with artistic pictures, and delivered (one pound) at his city house, three miles from the grocery; and he pays 12 cents per pound, 1,200 per cent of what the farmer gets for the corn that made them! Does he buy flour, as of old and as he now can, at $5 per barrel of 196 pounds? No, the city man (woman) buys very little flour, wholesale or retail. His (her) prayer is: "Give us this day our daily *bread*—rolls, biscuits, crackers, wafers, fancy tidbits, what not, delivered daily at the door." Yes, it saves work, and we all hate and shun work; but it increases the cost of living, sometimes many fold. The city dweller yields most willingly to this modern luxury and rush and hatred of menial work which demand that everything be in small, fancy packages, toothsome and æsthetic, tenderloin cuts, celery, and salads, delivered daily ready for the table or as nearly so as may be. All right, let him do so—and foot the bills. But let him not blame the farmer for high prices. Prices of staple products as they leave the farmer's hands are not, I insist, too high for a reasonable profit to him, nor higher to the town consumer than formerly if he would only buy the same sort of things, in a large instead of minute way, and for spot cash. W. I. CHAMBERLAIN.

Hudson, Ohio.

A TURNING-POINT IN HUMAN HISTORY

[The Rev. Dr. Timothy Richard is one of the pioneers of missions in China, and a keen observer of conditions in that country. His comment on social, political, and religious progress in the Far East, and his suggestions as to help from Europe and America, always awaken interest and approval.—THE EDITORS.]

Mr. A. H. Baynes, the Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, has quoted the view of the World Missionary Conference that the turning-point in human history would occur within ten years. This is a stupendous saying on the top of universal unrest, and deserves much pondering and praying.

All who watch the progress of the world to-day agree that China is the biggest problem. China is no longer the sleeping giant of the past, but is wide awake. When he moves he has a retinue, not of tens of millions, as European sovereigns have, but of hundreds of millions, and practically of one race and one language. During the last ten years he has put on his ten-league boots and is making gigantic strides in education, in communication, in provincial assemblies, in a national assembly, and in other ways. Wonder of wonders, China has made a master-stroke in international politics, for, without the increase of armaments which bankrupts European kingdoms, China has secured temporary pledges from all the leading nations that they will maintain the integrity of China!

If this great mass of humanity goes wrong, then we shall have trouble among all nations; if it goes right, then all the world will reap incalculable blessings. The establishment of

universities on Christian lines is an excellent scheme for a distant future. But these universities cannot turn out students fit to be leading statesmen in China under twenty years, while the force of circumstances will compel China to reconstruct many of her institutions within ten years.

As China does not at present possess sufficient Chinese enlightened in world politics, there is great need of showing the solidarity of the human race and the brotherhood of man by friendly help. God gives the opportunity of rendering this help, and thereby deciding whether coming China shall be Christian, non-Christian, or anti-Christian; whether it will study the good of all nations, or only the good of China at the expense of others.

This help can be rendered not so much by a large increase of the number of missionaries as by a new adjustment of our present missionaries by which a far more efficient and speedier work can be carried on. This can be done in two ways:

1. By the promotion of able workers from positions where they can only reach thousands to positions where they can reach millions through the press and the translation of the best books into Chinese.

2. By organizing the four thousand expectant officials of China who are now assistant officials and have little to do into a systematic home study of the great universal problems of our day, and having the governor of each province examine his subordinates once a year. In ten years, when they shall be in leading positions themselves, they will have mastered the main lines of universal progress and will be in a position to develop China in harmony with what will be best for all mankind and help to establish the Kingdom of God on earth.

This scheme has been in operation on a small scale by the Christian Literature Society for twenty years. Considering that less than a dozen men were set apart to cover this immense geographical and intellectual field, the results have been surprising. Millions have been changed by it. If, instead of a dozen working on this line, we had half the number set apart by each society for educational work, or half the number set apart to medical work, we would then be in a position where our number could fairly grapple with the whole problem with a hope of success within ten years. TIMOTHY RICHARD.

Shanghai.

WHERE REVELATION CAME FROM

[See an editorial in this issue.—THE EDITORS.]

In a recent issue of The Outlook is an article under the heading "The Spirit of Democracy." In it Dr. Abbott says: "The democratic spirit identifies the laws of nature with the laws of God. The moral law, like the natural law, is not imposed from without; it is constituted within. It was not given *to* man, it was created *in* man, or, if the reader prefer, it was given to him in and by his creation. Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, were all written in the conscience of man before they were written on tables of stone." This "spirit," you inform me in another paragraph, is "the Christian spirit," but this cannot be. "The Christian spirit" does *not* "identify the laws of nature with the laws of God." It does *not* identify "the moral law" with "the natural law"—*does not make them the same.* It does not believe that these two laws were "constituted within"—that is, "created in man," or, in other words, "given to him in and by his creation." No. I cannot think that it believes anything of the kind. If you will kindly condescend to listen to me a few minutes longer, I shall gladly and gratuitously attempt to tell you how (as I see it) man came into possession of moral law, and thus why it is that all nations to-day have "an idea of a Supreme Power." Away back in the history of our race there lived a man—a preacher of righteousness—(2 Pet. ii. 5) whose name was Noah. He lived six hundred years in the antediluvian age and three hundred and fifty in the post-diluvian. He was a good man and well acquainted with his grandfather. They were, no doubt, quite intimate, as grandsires and grandsons usually are. Well, they were contemporaries for six hundred years, and the elder, Methuselah, was acquainted quite well, we judge, with a man whose name was Adam, and with whom he was contemporary for two hundred and forty-three years. So Adam, the first man, had over two hundred and forty years in which to give Methuselah the history of nearly a thousand years and all the moral law that he had learned from God. Methuselah had six hundred years in which to instruct his grandson Noah in history and morality, and Noah was contemporary for over fifty years with Abraham, who was the great-great-grandfather of Moses, the law-giver of God. Noah had three sons, sixteen grandsons, and seventy great-grandsons, and through these the God of heaven disseminated throughout the Orient a revelation of himself, a knowledge of moral law, and a history of over twenty-five hundred years of the ups and downs of a fallen race. So the God of the universe, and not "the soul of man," is "the source" of "moral law." This law *was imposed from without.* It was *not* "constituted within." It *was* "given *to* man." It was *not* "created *in* man."

Now, Doctor, if you will graciously or otherwise give this letter of mine space enough in The Outlook to spread itself so that your readers may see just how you and I stand on the matters involved, I shall appreciate your kindness and consideration.

West Mansfield, Ohio. W. S. GIBBONS.

The Outlook

JANUARY 14, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

A LONDON MELODRAMA: ACT ONE

A melodrama in two acts, with a strong element of tragedy and what must appear to American readers as a liberal dash of farce, has been absorbing the attention of the British people to the exclusion of every other thought, even of election results, Parliamentary programmes, the impending fate of the House of Lords, and Home Rule. On the night of the 16th of December two policemen were patrolling Houndsditch, a street lying between the business districts of the City and the squalid districts of the East End. Their suspicions were aroused by curious sounds of hammering in a house recently rented by some foreigners in a small court back of a jeweler's shop. Reinforcements were sent for, and five other policemen soon came. One policeman knocked at the door, which was thereupon opened about six inches, but no reply could be obtained to any questions. When the foreigner who opened the door turned and went upstairs, the policeman stepped inside the house, and in an instant he was shot from a doorway on the other side of the hall. He either fell backwards or was pushed through the open front door, and in another moment a hand was thrust out holding a pistol which opened fire up and down the street. "In a few seconds," says the "Spectator," "Sergeant Bryant was leaning, wounded, against the house, Bentley was lying on the pavement, Choat and Woodhams were lying in the road further away. Martin fell over, but was not wounded. Strongman was also lying in the road. 'It was only two seconds after the first report,' said Martin, 'that they were all lying in the street.'" Three of the policemen were killed and two others seriously wounded. The murderers escaped, but later in the night, in a quarter not far from the scene of the murders, there was found, under mysterious circumstances, by a doctor who was summoned to attend him, a foreigner who was mortally hurt, and who, before he died, declared that he had been shot by a friend through a mistake. In explanation of the one-sidedness of the battle, it should be said that the London police do not carry firearms except on extraordinary occasions when they are detailed for specially dangerous work. Here ends the first act in the melodrama, swiftly tragic in its movement.

THE SECOND ACT: TRAGIC FARCE

The curtain rose on the second act of the drama two weeks and a half later. The police had discovered, in a house in the Whitechapel District, two members of the Anarchist gang which was supposed to have been responsible for the murder of the policemen—men rejoicing in the picturesque appellations of "Dutch Fritz" and "Peter the Painter." Their hiding-place was discovered in the early morning. Two families who occupied the lower floor of the house were withdrawn by the police, and a woman who lived on the same floor with the Anarchists was got out by a neighbor sent up with a decoy message. A large body of police surrounded the house, and in a few moments a pitched battle was on between the two Anarchists and the surrounding cordon of police. The Anarchists were well armed with automatic pistols and supplied with abundant ammunition. Their fire was continuous and accurate, and a number of minor casualties, both among the police and among spectators, were the result. For hours the battle went on, the attacking force

being continually reinforced until fifteen hundred police, two half companies of Scots Guards from the Tower of London, and a battery of rapid-fire guns from the Royal Horse Artillery were drawn up against the slender garrison. The artillery was not used, but police and soldiers, posted about the house and on roofs of neighboring buildings, poured a continuous fire into the windows. A corps of nurses was brought to the scene and treated the wounded among the attacking force and the spectators. Thousands of spectators crowded about the firing zone, kept back by the lines of police. High prices, it is said, were paid by spectators for positions of vantage on neighboring roofs. The Assistant Commissioner of Police was in command, and Mr. Winston Churchill, the Home Secretary, in whose Department are the Metropolitan police, was a prominent figure in the scene, advising with the commanders of the police and the soldiery. The firing continued all the morning and into the afternoon, with all the honors on the side of the besieged, until the house which they were defending was discovered to be on fire. Whether it was set on fire by the Anarchists, or caught from the piles of straw which were burned about the building in the hope of smoking them out, is apparently not known. A fire company was brought to the scene, but no attempt was made to extinguish the flames until the house had practically burned down, carrying its defenders with it.

"AND THE MORAL OF THAT IS—"

The methods employed by the British authorities for apprehending two men, however desperate in character, appear to Americans, if not to Englishmen, extraordinary. An American cannot help thinking that, if the incident had occurred in New York, a small body of policemen would have gone into the building without flourish of trumpets or the assistance of soldiers, machine guns, a member of the Cabinet, nurses, fire department, spectators, or camera-men, and "got" the men they wanted, at whatever danger to themselves. Such a procedure would perhaps have meant injury or death for one or more of the apprehending force, and such an outcome would have been in the last degree regrettable. But, after all, the policeman's career is one in which the element of danger is inevitable; and, just as the individual policeman may sometimes sacrifice too much by trying to avoid danger, so his superior officers may sometimes sacrifice too much by trying to save him from danger. Such a spectacle as London saw on January 3 can hardly be good either for the *morale* of the police, for its prestige among the lawbreaking classes, or for its influence in general as a preserver of peace. To a non-English observer it might well appear that especially the first act of this drama furnishes a strong argument for the providing of the London police with firearms. But it must be remembered that the opposite policy has, until now, produced excellent results. Crimes of violence are rare in England, and burglars and other lawbreakers seldom themselves make use of firearms. The series of incidents has a broader bearing for the English people in its relation to the Government's treatment of Anarchists and in general of alien immigration. The British Government, unlike the other governments of Europe, has made a practice of not molesting reputed Anarchists residing in London, provided they commit no overt acts within the United Kingdom. London is generally reputed to be the center of much Anarchistic activity, whose visible results appear only in other European countries. The Houndsditch murders and the "Battle of Mile End Road" will doubtless arouse England to closer observation and stricter regulation of her Anarchistic citizens, and to more stringent enforcement of her laws against alien immigration.

BRIBERY AS A LOCAL CUSTOM

For many years persons who were solicitous about the political morals of Ohio have been hearing reports of evil conditions prevailing in some of the southern counties of the State. Stories were told of voters coming to the voting-places in platoons and sitting on the fences all day long because no man had hired them to vote for the candidates of their own party. These tales were generally supposed to be more or less apocryphal—the product

of vivid imaginations. Within the last few weeks, however, there has been written on the records of the Common Pleas Court of Adams County, Ohio, a recital which proves that rumor has been following far behind fact. Under the probing of Judge A. Z. Blair of that court, and a Grand Jury of intelligence and force, a state of things has been coming to light which makes the most lurid tales of the muckrakers look pale by contrast. Nearly fifteen hundred voters had, at the latest reports, been indicted by the Grand Jury for selling their votes in the last election, and the list was swelling by the addition of one hundred or more indictments every day. It seems probable that before the investigation is completed more than one-third of the six or seven thousand voters of the county will have been indicted. Indicted voters are coming to the county seat in troops from all parts of the county, receiving sentence, and accepting the penalty. In most cases a light fine is imposed, with a workhouse sentence, which is suspended, and in every case the offender is disfranchised for five years. The knowledge that this lenient treatment will be given to those who voluntarily come into court and plead guilty, while the full penalty of the law, which involves a heavy fine and imprisonment, will be inflicted on those who try to evade the law, makes the indicted men eager to come in and accept the terms offered by the court. There have been but three or four who pleaded not guilty, and these men, against whom the offense was easily proved, are now in the workhouse. It appears that up to date only the sellers of votes have been indicted. Intimations have been given out that buyers of votes would presently be called to account, but that has not yet been done. The reason of this procedure is not stated. Judge Blair appears to be a clear-headed and kind-hearted magistrate, and he must be supposed to have good reasons for his policy. There are, of course, many more sellers than buyers—probably ten times as many; and the policy of using the buyers to catch the sellers will undoubtedly produce larger results. The party committee men who have done the buying are well known, and by granting them immunity the authorities may obtain the names of the vote-sellers. There seem to be no grudges harbored by the vote-sellers against those who are thus exposing them; probably all parties feel that they are escaping with light punishment. Perhaps the balance may be redressed before the proceeding is ended; and in all such cases, when wide-branching evils are exterminated by law, some sore straining of the equities must be looked for.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

It is instructive to note that this slump of citizenship has not occurred among foreigners or negroes, nor in the slums of cities, but in a purely rural population, and among voters of native American stock. Adams County is one of the Ohio River counties, about fifty miles east of Cincinnati; its surface is rough and rugged, its population consists almost wholly of farmers; it has no manufactures of importance; it is traversed by but one railway; its county seat, West Union, is the only one in the State not on a railway line. There is no village or city in the county with a population of two thousand. The original settlers were from Virginia, Kentucky, and the north of Ireland. It is in such a population as this that the practice of bribery in elections has grown to such dimensions. It is not a recent development. For many years the evil work has been going on; many of those now arraigned testify that the thing was so common that they supposed it was all right. It was not only poor men who accepted bribes; well-to-do farmers sold their votes for a good round figure; two or three ministers of the Gospel are among the indicted. From $10,000 to $25,000 was distributed at every election; if there were two thousand bribe-takers, this would make the average price of a vote in a good year twelve dollars. The money seems to have been mainly expended by the committeemen among the voters of their own party; there was a gentleman's agreement among them that neither partisan was to poach upon the other's domain. This was done surreptitiously, but it was under the ban. The purchase of votes, as a rule, was done with the utmost openness; the buyers met the sellers in the public streets and bought voters as they would buy cattle in the markets. Is Adams County

the sole offender among the eighty-eight counties of Ohio? It is not probable. The Adams County people say that similar conditions prevail in six or eight of the neighboring counties, and there seems to be ground for their assertion. It is likely that similar investigations will be set on foot by grand juries in other counties. The people of Adams County appear to be disposed to take credit to themselves as being the first to deal thoroughly with a great public wrong. Perhaps that credit is due them. Governor Harmon, in his recent Message, deals with the matter briefly but trenchantly. He emphasizes the maxim that the briber is the more dangerous and more disreputable person, and urges that the law be administered with this principle in view; he deplores the repeal of the Garfield corrupt practices law, which the politicians of Ohio lately found inconvenient and put out of the way, and recommends its re-enactment; and he makes a much more radical suggestion—that the State undertake to provide for all the necessary expenses of elections and make all party expenditures for such purposes illegal. Some such stringent remedy may be found necessary. As between the seller and the buyer of votes we do not find it as easy to choose as Governor Harmon does. In any case, it is evident that in certain portions of Ohio, and doubtless also in other sections of the country, much elementary teaching is needed in the ethics of democratic citizenship.

NEW LIFE IN SENATORIAL CONTESTS

Last week the Democratic joint caucus of the Ohio Legislature nominated Lieutenant-Governor-elect Atlee Pomerene for United States Senator to succeed the present incumbent, Charles Dick, a Republican. As the Democrats control both houses of the Legislature, the nomination means that, at a joint session of the Legislature this week, Mr. Pomerene will be formally elected. The action of the caucus represents a victory of the Democratic Progressives over the Democratic machine, and will, we are sure, strengthen the Progressives of New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey in their similar contests. Mr. Pomerene is forty-seven years old. He was born in Ohio, and spent his boyhood on a farm there. In 1884 he was graduated from Princeton with honors, and two years later from the Cincinnati Law School. In the contest for the Federal Senatorship Mr. Pomerene has missed no opportunity of proclaiming himself the candidate of the people, as opposed to his rival for Senatorial honors, Edward W. Hanley, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee. The Pomerene-Hanley contest was distinguished by three features: First, though the Legislature had been elected, the candidates stumped the State, speaking every night somewhere, thus recognizing the principle that the people, and not merely the Legislatures, should choose United States Senators. Second, the stumping was done mostly by the candidates together in joint debate, a proceeding almost unknown since Lincoln-Douglas days. Third, Mr. Pomerene's strenuous stand apparently induced Mr. Hanley to disclose some tendency toward espousing more progressive policies. This same influence over a supposed reactionary has also been marked in New York State, where the Senatorial contest has narrowed down apparently to one between William F. Sheehan as representative of "the interests," and Edward M. Shepard as representative of the people. In Connecticut the contest remains between the present Senator, Morgan G. Bulkeley, as representative of "the interests," and ex-Governor George P. McLean, as representative of the people. In New Jersey the contest between ex-Senator James Smith, Jr., as representative of "the interests," and James E. Martine as representative of the people, continues more sharply than ever. The bi-partisan system used by "the interests" was well defined by Governor-elect Wilson in a great speech at Jersey City last week when he said that Mr. Smith represents not a party but a system—a system of political control which does not belong to either party, and which, so far as it can be successfully managed, must belong to both parties. In the same speech Governor Wilson gave expression to his Nationalism in the following significant words:

There are some representatives of that system who have, and I believe deserve, our

respect for their candor, their honesty, and their character. There are men in this country who believe, conscientiously believe, that the prosperity of America is tied up with and identical with the prosperity of certain great financial interests in America. If a man believes that, I must differ with him. . . . He may be just as honest a man as any of them, but he cannot think in the terms of America. He thinks in the terms of the influences with which he is connected, and a man who cannot think in the terms of America cannot represent any portion of America.

GOVERNOR DIX'S MESSAGE

In his first Message to the Legislature Governor Dix, of New York, places great emphasis upon the need for economy in the administration of the State. He gives detailed figures showing how the State's expenditures have rapidly increased during the past years, and shows that the State is facing a large deficit for the coming year. He shows that extravagance of expenditure has brought about excessive taxation, which has been "naturally followed by greatly increased annual expenditures." Excessive taxation," he says, "is next door to criminality, for it inevitably breeds extravagance, waste, and criminal corruption." The principal cause for this rapid increase in the cost of government he declares to be the added expenditures for boards and commissions. He points out "the absolute necessity of the most drastic retrenchment," and asserts that if this is not done a direct tax must be imposed. He advises the abolition of unnecessary boards and commissions, the removal of useless employees, and the careful scrutiny of every demand for appropriations. Specifically, he advises the abolition of the Advisory Board of Consulting Engineers in charge of the construction of the barge canal, of the Highway Commission, of the State Board of Parole, and of the Board of State Fair Managers; and the consolidation of the Forest, Fish, and Game Commission and the State Water Supply Commission. He recommends the adoption of a State-wide system of direct nominations "which shall insure to the people the right to choose members of political committees and nominate candidates for public office." He recommends the adoption of an election law which would permit the name of any candidate to appear in but one place upon the ballot. He favors enlargement of the scope of the law regulating employers' liability to workmen, and more stringent restrictions upon child labor. He declares in favor of the adoption of the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution permitting the imposition of an income tax, and recommends the passage of a resolution calling upon Congress for the adoption of the parcels post, and of a resolution calling upon Congress to submit a Constitutional amendment providing for the popular election of United States Senators. In closing he says: "It is time for drastic reform and retrenchment. Every unnecessary avenue of expenditure should be closed; every unnecessary special body should be abolished and the work, wherever possible, done by the Constitutional officers of the State." Governor Dix's presentation of the financial condition of the State is both clear and businesslike. If he can secure economy without decreasing efficiency, he will perform a very great service. We dissent from his views on a Federal income tax for reasons stated many times in these columns, but we cordially approve of his recommendations as to the parcels post, the popular election of United States Senators, the direct primary, a reformed ballot, and a broad and human treatment of labor questions. The progressive spirit of the Message as a whole deserves commendation from Governor Dix's political opponents as well as his political supporters.

GOVERNOR BALDWIN'S INAUGURAL

At first thought there might seem a lack of logic between the recommendation of the new Governor of Connecticut that the Legislature should adjourn by the end of April because, as he says, in "the land of steady habits" there is comparatively little call for legislation, and, on the other hand, the fact that his address contains twelve thousand words and makes many suggestions, several of them novel. But on careful reading one feels that Governor Baldwin does not really expect many radical laws to be passed; the novel ideas are meant for public debate rather than instant action; some of the recommendations are

perfunctory indorsements of the party platform, others are progressive in their leaning but not thorough. Among those which are novel, and certainly interesting, are: the proposal to print on the back of every ballot the oath taken when a man is made a voter—as a solemn adjuration to honest exercise of the suffrage; the proposal to regulate aviation; the recommendation that women should, as property-owners, vote in all municipal elections; and the effort to solve the problem of the present unequal representation in the Legislature, sometimes called in Connecticut the "rotten borough system," by having the Senators elected from the State at large, as was done in old days with the body of advisers which preceded the Senate. The last suggestion is important, but would be only a partial remedy, as the lower house would still be made up on the totally irrational basis of townships rather than districts of fairly equal population; even among the Senate districts, Governor Baldwin says, one has 45,000 population, another 21,700. Thorough Constitutional revision is needed, but is not likely to be had, because the country legislators will not act against their established supremacy. Neither, we believe, is there much chance that the Governor's plan will go through. Governor Baldwin, like Governor Dix, calls for economy, and would abolish, consolidate, or reduce salaries for many offices and commissions; also like Governor Dix he would have a State purchasing agent, but only for State charities and the like, not for all supplies. Like Governor Hughes, he disapproves ratification of the income tax proposal because he thinks the borrowing power of the State would be impaired if its bonds were taxed, as he believes they might be. The plank in the party platform for popular election of United States Senators is indorsed. The Governor mildly approves a plan for a new and better Public Utilities Commission, but would reduce the commissioners' salaries—not a good way to get able men. Far better raise the judges' salaries, which are now, Governor Baldwin complains, smaller than those of the commissioners. We are glad to record the fact that the Governor of Connecticut believes that there should be new legislation as to employers' liability, but sorry to add that his suggestions do not go to the root of the matter. He would throw on the operating cost of the business "not unreasonable" compensation for the injuries of employees, but only in the case of specially hazardous occupations, with careful definition of what is hazardous, and with care not to throw undue burdens on the factory interests. We believe that public opinion has already gone far beyond the industrial theories which demand such half-hearted recognition of the just principle that the business should bear the risk. It may be well—to take up another half-way industrial measure proposed—to increase the present limit of $5,000 damages for death to $10,000, but the right thing would be to let the jury decide what damages should be paid. If a race-horse were killed on a railway, $30,000 or more might possibly be obtained; why limit the value of a man's life and let a jury fix the horse's value? A few non-committal lines about direct primaries lay stress on the additional expense to candidates that might result, and ask careful consideration for the bill lately recommended by a commission. Needed changes in the corrupt practices act are clearly set forth. Governor Baldwin's inaugural is original, well written, and provocative of discussion, but it is clear from it that he is not a "Progressive" of the school of Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic Governor of New Jersey.

THE PANAMA LIBEL CASE

The United States Supreme Court has unanimously affirmed the decision of Judge Hough, of the United States Circuit Court of New York, that since the alleged libel against the President of the United States by the New York "World" was published in other parts of New York State as well as in West Point, which is a Federal Reservation, the State courts have primary jurisdiction, and that it was not the intent of the Federal statutes to extend the jurisdiction of the United States over reservations of the United States within a State in cases where the State has primary jurisdiction. In understanding this decision the reader must bear in mind the following self-evident propositions—self-evident, but curiously ignored

by some of the daily papers: (1) This decision does not involve any construction of the United States Constitution. For aught that appears in this decision, Congress could provide that all offenses against Federal officers should be, or might be, prosecuted in the Federal courts. Whether Congress could do so or not, it has not done so. Prosecution before the Federal courts for criminal offenses committed in a reservation is not provided for in those cases in which the crime has been committed also outside the reservation and adequate means for the punishment of the crime are afforded by the State courts. (2) The Supreme Court does not decide whether the New York "World" is, or is not, guilty of publishing a criminal libel. That question was not before the Court. It simply decides that the question whether or not the "World" was guilty is to be decided by the State courts because the alleged libel was primarily published in the State. (3) The liberty of the press is not involved in the decision. The Court does not decide that the press has any liberty to publish such a preposterous and groundless story as the New York "World" published. It does not even decide that the publisher of such a story may not be prosecuted in any State in which his paper circulates. It simply decides that a Federal law which incorporated the criminal statutes of the several States into the Federal law and made them applicable to Federal reservations within such States was not intended to transfer the jurisdiction for the trial of offenses not committed primarily within the reservation from the State to the Federal courts. The question has public interest and importance only because of the importance of the persons concerned. It decides nothing but that the former Attorney-General made a mistake in choosing the Court before which he brought the criminal proceedings.

A BLOW AT PEONAGE

One of the most important decisions of the Supreme Court in recent years was rendered last week. The telegraphic despatches reporting it are very meager, and the full text of the decision has not yet reached us; but its general purport is plain. By it, peonage, as it has been practiced in Alabama, bolstered up by an Alabama law and sustained by the Alabama Supreme Court, is declared contrary to the Federal Constitution. The credit for this decision belongs largely to the public spirit and unremunerated public service of a number of patriotic men of Alabama. By patient work they have succeeded in bringing the matter through the circuitous paths of legal procedure to the highest Federal bench. The whole country should hold in honor these progressive and humane Southerners. Briefly stated, the case which called forth the opinion on the unconstitutionality of peonage is as follows: A negro, by name Alonzo Bailey, made a contract with the Riverside Company to work as a farm hand for a year at $12 a month, and received in advance pay the sum of fifteen dollars. After working for a little over a month he stopped work. Of course he did not refund the fifteen dollars. Under the Alabama law, refusal to work after such a contract is made without refunding the whole advance payment is *prima facie* evidence that the employee intended to defraud his employer. In order to escape conviction for fraud the employee has then to prove positively that he did not intend to act fraudulently. But the law prohibits him from testifying directly as to his own intentions. So there he is—convicted of fraud by virtue of stopping work. He is fined heavily, and in lieu of payment is put to work without remuneration. It does not matter what brought about his leaving his job—if he is poor and cannot pay a fine (and he is poor, for otherwise he would not be working under such a contract) he is thus made a peon. The case of Alonzo Bailey was once before presented to the Supreme Court, but was sent back to the lower courts because all the requisite formalities had not been observed. It arrived again at the Supreme Court last fall; and is now decided. It is clear that peonage has now to fear the power of the Federal Government. We shall postpone further comment on the decision until the full text of Justice Hughes's opinion and Justice Holmes's dissenting opinion reaches us. Meantime we simply record it as one of the great decisions of our times and

one dealing with fundamental questions of human rights.

THE GUARANTY OF BANK DEPOSITS IS CONSTITUTIONAL

The States of Oklahoma, Kansas, and Nebraska have laws which establish a system by which banks are forced to contribute to a fund which is used to guarantee bank deposits. The Supreme Court of the United States last week, by a unanimous decision, holds that such laws are not contrary to the United States Constitution nor inconsistent with its principles. The Supreme Court, it should be pointed out, makes it very clear that it does not by this decision either approve or disapprove of the efficacy or economical advantage of bank deposit guaranty laws. Time and experience must prove whether this novel form of legislation will accomplish that which its inventors hope. It is not in the least the business of the Supreme Court to express an opinion on this point, nor is it a necessary conclusion from this decision that the State Legislatures have acted wisely. It is enough that the Supreme Court should find that a Legislature has acted in good faith and for the benefit of the people of the State at large, and that the law does not controvert any direction or prohibition to be found in the Constitution. This principle is entirely in agreement with the Supreme Court's decision in the Commodities case, upon which at the time The Outlook commented as follows: "We do not understand it to be the intention of the courts to determine whether legal enactments are expedient or desirable, but simply whether they accord with the principles of the Constitutional law." The Supreme Court considered several objections brought against the bank deposit guaranty laws; but Justice Holmes, who announced the opinion of the Court, dismissed the most formidable of these objections—namely, the statement that under such a law the State took private property of one bank for the private use of another bank without compensation—by saying that, while there might be some basis for this contention, yet there were far more powerful considerations to the contrary. It was in this connection that Justice Holmes used the following language, which seems to us of great significance and of far wider application than to this particular case:

> In the first place, it is established by a series of cases that an ulterior public advantage may justify a comparatively insignificant taking of private property for what, in its immediate purpose, is a private use. It would seem that there may be other cases besides the every-day one of taxation, in which the share of each party in the benefit of a scheme of mutual protection is sufficient compensation for the correlative burden that it is compelled to assume. At least, if we have a case within the reasonable exercise of the police power, as above explained, no more need be said.

In regard to the effectiveness and value of bank deposit guaranty laws, opinion seems to differ in the States in which such laws exist. The opponents of the guaranty of deposits declare that it is impossible to judge of a law until something like a panic shall occur. They assert also that such a law involves the compulsory support of the weak bank by the strong bank, and enables the reckless bank to take risks which it ought not to be allowed to take, guaranty or no guaranty, and thus unfairly to bid for the business of the conservative bank, with ensuing disastrous competition which involves financial danger. The West has been exceedingly prosperous of late; there have been very few failures of banks; the number of cases in which the guaranty fund has been applied to cover loss has been small. The country at large will watch the experiment with interest; and if the system withstands satisfactorily the shock of a real financial depression, it is safe to say that similar laws will be enacted first in immediate contiguous States to those now having such laws, and then through the country.

UNCLE SAM SAVES THE CHILDREN'S PENNIES

Last week, in one community in each State, a Government Postal Savings Bank was opened. In almost all places the response of depositors was immediate enough to strengthen the Government authorities in their expectation of gradually extending the plan until any one, anywhere, may intrust his surplus funds to the Government. In return, the Government guarantees their safety and pays two per cent

a year on them. The communities chosen in each State were, so far as possible, those having many alien residents, and especially those foreigners who, distrustful of our own private savings banks, have sent their savings to the government postal savings banks in their respective home countries for deposit, even though only half as much interest is paid there as here. In the second place, the communities chosen were none of them financial centers. As examples, Rutherford, New Jersey, and Cohoes, New York, may be taken. Rutherford is a typical American town, spruce, neat, well set up, well-to-do; but the Rutherford Postal District comprises a fringe of communities populated by many foreigners—not the kind who have become accustomed to American ways, but those who are not only unaccustomed to our ways, and who send their scanty savings back home, but whose social conditions are none too good. At Cohoes the knitting and other mills have attracted in the postal district a foreign population of many thousands. The large international money orders from that district, varying from five to one thousand dollars, for deposit in foreign postal savings banks, would indicate that, as soon as the foreigners learn about a Government guaranteed savings bank in America, they will deposit their funds here. In order not to overburden the present post-offices, an additional clerk has been detailed in each district to take care of the postal savings bank business, where necessary, and as many more will be detailed as is desirable, so that ultimately the postal savings bank will become a distinct department of the post-office, its officers having nothing to do with the other activities of the office. The first few days' business has shown that the banks will appeal especially to children—for accounts may be opened by any person over ten years of age in his or her name. Newsboys in particular have availed themselves of the opportunity of depositing even so small a sum as ten cents or its multiples. They receive a card, and, for each ten cents, a yellow stamp to be affixed to the card. When the sum saved reaches a dollar, a certificate for that amount is issued; and when twenty dollars have been saved, the depositor may increase his rate of interest from two to two and a half per cent by accepting the Government's offer of a two and a half per cent bond of the twenty-dollar denomination. Think of a child as a Government bond holder! Thus there is a double inducement to children to save their pennies.

MR. PINCHOT AND THE CUNNINGHAM CLAIMS

Should a virtual monopoly of the accessible coal lands of Alaska now belonging to the people of the United States be granted to a group of thirty-three men? This is the question that is involved in the case of the Cunningham Coal Claims. What the answer to that question is to be now depends upon President Taft. An argument against the granting of this monopoly has been drafted in a brief submitted to the President on behalf of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, former Forester of the United States. "The case against the claimants is already conclusive," says the brief. "The claims should be canceled by the President forthwith." The claims of these men are those which Mr. Ballinger, now Secretary of the Interior, approved for patent, on behalf of which he afterwards drew up and presented a brief to the then Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Garfield, which still later Mr. Ballinger unofficially declared to be, in his opinion, illegal, and which figured largely in the Ballinger-Pinchot Investigation. The people of the United States own lands in Alaska containing enormously rich deposits of coal. A large part of this coal is so situated that it will be years before it will be practicable to mine it. A large part, however, is in a region which can be profitably developed. In this region a syndicate, known as the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate, has secured such holdings as to enable it to control, at least to a great degree, all transportation. When the value of these coal deposits was popularly recognized, a law was passed which limited every coal claim to 160 acres. This was to prevent the coal of Alaska from becoming monopolized as the coal of Pennsylvania, for instance, has been. There have been two ways of evading this law: one is for a man, or group of men, who wish to acquire a large tract of coal land to use the names of others in

which claims can be recorded—that is, to secure "dummy entries;" the other is for a number of genuine claimants to locate their claims together and agree that they will act jointly in the development of their claims. Of course it is difficult to prove that an entry is a dummy entry, and it is also difficult to prove that a group of men who, for instance, to save expense engage the same mining engineer to test the value of their holdings, have made an agreement such as nullifies the law. Of the nearly one thousand claims located, only thirty-three have reached the stage of "entry," which is the compliance with certain formalities and the payment of ten dollars per acre. These thirty-three are, however, of special value, and comprise the Cunningham group. If it can be shown that the men making the entries have violated the law, their entries can be canceled; but if once the entries are passed to patent, the land becomes the property of the claimants and cannot be recovered. A law passed in 1908 allows an association of men to acquire a tract of 640 acres; but the total acreage of the Cunningham group is more than eight times as much as that. The Pinchot brief declares that these entries are fraudulent by reason of both kinds of violation of the law: that is, that not only have the claimants acted in accordance with an agreement, as was maintained by Mr. Brandeis before the Ballinger-Pinchot Committee, but that they have made use of "dummy" entrymen.

THE DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT

The Pinchot brief rehearses the facts that have been elicited concerning these valuable claims. Much of what the brief sets forth is to be found in the voluminous records of the Ballinger-Pinchot hearings, but is so intermingled with evidence on other points that its force is much greater as it appears arranged in an orderly fashion in this brief. There is documentary evidence to show that the claimants had agreed to combine. It has been said in reply that this agreement had been "abandoned;" but the brief cites fact after fact concerning the action of the claimants which it declares are inexplicable except on the ground that they had an understanding that all the claims would be used as a joint property. For example, that they all shared in buying certain land, though this land would be of no benefit to some of them except as all the claims were to be consolidated; that joint moneys were used to add to the value of only some of the claims; that the reports made by agents of the claimants were made on the group of claims as a whole. Most significant of all is the statement of the brief that the Government's case was inadequately presented at the hearings before the Land Office. Before patent is granted, the Land Office is accustomed to hear testimony for and against the claimants. In this case the Government's case was intrusted to a young lawyer who had never tried a case in court. The brief declares that he did not introduce important evidence that was available, and cites as one instance a letter from an employee of the Government, an agent of the Land Office. This agent had an affidavit of one of the claimants containing certain statements decidedly damaging to the claimants. He returned this affidavit to the agent of the claimants, urging that the claimant, Mr. Baker, eliminate certain specified words, and adding:

> You know, we know, and the Department knows that there will be a coalition of interests as soon as patent is granted to all in your group, and it asks nothing about such a matter, except that there be no understanding or agreement to such an end before patent. But when the applicant states in an affidavit that he hopes or expects to enter in combination or company with adjoining applicants, he not only casts a doubt on his own assertions of good faith, but also on that of those adjacent applicants, who comprise a group such as yours. I am afraid that if Mr. Baker insists on the affidavit as he has executed it, there will be a searching inquiry instituted by the Department which will at least involve an interminable delay.

This is the letter of a Government official supposed to be acting as a representative of the people! It is no thanks to him that a "searching inquiry" has been instituted, not by the Department, but by leaders of public opinion. The brief asserts that the Government attorney failed to use several lines of available evidence. In order to relieve the Secretary of the Interior and the President of responsibility for deciding this case, it has been proposed to authorize its transfer to a

court of the District of Columbia. The Outlook has stated its belief that this is an administrative question and should not be avoided by the responsible executive officials. Even apart from that, however, this case should not be so transferred. The Executive Department, as the brief declares, would not be relieved of responsibility by sending this case to a court to be decided upon an imperfect record of evidence.

THE BALLINGER CASE ONCE MORE

Speaking of Secretary Ballinger, a reader has called The Outlook to account. This is not unprecedented. In one week we received a letter reproving us for defending Mr. Ballinger, another reproving us for criticising Mr. Ballinger, and a third for our cowardly procedure in sitting on the fence! This particular reader, however, who writes from Minneapolis, takes us to task for crawling through a loophole. This, as Artemus Ward remarked, is "2 mutch." We should really like to assure our readers that in this case at least we have not intentionally done any crawling. What called forth the Minneapolitan's complaint is an editorial paragraph in The Outlook reporting and commenting upon the report of the majority of the Ballinger-Pinchot Committee. After summarizing their conclusions in favor of Mr. Ballinger, we called attention to the fact that one conclusion of the Committee is in direct issue with Mr. Ballinger on one of the fundamental questions of Conservation—namely, the policy regarding coal lands. Mr. Ballinger favors the sale of the coal; the Committee recommends that the Government refuse to sell the coal, but rather grant leases to mine it at fair royalties. The fact that the Secretary of the Interior was out of sympathy not only with his chief, the President of the United States, but also with those members of the Administration party in Congress who had investigated his department, seemed to us an indication that Mr. Ballinger was not fitted for the office he holds in the Administration, and we said so. Now our friend from Minneapolis regards this as a shameful thing to say. He seems to think that this is our "conclusion and final verdict in the 'Ballinger Case,'" and declares, with evident indignation, "All the charges, insinuations, and suspicions that have been blazoned broadcast for a year and a half by the public press, daily, weekly, and monthly, have all simmered down to just a little criticism of this matter of policy to be decided by Congress." We do not regard it as a little matter of policy. It concerns a very vital matter. It bears an important relation to the whole problem of Conservation. It is, however, not the only or even a chief factor in The Outlook's conclusion with regard to the whole Ballinger controversy. Evidently our friend in Minneapolis overlooked a part of the paragraph; otherwise he could hardly have made his mistake. As he overlooked it, others may have done so. We therefore repeat it:

> The real cause of the controversy which led to the investigation was the belief that Mr. Ballinger was not, as head of the Department of the Interior, efficiently guarding the public interest, and that he was so far out of sympathy with the Conservation policies in which the American people believed and to which the Republican party had committed itself as to be unfitted to carry those policies into execution. On this point The Outlook reached its conclusion and stated it last June. We see no reason for changing the opinion then expressed.

Our belief—the belief that Mr. Ballinger's disagreement with the President and with his own party friends in Congress on the way of safeguarding the people's coal lands makes his position untenable—is not a substitute for the conclusion we expressed over six months ago—it is supplementary to it. Those who wish to know what that conclusion was can find it by turning to The Outlook for June 11, 1910, and reading the editorial entitled "The Ballinger Case: A Review." We reached that conclusion after a painstaking examination of the testimony given before the Committee—an examination that included not only the reading of the testimony (about five thousand printed pages) in addition to briefs and speeches of counsel on both sides, but also the attendance of a member of the staff of The Outlook at a number of the more important sessions of the Committee. The reading of the three reports of the Committee—namely, those of the majority, of the minority, and of Mr. Madison—has confirmed our previously expressed

conclusion. In order, if possible, to avoid any further misunderstanding, we here reiterate the substance of those conclusions: We do not assert that Mr. Ballinger has acted with deliberate wrong intent; but his attitude toward the Reclamation Service, his action with regard to the withdrawal of the water power sites, his unfortunate relations with the Forest Service, his inability to avoid methods of administration that must inevitably be demoralizing to organization, his course of conduct in regard to the Cunningham claims, his inability to appreciate the standards to which the American public have come to hold their public servants, and his lack of frankness while under investigation, all lead to the inescapable conclusion that he should not continue to be Secretary of the Interior.

TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS FOR RECLAMATION

At its last session Congress authorized a bond issue of $20,000,000 for the prosecution of the work of reclaiming the arid lands in the West. Subsequently, in pursuance of a provision of the law, President Taft appointed a board of army engineers to look over existing and proposed reclamation projects and to advise him as to the expenditure of the $20,000,000 appropriated by Congress. This board of engineers has just made its report, and in a Message to Congress the President approves its recommendations. In its report the Board recommends the allotment of the proceeds of the loan to fourteen different projects in thirteen different States. Sums varying from $325,000 to $4,500,000 are thus allotted. The Board further recommends that the $20,000,000 should be expended within the next five years. The full report of this Board has not been made public, but the excerpts which have appeared indicate that the army engineers found no ground for adverse criticism of the Reclamation Service. They apparently made no recommendations differing essentially from the course pursued previously, and they do not appear to have pointed out anything which was not fully understood by those in charge of the work long before they began their examination of the projects. The principal suggestions which they have made have to do with standardizing the plans for the various projects, a matter which the Service itself has had in hand for several years, and with adjudicating water rights, which has also been one of the chief subjects under continual study. The Board expressed itself as "impressed with the ability of the employees occupying positions of responsibility," and as convinced that "the engineering structures are, as a whole, well designed and well built. Some of them, as the Pathfinder Dam, the Shoshone Dam, the Roosevelt Dam, and the Gunnison Tunnel, are monuments reflecting great credit on both designer and builder." This report, in so far as it has yet been made public, is a source of gratification to those who have long believed that the Reclamation Service has been carried on with unusual efficiency and fidelity and with a fine spirit of public service. It is a splendid tribute to the unremitting and unselfish work of the Director of the Reclamation Service, Mr. F. H. Newell. Incidentally it affords a convincing argument against the plan suggested six months ago of taking the work of reclamation out of the hands of the present Service and intrusting it to army engineers. There is no warrant for turning over, to a corps already overburdened and not especially trained to undertake it, a work which a board of army engineers finds to be so well done under its present management.

FORTIFYING THE PANAMA CANAL

The New York "Herald," which makes some pretensions to deal with international politics in a large way, prints the following extraordinary statement, in which the italics are ours, with regard to the proposed fortification of the Panama Canal:

> That the United States is *bound by treaty* not to erect land fortifications along the Panama Canal *cannot* be disputed.

Whatever may be the "Herald's" opinion with regard to the propriety of fortifying the Canal, its statement that there is no dispute regarding the treaty rights of the United States in the matter is absurd. To show how contrary to the facts the "Herald's" statement is, we refer to one significant discussion of the subject. Mr. Philippe

Bunau-Varilla, who, with Mr. Secretary Hay, negotiated the Panama treaty under which the Canal is now being built—a treaty which bears the name of its two negotiators and will ever be known in the history of the Panama Canal as the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty—has been having a long correspondence with the "Journal des Débats," of Paris, on the fortification question. The "Journal des Débats," which, in its review of international politics, is one of the ablest of French papers, takes direct issue with Mr. Bunau-Varilla on the question of the treaty rights, although both agree that the European Powers regard the fortification with regret. Mr. Bunau-Varilla states that in negotiating the Treaty he had no idea that it provided for fortifications, and contends that the Treaty does not permit permanent military defenses built and maintained by the United States. The "Journal des Débats," although it regrets the probable fortification of the United States on the ground that it will make the United States a naval power of too great magnitude for Europe to view with equanimity, and agrees with the London "Times" in the expression of what it admits is a hopeless desire that the whole question might be referred to an international tribunal, courteously tells Mr. Bunau-Varilla that he is mistaken. It expresses its opinion in the following significant language, which we translate and transcribe from its issue of September 15, 1910: "We wish very much that we could share Mr. Bunau-Varilla's opinion upon the interpretation of the Treaty in the drawing up of which he participated. Unfortunately, the text of Articles III and XXIII is so exact that the United States is justified in holding another interpretation. We have already given the French translation of these articles. To-day we present below the original text, in order to enable our readers to weigh carefully the value of the terms employed:

"ARTICLE III.—The Republic of Panama grants to the United States all the rights, power, and authority within the zone mentioned and described in Article II of this agreement and within the limits of all auxiliary lands and waters mentioned and described in said Article II which the United States would possess and exercise if it were the sovereign of the territory within which said lands and waters are located to the entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of such sovereign rights, power, or authority.

"ARTICLE XXIII.—If it should become necessary *at any time* to employ armed forces for the safety or protection of the Canal, or of the ships that make use of the same, or the railways and auxiliary works, the United States shall have the rights, at all times and *in its discretion*, to use its police and its land and naval forces, or to establish fortifications, for these purposes."

The "Journal des Débats" goes on to point out that Article XXIII leaves it to the discretion of the United States to determine "when and in what measure" armed forces shall be employed for the protection of the Canal; and it adds that other means than an appeal to the Treaty must be employed if the European Powers wish to protest against fortification. There is not the slightest doubt, the "Journal des Débats" says, that while Mr. Bunau-Varilla appended his signature to the Treaty in the belief that military measures could be taken only on specific occasions when the Canal was threatened, the Government of the United States, in drawing up the Treaty, did so with the distinct understanding that military measures could be taken *at any time in their discretion*. It explains the difference between the point of view of Mr. Bunau-Varilla and the United States Government by saying that "these accidents frequently happen in diplomatic discussions." France began the Panama Canal, and therefore French statesmen have a keener sentimental interest in its future than any other foreigners. That the "Journal des Débats" should give so much thought and space to upholding its view of the legal interpretation of the Treaty clearly indicates that the ablest foreign opinion will uphold the right of the United States, under the Treaty, to fortify the Canal.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR WORKINGWOMEN

Our readers will remember that the National Consumers' League, aided in a masterly way by the legal advice of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, of Boston, was influential in the establishment of the now famous Oregon law creating a ten-hour day for workingwomen. The opponents of the law carried it to the United

States Supreme Court, where it was sustained. That tribunal rejected the fiction, so far as it affects the workingwoman, that the laborer should be free to make a contract for any number of hours of work or for any conditions of labor. It declared that the States under their police powers have a right to regulate the hours of labor of workingwomen in the interests of public health and welfare. This decision was of the greatest value in supporting the efforts of workingwomen and their friends to raise the labor standards of the women of the country. The Oregon case was followed by a similar case in Illinois by which a ten-hour day for workingwomen of that State has been established by law under the exercise of the police powers of the State. These two steps were followed in the State of Michigan, where a ten-hour law for workingwomen was enacted in 1909 as one of the harvest of laws reaped after the favorable decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Oregon ten-hour case. The Michigan law has just been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of that State. In some respects the Michigan law is more advanced than any legislation for workingwomen that the courts have so far held to be constitutional. It prohibits more than fifty-four hours' work in any one week and more than ten hours' work in any one day for women—not merely women working in factories and laundries, but also those employed in any store or in any clothing, dressmaking, millinery, or other mercantile establishment. The one serious defect of the law is that it specifically exempts from its operation all women "engaged in preserving perishable goods in fruit and vegetable canning establishments." The conditions prevailing in the canneries of Michigan and other States are so bad in the "rush season" that they form a class of industrial establishments which need, instead of special exemption, special regulation. The constitutionality of the Michigan law was attacked by the International Lock and Seal Company, a corporation which manufactures seals used by railway companies and shippers of freight for locking the doors of freight cars. The Company based its protest on two grounds—first, that the law interfered with "freedom of contract;" and, second, that it was "class legislation." On both these grounds the Michigan Supreme Court has decided against the Company. While we are heartily glad that the International Lock and Seal Company was defeated, we are in hearty sympathy with what its counsel said regarding the exemption of women employed in canneries. In making this exemption the legislators, he asserted, "were not looking to the health of the women, but rather to the preservation of fruits and vegetables. It is purely the spirit of commercialism, without any thought of the health of the women or the number of hours that they shall be employed; in other words, the provision means simply this, that, in order to protect the commercial interest of that class of citizens who are engaged in preserving perishable goods and who invested their money in canning establishments, they may work women any number of hours in order that their profits may be increased and their business not interfered with." We hope that the International Lock and Seal Company, with the same ardor with which it attacked the law, will now use all its influence, in common with other good citizens of the State, to persuade the Legislature to repeal this unjust and unhygienic exemption.

THE RECALCITRANT MONOPOLY

The Interborough Company, which operates the New York Subway, does not behave in a way that is calculated to make the city anxious for an extension of its monopoly. The people of New York, we believe, do not want a transit monopoly except under strict regulation. Such regulation is now provided by the Public Service Commission; but it is exercised against the bitter opposition of the managers of various transit lines, and especially of the Interborough. Early last year, for instance, the Commission issued an order to the Interborough directing it to run enough cars at all times to provide as many seats during each half-hour period as there were passengers, up, if necessary, to the maximum number of cars physically possible to be run. The Commission did not attempt to require the road actually to give every passenger

a seat. It merely directed that if, for instance, a thousand passengers used the Subway between ten and ten-thirty on a given day, cars containing at least a thousand seats should be run to carry them. That was hardly an unreasonable requirement—that a road which was earning eighteen per cent on its investment should go as far as that toward giving each traveler the seat to which he is entitled. But the Interborough protested, and, in the belief of the Commission, failed to live up to the requirements of the order. A short time ago the Commission issued a new order, reducing to fifteen minutes the period within which seats and passengers must correspond. Last week the Interborough refused to obey this order and demanded a rehearing upon it. Among the grounds on which the Company refuses to obey are these: The order "deprives the Company of the right of ownership and management and protection of its property;" that it "illegally substitutes the judgment of the Commissioners for the judgment of this Company's directors;" that the law under which the Commission acts is unconstitutional. These objections of the Interborough strike at the very source of the regulation which the Public Service Commissions Law aimed to provide. The Interborough evidently wishes to be judge of its own cause; to determine for itself what service it will render the public; to decide for itself whether it will allow passengers to be seated during those hours when the rush of traffic does not physically forbid such accommodation, or will compel them to stand at its own sweet will. The city is now in the midst of a discussion over the question whether the needed subways should be built as competitors of the Interborough or whether they should be adopted as extensions of the Interborough's present monopoly. In this discussion the Interborough is offering the strongest possible argument against its own case. There is broad room for argument over the two principles of competition and regulated monopoly in transit affairs. We do not see how there can be any argument between competition and *unregulated* monopoly. By making it as hard as possible for the people to use the restraint of regulation it is doing all it can to prove to the people that their only recourse is to competition through independent construction.

A GERMAN HERO FUND

Mr. Carnegie's endowment of peace not only takes the form of the gift of a great sum of money, the income of which is to be used to carry out such plans as the trustees think will advance the interests of peace, but he is also fostering the sense of fraternity by international gifts and by the endowment of that kind of heroism which gives inspiration and nobility to daily life. He has now founded four hero funds. Seven years ago he created such a fund in this country by the gift of the sum of five million dollars, the income of which should be used each year for the support of widows and orphans of men who have sacrificed their lives in the endeavor to save others, and for the support of men who have been incapacitated for the same reason. Canada and Newfoundland were included in the range of this gift. Three years ago he gave one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the Dunfermline Hero Fund, to be used for the same purposes in Great Britain. Two years ago he established a similar Hero Fund in France, amounting to one million dollars. He has now created a "Carnegie Foundation for Life-Savers" in Germany by the donation of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the annual income from which is to be used for the benefit of those who have been injured in the execution of heroic acts, or whose survivors need help. The fund is placed in the hands of the Emperor, who has appointed a commission of twelve by which it will be administered, the president of the commission being the chief of the Emperor's Civil Cabinet. Among the other members are the American Ambassador and representatives of the mining, railway, maritime, and industrial interests of Germany, and of its medical profession. In his letter to the Emperor William accompanying the gift Mr. Carnegie expressed his desire to recognize the unbroken peace which the Emperor has preserved during his reign, the value to the United States of the thirty million Germans and their descendants who have become citizens of the Republic, and his wish to emphasize the fact that

this is a heroic age, and that in a period of industrialism there are heroes of peace.

AMERICAN HISTORY AT OXFORD

The establishment of a lectureship in the University of Oxford on the History and Institutions of the United States is another step forward in the direction of international understanding, and therefore of international peace; for there is no source of war so prolific as misunderstandings based on ignorance. No movement of the day is more promising of substantial results than the interchange of professorships, of which a number have already been established; so that France, Germany, Denmark, and other countries are getting information about the real life of Americans by men who understand their subject. Heretofore they have largely gained their knowledge through sensational newspaper accounts which deal with crimes, eccentricities, and abnormal social developments. Such things exist in all countries; but no other country suffers so much from a complete system of reporting them as does the United States. The men who are to fill the Oxford lectureship are to be selected by a board which is to include the Presidents of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, and Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington. There is every assurance, therefore, that the lecturers will be chosen for their grasp of the subject, their sound sense, and their ability to use the English language. It is interesting in this connection to recall the fact that some of the most authoritative recent writing on the civilization of different countries has come from the hands of men who are foreigners in those countries. There is no better analysis of the French spirit and social organization than Mr. Brownell's "French Traits," nor is there a more authoritative book on the civilization and institutions of this country than Mr. Bryce's "The American Commonwealth," nor has any contemporaneous study of English political organization and institutions a greater authority than Dr. Lowell's "The Government of England." The establishment of such chairs will eventually make unnecessary such a sign as that which appeared some years ago in a Venice shop window: "English spoken; American understood"!

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

The American Academy in Rome, recently described in these columns, has just announced its intended transfer from the Villa Mirafiore to the Villa Aurelia. The transfer is more interesting than is usually the case with the removals of institutions from one quarter of a city to another. The Villa Mirafiore—a singularly charming house and grounds—cost the Academy one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, but, as there is quite a rivalry among other foreign academies to obtain it, our own Academy ought, with the increase in land values, to obtain a handsome profit. The reason for the removal is found in the fact that in the will of Mrs. Clara Jessup Heyland, who died a year ago, it was found that she had left her magnificent Villa Aurelia to the American Academy as its permanent home. The villa is so called from the adjoining Aurelian walls of Rome, and also the Aurelian Road leading thence from the Eternal City to the Mediterranean. The villa is a magnificent one. The house and surrounding land crown the Janiculum Hill, and command a superb view of Rome and the surrounding country. The villa is also important from a historical point of view, as it was the headquarters of Garibaldi and the Army of Defense of the Roman Republic in 1848–9. The added accentuation of American art in Rome coincides with the improved prospects of American representation in the International Exposition of Art and History in 1911. Mr. Harrison S. Morris, of Philadelphia, our Commissioner-General to the Exposition, informs us that he is having no difficulty in securing the most representative works from American artists for the Exposition, that all are eager to be included, and to do for American art in Italy even more than was done by Americans in Paris at the International Exposition there in 1900. The large art institutions, museums, and galleries are also lending their influential assistance. Indeed, without them little could be achieved, as toward them flows the tide, by purchase or gift, of the best American examples.

NATIONALISM AND PROGRESS

In this issue of The Outlook Mr. Roosevelt begins, under the above general title, a series of articles in which he discusses the Spirit of Nationalism that has taken a new vigor and form in the political and social life of the American people since the close of the war with Spain. He will endeavor, as he did in his speeches[1] throughout the West last summer, to define this new National spirit and to show how it may be applied to some of the specific and concrete problems that confront us.

In his brilliant life of the elder Pitt, who later became Lord Chatham, Lord Rosebery shows how Europe and England in "the shameless and naked cynicism of the eighteenth century" had lost the sense of nationalism, and how the political and military contests of the time had become merely "contests of prey." Under Pitt the nationalism of England was reborn and became in very truth a "new nationalism"—that is to say, a nationalism whose function it was to promote the common rights, not merely of the court and aristocracy, but of all the English people.

In the United States at the conclusion of the Civil War began a period when government, through the "shameless cynicism" of the money-maker, became very largely an agency for the promotion of wealth. Special privileges overshadowed common rights. It promises well for this country that there is to-day a new ideal of government springing up in the minds of the citizens—a new spirit of Nationalism. In experience as an officer of government and in high ideals as a private citizen, no one is better qualified than Mr. Roosevelt to discuss the various phases of this new spirit in our National life. We are especially glad, therefore, to have the opportunity to present his articles on this subject to the readers of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

PROGRESSIVE NATIONALISM; OR WHAT?

In the series of articles of which this is the first, I wish, at the outset, to ask the readers of The Outlook two questions.

The first question is: Are you satisfied that there is no need of bettering our present social, political, and industrial system? If, after sober thought, you feel that there is no need for betterment, if you do not feel the need of raising the condition of the men who toil and of altering the status of the huge corporations as regards the public, if you are satisfied with things as they are and feel no desire to work for a greater justice in our social system—you will not believe in the spirit and principles of Progressive Nationalism.

In the second place, if you are not satisfied with things as they are and believe there should be improvement, but think the methods and proposals of the Progressives are wrong, if you do not believe in the principles and spirit of a broad, far-reaching, and Progressive Nationalism, which shall imply the full and efficient development of the powers of both the Federal and the State Governments, what alternative to this movement do you suggest? In considering a principle, a policy, an ideal, it is always well, before condemning it, to consider what is the alternative.

In the discussion of these questions I propose, first, to indicate what are the principles and spirit of the Progressive movement in American politics which in previous speeches and articles I have sometimes alluded to as the "New Nationalism," a movement which in its essence is to render governmental action thoroughly efficient in Nation, State, and municipality, which is furthermore to make this governmental action absolutely responsive to the need and will of the people, and which is finally to inspire the country with the knowledge that even the wisest governmental action will avail nothing unless the average citizen is himself a man of high and fine character, who combines rugged strength with the desire to do justice to his fellow-men.

In successive articles I shall endeavor to show how those principles and that spirit would work out in application to certain specific National and international problems.

Those of us who believe in Progressive Nationalism are sometimes dismissed with the statement that we are "radicals." So

[1] The principal speeches have since been printed in book form, under the title of "The New Nationalism."

we are; we are radicals in such matters as eliminating special privilege and securing genuine popular rule, the genuine rule of the democracy. But we are not overmuch concerned with matters of mere terminology. We are not in the least afraid of the word "conservative," and, wherever there is any reason for caution, we are not only content but desirous to make progress slowly and in a cautious, conservative manner. Moreover, ultra-radicalism may be as hostile to real progress now as it was in Lincoln's day. Lincoln was a radical compared to Buchanan and Fillmore; he was a conservative compared to John Brown and Wendell Phillips; and he was right in both positions. The men and forces whom and which he had to overcome were those behind Buchanan and Fillmore; to overcome them was vital to the Nation; and they would never have been overcome under the leadership of men like Brown and Phillips. Lincoln was to the full as conscientious as the extremists who regarded him as an opportunist and a compromiser; and he was far wiser and saner, and therefore infinitely better able to accomplish practical results on a National scale.

The great movement of our day, the Progressive National movement against special privilege and in favor of an honest and efficient political and industrial democracy, is as emphatically a wise and moral movement as the movement of half a century ago in which Lincoln was the great and commanding figure. But, thank Heaven, the present movement is free from taint of sectionalism, and all good citizens, North and South, East and West, can stand shoulder to shoulder in advocating the basic principles on which the movement rests.

Of course the Progressive movement has some opponents whom we can have no expectation of converting. The dishonest man of swollen riches whose wealth has been made in ways which he desires to conceal from the law, and the politician who does not really believe in the right of the people to rule and who prefers to trust to corruption and class favoritism rather than to honesty and fair dealing in politics, are both naturally against us. Moreover, many men who, according to their lights, are sincere and honest, are yet so dominated by real or fancied self-interest as likewise to be against us. The rich man who has made his riches, not by lawbreaking, but by the profits of special privileges which the law should abolish, and who denies the right of Government to regulate in the public interest the business use of corporate wealth; the man who puts property rights above human rights and denies the right of Government to interfere with his business by guaranteeing to his laborers that they shall work under safe and healthy conditions and be compensated for loss of life or limb due to the dangers of their trade—these also, and the many like them, we must expect to exert their power against the Progressive movement.

There is thus one group composed of those who understand Progressive Nationalism and heartily approve it because they believe it tends toward the abolition of special privilege and of political corruption and toward the development of a genuine democracy; and another group composed of those who cordially fear and fight it because they wish to preserve special privilege and evade control. There is yet another group who are not in the movement because they *misunderstand* it. One of the most frequently advanced allegations about the movement, made for the purpose of discrediting it in the minds of good men who do not know the facts, is that it stands for "over-centralization" and for the destruction of States' rights. Nothing could be further from the truth. The advocates of Progressive Nationalism will, I believe, agree with what I said on this question at Denver and Osawatomie last summer: "The State must be made efficient for the work which concerns only the people of the State, and the Nation for that which concerns all the people. There must remain no neutral ground to serve as a refuge for lawbreakers, and especially for lawbreakers of great wealth who can hire the vulpine legal cunning which will teach them how to avoid both jurisdictions. It is a misfortune when the National Legislature fails to do its duty in providing a National remedy, so that the only National activity is the purely negative activity of the judiciary in forbidding the State to exercise power in the prem-

ises. I do not ask for over-centralization; but I do ask that we work in a spirit of broad and far-reaching Nationalism when we work for what concerns the people as a whole. We are all Americans. Our common interests are as broad as the continent. The National Government belongs to the whole American people, and, where the whole American people are interested, that interest can be guarded effectively only by the National Government."

The advocates of a Progressive Nationalism emphatically plead for efficient State action as well as for efficient National action. All they demand is that both State and National action be in the interest of, and not against the interest of, the people. The most efficient possible development of State power is not only not incompatible with but is likely to accompany the most efficient possible development of National power. Wisconsin offers the best case in point. Under the leadership of Senator La Follette, Wisconsin, during the last decade, has advanced at least as far as, and probably farther than, any other State in securing both genuine popular rule and the wise use of the collective power of the people to do what cannot be done by merely individual effort—the University of Wisconsin, by the way, playing a very important part in the movement. Yet this has in no way interfered with Wisconsin's hearty support of the movement to make the National power in its sphere also more efficient.

The representatives and beneficiaries of the special interests desire, not unnaturally, to escape all Governmental control. What they prefer is that popular unrest should find its vent in mere debate, in unlimited discussion of an academic kind as to the sanctity of contract, full liberty of contract, and other kindred subjects. They feel the need of construing the Constitution with rigid narrowness when property rights are involved, and of carrying the "division of power" theory to such an extreme as to deprive every Governmental agency of all real power and responsibility. They prefer the *status quo*, for they know that the mass of conflicting judicial decision has created just what they wish, a neutral ground where State and Nation each merely exercises the power of maintaining that the other has none. I wish to contrast with this position of the special interests the spirit and purpose of Progressive Nationalism. Its advocates desire to secure to both State and Nation, each within its own sphere, power to give the people complete control over the various forms of corporate activity, and power to permit the people to safeguard the vital interests of all citizens, of whatever class. Again I ask the critics of Progressive Nationalism just what it is to which they object in the position of its adherents. If they do not approve of it, do they wish to leave things as they are? If not, what alternative do they propose?

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

CHINA AND THE UNITED STATES

"American Defeat in the Pacific" is perhaps rather a strong phrase to apply to the present commercial relations existing between China and the United States. Nevertheless, in employing that phrase as the title of his interesting article which appears on another page, Mr. Frederick McCormick is justified by the following reasoning: The United States now has, through its control of the Philippines, some vitally important interests at stake in the Orient; the welfare of those interests depends in a large degree on the right development of China and the relations of Japan to that development; and, finally, the social and political development of China is, and will be, influenced profoundly by its commercial and industrial development.

If the United States wishes to have in this development a share which shall be helpful both to China and to itself, it must cultivate with the Chinese people commercial relations of the best kind. Mr. McCormick is right, therefore, in contending that a diminution of our commerce with China means a diminution of influence in settling political and social problems of profound importance to the whole civilized world.

Before the United States can have a large and profitable trade with China four conditions must be firmly established at home:

First, there must be a real desire on

the part of American manufacturers and merchants for that trade and a determination to get it by all honorable means. Ship subsidies, investments in Chinese railways, the Americanization of Chinese finance, the intervention of the American Government in behalf of the Open Door policy—all these will count for nothing until American merchants supply the goods the Chinese want, in the packages they desire, and on terms convenient to their commercial methods. In other words, a sympathetic understanding of the Chinese and their needs is the first essential.

Second, the promotion of the Open Door policy formulated by Secretary Hay. The "Open Door" means simply that all nations shall be permitted to trade in China on equal terms, with no discriminations or favoritism shown to any nation on the part of the Chinese Government. It does not mean that China shall not impose taxes and tariffs, but that the taxes and tariffs shall apply to all nations alike. Agricultural implements may be taxed, but not merely American agricultural implements; the importation of unsanitary meat products may be prohibited, but not merely American unsanitary meat products. The American people should support the American Government in every honorable attempt to aid China in maintaining the Open Door. For China wants to maintain it; it is to the interest of every European nation, except perhaps Russia, to maintain it. Russia and Japan are so strongly intrenched in Manchuria that they may jointly strive to nullify the Open Door policy for their own selfish advantage. If so, they should be persuaded that they are not merely doing an injustice to China, but are seriously offending the three strongest commercial and martial nations of the Occident—England, Germany, and the United States. It is true that the Open Door policy is not regarded by the people of the United States as being in the same category with the Monroe Doctrine; the latter, on the ground that its integrity is essential to our National existence, we should cheerfully defend by force against the whole of Europe if necessary; the former appeals to our sense of justice, and to obtain justice we ought to exhaust every peaceful means known to frank diplomacy before taking a single step in the direction of force. Nevertheless, the Open Door is necessary to the development of civilization in China, and the United States should never, and in our judgment will never, relax a proper insistence upon its observance by Japan and Russia.

Third, a clear understanding that through our occupation of the Philippines and our building of the Panama Canal we have obligations to perform with regard to the development of China and the whole Orient in its relations to China. One of these obligations is to aid China in her struggle for Western education. Selected Chinese students should not only be welcomed but should be induced to come to American schools and universities. The admirable remission of the Boxer indemnity during President Roosevelt's Administration and the application of some of the money of this indemnity to the education of Chinese in the United States was a long step in the right direction.

Fourth, President Taft should be loyally supported in his efforts to aid China in the reforms she has undertaken to make in her financial system. The best-informed economists agree that the greatest obstacle in the way of China's commercial development is the chaos prevailing in Chinese finance. The United States Government is taking the greatest interest in co-operating with the leading Powers to help China frame a sound scheme of National finance. It is believed that an important feature of China's financial plan is the appointment of a financial adviser, preferably an American. If America and China can persuade the European Powers that such an American adviser will be a man of distinguished ability and of disinterested determination to employ his office for the promotion of financial order, for the creation of a Chinese Department of the Treasury administered on modern lines by the Chinese themselves and for the placing of all foreign interests on an equality, more will have been done toward the preservation to China of peace, integrity, safety, and sound commercial development than has perhaps been done by any other one act of foreign political and commercial intercourse with China.

A WORD FOR THE USUAL

The title of Mr. Colby's new volume of essays, "Constrained Attitudes,"[1] suggests some kind of compulsion; as if the themes or the positions had been imposed on the writer. If either surmise is correct, Mr. Colby moves with enviable ease within the limitations, and speaks with refreshing frankness of habits of his contemporaries and of not a few of their half-gods and less interesting idolatries. The critic who refreshes himself with these keen thrusts at imposing platitudes, inherited credulities, and cast-iron self-deceptions will hesitate to speak of these essays as generously as he would like, lest Mr. Colby find in his commendation some of that easy assumption of authority, that subconscious conceit of opinion, which the essayist finds such easy game. Let it suffice, therefore, to say that he who enjoys a book of keen perception, sharp criticism, and alert intelligence cannot afford to leave "Constrained Attitudes" unread. It is a lively oasis in a desert of monotonous collected essays by serious and heavy-handed persons.

The practice of deliberate and profitable humbug has been a fine art since the beginning of history, and has furnished the comic journals with inexhaustible variety of themes and occasions. Mr. Colby is interested in the psychology of the unconscious practitioner of the gentle art of deceiving himself as well as his neighbors. This, for instance, is what he has to say about those groups of people who organize admiration for a writer into a trust which, from its very inception, aims directly at monopoly: "No one should be blamed for being suspicious of the literary cult. And it is as short-lived as it is deceitful; for it has been observed of its members, as of the blue-bottle fly, that they buzz the loudest just before they drop. Excesses of this sort have of late years been invariably followed by periods of severe repression, of silence almost proportionate to the degree of garrulity when the talking fit was on. The hush that settled on 'Trilby' and 'Robert Elsmere' endures to this day. The reader of 'The Man with the Hoe,' if there be one, is as the owl in the desert; and upon the lips of the Omarian the spider builds its web. Men still find pleasure in the writings of Stevenson, but where are the Stevensonians? Where are the Smithites, Brownists, and Robinsonians of yesterday? Let a subject once fall to the cult, let the lavish tongues of small expounders have their way, and the waters soon close over it."

Mr. Colby finds easy game in those persons of literal mind who are always trying to "do sums" in literature and reduce everything to pounds, shillings, and pence; who are persuaded that the poetry of the day can be standardized, so to speak, and the relative value of the poets accurately determined by weights or measures; who ask bewildered editors who are "the five greatest female novelists, which are their five greatest novels, and what are the names of their five greatest characters." It is reported of a distinguished college president that he received a letter from an anxious inquirer who wrote: "I hear that you are the greatest thinker in America; will you please send me your greatest thought?"—a very embarrassing question to put to a modest man! It is the National proclivity to regulate commerce in ideas and art which keeps alive interest in the "best sellers."

The commonplace comes in for gentle castigation at the hands of this bantering essayist, whose clear-cut standards and pungent phrases do not disguise the force and veracity of his criticism. It is a theme which has yielded an easy and early harvest to shrewd, and sometimes to dull, cultivators since the beginning of satire and irony. The commonplace amounts to a portentous sum in life, and it seems at times as if large sections of society were stricken with a monotonous dullness. The young commuter who lives on a small income in a small house in a suburban town and wheels a perambulator before and after church on a pleasant Sunday is an easy prey for the satirist who is not afraid to repeat an old tale glibly. If one groans in spirit with those whose lives are hedged about with the usual and feels like breaking all the windows, he will find pleasure in Mr. Colby's shrewd comments on "Hedda Gabler;" but if he needs a good strong tonic, let him read Miss Sinclair's

[1] Constrained Attitudes. By Frank M. Colby. Dodd Mead & Co., New York.

latest story, "The Creators,"[1] a report of the unusual made with great ability and in minute detail. There are commonplace people in this novel, but they are introduced solely for the purpose of putting solid ground under the uncommonplace. The central group, "the Creators," are all people of genius. They live, move, and have their being in a sphere of their own, with mutual understanding, a common language, and a kind of joint consciousness of a special function. The heroine, if the story has a heroine, is a woman with what might be called a "genius attachment"—a rare and inexplicable creative impulse which seizes her at times like the evil spirit in the Gospels and rends her. Miss Sinclair has at last freed herself of obsession as to the sex question, and has made an analysis of temperament of extraordinary insight and analytical skill; but her woman of genius is not convincing; the creative power does not seem to be a part of her; it is not the flowing together of all the secret forces of personality; it is something which comes to her from without. The story is too long, the analysis too heavily underscored, the talk too voluminous; the book is charged with ability, but it is not thoroughly dramatized.

Nevertheless, "The Creators" is a capital antidote for impatience with the commonplace; it would be difficult to put more unhappiness between covers! All the Creators share a tormenting self-consciousness; they are driven by the wind of destiny; they are generous and loyal, but they never lay hold on content or repose. Happiness is not the end of life, but there ought to be some normal ease, some natural adaptation to environment, in every group of people; in this group everything is at sixes and sevens. No sooner do a little wholesome peace and a few months of normal habit wait on these Creators than a blast of genius makes their wives hateful to them, their husbands repulsive, and their babies objects of loathing.

One turns with relief to the young commuter propelling the perambulator along the suburban street. His life is not exciting, but he has no desire to strangle his child or elope with his neighbor's wife; he is not tossed on a sea of surging passion which will carry him to a divorce court or to the penitentiary; his wife does not follow Madame Bovary in order to vary the dull round of daily duties. The interests of the young married commuter may not be broad or stimulating, but he keeps his honor and betrays his friend neither in his home nor in his purse. He is an easy mark for the satirist, and it requires no great genius to make sport of the perambulator; but in any sane view of life it is at least an open question whether he does not get more out of life and put more into it than the Superman whose chief characteristic is a selfishness so brutal and colossal that it is a kind of elephantiasis of individuality, a monstrous deformity.

In the reaction against the normal and usual people forget that the abnormal and unusual develop a monotony of their own, and that the escape from the perambulator to the lunatic asylum is not an escape from dull routine to freedom, but an exchange of one form of commonplaceness for another. To the layman lunacy seems rich in variety of delusion; but the alienists tell us that the illusions of the insane are very few and are easily classified. Out of every thousand a definite percentage of the insane will be Mary, Queen of Scots; another definite percentage will own everything within sight—a widespread form of delusion; another percentage will enjoy the distinction of being George Washington. There is evidently no escape from monotony through the asylum or the penitentiary.

Nor is it possible to conceal the fact that even the great apostles of the revolt against the monotony of the daily round move in regular circles and soon become as monotonous as those who wheel the perambulator. One speedily becomes familiar with Ibsen's interesting ladies and can calculate their fates with mathematical accuracy. Their orbits are eccentric; but they are orbits, nevertheless. The vivacious and much-advertising Mr. Shaw cannot conceal the rhythm of his irony or satire, and we predict the exact point at which his characters will discard their masks and show old, familiar faces. Mr. Chesterton goes his cheerful and paradoxical round,

[1] The Creators. By May Sinclair. The Century Company, New York.

and we gladly go with him; but it is a round, just the same. Even among those who try so desperately to escape from the monotonous order of life that they plunge into tragedy, the element of the usual still persists; and broken marriage vows, "free unions," following one's star without reference to the order of the heavens, being loyal to impulse, and all the other short-cuts to freedom—which is not a fixed state but a condition won by self-restraint and discipline—end monotonously in misery, disgrace, and bitter disillusion. Since a certain monotony is evidently part of the normal order of things and is apparently a necessary safeguard for sanity, is not the dullness of health as profitable as the dullness of disease? Is it not better to be a little dull with Colonel Newcome than to be brilliant with one of the brilliant degenerates who play their despicable parts in some contemporary novels and dramas? to keep one's honor in quietness than to break faith with the sanctities of life by a brief and hectic vivacity?

ORIENTAL IMMIGRATION[1]

A great popular conviction may be false, but it must always be taken seriously in a democracy. There is a great popular conviction on the Pacific coast that Oriental immigration is perilous to American institutions. This is not merely a class prejudice of laborers against competing laborers. In 1879 the Legislature of California ordered a test vote to be taken for and against Chinese immigration. The result was that out of 162,000 votes there were but 638 for such immigration. The ballot was secret; the conclusion is certain: the people of the State were then practically a unit against such immigration. There is no reason to think that any change in the public sentiment of the Pacific coast has taken place since that time. There is very good reason to believe that it now extends to Japanese as well as to Chinese immigration. This is not a passing passion; it is not a class prejudice; it is a permanent conviction.

Various reasons are given for this conviction, but they are not the real, certainly not the fundamental, reasons. It is said that the Orientals are barbarians: the civilization of the Chinese is, if less progressive, far older than our own, and the modern civilization of the Japanese has been demonstrated by a successful war with what was before regarded as one of the first military powers of Europe. That the Orientals are vicious: their vices are different, but not worse, than those of their Western neighbors. That they are ignorant: the percentage of illiterates in Japanese immigrants is twenty-two, in southern Italian immigrants fifty-four, in Portuguese immigrants sixty-eight. That the slums in San Francisco are intolerable: whatever may be true of the Chinese, the Japanese are largely farm laborers and are becoming farm owners and fruit cultivators. That their habits are filthy: Robert Louis Stevenson bears a different testimony: "The emigrants declared that the Chinese were dirty. I cannot say they were clean, for that was impossible upon the journey; but in their efforts after cleanliness they put the rest of us to shame." That the coolies are practically slaves who are shipped here *en masse* and whose labor is sold by contractors: if this was ever true, it is true no longer, and never was even alleged of the Japanese. That they buy up town and country property, and wherever they settle the white man moves out: which may be a reason for forbidding aliens to own land, but might only be a reason for eradicating white prejudice. That their standards of living are low and they accept wages on which a white man cannot support his family; in support of which figures are given showing that the average wage paid Orientals in Hawaii is about half that paid to whites, and the hours of labor are longer: it is true, to quote Professor Commons, that "the future of American democracy is the future of the American wage-earner. To have an enlightened and patriotic citizenship we must protect the wages and the standard of living of those who constitute the bulk of the citizens;" but it is also true that experience indicates that a limited

[1] We know of no better single volume for the student of this subject than Volume XXXIV, No. 2, of the "Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science" (September, 1909) on the "Chinese and Japanese in America," in which, in a series of papers by different contributors, the whole subject is presented in both its National and international relations, and by those who favor and those who oppose such immigration. For our statement of facts and for many of the arguments presented in this editorial we are indebted to this volume.

Oriental immigration will not permanently depress wages, that the Oriental soon learns to demand the current rate and to get it.

The real reason for the opposition to Oriental immigration is its effect on the future of America. Zangwill says that God is throwing all European races into the melting-pot and forming out of them the America of the future. The opponents of Oriental immigration believe that the Oriental in America will always remain an alien element, unassimilated and unassimilable. The objection is well put by a philosophic student who is at least without local prejudice, Herbert Spencer:

> I have, for the reasons indicated, entirely approved of the regulations which have been established in America for restricting Chinese immigration, and had I the power I would restrict them to the smallest possible amount; my reason for this decision being that one of two things must happen. If the Chinese are allowed to settle extensively in America, they must either, if they remain unmixed, form a subjective race standing in the position, if not of slaves, yet of a class approaching slaves; or, if they mix, they must form a bad hybrid. In either case, supposing the immigration to be large, immense social mischief must arise, and eventually social disorganization. The same thing would happen if there should be any considerable mixture of a European race with the Japanese.

This peril seems to the Atlantic coast dweller remote, but this is because, to him, the problem is remote. The peril is serious, or would be if steps had not already been taken to guard against it. It is the negro problem over again, made more perilous because back of the Oriental immigration are two great nations, one in the process of formation, the other already one of the great world powers. In the judgment of The Outlook, Mr. C. H. Rowell, of the Fresno "Republican," is absolutely right: "The Pacific coast is the frontier of the white man's world, the culmination of the westward immigration which is the white man's whole history. It will remain the frontier so long as we guard it as such; no longer. Unless it is maintained there, there is no other line at which it can be maintained without more effort than American government and American civilization are able to sustain." We do not agree with him that "there is no right way to solve a race problem except to stop it before it begins." But if this is not the only way, it is the simplest, the easiest, and the best way. In the case of the European races education solves the problem. The educated German, Scandinavian, or Italian, if not the educated Slav, becomes in the second or third generation an American. But the educated Oriental remains an Oriental. Lafcadio Hearn had certainly no anti-Japanese prejudice; and it is Lafcadio Hearn who says: "The Japanese child is as close to you as the European child—perhaps cleaner and sweeter, because infinitely more natural and refined. Cultivate his mind, and the more it is cultivated, the farther you push him from you. . . . As the Oriental thinks naturally to the left where we think to the right, the more you cultivate him, the more he will think in the opposite direction from you." Rudyard Kipling's lines point in the same direction; and few Orientals know the Orient better than does Rudyard Kipling:

> "Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
> Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat."

It is better that they should not meet. It is not that the Chinese and the Japanese are inferior races; it is that they are different; and it is better that different men, though frankly recognizing one another as equals in the major qualities of civilization, should have different homes. It is an old adage that no house is large enough for two families. No nation is large enough for two races. The East for the Oriental, the West for the Occidental, with no attempt to keep house together, but free intermingling in international trade, is the true solution of the Oriental problem. This is the solution which the democratic instinct on the Pacific coast has hit upon. And the democratic instinct is right.

THE SPECTATOR

It was a sunny, dusty day, but there was a good breeze, and the road was full of Indians in wagons and on horseback, all headed for the Sun Dance grounds, three miles away to the southwest. They were a gay crowd, for nearly all of them were decked with bright-colored handkerchiefs and ribbons. "Ask Charlie Lee," said the Spectator's frontier friend, "what the Sun Dance is for, and he will say, 'Ah, just for good time!' and no other Indian interpreter will tell you anything more. But it means important things to all these Indians, or they wouldn't come from far and near and build this circle of trees and this camp and have all this complicated ceremonial. It is a medicine dance—it 'makes medicine.' And it has sun worship in it too. They hold it in these July days, just when the sun is in his strength, and when you see the deadly earnest of the dancing, you will realize that it means business. Look—there's the camp, and that's one of the old medicine poles."

A semicircle of tents lay on the flat meadow in the morning sun. In front of them was another semicircle of green arbors, made of sapling willows, which looked cool as well as highly picturesque. Here and there rose a gaunt, crotched pole thirty or forty feet high, with a formless bunch of brush in the crotch. "There are eagle feathers in the brush, and it is tied there securely," explained the Spectator's companion. "Each medicine pole has been used as the center of a Sun Dance, and then left there as a memorial. Each year a new one is cut from the mountains. Last night the Indian men went up into the hills with songs and chants and chose a medicine pole, and other poles and trees to make an inclosure about it. To-day they will bring these up from where they have been guarded all night beside the stream, and then they will build the circle ready for the dance. Any one can see the dance by paying a quarter admission fee. It didn't use to be so, but now the Indians are willing to sell admission. But, though they may let you in, they will never tell you what any part of the ceremonial means. You have to guess it out yourself, and unless you are a mind-reader you'll probably guess all wrong. The Indian isn't easy to puzzle out. Funny thing—these Utes, as a rule, have a language the trader can learn and use. But when they talk among themselves, at the time of this dance, for instance, the trader can stand among them and not understand a word of what they are saying. They seem to have a different speech, of which no white interpreter ever gets the meaning. Friendly? Oh, yes, they're friendly enough. It isn't that. They fly the American flag, as you see, on their wickiups."

Sure enough, from some of the tents and arbors the flag was flying. Women sat at the doors finishing beaded moccasins and getting feather bonnets into fine trim. Soon the men, who had been lying asleep inside, came out fully dressed for the opening event of the dance—the sham battle, which was to take place a mile away, down by the nearest watercourse. They were a really gorgeous sight, about two hundred of them, with many chiefs among them. Their faces were painted, they wore brilliant feathers and beads, and their horses were likewise lavishly painted and decorated with fluttering ribbons bound into their manes. Three squaws rode among them, one in a wonderful beaded cape of blue beads sewn in patterns with white ones, and another, an older woman, with a cape made entirely of elks' teeth, which would have excited the cupidity of the whole united order of Elks. In a long, marching, wavering line of color—red, green, blue, and yellow—under the July sun, the procession undulated through the tufted sage-grass to the little river, and joined in tame sham battle about a small wickiup erected for the purpose to guard the poles that had been cut and brought thus far the day before.

Sunset was the hour for the dance. By that time the new pole and its inclosure were finished and ready. The medicine pole formed the center, and from its fork radiated thirteen long poles—the tallest tree stems that could be cut and carried. This wheel of poles, like the rustic roof of a pergola, rested on upright poles set

firmly into the ground, and the rim of the wheel was formed by a wall of young trees —cottonwood, willow, and cedar—planted upright in the earth with their leaves on, making an inclosure of good size. As the sun set, a long procession of Indians, naked to the waist, barefoot, painted white and yellow and bronze, with loincloths and skirts of white, or of beads, or Navajo blankets, with their hair braided and hanging on their shoulders with feathers stuck in it, and tootling on queer little whistles made of eagle quills, marched solemnly around the inclosure, and then in at the gate. Then a canvas was stretched across the entrance, and a ticket-man placed there to admit the white audience—quite a few of them. While the Spectator lingered outside, first one and then a dozen of the dancers came out again, wrapped in blankets or in white sheets that covered them from head to foot. With their backs to the sunset they advanced toward an old medicine pole not far off, and fell on their knees, remaining there for some time. Then they marched back into the inclosure, and the Spectator followed to see what happened next.

All around one-half of the circular interior were seats for the audience. The other half was lined with tiny green willow booths, one for each dancer, where he could rest after his exertions. A single Indian was standing by the pole in the center, addressing the others—or the sun —in a chanting speech. An old squaw was aiding him by singing away at the top of her voice, and then the drums came in and completed the noise. After that another chant, much more solemn, was sung to the accompaniment of the little eagle-quill whistles, which sounded like innumerable piping crickets. The Indian who stood by the pole now struck the earth with a fan of feathers, and then touched his bare breast and different parts of his body. "He's making medicine," whispered the Spectator's companion.

The music rose, swayed, and changed. Sometimes it was martial, sometimes mournful, sometimes gay. The dancers had only one step—jumping with both feet together, first forward, then backward, then forward again, each time a little nearer to the pole. When the pole was reached, the backward hop was made the longest, and the dancer thus gradually retired. It was a step that even a trained white dancer could hardly keep up five minutes, but these Indians never stopped. One after another joined in. The squaws, who sat close by the musicians, each holding a willow branch, took part only by chanting. Sometimes applause broke out, but no dancer appeared to heed it, for the eyes of each were kept firmly fixed on the pole. "Once started, they can neither eat nor drink," the Spectator was told, "and they usually keep at it for three days and nights. When they get too exhausted to stand, they can retire for a while and lie down in their booths. But it is a point of honor to dance every minute they can. Some say they hope to draw strength from the sun for the whole tribe, and to cure the sick. Others say it is to keep the sun from going away, and that it used to be held on the longest day of the year. See that fellow holding the wolfskin out in front of him and touching the pole with it, and then touching the boy? That's 'medicine,' and the boy certainly needs it, for he's far gone in consumption. That image tied up on the pole, just below the crotch, is the Sun God, some people think. But only the Indians know—and they keep their own counsel."

Truly, it might have been Central Africa. The Indians, not content with the heat of the July night, had started a fire, which cast strange shadows upon orchestra, singing women, and dancers. The feathers tied to the fingers of the latter, "to keep the devils away," and the long rags of cloth attached to the medicine pole for the same purpose, fluttered in the night wind. The shrill piping whistles gave an unearthly sound. The painted figures, dripping with sweat, kept up their mad, monotonous jump. But in the middle of it all one dancer jigged solemnly, with the black cord around his neck holding a large gold cross that shone in the mingled light of the fire and the moon. He wore the symbol ignorantly, but to the Spectator it had a meaning.

AMERICAN DEFEAT IN THE PACIFIC[1]

BY FREDERICK McCORMICK

THE Government at Washington announces that American exports to China have declined from a maximum of $58,600,000 in 1905 to $15,500,000, which is the estimated total value of exports during 1910.

The ledger thus shows that American trade in the Pacific has been routed. This is the striking comment of cold commercial history upon America's vaunted expansion in the Pacific, which, after the acquisition of the Philippines and with the prospect of the Panama Canal, it was prophesied would become, with its circle of nine hundred million people, "an American lake." During President Taft's candidacy for the Presidency, which was partly promoted on the basis of his statesmanship in the Orient, the decline in the importance of European affairs to America and the appreciation of the Pacific, as prophesied by William H. Seward in 1852, were confirmed. It was pointed out that Alaska was purchased from a desire that America should become the foremost of Pacific powers, and that Hawaii was acquired through the necessity of excluding foreign control from a commanding position in the mid-Pacific. In 1908, when this was said, it had been for ten years the active policy of America to maintain for the benefit of future generations all outlets in the Pacific for American manufactures that could be commanded. It was recognized that any obstruction to American expansion and development in the Pacific would limit the American Nation in its influence and destiny. In the light of these facts, the condition of American trade in the Pacific suggests a commercial and political defeat.

A complete change has come over trade conditions in China. Previous to 1903 foreign goods were laid down on the seaboard docks in China, and, it might be said, left for the Chinese to carry away if they chose. At any rate, they were transferred by the foreign resident agent to the direction of Chinese managers, and the foreigner retired to his shooting-grounds, his golf course, or his club. Now the foreign trader has been forced by competition to go into the highways and byways himself.

In 1909 the writer was on the Taiyuanfu road, in the province of Shansi, in the company of several foreign travelers, when a correspondent of a London newspaper, who had been fifteen years in eastern Asia, boasted that he had traveled over more of China than perhaps any other foreigner. A British "drummer" from Manchester, "traveling in pills," as the British say, took exception to this boast, and said that he would back the American inspector for British-American cigarettes, who had been only a few years in China, as the best traveled of the two. He had himself just come from the heart of Manchuria and was *en route* to Szechuan. A glance at the map will enable the reader to appreciate, with reference to the movements of these commercial men, the great change that has come over foreign trade methods in China. To-day over China's highways plod the consular official, compiling trade reports; the civilian trade inspector, as well as the foreign trader himself; and even the foreign itinerant vender hawking patent medicines, etc. In Manchuria foreign travelers are surprised to find Japanese hucksters. Even unadvanced Russia has come into trade conflict with China in Mongolia. It is an active question with England and Russia as to how to deal with the Japanese match trade in Tibet, while under the shadow of the Long White Mountain, on the Korean frontier, Osaka knives are contending with Solingen blades for the favor of the Yalu lumbermen.

In this new state of competition American trade has not discovered its true position. America, which had the flower of the Russo-Japanese War trade in 1905—in fact, an abnormal year—was the only country that did not then prepare for the post-bellum prosperity in the Far East foreseen by other nations, especially Japan, and prophesied by Count Okuma. American trade must admit that Japan and Germany have reaped the profit of

[1] See an editorial elsewhere in this issue.—THE EDITORS.

this prosperity, Great Britain has held her own, and America has fallen behind.

The story of the decline of American exports to China from the year 1905 is graphically pictured in the successive dropping in figures: first, roughly, fifty-eight millions to thirty millions, to twenty-three millions, then to twenty-one millions, to nineteen millions, and now to fifteen millions, little more than a fourth of the maximum. Some idea of the fray is gained from the recent despatches of the American consular officials in China. A specimen is as follows:

Shanghai: In two years American cottons have decreased over 60 per cent; British increased 50 per cent; Japanese from 30 per cent in some lines, to fifty-seven and one-half times original sales. The American flour trade is negligible; Shanghai mills have captured the trade in all the regions between Shanghai and Hongkong.

Newchwang (Manchuria): American cotton goods, previously found everywhere in Manchuria, have been replaced by Indian and Japanese.

Antung (Manchuria): American flour imports in 1908 were $305,127, in 1909 $73. The trade has been taken by Shanghai, Japanese, and Russian flour.

The consuls, on the other hand, report American flour making a good stand in the zone of Hongkong and southward. During the first six months of 1910 American kerosene conquered Sumatra oil in southern Manchuria. American oil is making a hard fight, showing an advance in quantity over last year of 29 per cent, but a decline in price of 12 per cent, a phenomenon due to the rate war now in progress between American oil interests and the oil producers of Russia, the Dutch Indies, and Japan. But in the best light of interpretation the Government's reports from China must be bitter reading for the captains of American industry and the friends of trade expansion in the Pacific.

THE DECLINE

The reasons for the decline of American trade with China are: first, that in all the more important lines, such as cottons, flour, and steel, sales and distributions are in the hands of foreigners and are left to shift for themselves; and, second, American trade receives no assistance from the American Nation.

The Government's agents constantly emphasize the decline in American goods handled by "middlemen." The bulk of American trade which is thus handled may be called promiscuous. Although in volume the most important, it was, and is, at the mercy of all assailants. While the American Government has not yet taken measures adequate to protect America's trade in the Pacific, economic and political measures of other nations have dealt it the severe blow now realized through the Government's reports. America's maritime competitors first wisely subsidized their ships and then the European capitalistic powers secured large loans in China by which large volumes of trade were controlled. This movement, led by Great Britain and France and imitated by Germany, rapidly developed at the end of 1908. The fever for financing Chinese development at this time reached an absurd pitch. Its excesses, shown by the following incidents, illuminate the trade war in China. All the great war-ship builders and the constructors of military armament were expensively represented in Peking, ready to finance and build navies and armament for the Chinese Empire. The writer recently encountered one of these representatives, a veteran European naval constructor, in a street in New York City, dodging vehicles at a late hour at night. It was during the visit to America of Prince Tsai-Hsun, head of the Chinese Naval Department, whom he, along with others, was following. He said that competition for battle-ships and guns in Peking had become as acute as the problem of crossing a street in New York, and that in following the Prince he had escaped the meanest level which trade warfare had yet reached there. There was a regular traffic in stolen plans and estimates carried on by Chinese who had come into possession of them and were using them for blackmailing purposes. Torpedo-boat designs and training-ship drawings were being offered for sale by Chinese servants to their foreign masters, and a charge of blackmail had been filed in London courts against a member of the British Municipal Council at Shanghai

for complicity in an alleged attempt to blackmail English ship-builders to the extent of $2,000 demanded by Chinese for the restoration of a written proposal to finance and build a Chinese navy. A Jew had turned up in Peking with a Chinese official whose services in securing battleship orders he offered to sell for fifteen hundred pounds!

But successful financing of Chinese development is largely confined to railways. Germany, however, made a large investment in general commerce, in which her efforts were more strenuous, perhaps, than those of any other Power. She minutely and efficiently organized the entire commercial field of China by extending her official system, and her traders made what is now admitted to be a successful conquest of the market through extensive credits, although through trade congestion at Tientsin and other places the Germans are reported to have lost about twelve million dollars. This has been such a serious burden to German enterprise in China that an effort was made to get the Chinese Government to take the responsibility for this debt, but without success. The struggle for the Far Eastern market shown by these exploits has doubtless been all that printed reports have represented it to be.

One of the recurring statements in the American official reports accompanying details of the decline in the American trade is as follows: "At the same time Japanese goods show large increases, British stationary, etc." Of all those countries whose commerce with China is outstripping our own, the commerce of Japan is the most interesting, since it is most elaborately supported by subsidies, loans, and official encouragement. The exact place of Japan in the commercial and industrial life of eastern Asia is not yet to be accurately known, but it is well for American industry to remember that Japan's development has exceeded the expectations of the Japanese Government; specifically speaking, of the "War Cabinet," which contained such men as Marquis Ito, Count Inouye, Count Katsura, and others. The opponents of this Cabinet at the close of the Russo-Japanese War professed to believe in a great industrial and commercial expansion. The results of this expansion have astonished the prophets. The American Government reports that Japan, with Manchurian coal, is successfully competing with the Chinese mines, and that Japanese flour-mills in Manchuria, financed by Government money loaned at four per cent, are meeting all competition. This touches the American flour trade, the losses in which are not compensated by the additional trade in American milling machinery extensively used in Manchuria. By the development of the Hokkaido and the Yalu River timber zones Japan also diminishes American timber export from the Pacific Coast. In 1907 the Japanese built certain kinds of rolling stock for the South Manchurian Railway of better finish and material at less cost than did American builders. Although Americans are great steel producers, Japan has even entered the war-ship competition. She built Prince Tsai-Hsun's naval yacht.

A great deal has been said in exaggeration of Japan's commercial importance, but her progress has some striking features. America has long had to accept terms laid down by Japan for shipping in the Pacific, as is shown by the long and painful record of losses on American Pacific liners. Japan built up a Bombay service that caused the British steamship lines to charge her with creating a monopoly of trade between India and the Far East. This was on account of the purchase of raw cotton and yarns in India by the Japanese cotton-spinners because of high prices of cotton in America, and the shipping of all cotton for Japan in Japanese steamers. But while India in her case lost only the carrying of the cotton, America, already deprived of the carrying trade, was also deprived of her cotton trade.

It is chiefly in cotton and mineral oils that American trade with China has declined. The falling off in cotton is attributed by the American Government to the fact that cotton production has recently been stimulated in China and that large quantities of cotton yarn were secured from India owing to the advances in the prices of American raw cotton. The latter reason is important because it relates to the rise of the Japanese cotton industries and Japanese invasion of the commerce and trade

of all nations in eastern Asia. Japan nationalized all important industries after the Russo-Japanese War by giving them official aid and direction. She extended ship subsidies, invested Imperial funds in industries, extended the State monopolies of salt, camphor, tobacco, and the railways, and carried the German system of Imperial aid to trade further than has Germany. October 14, 1908, the Emperor of Japan began stimulation of Japanese commerce and trade by an edict based on the wish "to share fully in the benefits of the general amelioration and improvement" in the world, and pointing out that the development of the national resources was necessary in order to keep pace with the constant progress of the world and to participate in the blessings of its civilization. The Japanese Throne in this manner met the problem of European and American competition and expansion in influence in eastern Asia—the most vital of Japan's problems, owing to her aspirations to a predominating influence in the Pacific. This rescript was characterized by Japanese critics as unsurpassed for simplicity, dignity, and weighty import by any document of similar historic importance, and made a profound impression on the Japanese conscience. It embraced, as a matter of fact, the whole national aspiration for expansion and prosperity.

The working out of this Imperial wish has been represented in its strongest colors by the former American Consul at Yokohama, Henry B. Miller. In dissecting the commercial anatomy of Japan he stated that every important industry of Japan was aided and developed largely by the Government. By the control of national finances, by the railways, which are state monopolies, and steamship lines under subsidies, combined with the manipulation of tariffs and rebates, the whole population of fifty millions of people of Japan practically could be concentrated by the Government behind any one industry or activity. Some of the interesting details given at that time were that the Japanese Imperial household owned the largest percentage of the capital stock of the greatest steamship companies, so that the Emperor and the Imperial family were in a way directors of the financial and industrial affairs of the country. The Government, on its part, owns control of the Bank of Japan and the Yokohama Specie Bank, by which the whole financial system is controlled. By setting aside a certain amount of money and investing it in leading enterprises practical encouragement is given to every important project; the silk and tea industries being thus encouraged, and practical aid given to the marketing of the products of Japanese industry. To extend commerce and trade the Japanese Government loans money to manufacturers at four per cent interest. Japan, therefore, with these formidable tools of commercial conquest, may be regarded as having made a formidable onslaught upon American trade in China in the lines of cottons, timber, flour, and kerosene, and as having practically dominated the carrying trade.

The time has not yet come, however, to warrant a fear by an awakened American commerce of Japanese destructive competition. It is not Japanese competition that has routed American trade in China. The cost of production in Japan has been steadily increasing, together with the cost of coal, labor, and commodities. Taxation advances and the taste for luxuries appears to be growing. Japan's economic level, now about that of southern Europe, is rising gradually to meet that of Great Britain and America, and soon the trade of Japan with the countries of the Pacific will be governed by the same stable laws of commerce that prevail in the Atlantic.

Japan will always be a formidable competitor of American trade in China, yet it will be seen by the facts in the American Government's reports that it is not Japan that has slaughtered American trade there. In the two items where the decline is noted by the American Government—namely, cotton and oil—India, Russia, and the Dutch Settlements have profited by nearly the whole of America's loss. In steel and machinery Great Britain, Germany, France, and Belgium have taken the trade. It is mainly in the control of industrial development in China by European capital that America has been defeated in the Chinese market since the Russo-Japanese War. Many reasons have been given for the decline of American exports to China by both American and foreign students; but the American Gov-

ernment has not been amiss in basing its unprecedented action of 1909 and 1910 for the preservation of the Eastern market for American trade upon the menace existing in the monopolizing of trade through foreign loans to China. It is the orders for steel and railway equipment that have augmented the export trade figures more than any other one thing. The equipping by American mills and shops of the Mukden-Antung military railway during the war was followed in 1907 by American equipment for the reorganized South Manchurian Railway. Here American steel exports to China practically stopped, although railway development in China has led all other development, and might have been promoted and exploited by America and the maximum trade record of 1905 surpassed. Russia stopped her steel and machinery orders, and both Russia and Japan are making their own locomotives and carriages or buying them in Europe. The railway market elsewhere in China has escaped American traders.

It may not be generally known that it is customary, in making loans to China, for the lenders to benefit by the expenditure of the money. In this way for three years China's orders for steel and railway machinery, mining machinery, arsenal equipments, woolen, cotton, and silk spinning and weaving machinery, leather-making and minting machinery, and also equipment for steel plants and iron works, have been placed in Europe. America has secured only a few orders for electrical supplies and for insignificant goods like fine printing materials, etc., given more in compliment and because the materials could not be obtained elsewhere than for any other reason. Those who have benefited by Chinese industrial development and by America's losses are the capitalistic nations of Europe. Recognizing this, the American Government, combining its influence with that of American financiers, for two years has been engaged in meeting those nations on the terms fixed by them, and an acute analysis of trade in the Pacific is being carried on in Washington.

In the world's greatest ocean, surrounded by the densest, most peaceable and industrial population, America, then, has, with the most industrious and largest homogeneous population and empire of the world, a trade of $15,500,000 per annum. These figures show that American trade with China has not kept pace with the increase of China's purchasing power and imports, and that in the general disaster to American trade America has principally suffered in those lines in which the American merchant is not on the ground to meet his opponents. From these facts it is evident that it is a fallacy to suppose that American goods will themselves find their way to the markets of China, as has been so often contended in Congress, and even among American financiers and traders.

CHINA'S ECONOMY

It has often been remarked how acute is the economy of China. Perhaps this is best illustrated to an American by the romance of the American kerosene-can, whose fragments, converted into lamps, pans, buckets, cups, and innumerable other utensils, are found, one may say, all over Asia. There is no story of commerce in eastern Asia that eclipses this unless it be the drama of the cartridge-boxes and other war missiles in Manchuria, not one of which, when found, has not served some commercial or utilitarian purpose. Even the bullets were mined from the hillsides by a people who convert every available substance to their peculiar uses. What a lesson to the American trader, against whom is lodged the complaint over and over, never by any one more than his own people, of wanting to sell to the Chinese, not what the Chinese want, but what the American trader wants them to want—the incongruous utensils of his own provincial economy! And still American industry claims that if it is possible for Americans to trade in China, American products will find their own market, and American trade, which will take care of itself, does not need any assistance.

Here is one way in which it is left to take care of itself: Some years ago a progressive Chinese agriculturist on the head-waters of the Amur River was so ill-advised as to invest about twenty-five thousand dollars in American farm machinery, most of which came from Spring-

field, Ohio, and was forwarded through the Philippines to northern Manchuria. The American forwarding house in the Philippines sent an American mechanic to install the machinery. The mechanic abused his trust, victimized the Chinese agriculturist, and, on account of his immorality and infidelity, came into conflict with the American authorities. Needless to say, the Chinese agriculturist was abandoned with his machinery, which thus became practically lost to him. One of the many lessons in this is that Chinese morals, commercial and otherwise, are probably a good deal higher on the Amur than are American morals in Manila. What will such practice avail against competition? America cannot expect longer to monopolize the farm-implement trade, which is being invaded by both Germany and Japan.

The prospect of actual American commercial defeat in the Pacific has been sufficiently real since the beginning of 1909 to inspire the American Government, for the first time, to exert its powers to arrest commercial rout there and turn it into advance. Perhaps the most important thing disclosed in the Government's reports, and evident to observers in China, is the fact that competition can be met and trade held and extended by the American trader on the field. The American oil trade has been extended in spite of Russian competition from the Black Sea, Dutch competition from the Indies, and Japanese competition. Just before the Russo-Japanese War the American sewing-machine trade began to be organized, and has grown. In 1907 the American tobacco trade was pushed into Korea and Manchuria, where it successfully met the opposition of the Japanese tobacco monopoly, a form of competition of the highest resistance. It was opposed in some cases with force, American tobacco advertisements being mutilated and destroyed in Dalny. American young men from North Carolina were, in 1908, to be found throughout Manchuria and the eighteen provinces, and might be met with in the remotest interior market towns and along China's ancient highways, posting advertisements, collecting trade information, and establishing distributing agencies. The most extensively organized of all foreign commercial enterprises in China is the British-American Tobacco Company, under American direction. The Standard Oil Company since the Russo-Japanese War has increased its distributing stations under its own name and management, so that no treaty port or trade mart of consequence is without its oil tanks. American harvesting machinery has crept up the Amur to Blagovestchensk, China's northernmost frontier, while on the south American flour and kerosene travel through Indo-China to Yunnan. There is no point reached by water or rail where American goods are not distributed in the Chinese Empire. American trade was among the first to participate in making Hankow, on the Yangtse River, a mart of direct export and import, and America now receives iron ore direct from that point.

Along with the American Government's announcement of a decline of nearly seventy-five per cent in the last five years in merchandise sold to China is proof that, in the lines of growth, success is due to the presence of the American trader on the ground to meet native conditions and the conditions of foreign competition. Fortunately, a few men have been found upholding American trade to the last in the Pacific where American enterprise has repeatedly failed through lack of support of united American industry and Government protection. The promoters of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and, later, men like James J. Hill and Edward H. Harriman, and others, have been left unsupported in great enterprises in the Pacific for the benefit of American industry. The American Government, however, under the present Administration, obviously does not intend that the markets of China shall be closed to American industry, and has promoted the investment of American money there as one of the surest means of securing the same profitable returns of trade that are secured by European nations by this process. Since 1909 America has signed with China loan agreements aggregating nearly $90,000,000. It may not be possible for nations like our own to stimulate industrial and trade expansion through patriotic channels as do the Japanese, but there is no doubt that our Government has learned a lesson from Japanese and Eu-

ropean enterprise in the matter of trade in China. In fact, in demanding its commercial rights no Power has gone further than did America at the time President Taft, in 1909, telegraphed direct to the Prince Regent of China with regard to American participation in the Hankow loan. President Taft, in supporting claims for ship subsidies and in his statesmanship in the Orient, has been in advance of the Nation, which even now reluctantly supports the Government's Far Eastern activity representing an effort to overtake the expansion and development of eastern Asia, in the appreciation of which Japanese and Europeans have outwitted us. American policy in eastern Asia inaugurated during the past two years to recover and extend trade and influence deserves as patriotic support from American industry and enterprise as the support which the Japanese people gave their national affairs in response to the Imperial rescript in October, 1908.

THE STORY OF DEFEAT

The decline of American trade in China from the time foreign trade began to recover after the Boxer war is shown in the following table:

1901	$18,200,000
1902	22,700,000
1903	15,000,000
1904	27,900,000
1905	58,600,000
1906	29,900,000
1907	23,100,000
1908	21,700,000
1909	19,600,000
1910	15,500,000

BUSINESS KNOWLEDGE

BY HERBERT G. STOCKWELL

This is the first of a series of articles dealing with business methods and the ethics of practical affairs. Other topics will be: Business Energy; Business Sentiment; Business Economy; and Business Reliability.—THE EDITORS.

A WEALTHY hat manufacturer who within the short period of twenty years has risen from the bench to a commanding position in his line of business, when asked to advise young men how to get on in business, said: "If I should select the rule most faithfully observed by me, it would be, '*Always keep your information account open.*'"

This somewhat whimsical remark is most expressive of the type of mind usually found at the head of a great business. Is it not curious that the men of large affairs are usually most eager for information? Small men are perfectly satisfied with what they know about their business, or, if not completely satisfied, allow themselves to become so immersed in the flood of routine daily details that their capacity for mental application to any subject not immediately pressing upon them is extremely limited.

When we read or hear about a man whose business visibly grows year by year, or one who is called to more and more important positions, we are apt to regard his success as being the result of some fortunate influence, or perhaps a lucky chance. Sometimes a feeling of envy takes possession of our hearts as we see our acquaintance rise in the business world. Why should he have been selected to receive the favors of fortune and we neglected, to remain on the lower plane? Why is it that we have never had an opportunity to change our office or employment for a better one? Without doubt there are some undersized examples of good fortune occupying positions of responsibility who have been pushed to the top through the assistance of family connections. Such men are able to hold purely nominal positions indefinitely; but let us look about us and see if we can point to a single example of a large enterprise—public, quasi-public, or private—which has been managed for any considerable time by a brainless product of fortunate circumstances.

The word "brains" is used in business

to indicate that mental ability which enables the possessor to grasp, analyze, and act upon facts before him. While the tendency to brains may be inherited by a man from his ancestors, mediately or immediately, the *actual* brains, in the sense in which the term is used in business, cannot be derived from any source other than attentive reading, instruction, and observation of facts and men.

It would be interesting, if it were possible, to gather together a hundred of the presidents of the great corporations in our country in one huge room and ask them to tell us how they acquired the ability to command the positions to which they have been exalted. Would not our stenographic notes of this mighty meeting form a complete university course in business instruction? By a hundred different routes these mighty powers have reached the council of business kings. While no two chapters in our thus completely formed business library would contain repetitions, excepting such as would be useful for emphasis, we could not fail to observe running all the way through each chapter and each book continuous evidence of an eager search for knowledge on the part of those whose struggles are thus recorded. The useful information or business knowledge acquired by each of these masters has not been scrambled or gathered in any "happy-go-lucky" or "hit-or-miss" way. We would be impressed with the thought that each advance from the bottom to the top has been carefully prepared by anticipated study and intense research.

Thoughtless inclination leads us to believe that business men pick up their education as they go along, much in the same manner as a traveler snatches a hasty lunch at a wayside station. Few of us would think of a business man as possessing an educated intellect. This attribute is generally assigned to men of prominence in the learned professions. Such are, admittedly, natural students. We expect to hear that they have burned the midnight oil. A business man, however, is mistakenly thought to have acquired his knowledge only by hard, practical, current knocks. Those who, through friendship or close business associations, possess an intimacy with the growing great men know their secret. They are convinced that these hundred presidents have applied themselves to the acquisition of knowledge with an earnestness not surpassed by any body of professors. They have been advanced from grade to grade because they have faithfully conned the lessons of the higher grade and have earned their right to promotion.

A little boy in his father's home was standing beside some visitors who were being shown various matters of interest in the house. The party had come to an old Civil War engraving illustrating a military camp of his father's regiment. Some of the soldiers were engaged in various outdoor games, while others were playing cards. All of the men shown in the engraving were plainly "off duty."

"Where is your father?" asked one of the visitors of the little boy, who proudly replied, after a moment's hesitation:

"In his tent, of course, studying how to be promoted."

One hundred presidents, before they became such, learned well the rudiments of their several callings, and more—they learned the duties of the position above them. Do you think that any of these men squirmed easily into their advancing offices? If any of them have roughly brushed their fellows aside to make room for their more rapid progress, that is a personal matter of morals. If they have seized the prizes a little too quickly, to the prejudice of others, they may have committed a moral wrong; but, mark you! the hard work of preparation for the increasing responsibility furnished an outfit against which no retarding movement would avail. Nothing could have prevented them from ultimately reaching the goal of their ambitions. Whether or not any of these men have come to regard that which they have done as wrong and subsequently striven to right it, so far as the world is concerned they are undeniably great; and they have achieved their positions of power by means of no magic—other than that of education.

Another curious thing which will be noted in a frank discussion by these men is that they will not acknowledge that they have yet finished their education. Select any one at random, and ask him what work he does outside of his business hours. It is too venturesome to say, in advance,

that the one man of the hundred whom you have selected as a test case will act as a spokesman for the entire party without dissent when he says that he is constantly reading and studying and discussing business. His mental pores are kept ever open, ready to absorb knowledge of anything pertaining to commerce in general and his own business in particular. He is assured that to go on he must keep constantly in touch with the ever-changing relations between his business and the aggregate of all business of a similar kind, so that matters may be adjusted to the better advantage of the particular enterprise which he commands.

Does a man who stays in small affairs engage his mind with such problems? Does the average man do anything tending to attract attention from those higher up? Does the average man try to raise himself above the average ability? No. He remains on the lower rungs of the ladder; and his position is stationary because he is wholly occupied in holding on to his present place.

Clerks in offices, banks, and stores complain that their living expenses are ever increasing while their incomes remain unchanged. What do they do to earn an increased income? If they perform their duties faithfully and well and exhibit themselves to their proprietors as good clerks, good clerks they will remain. Few business men will remove a man from a position which he is filling acceptably for the mere purpose of experimenting with him in some other place. Why should they? The clerk who is doing his duty faithfully and well, and nothing more than his duty, will never be arbitrarily removed to the higher office. That would be against the best interests of the proprietor.

Here and there is a man who has his eyes open to the great truth that the possession of knowledge takes a man out of the ordinary and puts him above the average; and he knows that a man must be above the average to rise. Such clerks study how to be promoted.

Proprietors of small business affairs frequently feel that the larger concerns are gradually driving them out of business. It is undoubtedly true that in some cases the development of an industry into a huge corporation tends to narrow the field of the smaller man producing similar goods; but in many cases where the large combinations have endeavored to crush out the small rival the big ship has unexpectedly struck a snag. The giant has met the thoroughly equipped youth.

There is in New York a man who manufactures a product ninety per cent of which is controlled by a trust. This independent, though pressed, will not join the consolidation, and time after time efforts have been made to dislodge him from his trade. He manufactures an article with a brand that has become known among a certain class of people who will accept no substitute. He is alert and vigorous, watching, studying, to counteract a subtle move by the giant corporation. Now the big men realize that, with all their capital, they have met an equal. He has been offered an exalted position and a price for his business over and above its real worth as an income producer, because he is equipped and ready to meet any man they have in the great organization face to face on a level of ability.

When a business man finds himself being crowded by competition, fair or unfair, the hard condition, instead of discouraging him, should operate to stimulate an increase in his brain capital that the deficiency in money capital may be completely offset.

Those who look about them with the light of intelligence in their eyes know that the men who are going forward are *students* in their business. Each has his own private university course mapped out from the beginning. Every opportunity to increase his business and reduce the expense of obtaining and despatching it finds him ready to appropriate the advantage. He is always prepared. His knowledge of business and all that pertains to it is acquired by much hard work in fields not bounded by his own purchases and sales.

He becomes known among his business friends generally, and among his competitors particularly, as a man of distinction in his line of business. He is an acknowledged peer. If combinations or consolidations or reorganizations of the industry in which he is engaged be under way, it is recognized that this peer must be consulted. He cannot be left out of account. If he is not treated with due considera-

tion, he may completely checkmate the best-planned move. The man *who knows his business* is armor-clad. No power can successfully assail him. When foes call upon him to surrender, he is ready with the famous response to the effect that he "has only begun to fight."

Men fail because they do not know their business. What game is there that a man can play successfully without understanding it? What athletic contest is there that a man can enter with any reasonable hope of success without intense preparation? Open, notorious defeats of this kind are ridiculed. These men should have known better. They ought to have been trained. But it may take years for a man to fail in business. He may be able to conceal his inability for an indefinite period.

Many even land in the bankruptcy court because they have not given proper attention to their information account. Yards upon yards upon yards of stenographic reports of examinations of bankrupts form a continuous journal of confessions, proving the truth of this thought. Many of these manufacturers honestly believe themselves masters in the art of producing certain articles, but the records are against them. Some weakness, some lack of knowledge, some incorrect information, opened a seam; and, as a natural consequence, the ship sank into deep waters. Sometimes these failures furnished to the unfortunate business men the needed lesson that pointed the way to a better understanding of their business.

What confidence is reposed in a man who inspires us with his business ability even before he performs the act of service contemplated! While we are yet negotiating with him we are influenced by his utterances, for we feel sure that they come straight from the center of the magic circle of knowledge. This man has been initiated. He knows!

The beauty of this principle of business knowledge is that every man and woman may have it if they will study their business from the bottom up. While few rise to the top, the others are not arbitrarily kept down. The key is in the possession of every man and woman. That only a few open the door to the golden treasury is merely another way of saying that only a few have sufficient ambition. All desire it, of course. They want it; but they do not want it or desire it enough.

The man behind the counter or the desk or in command of a business finds little time for reading during business hours. The daily business in hand occupies his time fully, but his opportunities for study of *men* and *facts* are constantly hovering around him during the course of the hour, the day, the year.

One has but to open his intelligence to see the business knowledge ever present, awaiting only his sincere call. Sincerity of purpose will point to the occupation of much of his spare time in reading newspapers, trade and other magazines and books, all carefully selected to meet his particular wants.

What a difference there is in the information gathered from the same sources by different men! In reading, how many of us among a thousand extract other than the surface meaning of the things written on the printed page? To a few the message conveyed may be of deep significance. Many acts or spoken words, appearing in the black type before us, carry swiftly to the mind of the searcher information which may have no connection whatever with the article containing the particular acts or words recorded.

The business student, as distinguished from the casual reader, eagerly searches for principles rather than mere facts. Many facts must be memorized, of course, but the master mind will endeavor to solve the underlying principles, feeling sure that once in possession of the understanding of the rules governing matters of business, he will be able to understand any set of facts presented to him. Furthermore, a complete knowledge of principles enables one materially to adjust facts in the making. It would be interesting, if possible, to outline the various sources of information which a man should consult outside of his ordinary daily employment, but it will be remembered that our hundred presidents have come to their present educated positions through different routes.

There is no "five-foot library" for the business man. Help can be given by the friend who has studied the principles underlying all business transactions, but each

reference library must be selected to fit exactly the requirements of the business student. With the definite object of equipping his mind to more important fields of activity and emoluments, the business man will carefully and deliberately seek to extract the essentials of business by the most economical and practical methods from the unlimited sources at hand.

THE DUTY OF IMITATION

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

ONCE when I was chatting with Rudyard Kipling about the principles of literary art, I chanced to tell him that I had pointed out to a class of college students the several masters of story-telling in whose footsteps he had trod and by whose examples he had obviously profited. He smiled pleasantly and then slyly drawled out, "Why give it away? Why not let them think it was just genius?"

This was a shrewd retort. The craftsman himself, in whatsoever art he may be laboring, is always intensely interested in its technic, in its traditions, and in its processes. But the public he is addressing has a positive distaste for being taken into the workshop and for having its attention called to the scattered chips. It prefers to believe that the masterpiece it blindly admires is the result of intangible and inexplicable genius. It likes to look upon the artist as a magician, as a wonder-worker; and it is inclined to resent any disclosure of the hidden means whereby he has wrought his marvels. Whenever the rest of us are allowed a glimpse, however fleeting, into the studio or the laboratory, whenever the successive stages of the making of a masterpiece are laid bare before our eyes, the mystery of its creation is torn away, and as a result its reputation is instantly lowered.

Moore dealt a sad blow to the fame of Richard Brinsley Sheridan when he printed the tentative drafts of the "School for Scandal" and revealed the varied hesitations which had accompanied the composition of that brilliant comedy. Poe disenchanted a host of his admirers when he published the "Philosophy of Composition" and proclaimed aloud the motives and the methods whereby he had achieved the haunting melancholy of "The Raven." The celebrity of Shakespeare and of Molière is the more solidly established with the public at large because neither of them ever rent the veil which shrouded from vulgar gaze the secret of their supreme achievements. They abide our question; but they proffer no clues for its solution. We are left guessing as to the exciting cause of this tragedy or of that comedy; we may assure ourselves, if we choose, that infinite pains went to its making, but none the less does the work itself stand forth in its simple perfection, not narrowed in our gaze by any commentary of its author. It is what it is, and we can read into it whatever we please, since we can surmise the intent only by the result. Shakespeare and Molière may have builded better than they knew; but as to this they have made no confession, and we are reduced to conjecture only. If their art cannot always conceal itself absolutely, at least it avoids all overt self-revelation.

Stevenson was a little like Poe in his fondness for talking about himself and in his abiding interest in analyzing the arduous problems of style and of structure and the hidden principles of honest narrative. Perhaps there is no more characteristic passage in all his writings—and certainly there is none more illuminating—than that in which he described his own apprenticeship to the art of letters. It is in his delightfully personal paper on "An Old College Magazine" (in which he went back joyfully to his undergraduate days at Edinburgh) that he made his significant record of his own stylistic experiments: "I kept always two books in my pocket,

one to read and one to write in. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was some conspicuous force or happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful and knew it. I tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain hours I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony and construction and co-ordination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and Obermann." Then he added that one essay of his composed at first in imitation of Hazlitt had been rewritten in imitation of Ruskin, only to emerge again and at last as an imitation of Sir Thomas Browne.

To this frank avowal Stevenson appended the moral, "That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write." And he adduced in proof that "it was so Keats learned, and there never was a finer temperament;" so also Montaigne and Burns learned, and "Shakespeare himself, the imperial." The moral Stevenson drew has been rejected by not a few youthful critics who have never put themselves through this severe gymnastic; they have scoffed both at his precept and at its result in his own practice. His style has been described as "dextrous, wonderful, fascinating," an "exquisitely elaborated piece of mosaic, but too self-conscious to be called good architecture."

But even if this assault on Stevenson's practice might be accepted, it would not invalidate his precept. Newman's style is not open to any of the exceptions which may be urged against Stevenson's; it is not a self-conscious piece of mosaic; it is "good architecture." And in his "Idea of a University" Newman had already declared the principle which Stevenson was to reaffirm; and he had already confessed that he too had played the sedulous ape. He asserted that there were certain masters of literature whose style "forcibly arrests the reader and draws him on to imitate it, by virtue of what is excellent in it, in spite of such defects as, in common with all human works, it may contain. I suppose all of us will recognize this fascination." Then comes the avowal which is so curiously akin to Stevenson's. "For myself, when I was fourteen to fifteen, I imitated Addison; when I was seventeen I wrote in the style of Johnson; about the same time I fell in with the twelfth volume of Gibbon, and my ears rang with the cadence of his sentences, and I dreamed of it for a night or two. Then I began to make an analysis of Thucydides in Gibbon's style."

We may go even further back and find the confession of Newman and of Stevenson anticipated by Franklin, who has recorded in his "Autobiography" how he in his time had played the sedulous ape to Steele and Addison, dissecting the essays of the stray volume of the "Spectator" which had fallen into his hands, and combining again the fragments in the untiring effort to surprise the secret of their easy clarity. But there is no need to multiply examples. Of a truth "that is the way to learn to write," to study in the workshop of the masters and to seek to use their tools as best we can.

It is not style only which can be acquired by this method but structure also, the larger framework of an essay, or of a novel, or of a play, or of a history. The "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" would never have come into being if Poe and Hawthorne had not pointed out the path to its narrator; and David Balfour would not have been able to risk his many unexpected experiences if the heroes of Defoe and Scott and Dumas had not already gone in quest of adventure. It is thus that the novice can teach himself to say what he has to say, how to digest his material, how to shape it for the public eye, how to present it to the best advantage. He must learn this difficult art from many masters in turn, absorbing the processes of each of them, assimilating their methods, and finding out at last how to be himself.

Of course he must not linger too long at the feet of any of his instructors, or he will run the risk of being a copyist only. If he does that, he will take over the faults of his model rather than the merits, since these are more easily caught. There is safety in numbers, when each of the teachers serves as a corrective of the

others, until the 'prentice artist comes into an originality of his own, compounded of many simples. As Gounod once wrote to a friend: "Don't listen to those who tell you not to imitate the masters; that is not true. You must not imitate one, but all of them. You can become a master yourself only on condition that you are akin to the best." And Legouvé said the same thing—"The only way not to copy anybody is to study everybody."

This is the advice of the wise critics as well as of the wise artists. Quintillian laid down the law long ago: "A great portion of art consists in imitation, since though to invent was first in order of time, and holds the first place in merit, yet it is of advantage to imitate what has been invented with success." Ben Jonson was as emphatic in urging the duty of imitation as Sir Joshua Reynolds was to be. And only a little while ago Brunetière repeated forcibly the counsel of these elders: "We begin by imitating our models or our masters; and we can do nothing better, for if we are unwilling to imitate or to follow anybody, life would be over before we could get to work, and it is well also that every generation should continue its predecessor."

This last remark is specially suggestive. No one of us should renounce the heritage of the ages, and no one of us could, if he would. We cannot help being our own contemporaries who are all continuing our predecessors, consciously or unconsciously. The beginner must imitate somebody, since no art can be born again for his own benefit. And if this could be, it would not be for his benefit, but for his perdition. The primitives belong in their own period, and they have their own appeal; but they are out of place to-day, and even if any of us wanted to vie with them, it is out of his power to turn back the hands of the clock.

The beginner cannot make a fresh start for himself and deny himself the advantage of what has already been accomplished in his art. If he renounces the privilege of threading the narrow paths trodden by three or four of the most important and most individual of those who have carried the torch ahead, he must perforce walk in the broad road tramped by the less important and the less individual. He has to choose whether he will seek to follow the real leaders or be satisfied with the uninspired methods of the common herd who struggle aimlessly in the rear. When the conceit of immaturity prompts an ambitious youngster to the vain vaunt that he has not read the salient works of the great men, he is at once confronted by a dilemma—either he has read the minor writings of the lesser men, or else he has read nothing at all. Imitation of some sort there must be. Why not get the best? And why seek prematurely for sharp originality, since that can be achieved in time only by the riper development of the artist's own personality. It is not by early audacities that a young man can affirm himself, but only by a patient acquisition of the traditional methods which are the slow accumulation of inherited experience. As a French critic recently put it succinctly: "If you begin by the end, you are in danger of ending by the beginning; and if early works that are labored do not imply future mastery, early works that are masterly are the manifestation of an artist without personality."

The artist can be individual, he can have an accent of his own, he can separate himself from his fellows, only as his own personality manifests itself, which it is not apt to do in youth, and which it cannot do until the artist has learned his trade. Only by imitation can he acquire it; and imitation is therefore his duty—independent imitation, and not slavish copying. "It is a necessary and warrantable pride to disclaim to walk servilely behind any individual, however elevated his rank," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his customary common sense. "The true and liberal ground of imitation is an open field; where, though he who precedes has had the advantage of starting before you, you may always purpose to overtake him; it is enough, however, to pursue his course; you need not tread in his footsteps, and you certainly have a right to outstrip him if you can."

Since true originality is the expression of one's own personality, it cannot wisely be sought for deliberately. It will reveal itself when it exists, and it cannot be forced. It must mature of its own accord. No man can, by taking thought, make an

originality for himself. Lowell was as shrewd as usual when he asserted that "if a poet resolve to be original, it will end commonly in his being peculiar." And even the youngest of poets ought to be able to seize the difference between originality and peculiarity. It was not by straining for peculiarity that Milton made himself one of the most original of English poets, but by loving imitation of that one of his predecessors whom he most admired. "Milton was the poetical son of Spenser," so Dryden declared; "for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families." Then he added his direct testimony: "Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original." Though Milton chose to confess the imitation of Spenser, it is easy for us to perceive now that he had also not a few other originals before him—Sophocles and Virgil, Dante and Shakespeare. As Stevenson said in his own confession: "Perhaps I hear some one cry out: 'But this is not the way to be original!' It is not; nor is there any way but to be born so. Nor yet, if you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of your originality."

No authors have ultimately attained to a truer originality than Shakespeare and Molière, an originality both of form and of content. Shakespeare was able to give us at last the final model of modern tragedy, and Molière succeeded in perfecting the final model of modern comedy. If they had indulged in the delightful amusement of talking about themselves, they would both have avowed unhesitatingly that they also had been sedulous apes in their youthful years of authorship when they were cautiously feeling their way and before they had come into their own. Molière's earliest pieces are so closely in accord with the tradition of the Italian comedy of masks that the "Étourdi," for example, might be held up for study as the finest specimen of this species. The Italians supplied him with a ready-made mold into which he could pour whatever he had of his own.

Shakespeare started out also as a humble imitator, not of an exotic form such as tempted Molière, but of several specific predecessors in his own language. He was glaringly unoriginal in his early pieces, even in "Love's Labor's Lost," almost the only play of his the actual source of which has not yet been discovered. In "Love's Labor's Lost" he was imitating Lyly; in "Titus Andronicus" he was imitating Kyd; in "Richard II" he was imitating Marlowe. At first he played their game; they were his teachers then, although he was soon able to beat them at it. In these 'prentice plays there is to be detected very little of his individuality, and we can catch in them only a faint premonition of the richer Shakespearean accent which was in time to characterize all that he put his hand to. They are not yet marked boldly with his image and superscription. They are the trial essays of a clever and ambitious young fellow, experimental and almost empty when compared with the certainty and the fullness of his riper works after he had found himself, after he had come into his own, and after he had amply developed his originality. And it was by the imitation of Kyd and Marlowe that he taught himself how to tell a story on the stage. When his hour came, he was ready to do loftier things than they had ever dared; but it was only by the aid of the weapons that he had wrested from their hands that he was able to vanquish them.

Brunetière, to whom we owe the first serious attempt to study the evolution of the several literary species, comedy and tragedy, the novel and the lyric, maintained that these types were transmitted by direct imitation, and that they were modified by deliberate refusal to imitate. Whereas Regnard and Marivaux and Beaumarchais continued the comedy of Molière, each of them adapting the tradition to his own need of self-expression, Racine willfully reacted against the influence of Corneille and sought to make tragedy in certain of its manifestations exactly the opposite of what it had been in the hands of his mighty predecessor. So we can discern one explanation for the rigid skeleton of Ben Jonson's tragedies in his desire to depart from the looser Shakespearean formula; he was subject to its influence as fully as if he had accepted it instead of rejecting it violently. Racine and Jonson refused to do what their older contemporaries had been wont to do.

Indeed, they insisted on doing the very opposite of that. And, although this may seem like a denial of imitation, it is only another application of the principle.

Very few attempts have been made to trace the long evolution of any single literary species in the whole course of English literature in both its branches, British and American; and quite the best of them is the admirable history of English tragedy for which we are indebted to Professor Thorndike. It is significant that his investigations have led him to a conclusion almost the same as Brunetière's. In his final chapter he calls attention to "the extraordinary force that imitation has exercised in the creation of tragedy. It seems, indeed, the generating power. Men are forever imitating, but they cannot imitate without change. In these changes, the variations due to environment—personal, theatrical, literary, social—arise the individual peculiarities, the beginnings of new species, the element of growth. . . . Destroy the faculty of imitation, and the generation of new forms would seem to be well-nigh impossible."

If this assertion is well founded—and the more we study literary evolution the less likely we are to dispute it—then imitation is not only the solid foundation for an ample development of any art, it is also the strict duty of every artist in the formative period of his career.

AN INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY MISSION TO CHINA

BY THE REV. LORD WILLIAM GASCOYNE-CECIL

Gascoyne is the family name of the Marquess of Salisbury. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil is the second son of Lord Salisbury, the late Prime Minister of England. He is a graduate of University College, Oxford, is Rector of Bishops Hatfield and Rural Dean of Hertford. He is also the author of an admirable book on China, published last year, entitled "Changing China." He writes out of knowledge at first hand, for he has visited China several times. As the result of his visits there, he has become convinced that there is need of a great central university at Hankow. This university, in his opinion, ought to be undenominational, with a central body of professors; but it should have grouped about it halls of residence, or "hostels," devoted to the object of supplying places of residence for the students and necessary discipline and supervision, and maintained by the various missions. The plan has the hearty and enthusiastic support of such representative men as Sir Robert Hart, for many years the head of Chinese Imperial Customs; Bishop Roots, of the American Episcopal Mission; Sir Ernest Satow, late British Minister to China; and the Faculty of the Yale Mission College in Changsha.—THE EDITORS.

WE are face to face with one of those changes in the condition of the world the effect of which it is not very easy to exaggerate. Hitherto the rule of the white man and Western civilization have been conterminous, and although Western civilization has been inspired by a religion of Asiatic origin, it has been possible hitherto to the white man alone. The Asiatic has approached it, and, as in India, has been in close contact with it, but has, for various reasons, been unable to assimilate it. He has even been repelled by it. So the East has always remained the sleepy, stationary East, while the West, under the inspiring influence of Western civilization, has progressed and changed, and has advanced in wealth, in comfort, in power. Gradually a vital change in these conditions has been unfolded. The most recluse and exclusive nation in the East, Japan, has put aside her philosophy, her culture, her completely Eastern civilization, and has accepted Western civilization; not only has accepted it, but has so understood it, so mastered it, that in meeting in warfare one of the greatest of the Western races, Russia, she has defeated and humiliated her as much by Western military art as by

her national courage and prowess. Japan's defeat of Russia was not the victory of the East over the West, but of the West over the East, for by that victory she has convinced every Eastern nation both of the possibility of an Eastern nation's accepting Western civilization and of the good results that will certainly follow. As the story of the defeat of Russia is told in the bazaars of India, or in the streets of Constantinople, or in the Chinese tea-shops, the truth bursts in on the Oriental mind that the acceptance of Western civilization is a possibility for these countries too. But if this victory has affected Turkey and India, it has in a greater degree affected China. China was the unwilling spectator of the titanic conflict, a province of China was actually the scene of that struggle, and China has realized the lessons of the victory. China, therefore, has turned her eyes to the West, and one of the most momentous changes in the history of the world is developing before our eyes, namely, the acceptance by the Chinese of the civilization of the West. Four hundred millions of population—more than a fourth of the total of humanity—will be added to the world which describes itself by the epithet Western.

America has had a large share in causing this movement, both directly and indirectly: directly by sending out to the mission field some of the finest of her sons, who have preached the cause of Christianity with eloquence and commended it by self-sacrifice; indirectly by being largely instrumental in making that change in the opinion of Japan which has so powerfully influenced China. Japan's success has had the effect that all success has: it has produced imitators of her methods. Japan was the land of mystery, and, ignorant of the progress of the West, was at the mercy of the weakest of Western nations. Japan is now, after the defeat of Russia, a world power before whose armed might the haughtiest of Western nations has had to yield. Can any one wonder that China, looking at Japan, has determined to follow in her steps and tread the same path that has led Japan to victory? For, after all, what is Japan compared to China?—a small country, a tiny country, one which has but an eighth part or less of her population. Yet what is China compared to Japan in the eyes of the world?. China is powerless and Japan is powerful; China cannot even secure her own territory from invasion, while Japan is able to invade the territory of others.

Can you wonder that China is daily saying, "I must follow in the footsteps of Japan," and therefore is trying hard to acquire the Western knowledge which has made Japan so great? This is the great fact which meets the world. The world may be ignorant, the world may be indifferent, but facts are facts, and facts prove stubborn things.

Of course this is not yet an accomplished fact. Even now the great mass of toiling, hard-working, non-thinking China is absolutely Chinese. Even now the old conservative Chinese gentleman is Chinese. But the young men, the thinking men, the coming men, are no longer learned only in Chinese lore and Chinese culture. These have turned to the West and have tried to learn the great learning of the West, after the example of the Japanese. They have sent their sons to Tokyo, and they have done more. They have sent their sons to the Western universities. Already Chinese students in America may be numbered by the hundreds.

It is hard for an American to realize what a sacrifice this means. Living is cheap in China. A ten-cent piece brings as much to the Chinese as the dollar does to the American.

Multiply the cost tenfold, and then think what it would mean to send your child to China to receive an education, and you have some idea of what China, either through her provincial governments or through private individuals, is paying for Western education. America has indeed been forward in welcoming the sons of China to her universities; nay, she has done more—she has sent some of the ablest of her sons to educate the Chinese. No one who has seen the splendid educational institutions raised by Americans in China will doubt that America has been China's greatest friend in this matter.

From Canton in the far south to Peking in the north you will find these splendid monuments of America's generosity and of her faithfulness to the highest ideals of education and of religion. I

recall an evening walk in that hot and crowded city of Canton, and the sense of peace that came over us as we passed from the noise and smell to the supreme quiet of the Presbyterian College, and of the hospital where women learn to give their sisters the help and comfort of Western medicine.

And again I recall that wonderful work which President Hawks Pott is doing near Shanghai, where he is training boys who will afterwards prove to be the guides of their fatherland.

Or again, President Anderson's work at Suchow, where he is molding the young men of that district to be wise and prudent leaders of the people.

Or, again, the great work that the Methodists and Christians are carrying on at Nanking. Boone College, Wuchang, again, under President Jackson, adorns China with knowledge and America with a reputation for being the nation that encourages enlightenment.

President Lowry, in Peking, is a fit representative in the capital of China of the zeal and energy of the Methodist educator. While the Nestor among educators, Professor Martin, is no longer able to stand in the forefront of the educational world, still by his wisdom he encourages those on whom the burden of the day now rests.

Professor Sheffield shows at Tungchow the best example of that which we should all desire—co-operation in educational work.

But why should I fill your pages with examples of American zeal for education in China, when the whole world knows how Yale, in the face of persecution, has most ably maintained its cause, at infinite risk, in Changsha? America has indeed done nobly, yet it would be idle to pretend that enough, or anything like enough, has been done.

After all, it is but the fringe of this subject that she has touched, and, if the work is to be of lasting benefit to China, much more remains to be done.

China is wandering and groping about her, but she has found at present neither educational nor spiritual light. I had the privilege of visiting many schools in China under the national authorities, and I never saw anything that showed that China had yet attained what she sought. The effect left on my mind by what I saw was that of a huge blind being seeking for and craving the light, yet unable to find what she sought.

After my first visit to China I put these matters before some friends at Oxford and Cambridge, only to find that they were but too thoroughly alive to the whole difficulties of the problem—for there are many difficulties—and yet were most desirous of doing what they could to help China in her need. They appointed committees who examined and discussed the whole situation, and asked information from every one whom they thought would be able to give it. The plan that seemed to commend itself was that they should take the lead in founding an establishment for higher education, or a university which should focus all the disjointed and isolated efforts that are being made towards education; that it should not supplant, so much as support, work that was already established.

Two facts emerged from the very first; namely, that the splendid work that the missionaries have done in the past and the great hold they have on the sympathies of the men who are forming "Young China" entitle them to receive, even if they do not compel the home universities to give, every consideration. The second view was somewhat similar; namely, that without co-operation between those interested in education no efficient work can be done. With these two views before them, the following scheme was evolved. First, that the university should be provided on a dual basis in which the position which the missionary bodies have attained should be frankly recognized. Second, that educational matters should be controlled by educators. The final plan evolved was that a university should be founded which should consist of a central institution which should teach but not lodge its pupils, and, second, of hostels or colleges which should lodge, feed, and control the students and also give them religious teachings.

In some ways the constitution of the university would resemble that of the United States. The university would represent the Federal body, while the individual States would be represented by

the hostels or colleges. The colleges would be self-governing, and would as a rule be controlled by some missionary or other body which had educational interest in China.

In every way it is hoped that the moral influence of sincere men would be brought to bear on boys during the most impressionable period of their lives, and that boyhood should not receive that which is most dangerous to all youth, a confused idea of right and wrong.

The same missionary body, for instance, which had hitherto trained and tended the boy would still lead him while he trod the paths of higher knowledge.

We know even in the West how often the sudden rush of great ideas and wide views on the sensitive intellect brought up in beautiful but narrow surroundings has, instead of a beneficial, a pernicious effect. The narrow view is widened too roughly, the great ideas tend not to illuminate but to darken, with the result that the greatness of human knowledge produces a pessimist who can believe only in things material. But with the Chinaman the effect is far more extreme. His original ideas of right and wrong have been shaken by Western knowledge. Western knowledge and Western civilization are too often destructive and not constructive. They remove all the old moral landmarks, and, unless great trouble is taken, leave man in the desert of life without anything to guide him through its dangers. The great function of the hostels would be to build up character; they would therefore seek not only to preserve that which was good in the Chinese ethics, but, where destruction in the ethics is inevitable, they would try to replace it by ethics founded upon Christianity. It would be the primary duty of the hostel to teach religion as the foundation of all character. And, in pursuance of this aim, the hostels would be encouraged to found the preceptorial system, a system which is also very beneficial in securing thoroughness in intellectual culture.

On the other hand, the university would abstain from giving any religious teaching, though all its teaching would be absolutely sympathetic with the missionary work. In fact, the whole faculty would be in full sympathy with missionary ideals. The university would teach knowledge from a Christian, but a non-sectarian, point of view, while it is hoped that the greater bulk of the hostels would be denominational. The university would be furnished with all that expensive apparatus which is at the present time necessary to understand the most advanced science, with laboratories and libraries and so on.

I understand that the educators of America have received the idea favorably, and that they will appoint a committee, as representative of the leading educational opinion as that which represents the English universities, to negotiate with them as to the appointment of a Board of Governors and Trustees to be the alternate controlling body. It is not, of course, suggested that the direction of the university should be in the home lands. The Home Board would appoint a Committee of Management to represent them on the spot. For no university for China can ever really serve China unless it is directed in China.

And here I may say that this university is not to be an alien but a national institution. From the first Chinese are to be associated with its management, and, when China develops professors of equal learning to the educators of the West, it is intended that the West shall yield to the East and the staff shall become Chinese.

Before any action was taken this scheme was submitted to the mission bodies in China. It was put before them in Peking and Hankow, in Nanking and in Shanghai, and was in all cases welcomed. Subsequently the Home Boards both in America and in England were asked, and again the answer was satisfactory. I think I may say that the three points that attracted the mission bodies were, first, that no missionary body is to be asked to sacrifice convictions in this matter. Much as the mission bodies long for union work and co-operation, many have been deterred from taking any active steps by a fear that co-operation must be dearly purchased at the price of sincerity. Many feel that they cannot conscientiously agree with the teaching of their brother missionaries, and yet to express that disagreement to their pupils would be to render all union work inefficient, for nothing is so fatal to the usefulness of a teacher as to

have his authority shaken by the suggestion that the pupil must not always agree with him. If, on the other hand, the missionary keeps silence and refuses to disclose to his pupil his real views on some doctrinal subject, the result must be an atmosphere of insincerity. And therefore many a missionary has said, Much as I long to co-operate, I cannot, at the price of sincerity. But in the suggested university the missionaries will not be asked to make any such sacrifice. Each hostel will definitely belong to a mission body, which will have complete control over the teaching given in that hostel.

The second point that attracted the mission body was that their funds would be relieved from the heavy burden that has been put upon them by an educational policy. Every mission body now finds itself cramped and confined for money. Nothing has so burdened them as the task of providing not only the building but the apparatus that is necessary for modern educational work. It has seemed to all incongruous that the subscriptions that are given, very likely by those who can ill afford them, for the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ are, in the end, devoted to the purchase of a machine to demonstrate some new law of electricity. But this is avoided by dividing the scope of action of the university from that of the hostel. The university would pay for all that was primarily educational, and would appeal for support, not to the missionary, but to the educational world, and thus the mission bodies would be relieved of this burden. They must, of course, in return expect that the educational matters will be controlled by educationalists.

The third point that attracted the mission bodies was, no doubt, the old one—the one which attracts all Christians, and yet seems so far off—the opportunity of co-operating with their brother Christians. I suppose there is no one who has not had a feeling of shame that Christians should be unable to co-operate with one another. When we see that labor can co-operate to form vast trade unions, and that capital can co-operate in the shape of huge trusts; when we learn that the civil history of the world has been the history of the increasing power of co-operation, from the family to the sept, from the sept to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation, from the nation to the empire, we turn—yes, I repeat it—with a feeling of shame to the Christian world, and long that Christians might develop some similar power of co-operation which has made mankind efficient in other spheres of activity. This is possible if the two main lines of this scheme are kept firmly in view—namely, that the university shall be essentially an educational body, controlled by educators in sympathy with Christianity, and whose desire it is to assist, not to hinder, the wonderful work the missionaries are doing; and that the hostels, on the other hand, shall be controlled by missionaries or by other bodies whose object it shall be to transmit to the Chinese the great traditions of the West which are undoubtedly founded upon Christianity, and which therefore in most cases must be taught by those who have a sincere faith in Christianity. Though most hostels should be controlled by missionary bodies, it would be unwise, for a variety of reasons, to make this rule one without exception. Bodies similar to the Yale Mission would be heartily welcomed, and other bodies might wish to have a hostel whose influence would be doubtless beneficial, and yet who would not be in any sense a missionary body.

We Christians who are convinced of the power of our religion are inclined to be fearless in this matter. We do not tremble at the suggestion that those who are not Christians may come to the university; we welcome them, for we are convinced that, if only those who do not believe are brought into contact with the beautiful lives and true faith of sincere and earnest Christians, the tendency will be, not that Christians will desert their faith, but that those who disbelieve will accept Christianity. The bold Christian speaks without fear; we have conquered in the past, and we will win in the future. We need no fortifications to protect ourselves in the battle of life; it is the warrior who fears and who knows he is the weakest that skulks behind the defending wall. The conqueror asks for a fair field and no favor.

Numbers would come to this university as unbelievers, probably as hostile to Christianity; many a Saul would be

among their number; but as they realized the beauty and power of Christianity, as it was shown forth by the saintly life of a missionary in the pure atmosphere of a Christian hostel, the vision of the Damascus road would come to many, and from the Church's greatest persecutors would arise her most mighty defenders.

THE NEW BOOKS

Mr. Will H. Low is both artist and critic. This dual capacity is well disclosed in Mr. Low's latest publication, "A Painter's Progress." If a critic is also an artist, he speaks—especially to his brother artists—with an impact absent for the most part from the opinions of one who is not an active artist, no matter what his intellectual equipment may be. Certainly in Mr. Low's pages we breathe the atmosphere of a creatively artistic temperament. It could never be content with mere criticism; it has accomplished and is accomplishing notable achievements. Mr. Low's quality, partly intuitive, partly intellectual, would vitalize a mass of ductile clay or the three primary colors. When such a man describes the art instinct's awakening, we ought to sit up and take notice. In this little book Mr. Low does so describe it. He looks backward over his life. Deeming himself a fairly typical artist, he tells us about the first manifestations of the art instinct in a typical American city, about his student experiences in Europe, about the growth of our art during the past three decades. He records his life only in so far as it may illuminate what he has to say concerning the past and present record of art in America and Europe. Thus we have at once instructive data and suggestive commentary, accentuated by many a personal reminiscence drawn "from personal encounter with existing conditions." Surely such a book will have wide appeal. In our opinion it has but one very grave fault—there is not enough of it. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

The third volume in the series of "Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino" carries on her recollections from 1841 to 1850, a period when she was not especially active in political or social life. Her uncle, M. de Talleyrand, was dead, and with his departure much of the zest of life left her. She kept in communication with her contemporaries, through letters and occasional visits, and records many events, with comments apt to be spiced by a touch of adverse criticism. Much of her time was passed at Rochecotte, or upon her estate of Sagan, in distant Germany. Frequent visits to Vienna recall to her mind her youth and the storms of that day, "a troublesome and attractive life of publicity." She refers to M. de Talleyrand's estimate of Julie de Lespinasse, no favorite of his, largely because she was wanting in simplicity, a characteristic, the Duchesse is convinced, that influenced her uncle's actions continually. Perhaps those not so nearly allied to the great diplomat would be less impressed by his exercise of this quality. A shrewd comment upon Mlle. de Lespinasse is this: "In view of the want of principle that characterized the eighteenth century, the one safeguard for the individual was the yoke imposed by society, with its customs and demands. If one were ever so little outside that circle, there was no check, and imagination carried people very far and very low." At this point the Duchesse believes Mlle. de Lespinasse to have arrived, as she only "half belonged to society." With other great ladies of France the Duchesse pities the Prince Consort, and reflects with some asperity upon his subjection to Queen Victoria. Lord Palmerston rouses strong feelings of distrust and dislike in her mind. Of America she knows little and cares less, thinking it quite unlikely that anything good could be said of it "naturally." She tells a story of Talleyrand, who remarked, "Do not talk to me of a country where every one I saw wanted to sell me his dog." He was probably in the South when the offers were made him. She refers, in 1842, to Madame Récamier thus: "There is an ancient celebrity here, in the person of Mme. Récamier, who cannot speak in consequence of a neuralgic affection in her face. She wears a perpetual smile, which is somewhat wearying." In the innumerable biographies published of almost every period of French history, it is interesting to compare the varying points of view. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.)

Not until the time of the Italian Renaissance did Aristotle's "Poetics" and Horace's "Ars Poetica" acquire a supreme authority in criticism. As time went on, however, the respect paid to these standards degenerated into mere imitativeness. In place of spontaneous expression there came a neglect of the subjective side of art and literature—a counterpart of the contemporary suppression by the Jesuits of religious spontaneity. The classical rebirth—the Renaissance—was succeeded by a pseudo-classical formalism. Against this Lessing protested, as we see in his "Laokoön." But if literature was then produced in such an atmosphere, in later generations it was to be produced in another confusing atmosphere—that of the succeeding romantic and naturalistic movements. The influence of Rous-

seau and Diderot was already beginning to be felt in France, and was followed in Germany by that of Tieck, Novalis, and Friedrich Schlegel. Then there were to come such other "confusers" as Gautier, Rossetti, and Mallarmé, as Professor Babbitt, of Harvard, points out in his aptly entitled volume, "The New Laokoön"—a title of temerity, yet not an inapt title. Perhaps the individual inquirer may dispute some of this critic's judgments, but the general opinion may well commend Professor Babbitt's book, especially in what it says concerning the limits to be set to the prevailing naturalism in literature. As in the eighteenth century the neo-classical tendency confounded form with formalism, as the nineteenth century developed a confusion in the romantic school, so the end of that century and the beginning of the twentieth form a period of naturalistic success. If, as a romanticist, Alfred de Musset, for example, drew no clear line between his love for God and his love for a *grisette*, we find the so-called naturalists only too often degenerating into mere phosphorescent slime with their often sham mystical idealisms. Indeed, a certain parallel may be established between them and the sham effusions and mock heroics of other sentimentalists about brotherly love, constituting a specious mask for plain envy and hatred of riches and success; or of the sham reformers who, denying the existence of matter, are yet chiefly interested in the preservation of physical health! Greek society perished from the excess of naturalism, and so may our modern society perish, declares Professor Babbitt. But, as he is quick to add, the Greece of Socrates and Plato and the Sophists is rich in instruction for us. That instruction should lead to the ideal writer who combines entire spontaneity with exquisite measure, one who combines inspiration with discipline. The book should thus reveal to the reader his perhaps not fully acknowledged attitude towards literature, and that attitude is, we believe, his attitude towards life. (The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.)

Dr. Kuno Francke is Professor of the History of Germanic Culture at Harvard. He has just published the first volume of an interesting work, "Die Kulturwerte der deutschen Literatur," or, as we might say in English, "The Social Value of German Literature." The volume is written in Dr. Francke's native tongue—that is, all but an English word in the preface directly under his own name, in which, strangely enough, we see in Gothic letter Harvard *University*. The first volume treats of German literature in the Middle Ages; the second volume is to treat of the Reformation and succeeding periods; the third volume, of the later classicism and romanticism; and the fourth, of the tendencies of our own day. Professor Francke writes with a German scholar's characteristic thoroughness, combined with an unwonted conciseness in a German author—perhaps he has gained concise expression because of his years in America. His style is also individual. Certainly it greatly adds to the appeal presented by the new material to be found in this work. Finally, Dr. Francke's discussion of German literature is replete with effective observations. If, for instance, he treats of the early migrations of the people, and the literature engendered thereby, he calls attention to the fact that the literature contains no word of the two great events of that time, the fall of Rome and the acceptance of Christianity. If he describes the literature induced by the centralization of the mediæval Church, he brings out in clear relief the decentralization of the mediæval state. If he describes the development of poetry during the Crusades, he also connects it with the rise of folk songs. For the benefit of students who do not read German the book should receive early translation. It does not always happen, as in this case, that the author is his own best translator. (Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, Berlin, Germany.)

Three attractive booklets came out in the Christmas season, but are equally good at other seasons to go with a letter to a friend, adding to it both flavor and body when one wishes to say much but has little time. They are all written with a purpose, and they all possess a certain quality of imagination, but each after its own kind. "What is Success?" by Waltēr Taylor Field (The Pilgrim Press, Boston, 25c.), portrays certain common types of American life, with a realistic imagination, for the purpose of illustrating the truth that success is character and service, and is secured by losing one's personality in one's work. Its message has something of the flavor of Robert Louis Stevenson, though it has not Stevenson's inimitable charm of style. "The Wise Man's Gold," by Anthony Hobart (The Sunday School Times Company, Philadelphia), is a combination of fable and parable; it recalls the myth of the Rheingold; its imagination is fanciful, not realistic; its lesson that gold, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master. "The Story of Gaspar," by R. W. Raymond (The Pilgrim Press, Boston, 25c.), is the imagined narrative of one of the three Wise Men returning to Palestine after thirty years and meeting there the "Son of the Carpenter." The author has done more than study the Gospels; he has lived with them; and he uses a scholar's imagination to make real to the reader some familiar incidents in the life of Jesus. In this difficult task he achieves a notable success.

To most Americans of to-day Richard Henry Dana, Jr., is chiefly known as a writer, and as a "one book man," his literary reputation resting almost altogether on his famous "Two Years Before the Mast." But the recently issued volume "Speeches in Stirring Times," a collection of addresses and letters compiled by his son, is a welcome

reminder that he has other claims for recognition besides his classic narrative of ocean adventure. Most of the speeches included in this collection deal with subjects that were at one time of vital significance to the Nation, embracing, as they did, one phase or another of the moral conflict that culminated in the Civil War. Devoid of the fiery crusading zeal of William Lloyd Garrison, Mr. Dana was none the less an ardent and able advocate of the freedom of the slave, although he was too strong a Unionist to approve the "freedom at any cost" policy of the Garrisonians. His son thus sums up his position: "He was a Free Soiler, not an Abolitionist. He opposed extension of slavery to new States and Territories theretofore free. He preferred Washington's and Lincoln's ideas of gradual emancipation to sudden abolition of existing slavery. He felt that the preservation of the Union and of the Constitution were matters too important to risk by agitation for extreme measures. He opposed the Fugitive Slave Law, not because it was improper to return fugitive slaves as the Constitution then was, but on account of the drastic and unjust provisions of the law itself." His opinion of the Fugitive Slave Law is, in fact, set forth in this volume not only in several addresses—notably one "Against the Rendition of Anthony Burns to Slavery"—but also in an amusing paper, a parody with the underlying serious purpose of making clear to the public what Mr. Dana denounced as the "damnable character" of the slave rendition measure. Other matters dealt with at more or less length are the question of the tenure of office for judges, the use of the Bible in the public schools, certain legal problems, and the Monroe Doctrine. As may be imagined, all this makes pretty "solid" reading, but in the main it is reading of a nature that tends to enlarge one's knowledge of the history and development of American institutions, to broaden one's sympathies, and, indeed, to strengthen one's character. The volume is completed with a series of less impressive letters addressed to the son, who, in addition to prefacing the various speeches with explanatory notes, has contributed a well-thought-out and most informing biographical study of his father. (The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.)

A needed book, "A History of Education in the United States since the Civil War," has come from President Thwing, of Western Reserve University. The period it reviews has been one of great changes in thought, in organization, in method. Individualist ideas have been exchanged for collectivist. Political interests have yielded predominance to economic interests. These have given rise to a new type of education—the industrial. A new psychology has come in with revolutionary effect, substituting for formal disciplines the training of mental power for specific ends. The science of education has been studied and applied anew by a large body of able men with great leaders. The half-century has witnessed an educational renaissance. An important feature of it is that the United States has become a world power in this field, as in the political, not only in the training of students coming hither from the Far East, but in the planting of American colleges in Turkey and India, in China and Japan. Japanese education derived its inspiration from America. The record which Dr. Thwing makes of the period marked by such salient features is full of information in large detail of the particulars of the progressive development—including such topics as the Athletic Renaissance, Indirect Education, and the Pension System. On the subject of Morals and Religion his remark upon "the position of the Roman Catholic Church that morality and religion are inseparable" needs the comment that this is not the position of the Roman Catholic Church alone. "To accomplish the identification of morality and religion," a great Protestant Churchman has recently said, "is the main purpose of human evolution." The given result of this brilliant period is that "the best people of a generation ago are like the best people of to-day, but the great body of the people of the two periods are unlike. A distinct lifting of the community has taken place. The average order of ability and of attainment has become higher. . . . The age of the people has come, and is yet to come in a greater fullness." (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.25.)

Closely following the publication of accounts of African hunting by Colonel Roosevelt, the Duke of Mecklenburg, and others, comes Mr. John T. McCutcheon's "In Africa." Mr. McCutcheon is well known as the cartoonist of the Chicago "Tribune." Hence the photographs and cartoons with which he illustrates his volume are of more immediate interest than the text. But both illustrations and text merit attention. Mr. McCutcheon spent four and a half months in the "big-game country" along the equator. Both the story-telling and the picturing of his adventures are of the sort to appeal to boy and man alike. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.)

Sir Norman Lockyer and Winifred Lockyer have collaborated in making a slender volume on "Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature," the scheme of the book involving the collection and arrangement of passages in Tennyson's works which refer to the scientific aspects of nature. These passages are brought together and classified, and are supplemented by intelligent notes, and this brief description will indicate the usefulness of the book to students of the late Poet Laureate. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

The Outlook

JANUARY 21, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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THE CASE OF W. S. HARLAN

In an editorial on another page we refer to President Taft's firm refusal to commute the prison sentence of W. S. Harlan, convicted of violation of the peonage law. Coming as it does with the announcement of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Alonzo Bailey case, this refusal is reassuring to those who feel that the poor man does not get "even justice." Regarding Harlan the President says: "The testimony was specific and detailed in cases of attempted escape of such laborers (of foreigners being taken South from New York, who did not speak our language nor understand what was being done to them) showing their pursuit, capture, terrorism by display of revolvers, and in one or more instances actual whippings." To quote the President further and at greater length:

> When, therefore, a man of high business standing and large enterprises is convicted of the offense, the punishment should be such as to deter others from the practice. Fines are not effective against men of wealth. Imprisonment is necessary. I am well aware of the grievous character of confinement in jail to a man of Mr. Harlan's standing, and I should be glad to yield to the urgent appeals of his many friends, but I cannot do so. I believe him to be guilty of the charge of which he has been convicted. To retain and enforce the imprisonment part of the sentence will operate powerfully to prevent a recurrence of such offenses by men of large affairs and business standing.
>
> To relieve such a one from the penalty of imprisonment when properly convicted and sentenced would be to break down the authority of the law with those of power and influence, and would tempt on their part further breaches. What is worse, it would give real ground for the contention so often heard that it is only the poor criminals who are really punished.

So in this case the machinery of justice has done its part. But why should "many prominent citizens of Iowa intervene with much earnestness in his behalf" with the President of the United States, and compel that already busy official to read 1,800 printed pages of evidence? Is it merely because Harlan is a man of "great enterprise and good business reputation"? It would seem so, for similarly we find that no less than forty thousand people have signed a petition for the release of another convicted criminal of high standing, Mr. Morse. Now, in this last case, the vast majority of those forty thousand must, of necessity, be of the so-called "common people"—the ones who are most affected by the evils of high finance. When the average citizens, the forty thousand, cease to undo the few convictions of the wealthy that we do get, we shall see justice more equitably meted to rich and poor alike.

THE LIBERTY TO LIE

We have before us the brief of the Government attorneys in a case under the Pure Food Law which is now under consideration by the Supreme Court of the United States. That act forbids inter-State commerce in any article of food or any drug which is adulterated or misbranded; and the term "misbranded" is defined as applying to all drugs "the package or label of which shall bear any statement, design, or device regarding such article . . . which shall be false or misleading in any particular." The Government has secured the indictment of the manufacturer of "Dr. Johnson's Mild Combination Treatment of Cancer." The label of one of the remedies which go to make up this "mild combination treatment" bears the following statements: "Blood Purifier. This is an

effective tonic and alterative. It enters the circulation at once, utterly destroying and removing impurities from the blood and entire system. Acts on the bowels, kidneys, and skin, eliminating poisons from the system, and when taken in connection with the Mild Combination Treatment gives splendid results in the treatment of cancer and other malignant diseases. I always advise that the Blood Purifier be continued some little time after the cancer has been killed and removed and the sore healed. Recommended in all conditions associated with impure blood, poor digestion, and non-assimilation of food; also poor circulation, weak heart, etc." The Government contends that these statements on the label are "false and misleading" in several particulars. The lower court in which the case was tried held the manufacturer innocent, chiefly, it appears, on the ground that the intention of the statute is restricted to protecting the public health against adulterated, poisonous, and deleterious foods and drugs, and does not cover the protection of the public against cheats and frauds. We judge, from the Government brief, that no serious attempt has been made by the defendant to prove that the remarkable statements on the label are not "false and misleading." If such an attempt had been made, we are convinced that it must have miserably failed, at least at the bar of public opinion and common sense, if not at that of a court of law. Apparently the only contention which is made is that it is not this kind of "false and misleading" statements which the Pure Food Law aimed to punish. The business of preparing and selling to the public nostrums and cure-alls for serious ills, which, in the very nature of the case (it is a matter of common knowledge), must be not only useless, but, when used in place of proper medical treatment, positively harmful, is one of the most despicable invented by the evil ingenuity of conscienceless men. If the Supreme Court in its wisdom cannot adjudge that this particular kind of cheating and defrauding of the public is prohibited by the Pure Food Law, Congress should at once amend the law so that no technicalities of interpretation may afford a refuge for those who prey upon the hopes and fears of sufferers from disease.

THE LORIMER CASE AGAIN

Trustworthy information comes from Washington which makes it clear that powerful special interests are exerting their influence in behalf of Senator Lorimer. For this reason those Senators who have already publicly announced their opposition to what may be called "Lorimerism" deserve the special approval and the hearty support not only of their constituents but of all citizens who favor honest government. At this writing Senator Frazier, Democrat, of Tennessee, Senator Beveridge, Republican, of Indiana, Senater Owen, Democrat, of Oklahoma, and Senator Crawford, Republican, of South Dakota, have publicly announced that the evidence of corruption and bribery in Senator Lorimer's election is so clear that in their opinion he ought to be unseated. It is not surprising that a powerful lobby should be at work at Washington to prevent Mr. Lorimer's expulsion from the Senate. His name has been intimately associated with lobbying, political deals, bribery, and intimidation for many years in Chicago. His career has been in some respects a dramatic one. He was born in Lancashire, England, and the poverty of his surroundings led him to emigrate to the United States. He drifted to Chicago, and he is first known of in that city as holding a job as street car conductor on one of the old horse car lines. He early interested himself in ward politics and became, through his unquestioned ability as an organizer, a powerful leader, if not the head, of the corrupt local Republican machine in Chicago. He was intimately associated with the late Charles T. Yerkes in gaining control through political chicanery of the street railway system of Chicago. As everybody knows, the Yerkes period in Chicago street transit is one of the most offensive in the altogether too vulnerable history of municipal public utilities in this country. Any one who wishes to know the malign influence which Mr. Lorimer has exerted in Chicago politics needs only to read a paper on "Street Railway Legislation in Illinois," by Edwin Burritt Smith, which was published in the

"Atlantic Monthly" for January, 1904. The dramatic episode there related, in which a Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, owned, controlled, and directed by William Lorimer, was bodily driven from his seat by a majority of the Representatives who were opposed at that time to the "iniquitous deals" of Lorimer, is worth recalling at this time. Personally, Lorimer is said to be a man of "piety" and "good to his family." If "piety" is consistent with political corruption, then the country needs a few more "impious" Senators in Washington. It is, of course, perfectly clear that Lorimer cannot be unseated because upright fellow-Republicans in the past have publicly said that he has time and again sold out his own party by iniquitous deals with its opponents. He can only, of course, be unseated on the ground that the election by which he now attempts to hold his seat was a corrupt one. We have no personal enmity for Mr. Lorimer. The facts of his life to which we refer in this article are related simply for the sake of indicating to our readers that there is in the hands of responsible men a mass of evidence covering a long term of years which makes preposterous the claim of Senator Bulkeley and Senator Burrows that they cannot find any convincing testimony of William Lorimer's guilty knowledge of the corruption which tainted his election.

A COUNTER-REVOLUTION IN THE HOUSE

Progress in self-government goes by waves. Often the crest of the wave is followed by a depression. Just now the House of Representatives is in a depression following the foam-capped revolutionary wave of last spring. On March 17, 1910, the members of the House of Representatives began a sitting which continued all that night and well into the following afternoon and was resumed the next day. There was great excitement. Members were summoned to the House from distant places by telegraph. Among parliamentary struggles in this country, the one that lasted at that time for three days is conspicuous. What these Representatives were engaged in has been described as a parliamentary revolution. It resulted in stripping the oligarchic machine in the House of a substantial part of its arbitrary power. The Insurgent Republicans, supported by the Democrats, accomplished three results: first, they substituted for an arbitrary rules committee selected by the Speaker, the head of the oligarchy, one selected directly by the House; second, they established the precedent that a motion to vacate the Chair, that is, to depose the Speaker, is a motion of the highest privilege, and therefore always in order; and, third—and this we regarded at the time, and still regard, as the most important of the three results—they secured from the House, against the will of Speaker Cannon, a ruling that a motion to change the rules of the House is in order at any time. This third result, as our correspondent said at the time, "enables the House to resolve itself at any time into a Supreme Committee on Rules"—that is, it enables the majority of the House, however constituted, to express its will without recourse to procedure that has been described as revolutionary. No legislative question in a self-governing country is more important than that of liberating the people's representatives from the control of unrepresentative groups; and in a country that is really self-governing that question ought to be answered by a normal and orderly process. It was this that was supposed to have been established on the 19th day of last March. On Monday of last week, Mr. Fuller, a Republican Representative from Illinois, offered a resolution to change a rule of the House. Mr. Mann, of Illinois, who had been taking action to discredit the results achieved last winter, made a point of order that this resolution was not privileged. Speaker Cannon thereupon made a ruling in which he deliberately declined to follow the precedent set by the House in March. He distinctly said: "If the Chair follows the construction placed by a majority of the House at the last session of the Congress, the Chair would overrule the point of order." Then, after explaining that majority rule is usually exercised through the operations of a party caucus, he concluded: "However, the House is now in good temper. There is no election pending in the near future. The great press

of the country and the great leaders of the respective parties are quiet. We are not excited. The Speaker of the House of Representatives, as the Chair has already stated, is removable at any time as a question of privilege by the House of Representatives. . . . The Chair declines to follow the judgment of the House at the last session of this Congress under which it made the precedent. . . . The Chair, therefore, in effect appeals to the House from a decision of that same House made in great excitement, when the waves of partisanship were high, doing so after the wind has ceased, and the billows have passed away, and the sea is serenely blue."

THE REASON OF THE VOTE

In his ruling thus deliberately and explicitly disregarding the precedent established last spring, the Speaker was sustained by a vote of 235 to 96. The Regular Republicans who supported Speaker Cannon last spring were consistent in supporting him this time. The Insurgent Republicans and a group of Insurgent Democrats were consistent in voting to sustain the precedent; but the Regular Democrats, who follow party leaders, deliberately repudiated their former action. By the action, therefore, of these Democrats, the precedent established last spring has been overturned. Their explanations for this change are not altogether clear; but the reason is plain. Now that they are anticipating entrance into control of the House, they care less about liberating a non-partisan majority than they do about preventing possible obstruction by political opponents. This action is significant in two respects: first, it indicates that what has been called "Cannonism" in the Republican party, while it was in power, is likely to make its appearance in the Democratic party when it assumes power; second, that the Insurgent movement, which has been a liberating element in the Republican party, is already finding its counterpart among the Democrats. We do not expect to see oligarchical methods as dominant as they were before last March; but it is clear from this action on the part of the majority of the Democrats that the struggle with the oligarchy will have to be fought anew.

RECKLESS PENSION REGULATION

Only two or three weeks ago The Outlook called attention to the danger and folly of any pension legislation which had not been thoroughly discussed and carefully considered. Nothing could give more forcible point to this warning than the action of the lower branch of Congress last week in passing, by a very large majority, but after very slight debate and that not of an analytical or fundamental character, the Sulloway Pension Bill. A temperate and reasonable speech by Mr. Longworth, of Ohio, contrasted with a rhetorical and excited declamation on the part of Speaker Cannon, who took the floor of the House for that purpose. Mr. Cannon was known in years gone by as the "Watch-dog of the Treasury," but he aided with perfervid eloquence, rather than with any attempt at cool reasoning, this new attempt to increase enormously the burden of pension taxation. It is estimated that if the Sulloway Bill in its present form passes the Senate and is signed by the President, it will add no less than forty-five million dollars to the taxation account—some say fifty-five millions. If this Nation were at the present time a delinquent in the matter of caring for its old soldiers, the case would be totally different. As every one knows, the generosity of the country has been lavish, and, in the opinion of unprejudiced people who have studied the subject, the safeguards against extravagance and fraud have been insufficient. It is true that as time goes on and the number of pensioners and those dependent upon them decrease, the Nation may very properly correspondingly increase the limits of the field of its generosity. But the only way to judge whether that time has come is through the outcome of the existing scale of expenditure. Forty-five years after the war has closed we are spending annually over one hundred and fifty million dollars for pensions—an amount unparalleled in the history of the world; while up to July 1 there were, we believe, about seven hundred and fifty thousand persons drawing pensions from the United States. The provisions of the Sulloway Bill are such that any man who served ninety days in the Civil War and is sixty-two years old would receive a

pension of fifteen dollars a month, which would increase until, at the age of seventy-five, he would receive thirty-six dollars a month. This is regardless of whether he is rich or poor, the value or lack of value of his services, and the question whether or not he were wounded or incurred disease. If we were now paying a comparatively small amount to a relatively small number of war pensioners, such a measure might be defended; as it is, it does not represent the sober judgment of the country, and we do not believe it possible that it should pass the Senate and be signed by the President.

NEW MEN IN THE SENATE

The new men chosen to sit in the United States Senate accentuate the change already marked in that body by the deaths and retirements of a number of the "Old Guard." For the first time in forty-seven years Maine is to have a Democratic Senator, and, by the action of the State Legislature, he is to be Charles Fletcher Johnson, fifty-two years old, a citizen of Waterville in the Kennebec region. Mr. Johnson is a self-made man. He taught school in winter and worked on a farm in summer to win a college education. Despite the fact that he has been a railway and corporation lawyer, he is rated a Progressive in politics, as contrasted with his predecessor, Senator Hale. Mr. Johnson has served Waterville as its Mayor several times, and has represented it in the State Legislature, where he was minority leader. The result in Connecticut is also significant. The Republican legislative caucus has nominated, not the present Senator, Mr. Bulkeley, to succeed himself, as he hoped, but ex-Governor George Payne McLean. Mr. McLean is fifty-three years old, and has practiced law at Hartford. Though Mr. McLean and Mr. Bulkeley, also a Hartford resident, have been closely associated, the former has been regarded as a more progressive man than the latter. Mr. McLean's term as Governor (1901–3) was signalized by an excellent administration. It is hoped that his Senatorship will also be signalized by evidences of liberal views and progressive tendencies. Mr. McLean is as much a Connecticut product as is Mr. Johnson a Maine product. Both men were born and educated in their respective States. In California the Republican State Legislature elected, not A. G. Spalding, as many anticipated, but John D. Works. Judge Works, unlike Mr. Spalding, who has lived in California but a comparatively short time, has been prominent in the State's politics for many years. He is a native of Indiana and a veteran of the Civil War. He has practiced law in San Diego, was appointed to the Superior bench of San Diego County and then elevated to the Supreme Court of the State. The careers of these three Senators will be followed with interest and with the anticipation that Maine, Connecticut, and California may gain some new prominence in public affairs.

BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT

Rarely in the history of the United States Supreme Court have its proceedings been followed with closer attention than last week. There were two reasons for this: first, the importance of the rehearings of argument in the Tobacco Case and the Standard Oil Case; and, second, the fact that these were the first cases of extensive bearing on public affairs to be heard before the newly constituted bench. The audience in the courtroom and the larger audience reached through press reports were especially interested in noting how Chief Justice White and Justice Lurton questioned counsel, and, in particular, how one after another the Justices tried to gain from the opposing attorneys a clear definition of the phrases "monopoly" and "in restraint of trade" as used in the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. It would not be possible or desirable to discuss here, and before the Supreme Court has announced its decisions, the underlying principles involved in these cases, but the fact may be recognized that both the business world and the officers charged with carrying out the law are anxious to have an authoritative interpretation of those questions relating to the Sherman Act which are still in dispute. The decisions of the Supreme Court in these cases may very well have an enormous influence on our future policy and action as regards the form and method to be taken in that

governmental control over monopolies and combinations the necessity and justice of which are now commonly recognized. The Tobacco Case has now been argued in full; the hearings in the Standard Oil Case are proceeding this week. In the first-named matter the arguments of the Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham, and Mr. McReynolds for the Government, and those of Mr. Hornblower and Mr. De Lancey Nicoll for the corporation, were all on a high plane of close reasoning, and the "give and take" discussion drawn out by questions from the Court was often animated and quick-witted in a way not often known before that sedate and dignified tribunal. Here is an instance: The Attorney-General had been pressed by the Chief Justice to say whether he held that the Sherman Law required that "ruinous competition" should continue.

The answer [the press reports state] made by the Attorney-General was to read from Judge Taft's opinion in the Addyston pipe line case, in which the President, when a United States Court Judge, had said in words that a combination in restraint of trade could not be justified on the ground that it was necessary to stop a destructive competition. Commenting on the Taft opinion, the Attorney-General said that "excessive greed leads to ruinous competition," and there is no obligation on those entering into it to continue.

"But suppose it continues until one of the competitors is destroyed and competition in that way is destroyed?" inquired Justice Holmes.

The Attorney-General replied that such a case did not come within the contemplation of the Sherman Law.

"There are laws against homicide and laws against suicide," added the Attorney-General.

Mr. Wickersham declared that the American Tobacco Company was a gigantic conspiracy in restraint of trade. He asserted that the growth of the combination was "stamped with those characteristics which interrupt the free flow of commerce," and which were denounced by the Court in the Danbury Hatters Case. The main position of the Government was expressed by the Attorney-General, in reply to a question from Justice Holmes, as being, not that mere size or power constituted a monopoly, but that when all of the separate acts of the American Tobacco Company were taken together, in connection with the enormous growth of its business and the control it exercised, it constituted an attempt to monopolize trade within the meaning of the Sherman Act.

SAVINGS BANK INSURANCE

The Outlook has several times spoken of the organization and progress of a system of insurance through savings banks in Massachusetts. Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, whose activities and public service in other directions are well known, had much to do with the institution of this system. Savings bank insurance, it is true, is still in an experimental stage and is limited in its application. The plan, however, has now been in operation for over two years, and its present condition may be judged by the report just issued, which carries the history up to the end of the second full year. Only two banks in Massachusetts have actually established insurance departments—the Whitman Savings Bank and the People's Savings Bank of Brockton; but these institutions have, under the law, established a great many depositories (mostly in shops or factories) where people of small means may conveniently hand in the sums to be applied to life insurance. It will be remembered also that under the plan directions may be left with the officers of one of the savings banks engaged in insurance, so that savings deposits or interest may be transferred as required to an insurance account. The soundness of the insurance is guaranteed by a special fund which was, as we understand it, advanced by individuals, but the place of which will be taken by a guarantee fund made up out of surplus profits appropriated year by year to this purpose. This disposition of part of the surplus reduces present dividends, but is evidently wise. The two banks report, at the end of the two years, that together they have outstanding about $1,370,000 of insurance, and that the amount of premium income for the second year was for the two about $59,000, an increase over the first year in the one case of 112.9 per cent, and in the other of 156.9 per cent. A satisfactory dividend was declared on the monthly premium policies. In short, the report indicates that the insuring of wage-earners has been conducted safely and on sound financial

principles within the limits of the system as it now stands. The main achievement of savings bank insurance, however, the report declares, has been "not the business transacted by the banks, but its force in compelling the great industrial insurance companies to make a reduction of about twenty per cent in their rates and in other respects to greatly liberalize their policies." This, it is estimated, means a saving which will soon amount in Massachusetts alone to about a million and a half dollars a year. It is calculated by the officers of the system that the rates now charged by the largest industrial insurance companies on their weekly premium policies are 31 per cent higher than was the net cost of the savings bank monthly premium policies in the first year of the experiment, and that for the second year the percentage of economy between the two methods has been even larger; while the rates charged by the industrial companies before this movement was inaugurated were such as to make the difference between the cost of the two methods as much as 55½ per cent. The Massachusetts Savings Insurance League has lately carried on a course of educational talks in the schools on the subject of thrift as illustrated by insurance through the savings banks. Altogether, the evidence is strong that the plan has made progress, and that the question is worth careful consideration whether a similar plan might not be wisely introduced in other States.

THE GILDER MEMORIAL

Only about one-half of the fund of $100,000 has been secured to establish in connection with Columbia University a Memorial of Richard Watson Gilder, for many years and until his death a year ago editor of the "Century Magazine." The committee having the fund in charge are anxious to complete the amount. It would be difficult to conceive of a happier memorial of a better citizen than that which contemplates the endowment of successive groups of students to be known as "Gilder Fellows," who are to devote themselves to the investigation and study of political and social conditions in this country and abroad, and to the analysis and interpretation of the practical working of legislation enacted for the purpose of improving civic conditions. Such a memorial is a far better interpretation of the spirit of a man like Mr. Gilder, at once poet and servant of humanity, than any visible and tangible structure, however beautiful; for it is, in effect, a continuation of the work in which Mr. Gilder's heart was so deeply engaged. It preserves and passes on in an active form his great and valuable influence as a leader in the amelioration of social conditions; it will serve to keep before the minds of the students of Columbia University the inspiring example of a man who dedicated himself to the service of his kind in the most practical and arduous ways—a form of ethical teaching which Dr. Jowett predicted would be universally adopted in the future. It will, at the same time, qualify young men of earnestness and ability to contribute in the most intelligent way to the examination of the social and economical problems of the day. Mr. A. S. Frissell, President of the Fifth Avenue Bank, New York, is the treasurer of the fund.

THE PLOT AGAINST THE JAPANESE EMPEROR

Rumors have recently obtained that the plotters against the life of the Japanese Emperor and the lives of the members of the Imperial family and of the Ministers of State were being tried at an entirely secret trial. There has been a consequent feeling that injustice might possibly result. The plot was to have been executed some time last autumn. The plotters were apprehended and imprisoned, a large amount of dynamite having been discovered in their possession. A majority of the prisoners voluntarily confessed their intent. When the plot was unearthed, the Attorney-General, representing the Crown, requested the Chief Justice of the Japanese Supreme Court to designate a judge to make the preliminary investigations required by law. The Judge of Preliminary Investigations of the District Court of Tokyo was appointed, and he, after trying the men apprehended, concluded that all were guilty, and forwarded the records to the Supreme Court. The trial in that court will soon be concluded. But from the beginning of the preliminary examination to the present the whole

procedure has been in harmony with the Constitution and established laws of Japan. The lawyers for the defendants have high reputation, and for those of the accused who could not afford to engage lawyers the Court, in accordance with the law covering such cases, has designated members of the bar to appear for them at the public expense. As to closing the trial to the public, Japanese law provides that the Court may exclude the general public whenever it deems that publicity is prejudicial to peace and order or to the maintenance of good morals. Such steps are taken from time to time in ordinary cases in all classes of Japanese courts. Of course, in such a case as the present, having a serious bearing on the safety of the Empire, the Supreme Court is specially entitled to see that good order should be protected. As a matter of fact, the trial has been closed only to the general public. Those who have especial or technical interest in the trial—such as members of the Bar Association, etc.—may, by the Court's permission, hear the trial. We note that members of foreign embassies and legations stationed in Japan have availed themselves of this permission.

THE TORONTO STREET CAR SITUATION

Canada as well as the United States has street car troubles. The re-election of Mr. J. R. Geary as Mayor of Toronto, and the popular indorsement of a by-law authorizing the expenditure of a large sum in the construction of municipally owned street car lines, emphasize the embittered state of public opinion in Toronto regarding the service at present rendered to that city by the Toronto Street Railway Company. Certainly the action of the citizens at the polls is a much more substantial protest than that registered a few weeks ago when, following a mass-meeting at the largest public hall in Toronto, the street cars were attacked by a mob, which fortunately did no more serious damage than the breaking of a couple of hundred dollars' worth of window-glass. The grievances of which the people of Toronto complain may be summed up in the one word "overcrowding." The past five years have witnessed a remarkably rapid growth in population, with a resultant expansion of the city territorially, and the car service has signally failed to keep pace with this development. The result is that on many of the principal car lines almost every hour of the day is a "rush hour," and the traffic in the morning and evening hours is so heavy that thousands of people prefer to walk rather than attempt to squeeze their way into cars packed from door to door. To make matters worse, the street railway management, finding, it is alleged, that they were losing many fares on account of the inability of conductors to go through the crowded cars, adopted a "pay-as-you-enter" system, but without equipping their lines with standard "pay-as-you-enter" cars; and at the same time put in force a regulation requiring all passengers to leave by the front door. It was this innovation more than anything else that led to the mass-meeting and subsequent rioting; and since then the obnoxious regulation has been virtually rescinded, while the "pay-as-you-enter" system has been abandoned on all cars save those properly equipped. Toronto, for a large city, does its business in a remarkably small area—the downtown district. Into this section the great majority of business men and wage-earners have to make their way every morning, and from it return to their homes at night. The street car lines just voted for look rather to the extension of car service into outlying districts than to the solution of the downtown problem; and this latter, it would seem, cannot adequately be solved until the present surface system is supplemented by an elevated or subway service, agitation for which has begun. Moreover, even after the new lines are built the problem of their operation will remain, for by the terms of its charter the Toronto Street Railway Company enjoys the exclusive right of surface car operation in "old" Toronto; and until 1921, when the Company's franchise expires, it will be impossible for the city to bring its own cars from the outlying into the main sections.

BAD WEATHER IN EUROPE

The continued rains on the Continent of Europe and in England involve not only very serious discomfort, but a very heavy loss in many ways. Almost a year ago

Paris was inundated, and the rains have been very persistent ever since. All the rivers are above their normal channels, fields are inundated, and a great deal of out-of-door work is seriously interfered with. Last summer garden houses, boat-houses, and lawns were half submerged in many parts of the country. Many of the most important rivers are now in a chronic state of flood, and "sunny France" for many months has been overhung by a pall of clouds. The same conditions prevail in Spain, where the Guadalquivir and many other smaller and less famous streams are threatening towns and have been destroying crops in many directions. Serious disturbances of normal conditions are reported from Italy. The Alps are prolific in avalanches, and have been almost obscured from view for many months past. It is probably many years since Switzerland has known a season so disappointing to visitors, and the conditions still prevail. From Russia comes the same story, and England is soaked with superfluous water. These conditions have lasted so long and are so widespread that there has been much speculation with regard to their causes. The usual theories of a great weather-rhythm have been advanced, among them the theory of seven wet years and seven dry ones, and Europe is taking what comfort it can from the prediction that good weather will return in 1913. Of course the sun-spots have been invoked; and one eminent authority is of opinion that the rain will steadily increase for several years to come. As usual, this country comes in for its share of blame, and a French astronomer declares that the unhappy weather conditions abroad are due to deforestation in this country. It does not seem to have occurred to this gentleman that deforestation in Spain and Italy may have something to do with the situation. It is said in Spain that when a Spaniard buys a place in the country and there happens to be a tree on it, the first thing he does is to cut it down; and the great stretches of sunburned landscape in that country eloquently bear witness to the absence of foliage. The French astronomer's theory is evidently based on the idea that a certain amount of water must fall, and that if we drive it away from this country, Europe gets it. A still more unpleasant prophecy is to the effect that Europe is now in the heart of a cycle of wet and cold, and that there is no hope for dryness and warmth until 1920.

THE ALL-BRITISH IMPERIAL EXHIBITION

Following the Franco-British and the more recent Anglo-Japanese Exposition in London, plans are now being matured for a great All-British Imperial Exhibition to be held in London, opening in June, 1915, in celebration of the seven hundredth anniversary of the Magna Charta. Certainly the event to be celebrated is one of great interest to all English-speaking countries, as well as all in which free institutions have been established. While at first glance it might seem to be an occasion for a universal exposition, such as that of 1851 and the World's Fairs since held in various countries of the world, perhaps Imperial interests will be best served by making it exclusively a British Empire Exhibition, as the various parts of the Empire are more immediately concerned than others in the great event to be celebrated. It is contemplated to have an exhibition on a larger scale than ever before planned in Great Britain, and no foreign country will be invited to participate. Its promoters evidently have in view the binding together of the various parts of the widely sundered divisions of the Empire more closely by such a participation in an exhibition that shall be strictly British. Lord Hill, one of the promoters of this All-British Exhibition of Imperial resources, arts, and industries, in defining the scope of the coming celebration, says that the products in manufacture, art, agriculture, minerals, timber, fruit, grain, and probably horses and cattle, of every British possession will be shown. In addition, arrangements are being made to have all these various products and exhibits brought to and taken from London over British railways and in British ships manned by British subjects. In still another important particular this Imperial Exhibition will differ from most World's Fairs, in that no national subsidy will be asked for it, each country and Crown Colony defraying the entire expenses connected with its part in the big show.

NATIONALISM AND POPULAR RULE

This is the second of the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on the general subject of "Nationalism and Progress." The first of the series was published in last week's Outlook and was entitled "Progressive Nationalism; or What?"—THE EDITORS.

In Mr. Herbert Croly's "Promise of American Life," the most profound and illuminating study of our National conditions which has appeared for many years, especial emphasis is laid on the assertion that the whole point of our governmental experiment lies in the fact that it is a genuine effort to achieve true democracy—both political and industrial. The existence of this Nation has no real significance, from the standpoint of humanity at large, unless it means the rule of the people, and the achievement of a greater measure of widely diffused popular well-being than has ever before obtained on a like scale. Unless this is in very truth a government of, by, and for the people, then both historically and in world interest our National existence loses most of its point. Nominal republics with a high aggregate of industrial prosperity, and governed normally by rich traders and manufacturers in their own real or fancied interest, but occasionally by violent and foolish mobs, have existed in many previous ages. There is little to be gained by repeating on a bigger scale in the Western Hemisphere the careers of Tyre and Carthage on the shores of the Mediterranean.

If there is any worse form of government than that of a plutocracy, it is one which oscillates between control by a plutocracy and control by a mob. It ought not to be necessary to point out that popular rule is the antithesis of mob rule; just as the fact that the Nation was in arms during the Civil War meant that there was no room in the country for armed mobs. Popular rule means not that the richest man in the country is given less than his right to a share in the work of guiding the government; on the contrary, it means that he is guaranteed just as much right as any one else, *but no more*—in other words, that each man will have his full share as a citizen, and only just so much more as his abilities entitle him to by enabling him to render to his fellow-citizens services more important than the average man can render. On the other hand, the surest way to bring about mob rule is to have a government based on privilege, the kind of government desired not only by the beneficiaries of privilege, but by many honest reactionaries of dim vision; for the exasperation caused by such a government is sure in the end to produce a violent reaction and accompanying excesses. The Progressives, in fighting for sane and steady progress, are doing all they can to safeguard the country against this kind of unhealthy oscillation, of government by convulsion.

A number of Progressive conventions have recently enunciated the following among other principles as necessary to popular government:

Drastic laws to prevent the corrupt use of money in politics.

Election of United States Senators by direct vote.

Direct primaries for the nomination of elective officials.

Direct election of delegates to National Conventions, the voter to express his choice for President on the ballot for delegate.

The introduction of the initiative, referendum, and recall.

In Oregon most of these principles are already law. The recent Republican State platform of Wisconsin has declared for all of these principles; and this declaration is entitled to very serious consideration, for Wisconsin has taken a leading position in Progressive legislation, and has to her credit a noteworthy record of laws for social, political, and industrial betterment, which laws have been proved in actual practice and have worked well.

Most Western Progressives, and many Eastern Progressives (including the present writer), will assent to these five propositions, at least in principle. I do not suppose that there can be any dissent from the need of passing thoroughgoing acts to prevent corrupt practices. The movement for direct primaries is spreading fast. Whether it shall apply to all elective officials or to certain categories of them is a matter which must be decided by the actual experience of each State when the working of the scheme is tested in practice. There is a constantly growing feeling also in favor of the election of United

States Senators by direct popular vote. On this point, as indeed on most of these points, there is room for honest divergence of opinion, but I believe that the weight of conviction is on the side of those who would elect the Senators by popular vote, and that the general feeling is inclining this way. The arguments made against such method of election are practically the same as the arguments originally made against the election of President by popular vote; and the electoral college was designed on precisely the same theory in accord with which it was supposed that the legislature rather than the people should be trusted to choose the best type of Senator. Such change in Senatorial elections would no more alter the fundamental principles of our Government than they were altered by the change in Presidential elections. At present, although the form of an electoral college is preserved, the vote for President is really a direct popular vote; and this absolute reversal in practice of the theory of the Constitution as regards the choice of the most important public officer in the land offers a curious commentary on the attitude of those who declaim against all change by practice in the construction of the letter of a written Constitution. Again, and for the same reason, it seems to me an admirable plan that there should be a direct election of delegates to National Conventions, with opportunity for the voter to express his choice for President and Vice-President; although, of course, such latitude of action must be left to the delegate as to permit his exercising his own judgment if his first or second choice proves impossible. This is merely slightly to alter the present-day practice when delegates are instructed by State and district conventions to vote for a given candidate.

The proposition that will excite most misgiving and antagonism is that relating to the initiative, referendum, and recall. As regards the recall, it is sometimes very useful, but it contains undoubted possibilities of mischief, and of course it is least necessary in the case of short-term elective officers. There is, however, unquestionably a very real argument to be made for it as regards officers elected or appointed for life. In the United States Government practically the only body to whom this applies is the judiciary, and I shall accordingly treat the matter when I come to treat of Nationalism and the Judiciary.

There remain the initiative and referendum. As regards both of these, I think that the anticipations of their adherents and the fears of their opponents are equally exaggerated. The value of each depends mainly upon the way it is applied and upon the extent and complexity of the governmental unit to which it is applied. Every one is agreed that there must be a popular referendum on such a fundamental matter as a Constitutional change, and in New York State we already have what is really a referendum on various other propositions by which the State or one of its local subdivisions passes upon the propriety of action which implies the spending of money, permission to establish a trolley line system or something of the kind. Moreover, where popular interest is sufficiently keen, as it has been in the case of certain amendments to the National Constitution at various times in the past, we see what is practically the initiative under another name. I believe that it would be a good thing to have the principle of the initiative and the referendum applied in most of our States, always provided that it be so safeguarded as to prevent its being used either wantonly or in a spirit of levity. In other words, if the legislature fails to act one way or the other on some bill as to which there is a genuine popular demand, then there should unquestionably be power in the people through the initiative to compel such action. Similarly, on any bill important enough to arouse genuine public interest there should be power for the people to insist upon the bill being referred to popular vote, so that the constituents may authoritatively determine whether or not their representatives have misrepresented them. But if it is rendered too easy to invoke either process, the result can be only mischievous. The same considerations which are more and more tending to make thoughtful people believe that genuine popular control is best exercised through the Short Ballot have weight here also. There are plenty of cases in which, on a given issue of sufficient importance, it is better that the people should

decide for themselves rather than trust the decision to a body of representatives—and our present-day acceptance of this fact is shown by our insistence upon a direct vote of the State when the State adopts a new Constitution. But ordinary citizens in private life—such as the present writer, and most of his readers—neither can nor ought to spend their time in following all the minutiæ of legislation. This work they ought to delegate to the legislators, who are to make it their special business; and if scores of bills are habitually presented for popular approval or disapproval at every election, it is not probable that good will come, and it is certain that the percentage of wise decisions by the people will be less than if only a few propositions of really great importance are presented. It is necessary to guard not only against the cranks and well-meaning busybodies with fads, but also against the extreme laxity with which men are accustomed to sign petitions. There was a curious instance of this trait at the recent elections in Cincinnati. Aside from the regular nominees, there was in one district a man nominated on petition. He had enough names put on the petition to insure his running, but at the election he got only about one-seventh as many votes as there were names on the petition. A much larger proportion of men should be required to petition for an initiative than for a referendum, but in each case the regulations both as to the number of names required and as to additional guarantees where necessary should be such as to forbid the invocation of this method of securing popular action unless the measure is one of real importance, as to which there is a deep-rooted popular interest. Oregon has already tried the principle of the initiative and the referendum, and it seems to have produced good results—certainly in the case of the referendum, and probably in the case of the initiative. This, of course, does not necessarily mean that the principle would work well in all other communities, and under our system it is difficult to see at present how it could normally have more than a State-wide application. In Switzerland it has been applied both in the Cantons, or States, and in the Federal or National Government, and it seems on the whole to have worked fairly well. Those who anticipate too much from the new system, however, would do well to study its workings in Switzerland. There have now and then been odd results. Recently by the use of the initiative a certain bill was proposed to the Federal Legislature. There was such a strong demand for its passage, as shown by the vote on the initiative, and by the general popular agitation, that the Legislature passed it with but one dissenting vote. At the ensuing election the representative who had cast the dissenting vote was, because of having done so, beaten; but on the referendum the people defeated the measure itself! They demanded it on the initiative, all their representatives in the Legislature with one exception voted for it on its passage, they beat the one man who had voted against it, and then on the referendum they defeated the bill itself.

Unquestionably an ideal representative body is the best imaginable legislative body. Such a body, if composed of men of unusual courage, intelligence, sympathy, and high-mindedness, anxious to represent the people, and at the same time conscientious in their determination to do nothing that is wrong, would so act that there would never come the slightest demand for any change in the methods of enacting laws. Unfortunately, however, in actual practice, too many of our legislative bodies have not really been representative; and not a few of the ablest and most prominent men in public life have prided themselves on their ability to use parliamentary forms to defeat measures for which there was a great popular demand. Special interests which would be powerless in a general election may be all-powerful in a legislature if they enlist the services of a few skillful tacticians; and the result is the same whether these tacticians are unscrupulous and are hired by the special interests, or whether they are sincere men who honestly believe that the people desire what is wrong and should not be allowed to have it. Normally a representative should represent his constituents. If on any point of real importance he finds that he conscientiously differs with them, he must, as a matter of course, follow his conscience, and thereby he may not only

perform his highest duty, but also render the highest possible service to his constituents themselves. But in such case he should not try to achieve his purpose by tricking his constituents or by adroitly seeking at the same time to thwart their wishes in secret and yet apparently to act so as to retain their good will. He should never put holding his office above keeping straight with his conscience, and if the measure as to which he differs with his constituents is of sufficient importance, he should be prepared to go out of office rather than surrender on a matter of vital principle. Normally, however, he must remember that the very meaning of the word representative is that the constituents shall be represented. It is his duty to try to lead them to accept his views, and it is their duty to give him as large a latitude as possible in matters of conscience, realizing that the more conscientious the representative is the better he will in general represent them; but if a real and vital split on a matter of principle occurs, as in the case of a man who believes in the gold standard but finds that his constituents believe in free silver, the representative's duty is neither to abandon his own belief nor to try to beat his constituents by a trick, but to fight fairly for his convictions and cheerfully accept defeat if he cannot convert his constituents to his way of thinking—exactly the attitude that the late Senator Lamar, of Mississippi, took once on this very question, and triumphed, and exactly the attitude that the late Congressman Dargan, of North Carolina, took, at the price of his political life.

Incidentally the referendum is certain to be of great use in a particular class of cases which very much puzzle the average legislator—where a minority of his constituents, but a large and influential minority, may demand something concerning which there is grave doubt whether the majority does or does not sympathize with the demand. In such a case the minority is active and determined; the majority can be roused only if the question is directly before it. In other words, the majority does not count it for righteousness in a representative if he refuses to yield to a minority; while a minority, on the other hand, will not tolerate adverse action. In such cases the temptation to the ordinary legislator is very great to yield to the demand of the minority, as he fears its concrete and interested wrath much more than the tepid disapproval of the majority. In all such questions the referendum would offer much the wisest and most efficient and satisfactory solution.

The opponents of the referendum and initiative, therefore, would do well to remember that the movement in favor of the two is largely due to the failure of the representative bodies really to represent the people. There has been a growing feeling that there should be more direct popular action as an alternative, not to the action of an ideal legislative body, but to the actions of legislative bodies as they are now too often found in very fact to act. The movement for direct popular government in Oregon, for instance, was in part the inevitable consequence of the gross betrayal of their trust by various representatives of Oregon in the National and State legislatures, and by the men put in appointive office through the exertions of these representatives. Moreover, the opponents, and, for the matter of that, the adherents likewise, of the proposed change, when they speak, whether in praise or in blame, of its radicalism, would do well to remember that in one of the oldest and most conservative sections of the country there has existed throughout our National life, and now exists, a form of local self-government much more radical where it applies than even the initiative and referendum. I refer to the New England town meeting, at which all purely town matters are decided without appeal by the vote of the townspeople in meeting assembled. In no other part of the world, save in two or three cantons of Switzerland, and perhaps in certain districts of Norway, is there any form of government so absolutely democratic, so absolutely popular, as the New England town meeting. The initiative and referendum represent merely the next stage. The town meeting has been proved to work admirably as regards certain governmental units where the citizens are of a certain type. The initiative and referendum have been shown to work well as regards certain larger constituencies of a different type. The men living in States where the town meeting has flourished

for centuries should be the last to feel that the initiative and referendum are in and of themselves revolutionary propositions.

On the other hand, the advocates of the initiative and referendum should, in their turn, remember that those measures are in themselves merely means and not ends; that their success or failure is to be determined not on *a priori* reasoning but by actually testing how they work under varying conditions; and, above all, that it is foolish to treat these or any other devices for obtaining good government and popular rule as justifying sweeping condemnation of all men and communities where other governmental methods are preferred. There is probably no class of men who ought to study history as carefully as reformers—except reactionaries, for whom the need is even greater. A careful study of eighteenth-century France ought to show the reactionary that the rejection, by the beneficiaries of special privilege, of wise and moderate progressiveness, like that of Turgot, inevitably tends to produce the most calamitous explosion; and, on the other hand, the ultra-reformers will do well to ponder the harm done in their turn by the Jacobins, the inevitable reaction produced by their excesses, and especially by the queer attitude they assumed when they first deified the people and demanded the absolute rule of the people and then declined to submit to the judgment of the very people they had just deified because that judgment was not sufficiently favorable.

The initiative and the referendum are devices for giving better and more immediate effect to the popular will. If in any given State—Vermont, for instance, or Massachusetts, or New Hampshire, or New Jersey, or New York—the people are not now ready to adopt either, or even if they never become ready—why! that is their affair, and the genuinely Progressive leader will no more ostracize and read out of the company of Progressives a New England State which thinks it can achieve popular government without the referendum than he would read out some State in another part of the country because it has never adopted the town meeting. Personally, I should like to see the initiative and referendum, with proper safeguards, adopted generally in the States of the Union, and personally I am sorry that the New England town meeting has not spread throughout the Union. But I certainly do not intend to part company from other Progressives who fail to sympathize with me in either view, and I do intend to insist with all the strength I have that each device is a device and nothing more, is a means and not an end. The end is good government, obtained through genuine popular rule. Any device that under given conditions achieves this end is good for those conditions, and the value of each device must be tested purely by the answer to the question, Does it or does it not secure the end in view? One of the worst faults that can be committed by practical men engaged in the difficult work of self-government is to make a fetish of a name, or to confound the means with the end. The end is to secure justice, equality of opportunity in industrial as well as in political matters, to safeguard the interests of all the people, and work for a system which shall promote the general diffusion of well-being and yet give ample rewards to those who in any walk of life and in any kind of work render exceptional service to the community as a whole. We do not want to produce a dead level of achievement and reward; we want to give the exceptional rewards, in the way of approbation or in whatever other fashion may be necessary, to the exceptional men, the Lincolns, Grants, Marshalls, Emersons, Longfellows, Edisons, Pearys, who each in his own line does some special service; but we wish so far as possible to prevent a reward being given that is altogether disproportionate to the services, and especially to prevent huge rewards coming where there is no service or indeed where the action rewarded is detrimental instead of beneficial to the public interest.

Ours is a government of laws, but every one should keep always before him the fact that no law is worth anything unless there is the right kind of man behind it. In tropical America there are many republics whose constitutions and laws are practically identical with ours, yet some of these republics have, throughout their governmental career, alternated between despotism and anarchy, and have

failed in striking fashion at every point where in equally striking fashion we have succeeded. The difference was not in the laws or the institutions, for they were the same. The difference was in the men who made up the community, in the men who administered the laws, and in the men who put in power the administrators.

If we choose Senators by popular vote instead of through the Legislatures, we shall not thereby have secured good representatives; we shall merely have given the people a better chance to get good representatives. If they choose bad men, unworthy men, whether their unworthiness take the form of corruption or demagogy, of truckling to special interests or of truckling to the mob, we shall have worked no improvement. There have been in the past plenty of unworthy Governors and Congressmen elected, just as there have been plenty of bad Senators elected. Similarly, if the direct primary merely means additional expense without compensating advantage in wise and just action, the gain will be nil. At present there are cities where the direct primary obtains, in which, as far as I can see, the boss system is about as firmly rooted as in those cities where the direct primary has not been introduced. So with the initiative and the referendum. Vermont has neither; Oregon has both. In whichever State there is the less corruption and greater justice, in whichever State the elected representatives of the people are more upright, clean, and able, in whichever State the people are themselves wiser in action, more prompt to recognize and reward good service and fearlessness and independence in judge, Governor, Senator, or Congressman, why, in that State we shall find the best government, wholly without regard to the particular device by which the government is obtained. If both States show equally well in these matters, why, it means that each has devised the instrument best suited for its own needs. It is folly not to adopt the new instrument if experience shows it to be an instrument which usually produces better results; and if we are convinced that it is a better instrument, then we should endeavor by reason and argument to get our neighbors to adopt it; but it is also folly to refuse to work with good men who are striving for the same progressive ends as we are, merely because these good men prefer older instruments than those which we believe to be best fitted for the purpose.

I believe in adopting every device for popular government which is in theory good and when the practice bears out the theory. It is of course true that each is only a device, and that its worth must be shown in actual practice; and it is also true that where, as with us, the people are masters, the most vital need is that they shall show self-mastery as well as the power to master their servants. But it is often impossible to establish genuine popular rule and get rid of privilege, without the use of new devices to meet new needs. I think that this is the situation which now confronts us in the United States, and that the adoption in principle of the programme on which the Progressives, especially in the West, are tending to unite offers us the best chance to achieve the desired result.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE CASE OF ALONZO BAILEY

Some are born to renown; some achieve renown; some have renown thrust upon them. In the latter class belong Onesimus, Dred Scott, and Alonzo Bailey.

These three men were alike in one respect: they all tried to escape from servitude. Two of them failed; the third succeeded. The first secured his reputation from the Apostle Paul; the other two from the United States Supreme Court. They stand together as human algebraic symbols in humanity's problem of liberty.

In the time of Onesimus, slavery was an unquestioned institution; and Onesimus was a token of that sense of human brotherhood that was inevitably to render slavery unbearable. In the time of Dred Scott slavery was an issue that was shaking this Nation, almost its last refuge in Christendom, and Dred Scott was a token of that irreconcilable conflict between freedom and bondage which was about to show itself in war. Now, in 1911, slavery

is an outlawed thing, and Alonzo Bailey is the token of the Nation's intolerance of anything that bears to it even a remote resemblance.

As a result of the Civil War, the people of the United States adopted three amendments to the Federal Constitution. In the Thirteenth Amendment they declared that involuntary servitude, "except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted," should not exist "within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction;" and by the Fourteenth Amendment, that all persons "born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof," were citizens of the United States; that no State should "abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens," or "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law," or "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

One method of attempted evasion of the Constitutional prohibition of slavery was that of peonage. This is not uncommon in Mexico. It is the holding of a person to involuntary service or labor in liquidation of a debt or obligation. Under this system the taskmaster does not undertake to hold slaves arbitrarily; he rather lends or advances money to those whose labor he wishes to use; then, when they cannot repay him, he sets them to work and keeps them in restraint until they return to him in service an amount equal to the sum he has paid them. Since those whom he can secure in this way are likely to be poor and ignorant, he can usually manage to keep them in debt, and thus keep them in restraint and at work for him. To meet such conditions the Congress of the United States passed a measure abolishing "peonage," and it later buttressed that action by providing, as a punishment for any one who should hold another as a peon, a fine, or imprisonment, or both.

For violation of the Federal law against peonage men have been punished. Only the other day one of these men, once powerful and wealthy, and still able to command great influence on his behalf, learned that President Taft had no intention of weakening this law by granting him Executive clemency. To this case we refer more at length on another page. The criminal prosecutions for open violations of the peonage law, thus reinforced by the President's firm insistence that the rich and powerful shall not go unpunished, have done much to stamp out the most flagrant forms of this survival of slavery. Other forms, however, have appeared under the guise of law.

In Alabama, interests that wished to make sure of their hold upon laborers succeeded in persuading the Legislature to pass a series of enactments which made, to all intents and purposes, the breaking of a labor contract on the part of a laborer a criminal offense. In other words, the sanction of the law was given to a labor system which, outwardly at least, was identical with peonage. The law did this by the simple expedient of providing that the mere act of quitting work on the part of a contract laborer was in effect conclusive evidence that the laborer was guilty of a crime. Of course it was not put as simply as this. A number of apparently legitimate provisions were ingeniously dovetailed into one another; but their total result was about as we have stated it. How was this dovetailing done? The experience of Alonzo Bailey will indicate that.

Alonzo Bailey was engaged by a corporation as a farm hand, and signed a contract to work for a year at twelve dollars a month. To bind the contract the company paid Lonzo Bailey (as he is called in the contract) fifteen dollars in advance, so that the actual monthly wages that he was to receive thereafter would be $10.75. After working a month he was presumably paid $10.75; then, three or four days later, he quit work. Under ordinary laws the company might have sued him for breach of contract and tried to get damages from him; but, of course, it would have had its trouble for its pains. Instead the company had him arrested for intent to injure or defraud. Of course receiving money, whether by contract or not, with intent to defraud, is punishable, as any action to obtain money under false pretense would be. In the case of Alonzo Bailey, however, there was no direct evidence—not a syllable of direct evidence—to show that he intended to defraud. Unfortunately for

Bailey, no such evidence was required. The law expressly authorized the jury to find Bailey guilty of fraud on the fact that he quit work. The words of the law (which apply to contracts for renting land as well as those for labor) are as follows: "And the refusal or failure of any person, who enters into such contract, to perform such act or service, or to cultivate such land, or refund such money, or pay for such property, without just cause, shall be *prima facie* evidence of the intent to injure his employer or landlord or to defraud him." In other words, Bailey was presumed to be guilty of fraud in making the contract and receiving the fifteen dollars because over a month later he exercised the ordinary right of a citizen in leaving his job. Of course *prima facie* evidence is not conclusive evidence; but the law virtually made this *prima facie* evidence conclusive by prohibiting Bailey from testifying as to his own unexpressed intention. Inasmuch as he made the contract in the presence of no one but a representative of the employing company, his intention was unexpressed. Was there no escape from punishment for Bailey? Yes. He could escape jail by paying back the fifteen dollars—or by working out the fifteen dollars. Of course Bailey had no money. To work out the fifteen dollars he would have to go back to his employer and work for a year, unless out of the $10.75 a month which he received as wages he could save enough to make the period shorter. What if he did not repay the amount due in money or labor? Then he was to be fined thirty dollars (that is, double the amount of his debt), or go to work at hard labor. In short, the man was purged of fraud by keeping to his contract. The plain intent of the law was thus to keep contract laborers at work whether they wished to work or not.

Is there any defense for such a law? Yes. A very able defense has been drafted and signed by no less a person than a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Holmes, and concurred in by a colleague, Mr. Justice Lurton. Those who wish to see how ingenious reasoning can lead an acute mind to disregard simple facts of human experience will do well to read the dissenting opinion in the case of Alonzo Bailey, Plaintiff in Error, vs. The State of Alabama. In spite of that subtle defense, the Supreme Court has decided that this law is a violation of the United States Constitution. The constitutionality of the law was called in question on several grounds: first, that it violated the prohibition against involuntary servitude; second, that it denied to the plaintiff in error the right to due process of law; third, that by laying a burden upon an employee without laying any equivalent burden upon the employer it denied the Constitutional right of equal protection of the laws. Following its usual custom, the Supreme Court, finding one sufficient reason for declaring the law unconstitutional, declined to discuss any other reasons. In very clear language, that will probably often be cited in the future, Mr. Justice Hughes delivered the opinion of the Court. After setting forth the clear intent and effect of the law, Mr. Justice Hughes declares distinctly that the law is in conflict with the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution, which prohibits the existence of slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime. He declares that this prohibition "cannot be transgressed indirectly by the creation of a statutory presumption, any more than it can be violated by direct enactment." This law, therefore, if it establishes involuntary servitude, does not do so in punishment of crime. Does it, then, establish involuntary servitude? Mr. Justice Hughes, after a consideration of peonage as prohibited by Federal statutes, reaches a conclusion which may be summarized in this sentence of his: "Without imputing any actual motive to oppress, we must consider the natural operation of the statute here in question, and it is apparent that it furnishes a convenient instrument for the coercion which the Constitution and the Acts of Congress forbid; an instrument of compulsion peculiarly effective as against the poor and ignorant, its most likely victims."

Thus slavery met its first enemy in the simple sense of human brotherhood, typified by the experiences of Onesimus; received a death-blow in the great struggle between North and South, typified by the experiences of Dred Scott; and has now,

in its attenuated but far more ignoble form, become outlawed through the experiences of Alonzo Bailey.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE RUSSIAN JEW

No American can read Mr. Rosenthal's article in this issue of The Outlook without asking, "Can we do anything?" We can do much. That the Russian Government is not indifferent to foreign opinion, and is anxious to avoid giving ground for offense to other countries, has been shown more than once; and therefore the opinion of Western Europe and of the United States is a very important factor in the protection of the Jews from oppression in that country. If the story of recent treatment of these unfortunate people could be told with dramatic detail, the whole world would be stirred, and people would open their history of the Middle Ages to find any parallel to the sufferings of human beings. In a recent address, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, of New York, one of the leaders of opinion of the progressive wing among the Jews in this country, recently declared that the method of massacre which a few years ago filled the newspapers with terrible atrocities has been succeeded by a less dramatic but even more tragic method of "peaceful extermination," which has taken the form of a system of merciless repression and degradation; and Mr. Rosenthal confirms this statement. In many places throughout Russia the commercial boycott has greatly enlarged the miseries of the Jews, and pushed them down into a still deeper poverty. Jewish soldiers who have honorably completed their terms of service in the Russian army are not permitted to return to the towns from which they were taken. Dr. Wise makes the appalling statement that Jewish girls in some cases have registered in university towns as prostitutes, in order that they might be permitted to live in cities where higher educational opportunities were afforded them. At the same time, the Ministry of Education has greatly lessened the educational facilities open to Jews, and certain schools and universities are half deserted by reason of the compulsory absence of Jewish students. From towns like Kiev and Smolensk Jews have been driven in crowds. Insanity has terribly increased among the Jews in the Pale as the result of tyranny and oppression. One-third of the members of the Duma signed the bill providing for the abolition of the Pale; and their punishment for treason has been seriously proposed. The miserable condition of great numbers of Jews in some cities is indicated by the fact that in one city seventy thousand applied for alms in a single week. In another, all the resident Jews are registered in the criminal department. To a deputation from a Jewish conference which waited upon the Russian Premier to protest against these terrible grievances the Premier gave no assurances whatever, but sent the deputation away with a severe lecture.

Dr. Wise was right in saying that the Jewish question in Russia has ceased to be a Jewish or Russian question, and has become a question of humanity; and he is right also in declaring that the consciences of statesmen outside of Russia have been in many cases chloroformed, and that an appeal must be made to the nations. Mr. Tchaykovsky has warned the West that as long as Russia enjoys a sense of security in regard to other nations the policy of oppression at home will be continued. Influential Jews out of Russia are doing what they can in many quarters to relieve the sufferings of the members of their race in that country. Many Jewish bankers in this country and in England have resolutely taken the position that they will not strengthen the Russian Government by financial aid so long as it continues its course of persecution. Suggestions have recently been made to the President and the Secretary of State that Russia be compelled to comply with the provisions of its treaties and to recognize the foreign passport without discrimination. It is the belief of the Jews out of Russia that when foreign Jews are enabled to enter Russia and travel freely through the country it will be impossible for the Government under any pretense or by any form of logic to deny the same right to the Jews resident in Russia. Meanwhile every advantage ought to be taken to put on record the protest of Americans against this intolerable tyranny. The General Convention of the Episcopal

Church, recently held in Cincinnati, unanimously passed a resolution declaring: "Whereas the situation of oppression and violation of men's inalienable rights by the lawless elements in Russia is growing more intolerable each year, and whereas the persecution seems to be chiefly directed against our Blessed Lord's ancient people Israel, depriving them in many instances of life and property; Therefore, be it resolved: First, that we protest against the unfair and inhuman treatment of the Jews; and, second, that this is not in any sense a desire to enter the realm of politics or to interfere in governmental affairs, but a solemn protest and expression of our deep sympathy for our suffering brethren."

This expression of a great body of men and women who are among the most influential in the United States expresses the sense of horror with which Americans look at this persecution; and such resolutions ought to be put on record by every organization which in any way expresses public sentiment in this country.

NO!

Mr. Andrews, the Delegate from New Mexico, has introduced into Congress a bill donating three hundred thousand acres of unappropriated non-mineral land in New Mexico to J. B. Pitaval, Archbishop of Santa Fé, and his successors, to be held by him in trust for the establishment of a manual training school for the youth of New Mexico.

It is not probable that this bill will ever be reported out of committee. It is hardly conceivable that it should ever pass the House. But the incident is significant of the fact that somebody in the House of Representatives wants the Nation to help support the Church. And whenever any man makes this demand Americans should answer emphatically, No!

We believe that Mr. Pitaval is a Roman Catholic archbishop. We should say No! just as emphatically if he were an Episcopal bishop, a Methodist bishop, a Presbyterian elder, or a Congregational minister. No union of State and Church! No union of State with any Church!

Is the teaching of the people to be intrusted to the Church or to the State? The answer of United America, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, is, The State. If the Church wishes to teach, she must pay for her own schools. To appropriate three hundred thousand acres of land to a Church school is to tax every citizen of the United States for its support. The enforced contribution is small; but it is an *enforced* contribution. Churches in America depend on voluntary contributions. They do not tax the people.

In Spain revolution is threatened in the growing desire of the people to emancipate the schools from Church control. In Portugal the resolve for emancipation has produced a revolution. In France, in self-protection, the Republic has been forced to prohibit Church schools because Church schools were teaching hostility to the Republic. In England the attempt to establish State education has been halted by a Protestant Church. We have won the battle for free education in America. The question is no longer an open one here. The principle may be stated in a sentence:

ALL SCHOOLS SUPPORTED BY THE STATE MUST BE CONTROLLED BY THE STATE.

PROGRESS

Progressive democracy and progressive Nationalism are not inconsistent movements; they are two phases of one and the same movement. Progressive democracy is a movement toward more power of the people in the government. Progressive Nationalism is a movement toward more power in the government, or, to speak more accurately, more exercise of power by the government, over the special interests. They both have one and the same end in view—the control of the special interests by the people. Events since the last election, especially in the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Ohio, illustrate the progress which this twofold movement is making. And we repeat what we have said heretofore: the progress of this movement in both political parties is far more important than the victory of either party over the other.

In Massachusetts Senator Lodge, vio-

lently assaulted by the Democratic Governor-elect, appeals against his assailant to the people and gives to them an account of his administration of his office. He says that, often as he has spoken to the people of Massachusetts in favor of certain principles and policies, this is the first time in his career that he has spoken in defense of himself. We do not take this as an apology. It is rather a frank recognition of the fact that it is not a "boss," it is not even the Massachusetts Legislature, that is to pass upon his record; it is the people of the State. And it is to be assumed that the Legislature will endeavor to carry out the judgment of the people of the State.

In Connecticut Governor Baldwin, who represents conservative democracy—certainly no one would accuse him of being a radical—makes in his Message recommendations which cannot be regarded as other than concessions to a growing public sentiment. Among these are his recommendations for the popular election of United States Senators, for the election of State Senators by the people at large instead of by Senatorial districts, for new legislation as to employers' liability, and for a "careful consideration" of direct primaries. We stated last week why we regard these recommendations as not sufficiently thorough, but none the less, perhaps the more on that very account, they indicate both the movement and the power of public sentiment.

More emphatic are the cordial recommendations of Governor Dix in New York State, reported in last week's Outlook. State Conservation, direct primaries, the reformed ballot, better protection of employees, more stringent restrictions upon child labor, parcels posts, popular election of United States Senators, all receive urgent recommendation. In all these cases there is no indication of a hesitating concession to public sentiment. Reform, which the Connecticut Governor is willing to consider, the New York Governor urgently recommends. Governor Dix's attitude is the more significant because it is in contrast with the tone of Mr. Sheehan's published letter—Mr. Sheehan being the Tammany candidate for United States Senator. No trust magnate will apprehend any peril to the special interests from a candidate who, like Mr. Sheehan, promises to "approach" the subject "in the spirit of the broadest patriotism" if further legislation is "necessary;" who hopes that the railway rate regulation already enacted "will prove efficient and satisfactory;" and who has not a word to say respecting Conservation, but is valiant in his opposition to "executive usurpation."

In New Jersey and in Ohio the controversy in the Democratic party itself between popular rights and special interests is even more clearly marked: in New Jersey, where the question is whether the popular vote or the special interests shall determine the choice of United States Senator; in Ohio, where popular sentiment, though not formally expressed, has defeated the Democratic "Old Guard."

The *methods* by which the people shall exercise their control are still matters for debate. The referendum, the initiative, and the recall may or may not become a general practice. And the line of demarcation between the authority of the States and the authority of the Nation is, and perhaps always will be, somewhat elusive and ever fluctuating. But he must be either singularly dull or singularly indifferent to the signs of the times who does not see in current events the growing determination of the American people that not only political and educational institutions, but also industrial organizations, shall be carried on for the benefit of the people—not for the special and exclusive benefit of the few; and that to secure this result the government, whether local, State, or Federal, and alike in the executive, legislative, and judicial departments, shall be clothed with whatever powers are necessary to protect and promote the people's welfare. It is just as democratic for the people to intrust a Governor or a President with needed power, so long as he is responsible to the people for its exercise, as it is to intrust needed power to a Legislature or a Congress. And the principles of democracy no less require that all the people of the Nation shall control in all those affairs which concern the people of the Nation as a whole, than that the people of a State shall control in those affairs which concern only the people of the State, and the individual shall control in

those affairs which concern only himself.

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator had journeyed from Lemberg—or Lwow, as the Poles love to continue to call it—at the eastern end, to Cracow, at the western gateway of the Austrian province of Galicia. On the morning following his arrival in the old Polish capital he sallied forth into the market-place surrounding the historic old Tuchhaus, where, on April 10, 1525, Albert, Duke of Brandenburg, the last Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, tendered the oath of fidelity to King Sigismund of Poland, thus marking the end of the effort of this religious military order to obtain political control of Polish soil.

Like the market-place in Lemberg, the great open space was a riot of color. It was covered with groups of muscular peasant women wrapped in shawls of conventional design in which red was the dominant color. These partly covered their red and pink waists. Upon their heads were brilliant kerchiefs. A large number were barefooted. A few wore big, rough boots. Some stood, while others sat among the wares scattered about on the great solid blocks of stone forming the pavement of the square. And their wares! They seemed to be selling everything under the sun. There were not only vegetables, but live ducks, chickens, and guinea-fowls resting complacently on the pavement in pairs, utterly unconscious of the fate hoped for by their owners. Then there were cherries and raspberries and huckleberries. The market for the last mentioned apparently was not good. The blue lips of two girls squatting behind a big basket suggested that the owners were lightening the burden to be carried home on their backs in another fashion than that which was their object in coming to market. Nor were there absent household articles such as the frugal peasant housewife and mother, or even the thrifty mistress of the town household, might wish. There were baskets, wooden utensils such as spoons and sieves, tinware and toys in variety. The peasants made their bargains in harsh, masculine voices roughened by life in the fields.

Fronting on the square was a high-vaulted edifice of rough-looking brick. The open doors beckoned hospitably to those peasants who, their day's business transacted, desired to partake of the blessings or consolations of religion before they turned their footsteps homeward. The Spectator stepped inside, and was astonished at what he saw, for the dingy exterior gave no hint of the glowing color and richness of decoration within. With its blue and red and gold and silver it was a veritable jewel-box of color and carving. It was even over-decorated, the Spectator thought. The effect upon the eyes was like that of the cloying fragrance of some flowers upon the olfactory organs. A mass was being sung at one of the side altars, and many worshipers had entered to participate in its benefits. In the main, they were peasant women from the market, with baskets on their arms and bundles on their backs. Their bare feet went slip, slip, along the uneven stone floor, unless, perchance, they wore boots, when they moved along the aisles with a clump, clump. One, a wrinkled old woman, had sunk in a corner in a heap, and, with closed eyes, was telling her beads. Some had knelt in the aisles, their baskets still upon their arms, choosing places as close to the wall as possible, or dark corners, as if they were afraid of the Holy Presence. Others, on the contrary, had crept close to the altar and knelt upon its steps, as if they would have a full measure of blessing. One had with her a holy picture, which she held up before her as if she would thus obtain a blessing upon it before she hung it up on the wall of her little room in the rough cot she called home, out in the country. As they finished their prayers, which they said with hands pressed together before their breasts, finger-tips under their chins or clasped in front of them, they prostrated themselves in Oriental fashion and kissed the dusty stones where the feet of others had trod. In the center of the aisle knelt a peasant in black, one of the few men in the church, who typified for the Spectator the stratum of humanity to which he belonged. His rough cloak swept the floor. His coarse

black hair fell over his ears and was cropped square all around his head like that of a child. His face was deeply etched, and looked as if it had never worn a smile or reflected an independent thought. In these severe, toil-burdened, adoring figures the Spectator saw expressed two facts that made his heart ache. Save for religion there was no source of solace for this burden-bearing race of men and women who seldom smiled. And this race knew not freedom of body, mind, or soul.

The Spectator turned to leave the church. As he walked back into the shadows which clung about the exit at the rear he came upon a woman kneeling and praying earnestly. Upon her back was fastened her daily burden, a bundle. On her arm hung a basket. Fervently she prayed, her eyes turned upward toward the image upon the wall. The tiny flickering flame before it threw her appealing face into strong relief against the background of shadow. Her eyes glistened with moisture. The light grew and grew in them as she prayed. The Spectator was reminded of a Mary kneeling at the foot of a cross as he studied the white face reflecting the transports of the soul and its crown of smoothly combed hair parted and drawn under her kerchief.

"I was mistaken in thinking that all these people have careworn faces," said he to himself, as he watched the rapt expression on the face of the woman, oblivious to all around her. "Here is one who has not. I would like to have a picture of this Madonna."

She evidently was about to rise from her place among the shadows and leave the church. The Spectator hastened out by a side door into the sunshine to catch another glimpse of this lovely illustration of the power of religion. A woman came out of the door and stopped a moment to look at the religious articles exposed for sale about the deep, weather-worn arch. Then she approached the Spectator, and he saw that she was wrinkled and o d She stooped and picked up an envelope which in his haste he had dropped and until then had not missed. This she handed to him in a courteous manner. He looked at her a second time. Could this be the woman he sought? There were the basket on her arm and the bundle on her back. It seemed probable, but he would make sure. He looked all about the church, within and without, until there was no doubt in his mind. This seamed face was the glorified countenance he had been studying.

As the Spectator looks back at the incident he is inclined to think of it as a greater miracle than he considered it to be at the time. The effacement of the lines in the worn face of the ignorant old peasant woman may have been due to the scant illumination from the little lamp at the foot of the image. But the Spectator felt at the time that it was a genuine transfiguration, an experience which is seldom seen in life, and doubtless comes more frequently to the simple soul with a highly developed religious instinct, such as that of Joan of Arc, than to the more sophisticated of the human race. To this simple, needy soul, perhaps, had been vouchsafed a joy and consolation beyond the dreams of those who are overwhelmed with the temporal blessings of this life

THE MARTYRDOM OF THE RUSSIAN JEW

BY HERMAN ROSENTHAL

Mr. Rosenthal, the author of the following article, was born in Russia, but has lived in this country for many years. He organized, in Louisiana, the first agricultural colony for Russian Jews in America, and afterwards started similar colonies in New Jersey and South Dakota. He has been for twelve years chief of the Slavonic Department in the New York Public Library, and is the editor of the Russian Department of the "Jewish Encyclopædia." His special knowledge and means of obtaining the facts accurately make what he has to say on the present subject of positive value.—THE EDITORS.

FEW persons beyond the borders of Russia have any conception of the actual conditions that prevail among the Jewish subjects of the Czar. The Russian Government has seen to that. Press censorship and "influence" are fairly effective in minimizing the publication of damnatory truths, while press subsidies and again "influence" are very useful aids in neutralizing the effect of such truths as have crept into the light, and in spreading the impression that the devil is not so black as he is painted and that Russian bureaucracy can be tender-hearted.

As a cold matter of fact, the policy of the Russian Government toward the Jews is brutal, tyrannical, and cruel. In three decades one and a half million Jews were forced to leave the Empire. In a series of terrible "pogroms," or anti-Jewish riots—outbreaks stimulated and countenanced by subtle Governmental policy—thousands of helpless Jews have been murdered, many more thousands crippled or wounded, and robbery or destruction of the property of the victims has left their widows and children destitute.

There are, of course, a few wealthy Jews who buy complete immunity—everything is for sale in Russia—and these few live in peace. But the masses of the Russian Jewish population of over five millions are very poor. For the most part the Jews are herded together in the cities of the provinces known as the Pale. They may not live in the country districts, nor buy, lease, or manage real estate therein. Those who because of their occupations have under the law been privileged to reside in cities outside the Pale now, after years of legal residence, find the privilege withdrawn through some arbitrary distortion of the law, and are suddenly driven from their homes. The Jew is almost excluded from State service. Legally the calling of judge is not barred to the Jew; yet, in spite of the great number of Jewish jurists, there is in the whole empire only one Jewish judge, a relic of former years, while the few Jews who were formerly employed as State attorneys or court justices now belong to the history of the past. Similar is the relation of Jews to public instruction. Excepting the teachers in Jewish schools and teachers of Jewish religion, there are no Jewish teachers in the primary, secondary, or high schools. Equally "free from Jews" are the various professorships; and of the Jewish lecturers who succeeded in establishing themselves during the more liberal era, but few remain. Jews are taxed, and heavily taxed, for education, but only a small percentage of their children may enter the Russian schools. No Jew may enter the navy, the frontier or quarantine service, or the gendarmerie. Jews may serve in the army—in fact, they furnish from thirty to forty per cent more soldiers than their proper allotment—but no Jew may become an officer. The Jew may die for "Holy Russia," but he need look for no reward. Sixty thousand Jews served in the war with Japan. A ukase of 1904 promised a general right of residence within and without the Pale to all of these who should be found to have served worthily. But the Russian Government is bound by no promises. This privilege was denied even the Jewish volunteers who endured privations and sustained wounds in the defense of Port Arthur.

The Jew is the daily sport of oppressive special laws so constantly distorted by conflicting "interpretations" that he knows not what "common right of man"

may be withdrawn from him to-morrow. It seems that the Jew has no right that the Russian Government is bound to respect. He is, moreover, at the mercy of a rapacious police. It is estimated that every year the Jews pay from twenty to twenty-five million rubles blackmail. Bribery is their sole, humiliating defense.

But from the Jewish point of view it is not robbery, deprivation of rights, or even murder itself that is most to be deplored. More terrible than all these is the inevitable consequence of ever-present fear and persecution—the moral degradation of a race. For this crime Russia will be responsible, but not Russia alone. Civilization cannot escape the penalty for the deeds that civilization has permitted.

RUSSIA'S JEWISH POLICY

Russia's present unpardonable policy, appealing as it does to the brutal instincts of the ignorant masses, has been followed ever since the accession of Alexander III in 1881, when the first pogroms shocked the civilized world.

Since that time the persecution of the Jews has been unremitting, with periodical massacres and wholesale expulsions. The atrocities of the Romanov dynasty have finally culminated in a tendency toward the complete extinction of the Jewish race in Russia. The originator of this policy was Pobyedonostzev, called the Grand Inquisitor of Russia. His plan aimed at the expulsion or forced emigration of one-third of the Jews, the absorption of another third into the fold of the Orthodox Church, and the complete annihilation of the remaining third by the gentle expedient of depriving it of the means of subsistence. This apparently impossible and suicidal policy was not taken seriously abroad. But the brutal treatment of the Jews during the past two years shows that the Russian bureaucracy "that make their wills their law" are attempting to realize even the impossible. Jews are hunted from place to place like common criminals. Expulsions, persecutions, and the inevitable blackmail create an economic distress and an industrial confusion which compel vast numbers to seek safety in emigration, and wreck the careers of many who cannot even take refuge in flight. From time to time short cable items appear in our daily papers under such headings as "Russian Pale Enlarged," and we read that "the Emperor Nicholas to-day approved the Cabinet resolution opening up new sections for the residence of Jews." Then follows a list of the supposedly new localities. To non-Russians this list is slightly misleading. How many American readers would be likely to know that the provinces mentioned in the cable—Vitebsk, Volhynia, Mohilev, Poltava, and Kherson—always belonged to the Pale of Settlement? It is no secret to the initiated that before launching a new loan the local authorities expel Jews from villages, so that the Central Government may later allow them to return to their places, and thus blazon its liberality to the world! This pleasant expedient has been employed so frequently of late, and has caused so much misery, that last summer one hundred and sixty delegates, in spite of the triumphs of the reactionaries, were moved to introduce in the Duma a bill aiming to make an end to the greatest calamity of the Russian Jews—the unceasing struggle for the right of domicile. Thirty other members of the Duma have promised to support the bill. Whatever the fate of the proposed act, its discussion may at least reveal the true situation of the Russian Jews. Recent, and evidently inspired, articles in Russian reactionary periodicals show clearly that the Government is attempting to counteract the impression that will be created by the debates on the measure.

THE POGROMS

It is now nearly thirty years since the existence of the Russian Jewish masses was first made unbearable by pogroms and legislative oppression. In the years 1881–1883, the records show, there were two hundred and twenty-six pogroms in various cities and towns of South Russia and Poland. In these riots, with all their murders and unspeakable cruelties, more than seventy thousand Jews, mostly from among the poorest classes, were despoiled of their possessions to the amount of ten or eleven million rubles. Yet the pogroms and atrocities of these years were greatly surpassed by those of the epoch of Kishenev-Syedletz. In the October days of 1905 alone, seven hundred and twenty-

five places were disgraced by riots whereby over two hundred thousand Jews suffered a direct loss of nearly sixty-three million rubles. In two governments, Chernigov and Yekaterinoslav, every fifth Jew was among the sufferers, while in a great number of other places almost the entire population was directly affected by the pogroms. In the riots covered by the period October, 1905, to September, 1906, more than a thousand Jews were killed and many thousands were wounded or crippled. The murdered men left 386 widows and 1,641 orphans. The direct loss sustained by the Russian Jewry in this era of pogroms exceeded one hundred million rubles. But even this is a small fraction of the vastly greater loss occasioned by general economic demoralization. The actual losses that have been thus inflicted may be safely estimated at hundreds of millions.

THE RESTRICTIVE LAWS

The system of special enactments concerning Jews and the arbitrary interpretation of these laws have reached into the most vital economic relations and have created a mass of legal ambiguity that invites extortion by major and minor officials. The Jewish masses have always served as a rich source of graft for the insatiable *chinovniks*, or officials, for the interpretation of the law has been largely left to these gentry, and they do not neglect their opportunities. According to a calculation of Prince Urussov in his "Memoirs of a Russian Governor," the "extra income" of the police in his government of Bessarabia alone amounted to over a million rubles annually. Most of this sum was exacted from Jews. On the basis of this statement it may be estimated that the Jews in the whole country pay annually for protection to the police officials amounts of from twenty to twenty-five million rubles. The Russian bureaucracy will certainly oppose with all its might the emancipation of the Jews, since with the repeal of exceptional laws all the special income of the police would be abolished.

The extent to which the exceptional laws are interpreted according to the pleasure of the bureaucracy is evident from the fact that more than three thousand Senate interpretations since 1881 deal with the Jewish question. In these interpretations the Senate—the highest tribunal of justice in Russia—has exhibited the most shameful inconsistency and subservience, at different times construing the same laws in various ways to suit the changing moods of the Government.

STATE SERVICE AND PROFESSIONS

The restrictions as to the employment of Jews in State service are most sweeping, extending down to the position of scribe in the police court, and even to police guard. The great Russian police machine employs Jews as stool-pigeons only, thus demoralizing those among them who are inclined toward police activities, in order to heap upon them the greatest odium. While there are in the various Russian Ministries individual Jews who, on account of their special knowledge of affairs, are made use of in certain departments, these few officials are glaring exceptions. Theoretically the only requisite for State service is a high school diploma. The law merely stipulates that preference be given to a Christian over a Jew. In practice, however, a Jew can enter State service only after baptism.

A notable exception was made in the more liberal era in the case of Jewish physicians, who, especially in the Russo-Turkish War, distinguished themselves and reached the grade of superior officers—even of generals. But the pressure of anti-Semitic tendencies in 1882 led to the establishment of a military regulation whereby the appointment of Jewish physicians in the army was limited to five per cent. In consequence of this regulation and of the discriminations in other directions, the Jewish physicians have been almost eliminated from the army. However, at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, the Russian military administration tore away without any regard hundreds of Jewish physicians from their civil professions and drove them to the most dangerous points of the theater of war, dismissing them immediately after the conclusion of peace.

MILITARY SERVICE

But if the rejection of the Jews from State service in Russia is generally only an administrative practice, their exclusion

from the rank of commissioned officers is a matter of law. Since 1887 the Jewish volunteers have not even been allowed to take examinations for promotion. Additional restrictions are also in force in the army. As I have said, no Jew may serve in the navy, in the frontier or quarantine service, or in the gendarmerie; and since 1889 no Jewish soldier serving in a military orchestra may occupy the position of leader, while the proportion of Jewish musicians in a military orchestra is limited to one-third.

On the other hand, it has been statistically demonstrated that the oft-repeated assertion that the Jews do not furnish enough soldiers is a malicious invention. The truth is precisely the contrary. In consequence of special regulations and of administrative quibblings, the annual levy of recruits from among the Jewish population of Russia is proportionately far greater than that drawn from any other class of subjects. The Russian Jews furnish every year from thirty to forty per cent more soldiers than their legal quota. Thus it happened that the Jewish soldiers who fought in the war against Japan amounted to the enormous number of nearly sixty thousand.

Yet, in spite of the fact that the census of 1897 has indisputably proved that the Jews bear the heaviest burden of military service, the Russian administration always manages to ascribe to them a deficit—and for two good reasons. In the first place, the anti-Semitic press is supplied with more material for the calumny that the Jews evade their military duties. In the second place, here is another pretext through which millions are extorted from the already burdened and impoverished Jewish masses. There is a regulation of 1886, applicable to Jews only, establishing "family responsibility" for recruits. The effect of this provision is that should any Jew whose name has been drawn as a recruit fail to report for service at the proper time, even though he may delay but a few hours, his relatives must pay a fine of 300 rubles. It makes no difference if the name of the "recruit" is that of one who emigrated years ago, or died, even in infancy; no matter what proofs may be offered, the penalty still remains. This oppression hovers like a terrifying ghost over the Ghetto, descending on those who have least reason to anticipate it. Suddenly the poor Jew is informed that he must pay the Government the unattainable sum of 300 rubles because some relative over whom he had no control has emigrated or has died. Thousands, already poor, are thus made still poorer; while many, their last belongings sold to pay the fine, are driven to beggary.

CIVIC DISABILITIES

In municipal affairs the Jew must bear the heaviest burdens of taxation without receiving the ordinary rights of citizenship. Under a degrading law of 1892, no Jew can either vote for, or be elected, alderman. The governors of the provinces comprising the Pale of Jewish Settlement are empowered to select from among the Jewish inhabitants of each city several representatives for the municipal assembly. Their number must not exceed one-tenth of the whole body, and is usually fixed by the Minister of the Interior. Even in cities where the Jews constitute three-fourths of the population they have in reality neither a direct nor an indirect voice in the regulation of municipal affairs. In such places illiterates and drunkards, in virtue of the fact that they are not Jews, often rule over an intellectual and well-conducted populace. Those Jews who are appointed to the assembly by the governor, far from being representative, are likely to be men of inferior character out of all sympathy with the governed.

EDUCATIONAL RESTRICTIONS

From the American standpoint, every child is entitled to an education; but even education is denied to a great proportion of the Jewish youth. Under Nicholas I and Alexander II the Russian Government wisely made great efforts to induce the Jews to renounce their traditional Talmudic studies and to enter the State schools, offering concessions and privileges to students. This far-sighted policy was productive of results advantageous both to the Jews and to the Empire. But times have changed. Since 1886 the Ministry of Education has adopted regulations limiting the proportion of Jews to be admitted to secondary institutions, high schools, and colleges—in the capital cities to three per cent of the total admissions,

in other towns to five per cent, and in the cities of the Pale to ten per cent. Moreover, a number of secondary institutions and high schools are entirely closed to Jews. It is only in the commercial schools that the regulations have been relatively mild, but the present Ministry of Education is endeavoring to shut out Jewish children even from these schools.

Such cruel limitations bring about a condition that is simply barbarous. Only a small proportion of the Jewish children can be admitted to the schools, and which shall be the favored ones is supposedly determined by competitive examinations. Therefore the Jewish youths for years are drilled, tutored, and crammed in order that they may pass brilliantly, while the parents zealously seek all means to further the chances of their offspring, naturally in the Russian atmosphere of corruption often resorting to bribery of teachers and directors. Nothing could be more demoralizing to both parents and children. What with the fierce struggle for the privilege of schooling, and the struggle to retain that privilege when secured, it is small wonder that so many brilliant Jewish youths are exhausted in body and broken in spirit at the threshold of the university. And there the same struggle must be repeated. Jewish applicants for vacancies in the university wait year after year for the opportunity of matriculation. Thousands, at length grown hopeless, give up the fight or emigrate to complete their education abroad; and the Russian Government refuses the privilege of general residence to Jews who hold the diplomas of foreign universities. Even the Jew who obtains the coveted Russian university diploma finds his progress in his profession hampered by numberless restrictions.

LANDHOLDING AND FARMING

A Jew may not buy, lease, or manage real property except in the towns and cities in the Pale of Settlement. This prohibition has altogether paralyzed the development of a Jewish peasantry in Russia. At the beginning of the eighties there was a strong "back to the land" movement among the Russian Jews. A substantial fund to promote this agricultural enterprise had already been subscribed, when the enactment of the May Laws put an end to all efforts in this direction by rendering it impossible for Jews to develop the established agricultural colonies, or to found new ones within the limits of the Russian Empire. The 200,000 Jews now engaged in agriculture in Russia are mostly the descendants of farmers of earlier times, or are engaged in gardening within the limits of towns and boroughs.

Under the law Jewish artisans are privileged to reside in almost all parts of Russia, but they may not acquire real estate in the cities outside of the Pale, for the Senate has pointed out in an interpretation that the Jewish artisan enjoys the common right of residence only so long as he exercises his handicraft; should he give up his trade he would lose this right; therefore every Jewish artisan dwelling outside the Pale must be considered a temporary resident who cannot acquire property for life.

THE RIGHT OF RESIDENCE

The greatest affliction of the Russian Jews, and the cause of the recent exhibition of Governmental violence against hundreds of these unfortunate people, is the limitation of the right of residence. The great majority of the Russian Jews are rigorously herded in the large cities of Poland and the so-called Pale of Jewish Settlement, for only in these cities may they reside. Comparatively small numbers have been able to preserve old residential rights in the villages or country districts of the Pale. Scattered through the rest of the Empire are about a quarter of a million Jews, some of whom have retained old rights of residence in their localities, others belonging to certain privileged classes to whom the right of general residence is accorded by law. But the whole policy of the Russian Government is to withdraw all rights of external residence, and to pack the Jews closer and closer in the great cities of the Pale.

The Pale of Settlement consists of fifteen provinces, comprising a twenty-third part of the Empire, namely: Bessarabia, Wilna, Vitebsk, Volhynia, Grodno, Yekaterinoslav, Kovno, Minsk, Moghilev, Podolia, Poltava, Taurida, Kherson, Chernigov, and Kiev. Russian Poland is not in the Pale, but there also Jews may live.

The other thirty-five governments of European Russia, the Caucasus with its eleven governments, Siberia with its nine provinces, and the provinces of Middle Asia, are generally closed to the Jews.

RIGHTS OF JEWISH ARTISANS

Under the law the privilege of residence in any part of the Empire is supposedly accorded to Jewish old soldiers, merchants of the first guild, members of certain professions, and artisans pursuing their calling. But while even members of the higher "privileged classes" are deprived of their rights on many pretexts, their condition is idyllic in comparison with that of the artisans and skilled laborers. These are subject to a degrading and costly espionage, and are in continual fear of sudden expulsion. Should an artisan give a night's lodging to a relative who has no right of residence, he forfeits his rights. For a Jewish artisan to have some side line besides his handicraft is also fatal. Watchmakers have been expelled because they sold watches and chains; bakers because they sold coffee; ritual butchers because they sold meat to non-Jews. Such "crimes" as these, moreover, afford the inventive police enviable opportunities for making money.

As soon as the sons of a Jewish artisan become of age, if they have not themselves acquired the right of residence, they must abandon the paternal home and return to the Ghetto. Similarly, married daughters whose husbands do not belong to the privileged classes cannot remain even temporarily in the house of their parents. Should the Jewish artisan become incapacitated by old age, he must wage a long fight with the police administration over his right of residence in a place where he has lived and worked for years. Moreover, the Senate has repeatedly declared non-privileged many callings that formerly conferred the general residential right. Thus tobacco workers, piano-tuners, fish salters, butchers, rubber-menders, bricklayers, diggers, and others have been declared not to be artisans and have been sent back to the Ghetto. Considering these oppressive conditions, it is hardly surprising that, in the course of decades, only about ten thousand Jewish artisans—that is, about two per cent of the half million Jewish workingmen in Russia—have found their way to the interior governments, while hundreds of thousands of this class have emigrated to transoceanic countries.

EXPULSIONS

In addition to the legally privileged, there are unquestionably large numbers of non-privileged Jews whom economic conditions have compelled to break through the artificial territorial barriers and to settle in prohibited places. These unfortunates are the sport and prey of the police. The richer pay enormous sums to be allowed to remain, always in fear and trembling, while the poor are pitilessly driven back to starve in the overcrowded cities of the Pale. Inevitably the privileged suffer with the non-privileged. Recently the administration has not hesitated to include in its proscriptions children and paralyzed old men.

Whenever a particularly strong wind of anti-Semitism agitates the official atmosphere, local authorities are quick to show their zeal. Then follow raids, arbitrary expulsions, and the imprisonment of non-privileged Jews as examples. At such times Jews, or persons whose features are considered by the police to have a Jewish cast, have been actually stopped in the streets and required to prove their right of residence.

The constant Governmental harrying is naturally productive of great economic distress. At one time, for example, at least forty per cent of the Jews of Odessa were forced to resort temporarily to the public charities. Worse yet, the victims are broken in spirit and degraded in the eyes of their neighbors. Such spectacles as night raids on the homes of privileged Jews and the public expulsion of troops of innocent Jews, herded by squads of police, arouse cowardly, brutal mob instincts that find vent in the murderous pogroms for which the Government seeks to evade responsibility.

THE JEWS OF THE PALE

And now, what is the lot of the Jews in the Pale of Settlement? In this great Ghetto, created by the strong arm of Government, ninety-five per cent of their number are confined. Here their condition might not be insupportable, if only they had freedom of movement. But the

assertion that even a twenty-third part of the Russian Empire is open to Jews is a fiction. In reality only a two-thousandth part of the Empire is free to them. For the May Laws of 1882 definitely forbade the Jews to settle in the villages, and since 1887 they have even been forbidden to move from one village to another. Only those who were residents in a village in 1882 may continue to live there, and the number of these is steadily diminishing. A temporary absence from the village is sufficient to forfeit the privilege, and women usually lose it by marriage. For a long time Jews who had gone to the cities for the holidays in order to participate in the divine service were not allowed by the police to re-enter the villages, under the pretext that they had forfeited their rights. Many have been expelled, in spite of the testimony of their neighbors, simply because the police failed to register them as residents when the May Laws went into effect. If one pretext fails, another will serve a despotic Government in a war against helpless individuals. In some villages the Jews cannot even obtain cemetery plots, because the acquisition of real property by them outside the city limits is contrary to the spirit of the May Laws. They are forced to drag their dead to the neighboring towns.

Another device was beautiful in its simplicity. Hundreds of places which in the official directories had figured as townlets suddenly, in the early nineties, were declared to be parishes, and as such not open to Jewish settlement. So enormous was the injustice of this movement, supported by Senatorial decisions, that even Plehve relented so far as to restore to a considerable number of these places their urban standing. But this mitigation was applied ten years after the catastrophe, after thousands of Jews, especially in the governments of Chernigov and Poltava, had sustained irretrievable loss.

The Jews are fairly driven into the great centers, and then they are upbraided for their tendency to gather in the cities.

THE RIGHTS OF FOREIGN JEWS

Russia is practically closed to foreign Jews. Of the great number that formerly lived there but few remain. Under a regulation of 1891, foreign Jews representing known firms may obtain a permit for a three months' sojourn in Russia, and after their arrival the permit may be extended for six months at the utmost. All other Jews wishing to visit the country must receive special permission from the Minister of the Interior. Permanent residence in Russia is allowed only to the following classes of foreign Jews: (*a*) physicians and rabbis when invited by the Government; (*b*) founders of factories; (*c*) foremen when engaged by manufacturers for factory work. Members of all these classes must overcome great official obstacles, and their entry into Russia is a rare occurrence. But if a foreign Jew desires to engage in commerce in Russia, he must obtain special permission from three Ministers—the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of Finance—and must pay the tax of the first guild. Such are the precautions taken by the Russian Government to prevent Jewish capitalists from becoming a power in Russia or exploiting the wealth of the Empire! Yet the same Government is more than ready to resort to the same capitalists when confronted by the problems of a depleted treasury.

GOVERNMENTAL DUPLICITY

Recently the attitude of the Russian Government and of local administrations toward the Jews has varied according to the political tendency of the moment. Promises of reform have invariably been followed by bitter reaction. And the vacillations of the Government have served to trick many Jews out of their rights. Sometimes it seems as though contradictory Government circulars were designed for that very purpose. Thus the Stolypin circular of May 22, 1907, induced large numbers of Jewish merchants and artisans to discontinue observing the formalities necessary to maintain their residential rights, by promising permanent rights of residence. But the wavering Minister of the Interior, yielding to reactionary forces, in 1909 issued a supplementary circular which actually annulled this promise. Then the Jew who, relying on the first circular, had lost his old rights by non-observance of formalities, even though he had been a legal settler for thirty years,

lost all privileges. No better trick to defraud old residents could well be devised; but anything is possible when a government can tie a string to every promise.

THE EXPULSIONS OF 1910

The Jews were not long left unconvinced of their error in trusting the promises held out in the first circular. In many places the new, supplementary circular gave a long-desired opportunity for persecution. In Kiev thousands were marked for expulsion. The police inaugurated a series of night raids, invading hotels, the homes of private citizens, surprising clerks in the shops, and expelling many singly and in groups. In the spring of 1910, acting on orders from St. Petersburg, the local authorities sent orders of expulsion to 1,150 families in Kiev and to 238 families in the suburb of Demiyevka. The petitions of non-Jewish merchants who protested to the Government that the wholesale expulsions would cause great economic damage, the protests of Jewish delegations, and, lastly, the attacks of the foreign press, had but little ultimate effect. The names of a small fraction of the proscribed were stricken from the list, but for 1,200 Jewish heads of households with their families the order remained. Those who could not obtain the right of residence by paying the guild tax —and but few could afford it—had to quit the locality. Most of the expelled went voluntarily to Odessa, Warsaw, Cracow, Lemberg, or emigrated to America. Among these a girl, deranged by her experiences, flung herself from the window of the express train that was taking her to Odessa, and was killed.

TYPICAL INSTANCES

Many expulsions are the results of direct orders or hints from St. Petersburg. Officials everywhere are incited to inquire carefully into the rights of residence of the Jews within their jurisdiction. Lack of zeal in this direction is not tolerated. Thus the Governor of Livonia was reprimanded for his indifference to the question, whereupon he soon found the required victims. In Rostov, hotels and restaurants were suddenly raided, and many Jews, large numbers of them legally privileged, were expelled. Among those listed by the police for expulsion from Tula were four women of from sixty to eighty years who had long lived there. To evade expulsion they contracted fictitious marriages with old soldiers of Nicholas I, and thus secured immunity. In Tashkent forty families were ordered out, with but three days' grace. In the middle of winter, with the thermometer far below zero, dozens of Jews were driven from Irkutsk, among them children, and men seventy years old. In Vladivostok the Governor directed that every expulsion from the capital should be communicated to the other cities of the province, so that the expelled might find no refuge. In Smolensk, in the winter of 1910, twenty-one dentists were first expelled. A goodly number of artisans followed, the order for their expulsion stating that "their applications for the right of residence have not been looked into, and until this has been done they must leave the city." Acting under orders of the Governor, the police, on May 17, surrounded the townlet of Potchinok, consisting of two hundred houses, but at first secured only ten Jews for expulsion. A regular hunt in the neighboring forest, however, resulted in the capture of sixty more, chiefly young clerks. In consequence of the expulsion of these young men several wholesale houses were obliged to close for a time for lack of employees. From city after city artisans were expelled on the easy claim that they had lost their rights of residence by not pursuing their trade. The artisans are usually meek victims, for most of them are too poor to defend their rights, and injustice to them makes but little stir.

All other persecutors, however, yield the palm to Dumbadse, of Yalta. After violent denunciations and brutal inquisitions, he expelled a large number of Jewish artisans, and, when some of these in their extreme misery offered themselves for baptism, he declared that this would not save them. In his hatred of the Jews, Dumbadse issued the most frantic orders. He expelled from Yalta all the Jewish soldiers of the Wilna regiment which garrisoned the town, thus even daring to affront the military authorities.

Emulating the exploits of Dumbadse, Governor-General Hoershelman, of Mos-

cow, signalized himself by expelling from the city three little children because they did not hold the privilege of residence in their own right! Their father, Raitzy, had obtained a personal right of residence in Moscow as an employee of a merchant of the first guild. Their mother, in her capacity of midwife, possessed a similar right. Being unable to deprive of their right either husband or wife, the Moscow authorities, with the consent of the Minister of the Interior, expelled their three children, respectively four, eight, and ten years old. The Senate canceled this order on the ground that it is not only a right but also a duty of parents to keep their children. But this Moscow decision is illustrative of many similar cruelties perpetrated by the bureaucrats and police that are not even reviewed by the higher authorities.

TRAVELERS AND SOJOURNERS

In some places the authorities have conceived the idea of preventing Jews, while traveling, from setting foot in their domain. The priority in this annoyance belongs to Dumbadse. He did not allow Jews coming by steamer to disembark in his city. A Jewish physician, from his profession belonging to the first privileged class, was, on his arrival at Yalta, ordered to depart on the first steamer leaving for Theodosia. His request to be allowed to continue his voyage to Eupatoria was denied, because this would entail his staying overnight in Yalta. It happened that this physician had served with distinction through the Japanese War, carried official testimony to his "political reliability," and still belonged to the reserve. But why should the military record of an army physician have any weight with the capricious satrap of Yalta, when his own Imperial Government had withdrawn the promised general right of residence even from the Jewish volunteers who fought at Port Arthur! As for Jewish invalids seeking health at Russian resorts, the barbarities to which they are subjected, in the face of the protests of physicians, furnish but too many additional instances of the brutal whims of a bureaucracy.

On every side the Russian Jew is beset with chicanery, extortion, and numberless annoyances, great and small. He cannot tell what future a benign Government may next prepare for him. Until the great iniquity of the laws of exception, the restriction in the right of residence, is removed, he cannot hope to struggle upward. It seems too much to hope, but some day, perhaps, the rulers of Russia may recognize the truth that Frederick the Great phrased long ago: "Bigotry is a tyrant that depopulates the countries. Toleration is a tender mother who nourishes them and makes them flourish."

THE HOUR OF SUFFERING

BY EDMUND L. PEARSON

ON Saturday afternoons, in the winter, they took us by force, took us from the street where snow dams could be constructed in the gutter, took us from the back yards where snow forts were made, and led us struggling to the bath-tub. Then, making us array ourselves in stiff and uncomfortable garments, they sent us forth to learn "dancing and deportment" from a tyrant called Miss Chick.

It was not so much the dancing-school itself that afflicted us. It was not the period that extended from three o'clock to five that plunged us in misery. That, albeit a form of entertainment which we never should have elected, was bearable. It had its decent moments. For instance, when the boys were assembled in the dressing-room, crowding their feet into pumps a size and a half too small, it often developed that Charley Carter, by a judicious employment of howls, roars, and screams at the prospect of having to come to dancing-school, had extorted five cents from some member of his family. This sum he had nobly expended in "conversation lozenges" at Dr. Dibden's

drug-shop, and he now passed these pleasing confections about with a generous hand.

The conversation lozenge (like many other great inventions, such as the decalcomania and the paper-weight with a snowstorm in its inside) seems to be suffering a decline of popularity. It is worthy of a place beside the animal cracker. Its joys were both gustatory and literary. Before putting it into your mouth to experience its delicate peppermint flavor you could read the words imprinted (in beautiful pink letters) on its face. A field for experimentation was opened by the lozenges, for it was diverting to observe how long the pink lettering would resist the power of suction. We came to accept Jimmy Toppan's dictum as correct in the main, and I quote it here for the benefit of whatever scientific or learned bodies may care to read the opinion of one of the most thorough of investigators:

"After three sucks you can just read the letters, an' after four there's only some little faint streaks left, an' after five they're all gone too."

The makers of conversation lozenges seem to have conceived them as aids to courtship, for the nature of the mottoes was sentimental in the extreme. This was not altogether to our taste, but it had its compensations. It was an old and honorable custom, between the dances, to hand one of the sickliest of them to one of the fuzzy-haired little girls into whose society we had been impelled, with the assurance that it came from some particularly bashful boy. This caused great irritation to the persons concerned, and corresponding delight to all others.

The pleasant moments in the dressing-room were soon over, however, and the piano, reinforced by the martial tones of Miss Chick, summoned us to "take partners for the march." Those who hung back, or tried the expedient of hiding under coats, were rounded up and driven forth to the hall, where the girls (who liked this sort of thing—or pretended to) were already seated in a long row.

Then two hours of a dancing lesson had to be worried through. We had found that retreat to the dressing-rooms was of little avail—even if we extended that retreat to the fire-escape. The vigilant teacher would discover us. But the hall was also used for theatrical performances, and it was possible to escape back of the stage, continue the flight behind the scenes, and, when Miss Chick's footsteps were heard, to emerge into the hall again by the door on the other side. Miss Chick would find us dancing industriously when she had completed the circuit of the stage. Thus, even though we could not absent ourselves long at a time, a certain variety was injected into the dreary afternoon. It was not until the iniquitous teacher brought her sister with her to the lessons that this method of respite proved useless. With one Miss Chick coming from each direction we were bound to be caught somewhere in the dark passage.

We regarded the dancing lessons as a sort of contest between ourselves and Miss Chick. It was her duty to teach us to dance, and it was ours to resist her to the uttermost. Two or three of us were eminently successful.

But we always managed to get a fair amount of pleasure, of one sort or another, from the afternoon. The real hour of suffering came at the time of preparation. It may be said, indeed, to have begun hours, even days, earlier. Far back in the week—Thursday, perhaps, or Friday—others at school would be planning important excursions for the half-holiday on Saturday. They were going skating on the Artichoke River or the Frog Pond. Or there was to be a general movement with sleds and "double-runners" toward March's Hill, or perhaps a plan to "hook rides" on the sleighs that dashed up and down Elm Street on those bright, cold afternoons. Boys whose parents did not insist (with outrageous inhumanity) on dancing and deportment were making these happy agreements. And when we were asked to join, some one would say, with an intolerable sneer:

"Oh, they have to go to dancing-school!"

The dun cloud of sorrow rolled down and enveloped us. It lifted for moments during the next day or two, but by noon on Saturday we were again in its midst. After the midday meal (like the breakfast

of a man who knows that the gallows awaits him) there was an hour of freedom. It was spent outdoors. Before two o'clock came the call. The torture-chamber was prepared and the instruments ready.

Eminent among these might be named a hair-brush of a style in vogue in that day. It and all its fellows may have passed from the earth—I do not know. Probably any member of the hair-brush tribe would have been unwelcome then. This particular brush had not bristles, but certain steel gads with which to lacerate the skin. The ingenious fiend who invented it and the barbaric ruffians who manufactured it recommended it as an excellent thing for the scalp. We held firmly to the opinion that they meant that it was an excellent thing with which to get a scalp. We fancied that some Indian braves with whom we were on familiar terms always carried at their belts one of Dr. Kaltblut's celebrated hair-brushes.

There was a scene in one of Mayne Reid's books over which we loved to dwell. A parley is being held in a ruined church in Mexico. Some palefaces have agreed to a powwow with a band of bloodthirsty redskins. By the terms of the agreement all large weapons—rifles, bows and arrows, spears, and the like—are to be left outside the church. But nothing has been said in the treaty about side-arms. The white men are suspicious of the Indians, and so they go to the conference each with a death-dealing Colt's revolver ready to his hand. As they file into the church from one side the Indians enter at the opposite side. Instantly the leader of the white men sees that the Indians too have come armed, for each brave carries in his right hand—

"One of those hair-brushes," said my brother, as, breathless, we turned the page.

But no; it was merely a tomahawk. Mayne Reid had done his best, but, after all, we could have given him some points about deadly weapons.

There were sundry annoyances, too, connected with getting into one's best clothes and fastening a broad, stiff collar. The thought of the tight patent-leather pumps (even shiny as they were) was depressing. But all these torments came late in the operation, when we were numbed by suffering. We had been through an experience which made us regard them with more or less indifference, much as a victim who has just been torn on the rack might look upon such minor punishments as thumbscrews and red-hot pinchers.

I refer to the putting on of new woolen underclothes.

Where they got them I do not know. What they were made from, how they managed to have concealed in their texture small sharp sticks, straws, and other itching and prickly objects, I am still unaware. How each new washing roused them up once more in all their original sin, of this I am ignorant. Of one thing I am sure. There is a single great moment in life. It is not when you cast your first ballot, proud as you may be; it is not when you see your name on the title-page of a book. I doubt if it is when you hear that you have inherited a fortune, when you are awarded a medal for astonishing heroism, when you discover the North Pole, or when you take the oath as President.

All of these are as nothing compared with the sublime moment when you emancipate yourself from such prickly garments as the ones which formed the first layer of our costume on those sad Saturdays.

We stood, right from the bath, and clad in nothing at all. We eyed the pestiferous things, and whimpered. We knew from experience how they would feel. Jimmy Toppan used to hook one end of the undershirt on a bed-post, and then stretch and strain at the other end, bawling the while dismally. His object was to enlarge the shirt so that as little as possible of it should come in contact with his person. In the meanwhile there came frequent commands from another room to "Hurry!"

But we did not hurry. We discovered that a spot on our backs or the sole of one foot had not been sufficiently dried, and we returned to the bath-room to dry it. Or we requested the favor of being allowed to resume the garments just cast into the clothes hamper. When this had been vetoed, we entered into disquisitions on the utter superfluity and wanton extravagance of wearing underclothes, anyhow. Why did we have to wear them?

Or we suggested that perhaps there were some poor little boys in the neighborhood—there was Peter Fletcher, for instance, who didn't own any underclothes. Hadn't we better give ours to him? We did not like to be selfish in cold weather.

It was of no avail. We did not know that we had a fellow-sufferer who was later to be a poetess. She was to put it all into one immortal quatrain:

> "But most of all I cannot bear
> To put on winter underwear—
> I love the cold, I love the snow,
> *But woolen things do itch me so!*"

SOME SUCCESSES OF AMERICAN WOMEN[1]

BY MRS. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

THE contrast between the American woman of to-day and her Puritan grandmother is well set forth by the story of the little girl who lamented because she had no "really, truly grandma," and, being asked what she meant by a really, truly grandmother, replied: "Why, the kind that sits by the fire and knits and tells stories. My grandmother plays golf and is president of a woman's club."

There is always lingering about the human mind a misty halo which settles down upon people and events of the past, softening the acute angles and mercifully subduing the glaring lack of harmony. We have unanimously lauded our grandmothers for their economy, their thrift, and their self-sacrifice, and possibly not beyond their desert, but it has occurred to but few that, in spite of the faults, manifest and annoying, of the woman of the present day, the contrast is due more largely to her environment than to the woman herself.

The Puritan was thrifty and economical largely because she had to be so. There was little opportunity for her to spend had she chosen to do so, and she was in an environment where there was little temptation to idleness or extravagance. After the first primitive needs are supplied the wants of human kind are dictated more largely by what one's neighbor has than by what is actually required. It becomes chiefly a question of pride and ambition.

The Puritan woman had pride in making her resources meet her family's necessities. Her neighbors did the same. Her husband had need of her, and she responded as a woman always has responded to the cry of need. Moreover, she was limited numerically and geographically. There were few of her, and the few there were represented little difference of class. Doubtless there may have been some drones even in these hives, but drones and butterflies soon live out their existence. So long as their number is small and they are the exceptions, no one is sufficiently interested to write them down in history.

Times have changed since then. The narrow strip of population in the East has stretched to the other side of the continent, and the prosperous settlement has become a great city. With the increase of numbers and prosperity the class of butterflies and drones has become large enough to attract attention. The whole face of things has undergone a change. The man of to-day has acquired the necessities. He has also the comforts and the luxuries. His pride is in the extent and lavishness with which he can supply his family's desires, partly because of his love for his family, partly because his success is thus announced to the world. The love of conquest is still burning within him, and, since it cannot be conquest by war (this being increasingly an age of peace), nor conquest by the chase (since his ancestors have left little for him to hunt), he is reduced to the pursuit of the

[1] This is the first of several articles by Mrs. Hillis relating to the work and thought of American women, to appear in The Outlook during the present year.—THE EDITORS.

mighty dollar, and, like his predecessors, his conquest is successful.

This puts the American woman in entirely new circumstances. There is no great material emergency imperatively calling for immediate action which she must rise to meet. What she would do if there were she demonstrated during the Civil War. What she is now called upon to do is to adapt herself to new conditions and new needs. Because of the general prosperity these needs and opportunities are not insistent upon the average, the typical woman, and there is greater variety in the ways in which she may utilize her resources and her position than ever before. It is for her to decide what is the wisest or most attractive way to spend her leisure and her strength, rather than any immediate juncture of public events which plainly and sharply points out the path for her. How she has done this, some of the ways she has taken, and with what success, it is the aim of this article to suggest.

Looking over the field broadly, it appears to be a wide variety of activities with a good average of moderate success along many lines which she has achieved, rather than isolated and striking attainment in any one department.

We have had no artists, authors, or composers of the very first rank, either men or women, as yet, and the reason is easily deduced. Our country has never experienced the conditions of the Homeric age. The simplicity and close-to-nature living of the Pilgrim Fathers was not the normal existence of the people who lived it, and it lacked all the spontaneity and freedom of the life into which people are born. They had voluntarily chosen a life of struggle and hardship for the sake of principle, and they were keyed up to an unnatural pitch. There could not be spontaneity and free exercise of the imagination, finding expression in poetry or art or music. From that period to this the transition has been too rapid to permit the quiet, undisturbed growth and blooming of the finer flowers. Nevertheless, good work, if not of the first rank, has been done by both men and women. Since we are now concerned with the latter, the names may be mentioned of Cecilia Beaux in painting, Emma Eames, Nordica, and Geraldine Farrar in opera, Julia Marlowe and Maude Adams on the stage, and there is a list of writers of more or less reputation too long to be quoted without injustice or tedium.

But it is along the line of action rather than thought and creation that the American finds his place. The old comparison of the every-day greetings of the nationalities is not without significance. The German, with his placid philosophy, inquires how things go with you—you being the fixed point about which things move—or how you find yourself amidst the changes of events and circumstances; the Frenchman is concerned as to how you carry yourself, what appearance you are presenting; he will gayly face death or danger with his accustomed nonchalance and *savoir faire*, but ridicule—never! The American, beginning to create a nation and to carve out his own fortune when others were well on their upward or downward career, is concerned with the all-important question, "How do you do?" He has done so effectually that we now find ourselves, at the end of a century and a half, in a condition of wealth and luxury which most nations have hardly reached after many centuries.

Several causes have worked to bring this about: a country unprecedented in extent and natural resource; a people whose native stock, representing the acme of courage, endurance, and energy, has been continually enriched by the grafting on of other stock of every conceivable virtue or characteristic; and, finally, a democratic government which, faulty as it may be, has not hindered the working out of any problems which these conditions have imposed.

And so it comes about that, for the first time in history, woman is no longer limited to two or three channels into which she may pour her energy and vitality, and it naturally happens that the ways she has chosen to express herself are many and diverse, almost as varied as those of the other sex.

Having been limited for countless generations to two occupations when she has been driven to seek self-support, she, so to speak, long ago pre-empted these two vocations. Whether or not it is desirable

that the number of men engaged in the profession of teaching should become less and less, and the number invading the province of needle and shears increasingly greater, is another story. The fact remains that over 300,000 teachers in the United States are women, and that they occupy every position, from teachers of kindergartens and primary schools to the presidency of women's colleges. That they are called to these positions more and more argues for their fitness and success. One has only to mention the names of such educators as Catherine Beecher, Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, Alice Freeman Palmer, or, to come to our immediate day, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of Schools in the city of Chicago and recently elected President of the National Association of Teachers, as illustrative of this point.

From the days of the pioneers to the Presidents of Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, and Bryn Mawr there has been great development in the educational work done by women. The story is too long and too well known to be repeated here. What is not so familiar is the variety of new forms of education which are being thought out and which are demonstrating by successful operation their real value and worth.

A college course is undoubtedly the most desirable of all forms of training, broadening a woman and fitting her for leadership and for a comprehension of any work which may come to her, and enabling her to grasp and handle any situation more easily and more effectively. It is the highest form of study and is necessary to the maintenance of a general standard; but the variance of temperament and gifts, the difficulty in the paths of life lying before young women, make it necessary and desirable that there should also be special training for special work. The schools which have arisen to meet such needs are largely the result of the thought and planning of women, and represent their success in a very important department. The Manual Training School for Girls in New York City is a notable instance of such a school. Its finished product is a young woman able to command a higher position of self-support than otherwise she could have attained without many years of hard experience.

The various schools for training nursery-maids in connection with babies' hospitals comprise another form of education which has been worked out by women. They have made it possible, after a few months' preparation, for a girl of moderate education to secure wages twenty-five per cent larger than untrained work of the same class can command. At the same time they have made possible intelligent, skilled care of the young child in homes where the mother is young and inexperienced, or where, through multiplied demands upon time and strength, she finds that she cannot give her child the proper care for its best physical welfare. One of the pleasantest and at the same time most valuable features of this work is that the girl who enters this training is not taken out of the line of preparation for the duties which naturally come to women in their first and highest vocation—motherhood and the care of children—but develops greater fitness in that very work.

Of course this is also true of the better-known profession of the trained nurse. From the early days of Clara Barton that work has increased in efficiency and popularity until now it draws to its ranks girls from every walk of life, from the modest home where the pecuniary reward is a strong incentive, to the home of wealth and luxury where the spirit of chivalry or romance may be the motive. It is one of the few vocations left which appeal to the spirit of self-sacrifice.

The professions of law, medicine, and theology have all been invaded by women. If there are as yet no names which stand out as "bright particular stars," it may be that it is too soon to expect to see them. A moderate position occupied by a woman stands for a much greater degree of success than the same position held by a man, since public opinion grants her its favor grudgingly, and she works against greater odds.

That women can hold their own in the business world is no longer an open question. There are few lines of work undertaken by men which have not also been tried by women. So long as they are willing to accept the subordinate positions with low pay there is little difficulty, but as soon as they try for positions of responsibility and reward they meet, not

only the competition of the other sex, but the stronger opposition of the laws of a business world organized, and perhaps rightly so, on the supposition that a man's wages should be sufficient to maintain a wife and family, and that he expects to occupy his position permanently, while a woman works for her individual support and more or less temporarily.

Therefore the success which a woman wins in the business world, as in the professions, indicates a higher degree of ability than the same achievement on the part of her brother. Incidentally there is a temptation to comment on this fact, which is generally overlooked, and also upon the habit of judging the success of a woman who has entered the business world, not by proportioning her success to the numbers thus occupied, the time, training, and resources involved, but by a comparison of her success with the achievements of men who stand out as exceptions in striking contrast to the thousands who fail or attain only mediocrity. It is hard to look upon a woman at the head of a business undertaking as otherwise than more or less of an experiment, notwithstanding that there are many who have demonstrated their ability. That woman certainly possessed the business instinct who built up the tea and grill rooms in Marshall Field's great dry-goods establishment—said to be the largest in the world—to a capacity of three thousand to five thousand people daily, in a manner which made it famous throughout the Northwest for its delicately prepared food and its efficient service.

The work which has been done here and there in civic matters by women has found much inspiration in the accomplishment of one woman, Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

In her own city, and very largely by her own influence and inspiration, she has had the satisfaction of seeing streets made cleaner and at less expense, yards and gardens beautified, slaughter-houses and dairies properly inspected, a system of "visiting housekeepers" inaugurated, hospitals, almshouses, and workhouses improved, and the water supply purified. And other cities have followed this example.

But these successes are, after all, exceptional, and are more in the face of, rather than according to, the laws of society as it is now organized. More in harmony with its constitution and with her own position therein is the development of the large movements of public interest and welfare which have sprung into being since the Civil War, and which are now a prominent feature in every city and village. Beginning originally with the Women's Boards for Missions, closely followed in 1861 by the work of the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War, at its close women were ready for the organization of other boards of missions, of other boards for various forms of philanthropy, and for the woman's club movement which has spread over the entire country and is prominent in every town.

There is now hardly a city to be found where there are not societies for the extension of some form of missions; boards for the support of hospitals or other benevolent institutions; chapters for the promotion of patriotism; and clubs for civic and municipal improvement or for culture in art, music, and literature. Begun in a small way, gradually growing by natural accretion and by careful, intelligent utilization of every possible resource, the results have astonished even the planners of these movements. As business enterprises they have exceeded all expectations. Last year the various woman's boards of foreign missions in this country raised and disbursed more than $4,000,000. This insured the support and maintenance of hundreds of schools, hospitals, and dispensaries all over the face of the earth. The work in this country was done very largely by women whose service was gratuitous and given from their leisure from home cares, and with probably as small a percentage of expense in the handling as such a sum ever involved.

This is but illustrative of many organizations for philanthropy. Many of the hospitals and homes in our great cities are officered and managed entirely by women. The same is true of the Young Women's Christian Associations, which not only handle a large amount of money yearly, but—a more difficult proposition—provide counsel and supervision for a large number of people.

The patriotic societies of different kinds are dotting the land with monuments,

scattering literature broadcast, and preserving historical sites and buildings which will some day be of inestimable value to the Nation. The originators of movements of such breadth and value were women of no mean ability, nor are they carried on by weaklings.

But the sphere where woman has made her first, last, and greatest success, and where there will always be the first, last, and greatest need of her service, is in home-making. The tendency of the day is towards fewer homes, but, though the home-maker is rarer, fortunately the type is far from extinct. The rewards of a definite income, however small, and of a constant companionship of her own age, attract many young girls to shop and factory life—girls who do not realize that by this choice of occupation they are committing two evils. They are cutting themselves off from the possibility of a proper training for the career for which every true woman hopes in her inmost heart, and they are filling a place which belongs to a girl who has no choice, but must earn her livelihood. Every place filled by a girl to whom self-support is unnecessary lessens the chance for some girl a little less well qualified, makes competition a little keener, and brings down the scale of wages for both men and women, thus making the possibility of a home in the future a little more distant for herself or for some one else. Girls do not realize this when ambition or restlessness drives them out of their homes to seek self-support. Most of them would indignantly deny any part in making the conditions of a workingwoman's lot more difficult and her life thereby a harder one, but it is true, nevertheless.

More far-seeing is the work done in building up the home spirit, in providing ways and means by which the laws of home-making are better understood; in instituting classes and places of training for girls shut out from the ordinary opportunities of learning to keep house, to cook, to sew, or in raising the standard of intelligence in domestic science by careful study of the ever-recurring problems of properly prepared food and clothing and the still more neglected and imperfectly comprehended science of intelligent spending.

Much attention has been given to this line of work by women, particularly in the city of Boston, where schools and courses of study have been provided and where experimental kitchens have been conducted. Much literature has been prepared and disseminated. Some of the higher schools have adopted courses of training, and one school at least—the Garland School—is distinctly organized for the scientific training of home-makers among the well-to-do.

The dignifying of what has been looked upon as the petty, prosaic detail of woman's lot is as high and valuable a form of work as can be done by woman.

It is one of the inconsistencies of human nature that this sphere of work, which is sung in song and praised in story, in practical life is belittled alike by both sexes. The masterful spirit of man has never allowed his part to be forgotten, and, because he deals with bigger things and heavier materials, he overlooks the fact that these are but materials which must be shaped, at least in part, by woman's hands into the finished product. As if the preparer and provider of the canvas and paint should say to the artist, "I am the creator of this picture." And woman, with the humility of her sex developed by long ages of masculine domination, accepts his dictum and despises her own art.

And that is one reason why we have the large class of restless, dissatisfied women who are seeking every possible way to avoid the career which Providence has graciously set before them. There is no recognition of the economic value of the work of the home-maker, and the spirit of independence which makes women as well as men Americans rebels at the indignity. Just how it can be brought about does not yet appear, but one of the forward steps in the future will be the devising of some scheme by which there shall be recognition of the money value of the work of the home-maker.

Fortunately, human nature is at work in us all, and so it happens that there are still homes and home-makers. For all the progress in science and art and education, there is nothing so beautiful, nothing so needed, nothing so much worth while, as a true home—except the home-maker to keep it such. For the present she can

well afford to stand quietly by and wait, for, however she may be overlooked or despised, in the final outcome it is to her and into her sphere of labor that art, science, and education must pour all their trophies. As in the beginning the child's first need is a woman's care, so in the end there is no other place for a man to bring the result of all his labor but *home*, to the sheltering love of a woman's heart.

THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE BANKER

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

WHEN, early last summer, the bankers of the interior began to feel the pinch of a shortened money market, by common consent they attributed the cause largely to the enormous sales of motor cars. For months, by every means possible, they discouraged borrowing for the purchase of automobiles—indeed, they deprecated the purchase without borrowing, for it meant money withdrawn from the banks.

One farmer who went to a country bank to obtain a small loan to make such payment was met with: "Not a dollar. It is bad financiering, and you are foolish to invest in such luxury."

"But I have a farm worth $16,000 clear of mortgage, and will have wheat and corn to sell that will net me $3,000 when marketed."

"We cannot help it—no loans for motor cars."

The farmer went to a neighbor who owned a car; the neighbor loaned him the money, borrowing it at the bank himself for the purpose, and the car was bought. In one community where many farmers own cars such a refusal was resented by sympathizing neighbors, and the bank lost $70,000 in deposits. Such experiences have brought a change in the bankers' attitude, and, generally, they now make a good loan without asking questions.

The effort of Western bankers to lessen the expenditure for automobiles was made because such purchases meant the sending of money out of the community. Nebraska issued 5,754 motor car licenses from January 1 to November 1; the numbers now run to 14,282—all issued in five years. The cars probably cost an average of at least $1,000 each—total $14,282,000. Kansas showed last March by assessors' returns 9,355 cars, of which 5,343 were owned by farmers. The State has at least 12,000 cars, costing $12,000,000; Oklahoma has 8,000 cars, costing $8,000,000; Missouri has 13,800. Taking the three States first named, selected because they represent agricultural communities where there is especial enthusiasm for such vehicles among farmers as well as among townsmen, more than $34,282,000 has been paid for this form of investment in five years. The salesmen get a commission of twenty to twenty-five per cent; $25,000,000 has been sent to manufacturers—not to mention nearly half that sum for equipment and upkeep. Little wonder that the bankers dislike to see motor cars come into their territory!

The cashier of a trust company said of his deposit account: "We are getting less money from the country banks, and the automobile does its part in restricting these funds. The farmer who had $3,000 in the bank buys a car, and now he has only $2,000. Or he sells grain for $1,800; formerly it was all deposited; now $800 is deposited, and the $1,000 buys a car. Not much in one instance, but when it runs to thousands in a State with 1,500,000 population it means a condition that must be reckoned with."

On the other side is to be considered the use to which the owner puts his car. One interior banker marked this view by saying: "I always have been a little skeptical about this automobile craze until, the other day, I talked with an influential friend of mine who loans considerable money. I deplored the idea of people putting so much money in these machines, and he laughed at me. 'Uncle John,' he

said, 'don't you know that all the automobiles in Kansas, for instance, do not represent one-half the amount of money once spent for whisky and beer?'

"Well, I thought the matter over and concluded that he was right, and that people are only getting more for their money than they did twenty years ago. And, you know, I think an automobile is a great thing for the farmer, too. Why, a farmer fifteen or twenty miles out can come to town with a load of produce in a third of the time he used to. It's a pleasure to come to town now, instead of a hardship, as it was when I was young. If I were a farmer, I would certainly have an automobile. These machines are bought mainly, I think, by the men who can afford to buy them. In the list of more than 6,500 loans made by us this year I do not think there is a single instance where we have loaned money for a person to buy an automobile."

The plain truth is that the farmer derives from his purchase of a car more use and more pleasure than from anything else he buys outside his dwelling. He is the one who is best able to utilize it. Not only can he save his horses and his time, but he can give his family a broader life. Thousands of families in the West, never a dozen miles from home except on a railway, since buying a car cover every road for twenty to forty miles around. Drive on a country road on a pleasant Sunday; a whirl of dust and a motor whizzes by—a farmer's family twenty miles from home. Another, and it is a family returning from church in town, which it had not been able to attend for years because of the distance.

So far as the farmer is concerned—and he has been the best market for a year past—little anxiety need be felt. At the present prices for grain and stock he can buy luxuries if he sees fit.

In the country towns this is noticeable: the cars are not always owned by those who can best afford them. It is easy to name in the average community fifty families amply able to buy cars who do not possess them. Usually these are the conservatives, the "close figurers"—and they are to furnish the future market. Often they spend many times the cost of a car in travel or in other luxury—but not in burning gasoline. Because this is so the conclusion is reached that debts necessarily follow ownership.

This story comes from a prosperous Western city of ten thousand population: "A list of auto-owners, secured from the license book in the city clerk's office and compared with the mortgage register in the county registrar of deeds' office, reveals the fact that twenty automobile-owners out of eighty-four have mortgages on their homes, property, business, and chattels to the extent of $134,902.50. One big lump sum for a business concern cuts the figure down to $74,902.50 for nineteen persons; about two-thirds of the mortgages are on homes and places of business." This does not mean bankruptcy, but it may mean economy in other directions, an influence that affects the money supply and the mode of community living.

A general sales agent for one of the most popular low-priced cars said: "We have secured figures to show that in the Middle West out of eighty-eight persons able to buy and maintain a moderate-price car only one has purchased. On the other eighty-seven we have our plans for future sales. We spent $32,000 advertising in one Middle West newspaper last year—and it paid."

So much has been printed and said concerning this form of spending that the buyer to-day feels compelled to make some explanation. The other day a preacher in a Middle West community astonished his congregation by appearing on his circuit in a smooth-running touring car. So caustic were the comments that he published in the local paper a card:

> For the information of the curious I wish to say that I did not buy my automobile. I traded some land, and it was thrown in "to boot."

This phase of the industry is concrete and definite. However, it is but one form of the expenditures which the interior has been making in the years of its prosperity.

"Over one hundred thousand dollars has been sent out of my county in the past two years for mining stocks, investments in patent right schemes, and land speculations at a distance that did not call for actual settlement," said a banker two hundred miles west of the Missouri River.

"This is no more than any well-settled county has invested—some have exceeded that figure." One railway company in Denver has received over a million dollars from Oklahoma and central Kansas for stock in less than three years.

Added to this have been the immense sums invested in lands for speculation or for increase of farming operations. The banks have been called on to finance these investments, and they have found the demand for money excessive during the past year. Along with the motor car went furnaces, artificial lighting plants, and bath-tubs, the car being but a part of the expenditure of their customers. A banker does not loan money expecting to take the collateral; he expects the loan to be paid. If the customer is placing the money in an unproductive enterprise when he cannot afford it—and the banker knows whether or not he can afford it—he has the right to refuse the loan.

This has been a part of the larger reason for the effort to curtail borrowing to buy cars. Even this is probably exaggerated. The statement from the town given above includes every sort of indebtedness owed by the firms in which the car-owners are interested. It does not fairly represent the financial condition of the purchasers.

Out of 5,280 letters received from bankers in response to an automobile dealer's inquiry, 1,254 mortgages to buy cars were reported. The total number of cars reported in the respective communities reached was 198,216. While the automobile output this year was 180,000, the Census Bulletin gives the annual production of horse-drawn passenger vehicles as 937,000, with 800.000 freight or package vehicles in addition. It would be interesting to know how many of these are purchased on time.

The automobile industry has passed the hysterical stage. The family that three years ago drove night and day simply for the delight of being on the road, now goes only when pleasure or business calls. The novelty has passed away. Practically everybody has had some experience in the seat of a moving car. It has become a more moderate enjoyment, a matter of course.

This means that cars will be purchased on a business, rather than on a sentimental, basis. Dealers say the sales this year will be larger than those of 1910. The office report of one of the largest firms on November 1 last showed 24,132 cars made for last year's trade, and 892 left in the hands of dealers. The company asked every dealer in a single Western State to make a close estimate of his probable needs for 1911. The total was 1,500 cars; in 1910 the sales were 1,355.

Along with the demand for passenger automobiles is coming that for farm tractors—heavy gasoline-propelled trucks that can plow twenty acres a day, haul grain to market (three tons at a load), run feed-grinders and corn-shellers. Automobile delivery wagons transport groceries in every town of size. It is the belief of the dealers that this field will be, in five years, a greater market than that of the pleasure road vehicle has been.

Were there financial disaster and disappointment in the ownership of a motor car, the trade would have felt it long before this. If the banker loses some deposits through the sending away of large sums for the purchase of cars, there is corresponding benefit to the workmen employed in the manufacture and in the development of a great industry that makes purchasers for the products of his customers. If it also enables his customers to get more out of life and to save time, and if it adds to their health and contentment, this should be taken into consideration. The man with a bank account is not going to leave his money forever in the hands of the banker. If he does not spend it for one thing, it will be for another. If he spends it in a way to make him a happier individual, he is not to be condemned.

No evidence has yet been produced to show that the towns or counties with most cars are retrograding or approaching financial distress, or that the banks there located are suffering. On the contrary, the communities are generally the most progressive in everything that makes for prosperity and contentment. This, of itself, is good evidence that the motor car is not a burden to advancement.

The banker is becoming less nervous over the condition of his deposit account. The crisis that was threatened last spring, and which to a degree caused his anxiety

to find a scapegoat, passed without causing him loss or embarrassment. His deposits returned with the marketing of crops, and he realizes that in the vast total of the country's business the millions spent for motor cars are but a small part. The usefulness of the new vehicle and the large place it has taken in business have made it a feature of every-day life. The banker is becoming accustomed to it, and eventually will consider motor car purchases as he does the buying of pianos, repairing machinery, or purchasing railway tickets to the coast. Then we shall hear no more of the alarm concerning the car's influence on business; purchases will be taken as a matter of course, and the buyer who has the security will get the money to buy one if he desires. Motor cars will be sold by hardware and vehicle dealers, and bankers will look with favor upon the paper taken in the sales.

THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE IN ENGLAND[1]

BY H. C. JUDSON

MR. SIDNEY LEE is probably our best authority on Shakespearean texts. In his newest study of literary history, entitled "The French Renaissance in England," he gives the results of a careful and thorough search for evidences of French influences in Elizabethan literature. From the last half of the fifteenth century through the first half of the seventeenth century the exten of the debt to France of English intellectual activity in all departments, as shown by this investigation, was astonishing. The great works of Elizabethan genius, lyric, dramatic, and philosophic, seem, in this light, like the peak of a mountain of which, though the top is truly English, the base it rests on is largely French. The classics, and even Italian works, often came to England in French translations and with a marked French flavor.

Perhaps the one fact which the data given in this study most clearly bring out is the thoroughly international quality of the spirit of the Renaissance. England was very much slower than France to feel the fructifying breath of this new spring. The wind from Greece came as a quickener of seeds already in the ground. The countrymen of Abelard and the Albigenses, led as they were by the genius of Erasmus, far more distinctly embodied the deeper spirit of the Renaissance than did the more artistic countrymen of Machiavelli. France became, as Mr. Lee points out, the interpreter of the Renaissance to others, and very markedly to England. The predilection of gentlefolk in Tudor England for the language and manners of the countrymen of Bayard gave French thought a ready advantage there. In the reign of Edward VI numbers of Huguenots made homes in England, much to England's advantage. Yet, despite the false dawn in the works of the poets Wyatt and Surrey, who were influenced more directly from Italy, English culture showed no haste to break into blossom. More's "Utopia" (1516) was welcomed with enthusiasm in France, but had a cold reception at home. Rabelais shows its influence, and Mr. Lee points out that More was the only Englishman who made in his day a substantial contribution to the broad stream of European thought. He also points out that the printing activities of England and France show a marked contrast. Not only did the number of English presses increase more slowly, but Caxton (1477) and his successors were not of the scholarly stamp of the great French printers, and, instead of bringing out texts of the classics, they printed mostly translations of French prose and of the classics from French versions. The classical texts that were studied by the Tudor scholars were invari-

[1] The French Renaissance in England. By Sidney Lee. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

ably foreign importations. When, in 1538, the "Great Bible" was prepared for the use of the English churches, the bulk of the manuscript dismayed the London printers and the book had to be sent to Paris to be set up. François Regnault, its printer, was interrupted by the French Government, which scented heresy, but he transported his presses to London, where the work was completed. Mr. Lee adds that it is abundantly clear that the early translators of the Bible were cognizant of contemporary French efforts and owed them an appreciable stimulus. He also finds unmistakable evidences of the influence of Calvin's style on English prose writers, including Hooker, and of Amyot's French version of Plutarch; but the general reader will be more interested in his account of the English adventures of French poetry.

The chief purveyors of poetic ideas and style to Elizabethan poets seem to have been the school of Ronsard (the Pléiade) and its immediate successors. Mr. Lee finds that the debt of Elizabethan poets to them is not only extensive, but ranges from poems translated and sent forth as original English compositions, and by such poets as Chapman, Lodge, and Samuel Daniel, to an influence which, in the glorious results of assimilation and suggestion, may be seen when Shakespeare's lyric

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise; arise! arise!"

is compared with Ronsard's lines:

"Mignonne, lavez vous, vous estes paresseuse,
Ja la gaye alouette au ciel a fredonné, . . .
Sus! debout! allons voir l'herbelette perleuse,
Et votre beau rosier de boutons couronné,
Et vos œillets mignons ausquels aviez donné
Hier au soir de l'eau main si soigneuse."

He adds that hundreds of French songs ring variations on this, and cites another poem of Ronsard's which, he declares, Shakespeare has sublimated—melody and sentiment together:

"Iô, que je voy de roses
Ja décloses
Par l'Orient flamboyant:
A voir des nües diverses
Les traverses
Voicy le jour ondoyant.
Voicy l'Aube safranée
Qui ja née
Couvre d'œillets et de fleurs
Le ciel qui le jour desserre,
Et la terre
De rosées et de pleurs.
Debout doncq', Aube sacrée . . ."

He adds that the fresh delight in painted meadows and the brilliant colors of bud and blossom of Elizabethan poets seems to proclaim another mark of affinity with Ronsard and his disciples. He calls our attention to Drummond of Hawthorndon's poem "Phyllis and Damon," in the succeeding generation. This shows Elizabethan quality in a marked degree, but when it is compared with "Les Poesies Françaises," a poem by Jean Passerat, it is seen to be a free translation.

Before Mr. Lee discusses the sonnets which, he holds, accentuate the borrowing tendencies of the Elizabethan muse, he points out that the borrowing habit was recognized by contemporary critics and at times unsparingly condemned, but that it was general, and that French poets as unceremoniously borrowed from Italian and classical works. Montaigne is severe on authors who misrepresented as their own what they stole from others; yet Montaigne wrote of Plutarch, "He can no sooner come in my sight, or if I cast but a glance upon him, but I pull some leg or wing of him." It seems to have been a case of the familiarities of great love.

The sonnet in Elizabethan England, of all degrees of merit and demerit, never lost altogether its savor of a foreign origin. In Shakespeare Mr. Lee finds no instances of exact translation or direct imitation, but at times he does find the development, with magnificent power and melody, of familiar themes of foreign suggestion—praise of a "dark lady" and self-reproach for having borne false witness to her beauty; the poetic vaunt of immortality, etc.

Considering the dramatists, Mr. Lee declares that Shakespeare, like his fellows, stands indebted to French playwrights for much of his raw material and for much of the humble scaffolding of his art. He points out that there is no form of dramatic effort of which Elizabethan England, despite her triumphant handling of all, can claim the honor of inventing. He

finds French plays that might have suggested the use of classic themes, like the death of Cæsar, the tragedy of "Antony and Cleopatra," as well as scenes where comic pedantry is used, as in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Mr. Lee's patience and the scholarly breadth of his researches are worthy of high praise. But he seems to lack that sympathy with the spirit of the Renaissance that is necessary to bring out the full significance of such a study of the time as he now presents. The lack is impalpable, but it makes him seem at times to take the attitude of a special pleader, though one whose plea is strongly enforced.

THE NEW BOOKS

"Jim Hands," by Richard Washburn Child, is, we believe, Mr. Child's first novel, although he is well known as a writer of short tales. The story is supposed to be told by a factory hand, and is largely about factory people; but it is entirely free from any kind of economic or Socialistic propagandism. It is, on the contrary, a very human tale which combines several of the prime elements of a good novel: clear character-drawing, a well-conceived plot, a strong dash of humor, general good sense, and kindliness of tone. Above all, the story is alive from beginning to end. It is not one of the tales of culture, neither is it an adroit piece of book-making. On the contrary, it is very simple, and its qualities are good old-fashioned qualities of sound fiction. It does not endeavor to force a moral. Whatever moral comes from it comes by unconscious suggestion—that is to say, by portrayal of actual conditions. The author will be heard from again. This is an exceptionally interesting story. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

The English plot-tale called "The Golden Web," by Anthony Partridge, is modeled after the well-known Oppenheim order—that is, it aims to combine the sensationalism of the old-fashioned "shilling shocker" with a more refined literary style than that of the average narrative of crime and mystery, and with some honest attempts at character-drawing. An adventurer lays claim to a gold mine owned by a syndicate; robbery and murder grow out of an attempt to recover a deed to the mine, and two girls become strangely tangled up in the affair. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

The unhappy history of Elizabeth Stuart, Electress Palatine and Queen of Bohemia, has not, we are sure, been more vividly told than it is in Marie Hay's romance entitled "A Winter Queen." Elizabeth's character stands out sharply; not so her husband's. But, of course, Elizabeth's was the character to be emphasized, and her story is told with a keen sense of dramatic unity. The account begins when Elizabeth came to Heidelberg from England, and continues to her death. (The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.)

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, the author of "A Diplomat's Wife in Many Lands," makes her two large volumes thoroughly entertaining—almost as much so as her "Letters from Japan," which has probably had a wider reading in a greater number of countries than any other book of its class in recent years. Mrs. Fraser is the sister of the late Marion Crawford and the widow of Hugh Fraser, an English diplomat. Much of her earlier life was spent in Italy, and in this book she gives us some vivid impressions of the days of the fall of the Pope's temporal power—not the less interesting because her sympathy is with the Pope rather than his enemies; really charming personal glimpses of Pius IX are included. Her recollections of her brother Marion as child and man are exceedingly lively and enjoyable. With her husband Mrs. Fraser spent several years in China, and her account of the social life of the diplomats, the devotion of the missionaries, the hidden but always present dangers from the anti-foreign feeling, and much else, forms a readable and exciting part of the book. A third section of equal interest tells of court and diplomatic life in Vienna. Throughout will be found abundance of anecdotes, personal reminiscences, talk about famous or odd persons—all deftly combined into an easily flowing story which holds the reader's attention continuously. If we were to carp at anything, it would be the appearance of profound conviction in a few ghost stories and the too ready acceptance occasionally of second-hand accounts of the inner history of great personages. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $6.)

It is pleasant to think of Boston Common as the historic place of meeting and relaxation and pleasure for Bostonians—as an oasis in the subduing of nature as it spread about the early settlers in the wilderness, and, indeed, within them—a nature to be subdued with all the rigors of Calvinistic theology, to quote Mr. Howe in his delightful "Boston Common." The book comprises a picturesque account of the

tragedies and comedies, the pageants and incidental happenings, connected with that famous tract of forty-odd acres. The text cleverly combines the records left by contemporary writers with Mr. Howe's own historical researches. Only after reading this volume will one realize how thoroughly the Common has been regarded as the center of the outdoor stage on which the dramas of local life have been enacted, even though its primary object was "a trayning field which, ever since and now, is used for that purpose and for the feeding of Cattell." The annual spring pageants provided by the review of the School Boys' Brigade, and, even more, of the Ancient and Honorable Military Company, now typify the link between the present and the past, for both the Latin School and the Ancients are survivors from the earliest Boston days. An interesting souvenir of the "trayning field" (in 1677) is taken from Samuel Sewall's Diary:

> I went out this morning without private prayer and riding on the Comon thinking to escape the Souldiers (because of my fearfull Horse); notwithstanding there was a Company at a great distance which my horse was so transported at that I could no way govern him, but was fain to let him go full speed, and hold my Hat under my Arm. The wind was Norwest.

The bad cold contracted by the Puritan John Gilpin may, as Mr. Howe adds, also be ascribed to the omission of his morning devotions. Who knows, too, but that the present paths through the Common may be traced to the peregrinations of the Rev. Mr. Blaxton's bull? The animal belonged to the parson, who went to Winthrop from Charlestown when the colonists there were suffering from the lack of good water and advised their moving across to the peninsula of Shawmut, which had excellent springs. They came, and four years later Blaxton sold to the town a tract of land, part of which is the present Common. Dr. Holmes thus describes Blaxton:

> "Here comes old Shawmut's pioneer,
> The parson on his brindled bull."

No book with which we are familiar better pictures that early period, savoring of boisterous and sometimes tragic intolerance rather than the sincerities of religious belief. It is a relief to turn from often shameful seventeenth-century history to that of the eighteenth century, when the Common was used as a gathering-place for those who wished to hear the preacher Whitefield. Later, before sailing for Louisburg (1745), Sir William Pepperell's forces encamped on the Common, and thenceforth it was frequently used for military purposes. Indeed, from 1768, the year after the tax was imposed on tea, to the evacuation of Boston by the British the Common was almost constantly the place of encampment. The present volume well describes the existing scenes of the Revolutionary and Civil War periods as connected with the Common. While the text needs no illustration, it is nevertheless reinforced by many heliogravure reproductions of rare old prints. Only five hundred copies of this exquisitely printed book are offered for sale. (The Houghton Mifflin Company, New York. $5.)

Mr. Walter Tyndale's "Japan and the Japanese" is notable, first of all, because of the charmingly colored pictures. They alone are enough to give a graphic and accurate idea of Japan. One does not need to read the text. But the text and pictures should form an incentive for a visit to Japan, as they certainly will prove an agreeable souvenir to those who have visited that country. The present volume, therefore, is a welcome addition to the long list of books on Japan. Most of them have been written by people not as fortunate as is the present author, for he has done the whole of his book. He has not only written the text but he has painted the pictures which appear as illustrations. Hence the outward appearance of things primarily concerns him. Nevertheless, while in search of artistic material, especially in the Japanese gardens, Mr. Tyndale did not fail to gain an insight into much that the outward appearance suggests. In this endeavor he made many acquaintances and won many friendships. The result was a fund of intimate information shared with us concerning things Japanese. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.)

"Autobiography, Poems, and Prayers," by Theodore Parker, edited by Rufus Leighton, is the latest volume in the Centenary Edition of Theodore Parker's works. Whether any other volumes are to follow this volume does not tell us. The autobiographical fragment is slight; the poems and parables are not extraordinary; and Dr. Parker's account of the true function of a church and of a minister, which in his day was less radical than he thought it was, is now not radical at all. But the prayers well deserve preservation. They are well worthy the study of ministers whose official duty it is to lead in extempore prayer the devotions of a congregation, and they furnish sane spiritual reading for any soul devoutly inclined. Public prayers are very apt to be either personal meditations or public addresses. In the first case the speaker forgets his congregation and simply expresses aloud his personal experiences of pious communings; in the second case he forgets the Deity and speaks to the audience. These prayers of Theodore Parker are conversations with the Father; but they are collective conversations. In them Dr. Parker gathers up sympathetically the experiences common to the congregation before him, and, speaking for them, expresses their experiences to a God as truly present to his consciousness as if no veil of invisibility separated them. Reverence and humility, hope and aspiration, gratitude and fellowship, all breathe in these childlike utterances. These prayers have been criticised as containing no deep and poignant experience of sin and repentance. It is true that in them is not to be found any-

thing analogous to the Fifty-first Psalm or the prayer of the repentant Prodigal. Nor is there any similar experience in Christ's prayer recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John. Probably the poignant sense of sin was lacking in Theodore Parker's life. If so, he was right not to borrow the expressions of such experience from others. The value of these prayers lies in their simplicity and their unmistakable sincerity. Is not this the value of all prayer? (American Unitarian Association, Boston. $1.)

Mrs. Louise Collier Willcox has given her book of selections of poetry an unhappy title. "A Manual of Spiritual Fortification" suggests the quality of her collection, but it does not suggest its variety, its human interest, and its poetic value. The book is described in a sub-title as "A Choice of Meditative and Mystic Poems," and not only justifies this title, but goes beyond it in its endeavor to indicate in choice poetry the progress of religious feeling from the thirteenth to the twentieth century; and also to present a body of poetry which shall express the sense of the indwelling of God in the soul of man. Mrs. Willcox avoids dogmatic and classical poetry, and has brought together a really notable volume of literary quality and of spiritual helpfulness. Her preface gives the key to her selection, although she has followed the line of her choice so intelligently that no open-minded reader could escape it. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.)

Just why Mr. Caffin, in his "Story of Spanish Painting," should dismiss the present-day painters of the Peninsula so summarily is not evident. He gives but a few lines to such important people as Fortuny, Madrazo, Sorolla, and Zuloaga. We should have liked instead to have read a short chapter devoted to each of these four as subjects. However, we are thankful for the separate chapters given to Theotocopuli (El Greco), Velasquez, Mazo, Carreño, Ribera, and Goya, while Cano and Zurbarán are the subjects of another chapter. Even more satisfactory than are these sketches of personalities and the summaries of individual motives and methods are Mr. Caffin's opinions concerning the characteristics of Spanish painting in general, as he indicates how they were the products of the genius of the Spanish race and how they were affected by local conditions. Whether judged on its historical or its critical side, therefore, Mr. Caffin's latest volume is worthy of a place alongside his interesting "Story of Dutch Painting." (The Century Company, New York. $1.20.)

Many travelers visit Egypt every year, and the number is constantly increasing. Few go in pursuit of historical or archæological knowledge. Nearly all go in search of health and pleasure. All these classes, however, may find interesting suggestions in Mr. Percy Withers's "Egypt of Yesterday and To-day." While it may not be easy again to describe what has so often been well described, the present volume shows a notable balance and a nice sense of perspective both in choice of the various subjects to be described and in the amount of space given to each. While more brilliant and more scholarly accounts of Egypt have been written, if the intending voyager thither could carry but one book with him, he might well take this. (The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.75.)

When Mr. Edward Hutton publishes another edition of his "Siena and Southern Tuscany," will he not include an account of Piombino? The book's scope is sufficient properly to include chapters treating of such other southern Tuscan towns as Asciano, Montepulciano, Radicofani, Cortona, and Arezzo. And we hope that the addition may mean one more added to the sympathetic illustrations in color which adorn the present volume. As is fitting, however, half of the present volume is occupied by an account of Siena. Evidently to Mr. Hutton, as to many of us, there is nothing in the world just like Siena—no other place, at any rate, with just her gift of expression, her quality of joy, of passion, of sheer loveliness. Surely we have never had a better description of Siena than is given in these pages, and Mr. Hutton adds the last touch of pertinent comment when he points out that no noisy trams have invaded Siena, as they have Florence and Rome. As to the book in general, somehow Mr. Hutton seems in it a safer guide than in his other volumes, full of color as they all are. We now are impressed by no loss of color, but by a keener sense of form. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.)

An impassioned enthusiasm for humanity pervades the series of essays and addresses by Dr. Amory H. Bradford which he has collected into a volume entitled "My Brother." He is alive to the perils threatening a society in which the denial to the weak of equal rights with the strong splits men into hostile classes on the lines of race, or property, or opportunity. Sharply reproving the Church for neglects that have produced these perils, he rejoices in her awakening zeal to retrieve the situation by fidelity to her primal principle of human brotherhood, now preached with fervor in a multitude of pulpits. "The university and the pulpit," he declares, "are the hope of the world." His doctrine is that of Christian Socialists of the school of Maurice and Kingsley and Gladden. "The supreme need of the time," as he sees it, "is the realization of God"—a far intenser experience than mere belief. St. Peter's precept, "Honor all men," is impracticable on any other ground than the recognition of God as immanent in humanity. But immanence, the keyword of modern theology, is more than a new name, as Dr. Bradford implies, for what the older theology called omnipresence. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.25.)

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

THE NEW BUSINESS CONSCIENCE

A new conscience is appearing in our business world. The old conscience was commercial. It conducted business wholly for the money there was in it. The new conscience is philanthropic. It conducts business for the service it can render to the community. The old corporation had no soul, the new one is distinctly human.

Less than thirty years ago the president of a great railway voiced the conscience of his time by saying, "The public be damned." Now all our railway magnates are saying, "We are here to serve the public." They voice the new conscience.

A little while ago no business man thought of the corporation as anything but a commercial institution. It was of money, by money, and for money. Its duty toward its members ceased when the wages and dividends were paid. Now it is seen that it can be made the most efficient of benevolent institutions. Out of its own resources it can supply all the economic needs of all its members. It can pay a living wage, care for its members when sick, and provide a pension in age. It can make itself responsible for all economic needs better and cheaper than any other organization. Sick benefit funds, accident insurance, and old age pensions are becoming essential features of all our up-to-date corporations.

It has proved to be good business to care more for those who do the work than for money. The chief asset of the corporation is not its capital or its machinery, but its employees. With cheerful, contented, willing workmen and capable managers dividends take care of themselves.

The dreary reign of the commercial conscience for the last fifty years has given us these four things: an amazing increase of National wealth, colossal personal fortunes, a barbaric love of luxury and pleasure, and an incalculable waste of our natural resources and our men. Our wealth has cost infinitely more than it is worth. We hope that the new philanthropic conscience will produce as much wealth and distribute it more equitably.

It will stop exploiting the labor of the many for the enrichment of the few. It ought to bring back simpler and saner ways of living and make us care less for money and pleasure.

It must stop this terrible destruction of our natural wealth and this waste of men if our Nation is long to survive. We must devise an industrial system that will develop strong character and great manhood in all its members. Work for men, not money.

It was this new conscience that drove the commercial spirit out of the Church and made it disgraceful for any minister to exploit his congregation for his own enrichment. It is this new conscience that is driving the commercial spirit out of politics. The man who is in office for the money will certainly be discredited at the polls and be looked upon as a traitor.

It is this new conscience that is driving the commercial spirit out of the corporation. Public opinion is demanding of the president of a railway what we demand of a bishop of a diocese or the Governor of a State. He is there as a minister of God to serve the public. For good service we are glad to pay him well. But we will not tolerate a bishop, or Governor, or business manager who is trying to exploit us to enrich or elevate himself. Class government in Church, State, and business is out of date in America. A new classification of society is appearing. We are ranking men, not according to wealth, birth, knowledge, or station, but according to their social efficiency. He is to be called greatest who serves the community best. A new day is dawning. A new aristocracy is appearing of those who render to the community capable, disinterested service.

Our social ideal is still the Man who said, "I am among you as one who serveth."

Waterbury, Connecticut. J. A. BIDDLE.

THE VALUE OF PERSONAL SERVICE

Mr. Roosevelt's temperate and well-considered article on "The Coal Miner at Home" throws so much light on Settlement work that I cannot forbear calling attention to it.

In the Settlement the right kind of a man finds himself quickly in accord with many of his neighbors. He finds them hard-working and self-respecting. He realizes how much progress there has been and the great need of further progress. He finds out that he needs them quite as much as they need him.

Here is where those interested in Settlements have been disappointed. When, for example, the East Side House Settlement was founded twenty years ago, we fully expected that most of the work would be done by young men of education who were willing to devote a year or more to the serious study of the plain people and an earnest endeavor to aid in the improvement of social life in cities. Young Englishmen do this at Oxford House and Toynbee Hall. Young doctors in America take a year or two of hospital work before beginning independent practice. But young ministers, lawyers, and philanthropists do not appreciate that the practical experience of Settlement life is just as necessary for them and their life work.

What Mr. Roosevelt says of the need of innocent amusements for the young people we find as true in New York as in Pennsylvania. And we do provide them.

He sums up in one sentence the object of the Settlement work:

> Every wage-worker should be a self-respecting, thriving citizen whose instincts and surroundings and self-interest combine to make him a law-abiding man, sharing in the general desire of all good citizens

both to secure social and civic betterment and to work for such betterment on sane lines.

This is what we are trying to accomplish. This is what we do in part achieve. To good citizens, then, I would say: Come over and help us with personal service if you can; with money if you have no other gift. We need both.

The work is preventive, and an ounce of it is worth a pound of cure. It is educational—just as much needed as that of schools and colleges. That it fails to receive adequate support, as Bishop Potter said, is because the citizens of New York do not appreciate its value.

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

East Side House, New York City.

THE HALE MEMORIAL

My article in your issue of November 12, "Reminiscences of Edward Everett Hale," has brought me this note from one of the group of women who were in the habitual and devoted service of "the Chief:"

You may like to know that the "All Souls" poem is included in "Poems and Fancies" of the Little, Brown & Co. edition of Dr. Hale's writings. Many years ago, when Dr. Hale's own Lend-a-Hand Club wished to make him a birthday gift, we were puzzled, as often was the case. No collection of his poems had ever been made, many having been written, as was this, for the end of a sermon. So, on pretty, square, red-lined uniform paper, each girl copied out a poem as we hunted them out, and they were bound in a soft kid cover. Dr. Hale was immensely pleased, as he had never known how many there were nor where they were. From this beginning we have his published poems.

May I add to the article a brief postscript? It had left my hands before the proposal for a memorial statue of Dr. Hale in Boston had been made public. If that had been before me, I should have retouched my closing paragraph introducing the poem. "No form of bronze and no memorial stones"—*he* needs none, but *we* need, for our children's sake, to commemorate in fit and lasting form that grand and inspiring personality. The design for the monument is worthy of the subject, and is on a scale that will call for a large sum, and an appeal is made by the committee for contributions of "even the smallest sums." They may be sent to Kidder, Peabody & Co., Boston.

GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

THE COST OF MOTORING

The article in a recent Outlook on the cost of keeping an automobile leaves much unsaid. As far as it goes it may be correct, but it is a very limited experience. My own experience is sufficiently different to be worth taking into account. I have been using automobiles for the past eight years, and during that time have had nine different machines. About four and a half years ago I got my first successful machine, for which I paid in cash $550 and property which cost me $100. This machine did the work of two horses for two and one-half years, and then sold at such a price as to enable me to purchase a new machine with that amount and the money saved by not keeping horses. My old machine is still doing good work. The new machine which I bought cost me $560, and I have run it over twelve thousand miles in a little less than two years, and it is averaging twenty miles daily at the present time.

Including gasoline, oil, care, and repairs, it has cost not to exceed $150 per year. I have paid out for tires, in round numbers, $150, and have now on a set which is in good condition and good at least for the rest of the winter. I am particularly hard on tires, as I am running daily, and often nightly, through mud and over rough, frozen ground, with snow and ice for variety, and in the season when these are not in evidence I often have to drive through byways and lanes where I encounter almost everything which can be named, including tacks, nails, broken glass, tin cans, etc. A new set of tires will cost me about $60, not $260. This is one of the advantages of running a light machine. Mine is not a high-powered machine and cannot fly over the road at the illegal speed of forty or fifty miles an hour, but with roads in fair condition it will take all ordinary hills on the high gear, and it will take anything on the low. It constantly does the work of two horses and often of three, and is as reliable as any horse I ever had.

To the ordinary laboring man a person having an income of $4,000 per year is rich, and this man (and I am sure The Outlook has many such among its readers), by reading the article referred to, would be confirmed in the prevalent opinion that only the rich can have automobiles. In the past I have known many men with incomes much below one thousand a year who have kept a horse and buggy for pleasure riding after working hours in the evening and on holidays. Such a family could, at a slightly increased initial expense, now have the pleasure and advantage of an automobile, which if used twice as much as the horse would wear indefinitely, would not cost half as much to keep, and not require half as much time to take care of it.

Good, serviceable machines can now be bought new for $600, or even less, that are as reliable and wear as well as higher-priced machines. They certainly cost much less for repairs, and vastly less for tires.

I am interested in this matter solely because I do not want to see the people of really moderate incomes debarred from the sane pleasures and health-giving influences of automobiling, and I am sure, with a proper understanding of the matter, they need not be. (Dr.) JOHN J. SHAW.

Plymouth, Massachusetts.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

THE CHILDREN OF THE CITY

When all the children of the town had trailed after the Pied Piper and disappeared, the people of Hamelin discovered that what they had lost was what they counted most dear. There are better ways of learning the value of children. One of them is now being tried in New York City. It is called the Child Welfare Exhibit. The big, forbidding armory of the Seventy-first Regiment is now (January 18–February 12) devoted to the children of the city. After even a casual stroll through the exhibits, one comes away with a new understanding of the dangers that surround childhood, but with decided hopefulness. It would have been easy to over-emphasize the pathetic or the gruesome. There is enough of both in a big city like New York to fill to overflowing such an exhibit as this. Fortunately, the normal and the wholesome prevails in the armory, as, on the whole, it prevails outside. In the main hall of the armory, at the entrance to the exhibits, there is a piece of statuary in heroic size. It is the work of the sculptor Louis Potter. It consists of four figures representing three generations. There is an old man bent under a great burden. By his side, his son and his son's wife are carrying their burdens. The three burdens are joined. Under the roof of these bent forms stands a little child. There is no burden visible upon his shoulders, but, like his grandfather and his parents, he stands in the attitude of a burden-bearer; he feels the weight that rests upon the shoulders of his ancestors. What these burdens are and how they press upon the child is graphically suggested in the exhibit. Some of these burdens are those of heredity. The frail body and the slow brain are in some cases burdens which the child bears from birth. Most of the burdens, however, are those of environment—the cramped home, cold, heat, dirt, toil, disease. Certainly no one who has a heart can be indifferent to the pathos of those hundreds and thousands of children upon whom such things have left their mark. This exhibit, however, is not chiefly a story of wrong or wretchedness; it is chiefly a story of struggle for a fair chance for all children, with many victories and with the prospect of increasing victories to come.

WHAT CAN BE SEEN

One turns naturally to see what this exhibit has to show about children's play. This surely is one of the essentials of childhood. Hanging on one of the walls are Stevenson's lines—odd verse to be found in an armory:

> "Happy hearts and happy faces,
> Happy play in grassy places—
> This is how, in ancient ages,
> Children grew to kings and sages."

Beneath these lines is a photograph of children playing in a gutter. For thousands of children in New York the paved streets must serve as "grassy places." It is there that they have their games—there or nowhere. What is the consequence? Over half of the arrests of children in New York are for playing games. In the one month of July, 1909, there were 128 arrests for playing ball in the streets, and even more for playing "cat." What is to be done? The children cannot answer that question; the city must answer it. Some ways of answering it are suggested at this exhibit. Here is, for example, a plan for using the "unlimited acres of roof space;" here another, for six lots of playgrounds, one over another, on one lot of space; here a plan

for closing certain blocks to traffic during certain hours and reserving them for the children. The moving picture shows, the dancing halls, the recreation piers—these and other recreation centers furnish fact and suggestion. Play, however, fills only one alcove out of many. A large proportion of space is devoted to the children at home. What should their clothing cost? How can a mother test the strength and color of clothing material? How may rooms be effectively and cheaply furnished? These answers are all given, not in book and chart merely, but in cloth and clothing effectively displayed and in model rooms completely furnished. Here one can find what the minimum cost of clothing a family of five for a year is; or what a working-girl, getting six dollars a week, can procure for clothing—and the clothes are there to be judged at first hand. It is not merely the tenement family that occupies the whole stage. Here, for example, is a play-room fitted up for the use of three children, the furniture all made of packing-boxes, stout, convenient, ornamental, supplying suitable places for tennis rackets, baseball bats, kites, bows and arrows, building blocks, musical instruments, and what not. So the visitor goes the rounds, seeing what a model milk-shop is, what care can be taken in the feeding of babies, what the Metropolitan Museum, the Natural History Museum, the Zoölogical Park, the Botanical Garden, the public libraries, the public schools, the charitable societies, the settlements, the various clubs, the churches, and the government of city and State are doing or may do for the children.

SOME EXHIBITS IN ACTION

Besides the exhibits there are, every day, lectures, conferences, demonstrations. On the second day of the exhibit, before the armory was open to the public, pupils of a Brooklyn public school gave an exhibition of the operations of a "school city." In the main hall of the armory, beyond Mr. Potter's heroic group, chairs are arranged before a platform. Up to this platform filed a group of boys. They were the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the City of Public School 43, Brooklyn. Most of the boys seated themselves with dignity about a table, the rest on neighboring chairs. One of those who were seated at the table arose and called the meeting to order. A smaller boy at his side then stood, and with distinct enunciation, in a shrill voice that reached every one in his audience, called the roll—the Mayor, the Comptroller, the President of the Board of Aldermen, and the Borough Presidents. Then business was transacted. A motion to appropriate a dollar and a half for police badges was opposed on the ground of economy, and was defeated. A motion to provide blank books was also discussed and defeated. A motion to appropriate twenty dollars to supply the Department of Public Charities with shoes to be given to needy pupils was laid on the table pending investigation. So the business proceeded until adjournment. Then two officials—the Chief of Police and the Commissioner of Charities—read, in voices not yet "changed," their respective reports. In continuance of the "demonstration," the Board of Aldermen held a session. Finally there was the trial, before the Court of Special Sessions, of an offender—a boy who was alleged to have crossed the street contrary to rules. These were not actual transactions, but the repetition of actual transactions as recorded in the minutes of former meetings. Play, shall we call this? Possibly; but it is play that controls the collective action of hundreds of boys. Those who were present at this demonstration, in addition to the information received in graphic form from chart and picture and actual samples, got also an impression of what life in the city means to some boys. Among the features of the exhibit is a daily demonstration in cooking. There are also to be drills, athletic games, moving pictures, folk dances, and the like. On several occasions music is to be provided by the pupils of that most excellent discoverer and fosterer of musical talent, the Music School Settlement. Choruses of boys and of girls are also designated to take part. There is arranged a regular schedule of conferences on the various phases of child welfare—education, the home, the courts, recreation, libraries and museums, health, labor, philanthropy. The final conference is to be devoted to the

measure now before Congress—that providing for a Federal Children's Bureau. No resident of New York or its environs, no visitor to New York, ought to let slip the chance to visit this exhibit.

HARVARD COLLEGE AND THE SCHOOL-BOY

Every boy who has the ambition to go to college is concerned in a decision reached last week by the Harvard Faculty. This was the approval of a new scheme of requirements for admission to Harvard College. The change which the Faculty has approved, and which will in all probability be adopted by vote of the two other governing bodies of the University—the Corporation and the Overseers—is radical. Though it does not do away with all entrance examinations, it means the complete abolition of the sort of entrance examinations that has been in vogue for years and that is almost universal among colleges. Heretofore when a boy undertook to go to Harvard he had to prepare himself in a certain number out of thirty designated subjects; he then had to present himself to be examined; he was marked; and if he reached a certain grade in a definite proportion of his subjects, he was admitted. The hurtful consequence incidental to this method has been twofold: it has kept out desirable students, and it has admitted undesirable students. A great many boys who would like to go to college, and are really worthy to go, are educated at schools which primarily prepare boys, not for college, and especially not for Harvard, but for a life of self-support. If such exceptional boys decide to go to Harvard, they have to take special studies or suffer special disadvantages. The consequence is that the proportion of boys going to Harvard College from the public high schools is shamefully low. On the other hand, boys who are not particularly ambitious—except for athletic or social honors—but who have money, can be tutored with no general training in view and with comparatively little real educational result, but with the object chiefly (in some cases solely) of passing those entrance examinations. The way is thus made comparatively easy for the well-to-do boy who loafs, and hard for the ambitious fellow without means. The proposed change involves, first, the submission of credentials from the applicant's school showing the amount and quality of work he has done; and, second, the passing of examinations in four general subjects—English, Latin (or French or German), mathematics, and one other. The judgment as to the suitability of the applicant is then rendered, not according to the rather rigid but really uncertain methods of marking in vogue heretofore, but according first to the opinion of the marker of the papers, who has the candidate's school record before him, and then the final decision of the Committee on Admissions. Moreover, there is to be an organization to make easier the co-operation between the college and the school. This new plan is of great significance. If it proves to be in practice what it seems to promise to be, it will accomplish at least two ends: it will bring the college and the high school into more rational relations, and it will replace a nominally rigid but really lax test of merit with one that is less mechanical and is therefore more just—severe to the frivolous, but discriminating toward those who have real acquirements. It looks as if Harvard were again to show its gifts for leadership.

A SEAMSTRESS TURNED NOVELIST

A widespread interest has been awakened in France by the appearance of a novel, "Marie-Claire," written by Mademoiselle Marguerite Audoux, a poor Parisian seamstress, who has suddenly, and apparently without any previous training in the art of writing, produced a story which has made so deep an impression on critical readers that it has been awarded a prize of five thousand francs from a Paris newspaper, has reached an edition of twenty-five thousand, and had a majority vote on the first ballot from the Goncourt Academy, though a more obscure rival, an American correspondent writes to the Boston "Transcript," was ultimately the recipient of the prize. The Goncourt Academy largely retains the traditions of extremely fastidious writing associated with the brothers whose name it bears. Mademoiselle Audoux, who has apparently captured in a first venture the good will of a country in

which writing is more distinctly an art than in any other country, found that her eyesight would not bear the strain of protracted needlework, and turned to story-writing in the simplest spirit; and the story owes its popularity apparently to its simplicity. Marie-Claire's mother dies when she is five years old. She is abandoned by her father, and becomes an inmate of a Catholic orphanage, where she is much petted by Sister Marie Aimée, who has charge of the small children. This Sister, the reader is led to infer, is in love with the Curé who is chaplain to the establishment, and the Mother Superior is jealous of their intimacy. When Marie-Claire grows up, and there is some talk of apprenticing her to a dressmaker who happens to be the sister of the Curé, the Mother Superior intervenes and Marie-Claire is sent to a farm at Sologne, where she learns the life of the fields and of the woods, and where she falls, fortunately, into the hands of a very kind farmer and his wife, by whom she is treated as a member of the household. With the death of the farmer the farm changes hands, and Marie-Claire is sent once more to hard work at a sewing-machine. Then the brother of the new farmer's wife makes love to her, and she is sent back to the orphanage, where she is not welcomed and where she is sent to work in the kitchen. Yet she is happy once more in the affection of the Sister Désirée des Anges, who has charge of the kitchen, and she has a last interview with her old friend Sister Marie Aimée, who passes through the orphanage on her journey to the Leper Island, where she dies. When Sister Désirée dies, Marie-Claire is handed over to her own sister, whom she has not seen since infancy, and who is married to a small farmer. A bequest of forty francs by the Mother Superior so endows Marie-Claire in the eyes of her sister that the young girl is sent to Paris to seek her fortune, and the novel ends leaving her on the train. The style of this story is one of great simplicity and quiet charm, not lacking in dramatic effectiveness. In view of the extraordinary vital conditions, so to speak, under which this story was written, its appearance in English will be awaited with great interest.

THE HEBREW COUNCIL

The recent meeting in New York City of the Council of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations was of peculiar public interest. Of the two million Jews in our country, at least half reside in New York, the greatest Jewish center in the world. A multitude of them, recent fugitives from Russian and Rumanian persecutions, peculiarly need the enlightening influences of their progressive coreligionists, the Reform Judaism of the Union, nearly two hundred congregations of which were represented in this meeting. In his address of welcome Mr. Daniel P. Hays said: "Because New York has more than a million Jews, whose religion teaches them to lead moral lives, it should be the purest city in the world." On the other hand, the temporary Chairman, Mr. Abraham Abrahams, said: "The greatest peril to American Judaism is here, because of the hurried congestion of Jews fleeing hither from barbaric persecution." The problem thus presented is both religious and patriotic. Strong emphasis was laid by various speakers upon the aim of the Union as expressed by the President, former Justice Leventritt: "We realize that our task is, through our religion, to make better American citizens." As opposed to the Zionism which would re-establish a Jewish State in Palestine, the motto of the Union is, "America is our Zion." It was stated that about half of the Jews in this country have drifted away from Jewish forms and influences. To reclaim them a home missionary movement is in progress. Its success in the People's Synagogue in Philadelphia is to issue in an extension work throughout the country. An eloquent address on "American Judaism" by President Kohler, of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, so emphasized the Americanization of Jewish immigrants as to draw a protest from Dr. Heller, of New Orleans, as invidious to the orthodox majority outside of the Union. The divisions of Christianity into Catholic and Protestant, of Protestants into orthodox and liberal, are paralleled in the divisions of Judaism—the Union representing the reforming or Protestant element. Its distinctive affirmation is that Judaism is not a ritual or a dogma, but a

life, and a Messianic mission to bring mankind to a knowledge of God and his righteousness. At the Union's banquet at the Hotel Astor Mr. Roosevelt was introduced by the toastmaster, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, as "our guest of honor, who, more than any other American, living or dead, has taught the world the lesson that, equally with any other citizen of this country, the Jew is entitled to a square deal." In the course of his address Mr. Roosevelt said: "It has been my good fortune to be thrown with Jews, and they have done their work well wherever put. There are two qualities that the Jew possesses that are characteristic of the old native American, eminent practicality and eminent idealism; and I want to see these continue." In a subsequent address our Ambassador to Turkey, Mr. Straus, said: "The republicanism of the United States is the nearest approach to the ideals of the prophets of Israel that has ever been incorporated in the form of a State. . . . America is peculiarly a promised land, wherein the spirit of the teachings of the ancient prophets inspired the work of the fathers of our country." The morning of that day was given to the immigration question, of burning interest to all Jews because of the proposed restriction, which they solidly oppose. Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, declared himself wholly opposed to the illiteracy test. Drastic censures of the present law as administered were so satisfactorily rebutted by his address that it received applause and a vote of thanks. The Union does what it can to divert the stream of immigration from New York to other parts of the country.

PATENT RIGHTS AND MONOPOLY

Among the "trust" prosecutions now instituted by the Federal Department of Justice is that of the so-called "bath-tub trust." The evidence presented by the Government in this case discloses an apparent attempt to use the monopoly granted by the patent laws as a screen for an illegal monopolistic combination. Under our patent laws as interpreted by the courts it is unquestioned that a patentee may fix the price at which the patented article is sold. It is also a debatable question whether several owners of different patents on different parts of an article may legally pool their patents for the purpose of controlling the price at which the completed article is to be sold. But in the "bath-tub" case the patent, which is used as a device to justify a combination for the purpose of fixing prices and eliminating competition, is a patent, not upon the article manufactured by the combination, but upon an insignificant tool used in its manufacture. The prosecution is brought against sixteen corporations engaged in the manufacture of all kinds of enameled iron ware used in the plumbing of a house, such as bath-tubs, wash-basins, kitchen sinks, etc. The principal component of these articles is cast iron. The cast iron article is taken red hot from the furnace, and in that condition there is sifted upon it a "porcelain powder," the ingredients of which are secret. The combination of the powder with the red-hot iron forms the completed enameled product. Twenty manufacturers engaged in the business have an annual output of over sixteen million dollars. Two or three of the companies manufacturing the enameled ware own patents on different forms of a simple tool used in the manufacture of the ware. Under the old method of manufacture, the "porcelain powder" was applied to the tub by an operator who held the sieve containing the powder in one hand and tapped the handle of the sieve with the other. The patents are for different forms of an automatic tapper concealed in the handle of the sieve. Early last year, after a long series of conferences among the different manufacturers of the enameled ware, the patents on this little tool were assigned to a young man, apparently without capital, named Waymouth. Immediately thereupon this young man granted a license to each of the manufacturing companies for the use of these patents, under a contract which determined the prices at which the manufacturer should sell the completed enameled ware product and all the terms and conditions of sale, which prescribed the form of contract under which the manufacturer should sell to the jobber and the prices at which the jobber should resell, and which provided that no manufacturer should sell to any jobber who handled independent

goods or who refused to sign a contract. Severe penalties were prescribed for failure to live up to the terms of this license agreement. Complete control of wholesale, jobbing, and retail prices of the enameled ware was the result. A civil suit against the sixteen manufacturers was instituted in July of last year. At that time the Department of Justice supposed that the question involved was the one which has been referred to above, namely, that of an agreement between the owners of patent rights concerning the protection of their patented inventions. The evidence soon established in the mind of the Department, however, that the licensing arrangement was established solely for the purpose of concealing a deliberate intention to violate the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. A criminal proceeding was thereupon instituted against the sixteen companies and thirty-four officers of those companies. Late in December the defendants offered to consent to an injunction in the civil suit and to plead guilty in the criminal suits, provided the Attorney-General would not ask the Court to impose jail sentences. This request it was impossible for the Attorney-General to grant, and both civil and criminal suits are being vigorously prosecuted.

THE SENATE The following United States Senators were elected last week: Massachusetts, Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican; Pennsylvania, George T. Oliver, Republican; Minnesota, Moses E. Clapp, Republican; North Dakota, Porter J. McCumber, Republican. The new men are Henry F. Lippitt, Republican, of Rhode Island, to replace Senator Aldrich, Republican; John W. Kern, Democrat, of Indiana, to replace Senator Beveridge, Republican; Charles E. Townsend, Progressive Republican, of Michigan, at present Representative in Congress, to replace Senator Burrows, Conservative Republican; Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Democrat, of Nebraska, at present Representative in Congress, to succeed Senator Burkett; Asle J. Gronna, Republican, of North Dakota, at present Representative in Congress, to replace Senator Purcell, Republican; James A. Reed, Democrat, of Missouri, to replace Senator Warner, Republican; Miles Poindexter, Progressive Republican, of Washington, at present Representative in Congress, to replace Senator Piles, Conservative Republican. The Senate and the country suffer a serious loss in the failure of Indiana to re-elect Senator Beveridge. On the other hand, both are to be congratulated on the re-election of Senator Lodge. No man in the Senate understands foreign relations better than he, and never in the history of our country was wise counse respecting our foreign relations more needed. Congressman Butler Ames's absurd charges need no refutation. First, he affirmed that Mr. Roosevelt had rebuked Mr. Lodge in the presence of the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Newberry, for attempting to sell the Government some colliers at an extravagant price. When the story was promptly denied both by Mr. Roosevelt and by Mr. Newberry, Mr. Ames promptly, if not very ingenuously, abandoned the slander with the remark: "I do not question your denial. . . . In fact, I expected you to do so. . . . This particular part of the controversy may safely be left to some future time." Then he attempted to substitute, as a support for his charge of political corruption, the statement that the charge had been made before and had not been denied by the Senator. This assumption that a charge is to be taken as proved if it is not denied is preposterous. If this were the fact, it would have to be taken as proved that the greatest personality in history was a blasphemer, that he was a traitor to his nation, that he sought to turn the people from their allegiance to Jehovah, that he was a revolutionary and endeavored to overthrow the Roman Government, that he forbade his followers to pay their taxes, that he was an anarchist and threatened to destroy the temple at Jerusalem, and that he was a man of low moral character—a glutton and a winebibber. For all these charges were brought against him, and he never denied them. No self-respecting man is going before the public saying, "I am not a thief." What is the use? If he is a thief, of course he would be a liar. Mr. Lodge has many enemies, some personal, some political, but no one of them, not even

Mr. Ames, seriously believes him to be guilty of personal corruption. The best reply to such charges is contemptuous silence.

NEW YORK'S NEXT SENATOR

For the first time in many years the State of New York is to be represented in the United States Senate by representatives of the two great National political parties. The task now before the New York Legislature is one which it is not exaggeration to call momentous; for the occasion is a critical one both for the State itself and for the Democratic party. If that party knows its own true interest, it will select a man who shall in National affairs stand for a broad and progressive policy. It would be a lamentable party weakness, and it might be a disgrace to the State at large, if a man were selected for the post who does not affirmatively possess the personal qualifications of unquestioned integrity and of statesmanlike wisdom. The Democrats of New York and the entire body of citizens will assuredly feel disappointed, and will seem contemptible in the eyes of the Nation, if they do not send to the United States Senate a man who may compare favorably in these qualities with his Republican colleague, Senator Root. It has been asserted, and we believe that the assertion is true, that from the time of Seward to the time of Root, New York—the greatest and most important of our States, an empire as regards size, population, and wealth—only once or twice has been represented by a statesman who would bear comparison with either of the two men just named. Looking at the problem in New York from this point of view, one can but feel disappointment. Up to the end of last week no immediate issue to the block in the Legislature seemed apparent. Mr. Sheehan is the caucus candidate of nine-tenths of the Democratic legislators—which is to say that Mr. Murphy's control is general, though not universal. Those Republicans who last November preferred that a State ticket practically nominated by Mr. Murphy should succeed, rather than that Mr. Stimson and the supporters of Governor Hughes's policies should be trusted, may view the result with what satisfaction they can. A small body of Democratic legislators have thrown off the obligations a caucus may impose and have boldly declared their right to vote as their conscience dictates. Mr. Shepard has been supported by a section of the party, and would undoubtedly be a worthy choice for the office, whatever may be said as to his magnetism and success in dealing with men. As to Mr. Sheehan, the objection is twofold: first, because he is the Tammany candidate and would represent Tammany rather than New York; secondly, because, whatever may be his personal honesty and ability, there are even more negative than positive reasons against him—in other words, he has had neither the training nor the associations which fit him to deal with National interests. For fifteen years he has kept away from even local political affairs, and his earlier career in State politics was not of a character to inspire confidence. He is a member of the law firm of which Judge Alton B. Parker is the head, and a succinct statement in "Who's Who" indicates the general direction of his personal activity since he left political life: "Director Kings County Electric Light and Power Company, Westchester Lighting Company, Albany Southern Railroad Company, Louisville Lighting Company, Connecticut Railway and Lighting Company, Western New York and Pennsylvania Traction Company, Trust Company of America."

PAUL MORTON

The sudden death of Paul Morton in this city last week came with a sense of shock as well as of grief to an exceedingly large number of personal friends, business associates, and people throughout the country who knew of Mr. Morton's substantial services in political life and in financial matters of magnitude. Mr. Morton's early training was that of a railway man, and his executive ability in carrying out large undertakings and in managing subordinates while he was an officer of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway led to the offer of a Cabinet appointment from Mr. Roosevelt. At first it was proposed that Mr. Morton should be Secretary of Commerce and Labor, but for a time he was disinclined to leave the railway for a Cabinet

office; a little later, in 1904, he became Secretary of the Navy, and in that office upheld the view of the head of the Administration with which he was associated that our naval equipment and construction should be commensurate with the importance of the United States among the nations of the world and with the large world-questions which might arise. Mr. Morton is quoted as saying: "I am an expansionist. I believe in expanding our internal resources by reclaiming arid lands of the West, and in expanding our external commerce by making the American name stand for ability to protect our ships and our citizens in all parts of the earth, so that wherever there is a legitimate field open our people may go there with a sense of security." Mr. Morton's ability as shown in governmental matters led to several offers of important financial responsibility in business life; in the end he assumed the presidency of the Equitable Life Assurance Company at a time when, the Hughes investigation having recently closed, it was evident that there was needed at the head of that great corporation a man who recognized large obligations to the public and to the country and one whose character was on an equality with his ability. The result has, beyond question, proved the wisdom of the choice made. A certain amount of misunderstanding has existed regarding Mr. Morton's connection with the railway rebate question. Up to a certain time, practically all the great railways of the country indulged in the practice of secret rebates, and in extenuation each declared that the general prevalence of the practice made it necessary to follow that practice or go out of business. Mr. Morton as a railway officer acted for a time as did other railway men. The difference was that Mr. Morton, having become convinced that the practice was wrong, did everything in his power to abolish it. Mr. Roosevelt, in a statement called out by the death of Mr. Morton, puts the matter in these words:

> It was to him more than to any other man that we owed the information which enabled the Government definitely to break the practice of giving rebates by the railroads. And this service was one which he alone among the railroad men was willing, at no small cost to himself, to render to the public, and for which he is entitled to the grateful remembrance of all men who deem it of prime importance to see the law rigidly and justly enforced. For private and public reasons both, I deeply regret his death.

THE ATTACK ON THE "NIGHT WATCH"

The problem of protecting works of art and at the same time placing them where the public can have access to them is not without its difficulties. All lovers of art were startled two weeks ago when they read of the mutilation of Rembrandt's "Night Watch" by a man who, on being arrested, declared that he had committed the act to get even with the State because he had been discharged from the navy, in which he formerly served as a cook. Many readers of The Outlook remember how strikingly Captain Cocq's company seems to be coming out of the canvas as one sees it in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam. It was through the very center of this group that the slashes were made by a knife. It is greatly to be hoped that the experts are right in their belief that the damage can be repaired. Some critics hold that there are greater pictures from Rembrandt than the "Night Watch," but none is more widely known or has awakened so much popular interest. In the opinion of these students of Rembrandt the noble canvas which contains the portraits of the Syndics of the Clothmakers' Guild is a greater picture than the "Night Watch," by reason of its wonderful golden-brown tone as well as its strikingly vital portraiture. The "Night Watch" presents a larger number of figures—the officers and members of a company of city musketeers. Rembrandt had agreed to paint a portrait of each man in this picture for one hundred florins each; but the artist had forgotten that even on a large canvas there was room enough to give only a very few figures the most prominent places; and each of his clients expected to be put in a commanding position. The painter, whose thought was not on them but on the picture, arranged his composition so that the light was centered chiefly on two of the figures. This led to so much feeling on the part of the musketeers in the background that it awakened an animosity which seriously affected the fortunes of the great painter. The "Night Watch"

was painted in 1642. A curious fact about it is that the picture does not belong to the Dutch Government, but to the municipality of Amsterdam, and the vandal who endeavored to destroy it was not revenging himself upon the State, but inflicting an injury upon the whole world of art lovers.

BABUSHKA IN EXILE

From several sources the story of the journey of Madame Breshkovsky to her dreary Siberian place of exile has come to her friends in America. It is in substance as follows: Madame Breshkovsky was tried last spring, after more than two and a half years of detention in solitary confinement, and was exiled to a penal colony in Siberia, thousands of miles from St. Petersburg. She was held in prison till the large party to be deported to Siberia was ready, about one hundred and fifty political offenders—many, it is safe to say, intelligent, public-spirited, and self-sacrificing men and women—and one hundred criminals. She reached her destination on August 29. While this is nominally still summer, it was so cold that preparations had to be made at once for winter, but she had failed to receive her warm clothing or the money which had been sent to her. Accustomed to cross our continent in less than a week, Americans may be interested to know why it should have taken from spring till fall to make the journey from St. Petersburg to the Kirensk district, where these exiles were sent. Here is the route:

From St. Petersburg by train to Irkutsk, a dirty, overcrowded, and disagreeable trip of twelve days; then two days walking, about twenty-five miles a day, to Alexandrovsk, where there is a hard-labor prison and where they are building large wooden barracks for a forwarding prison, which does not look as though the sending of prisoners to Siberia was to cease. It took a fortnight there to prepare for the last part of the long journey, but on the 9th of August they were finally under way, in bitter rain, for a place on the Lena River called Kachuga. Eighty peasant carts made up the train, each cart having three prisoners besides the driver. Thus they traveled six days and nights. The only extra comfort that the brave old woman would allow was extra hay in the bottom of the cart, but undoubtedly that was for the sick woman who was beside her. On reaching Kachuga they were placed on a boat under a guard of seventy men, floating down the river with the current for more than a week, "like so many herrings in a barrel." Madame Breshkovsky then seems to have been separated from the rest of the convoy. She was landed at the junction of another river, towed up a certain distance in a boat to a little village, where again she was put into a cart and driven over a rough cart road for another week, over a range of mountains, then down another river, and finally another cart drive to her present destination, an island in the cold Lena River.

Madame Breshkovsky has half of a log cabin, for which she pays $2.50 a month rent. The cost of even her simple living, of rye bread and tea mostly, is high. Apparently she has to meet all her own expenses for food and lodging. The Government pays the guards, one of whom is always watching her. One who saw her as she was on her way writes of her that she was bright and kind, and it seemed hardly possible that she was a woman of almost seventy, for her face was smooth, her eyes sparkled, and with her gray hair under the gray sky she stood in the rain an imposing figure. The young people in the train crowded about her. She was everywhere the object of attention, not only of her political comrades, but of the criminals and soldiers as well. The people were on the lookout for her, saying, "When is Babushka coming? God grant us to see her!" In the prison at Irkutsk they were eager to see her, and all Siberia seemed to be waiting with wonder and almost reverence to see this "miracle woman," as they call the famous exile who has survived so much and is still of good cheer and courage.

WOMEN VOTERS' VIEWS ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

No one expects woman's suffrage to be refused in any country where popular self-government prevails whenever the majority of women themselves make it clear that they desire to vote. Heretofore the greatest obstacle to woman's suffrage has been the indifference of women themselves. To those who advocate the bestowal of the ballot upon women whether they wish it or not this indifference has been particularly irritating, because they feel that such indifference cannot be overcome until women themselves experience the exhilaration of voting. A news item in the London

"Times," however, indicates that even the experience of dropping ballots into a box does not necessarily convert women to the view that it is their duty to bear the burden of the suffrage. According to this item, the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League has made a canvass of women who have the franchise in municipal elections. It has inquired of them whether they were in favor of extending their duties to include political franchise. For this purpose, districts were selected representing a variety of population—typical of London, of large provincial cities, of country towns, and of agricultural villages. Of the total number, 2,520 expressed themselves as being in favor of "votes for women," and 9,845 opposed. The account in the London "Times" does not state the total number of those who were neutral or who failed to answer the inquiries; in North Berks, it reports, however, that out of a municipal electorate of 1,291 women, 1,085 were opposed to the extension of the franchise. In Bristol, out of an electorate of over 7,000, less than 900 were in favor of the suffrage. Almost 2,000, on the other hand, were neutral, over 1,000 did not even reply, and over 3,000 expressed their opposition.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN THE PHILIPPINES

The London "Times" recently sent one of its trusted correspondents to the Philippines to report on political and social conditions there. The correspondent's impressions are worth noting. So far as Filipino fitness for self-government is concerned, he found a wide belief on the part of the natives—or a pretension of the belief—that they were already quite fit for that government. They regard American administration, he declares, with a certain superciliousness, and think that they could manage things better themselves. Though all the municipal councils are now in native hands, and though there are many native officials in the legislature and judiciary and in the public departments, the scheme of present government is so arranged, says the correspondent, that the natives have the semblance rather than the reality of power. So much for politics. As to social conditions, the fact is emphasized that the natives, born to Spanish ceremonial and Spanish elaborateness of manner, do not like the simplicity and directness of democratic habits. Hence Americans in the Philippines, the writer concludes, do not command as much respect as they deserve. However, as he adds, some of the ground lost by Americans in this regard is now being appreciably regained. In our opinion, this regain is due not so much to the training of the "grown-ups" in politics as to the education of the children in general knowledge. In that domain a chief influence towards social solidarity is found in the increasing use of English. In his recent visit to the Philippines Mr. Dickinson, Secretary of War, told the people that, if they wanted an independent government, in no way could the Americans help them more effectively than by establishing a common language. At present some sixteen different Malay dialects are spoken in the islands. Among the educated, Spanish is spoken; but it is confined to about one-tenth of the entire population. Notwithstanding its long use in the islands, Spanish has never become the medium of general communication. On the other hand, as to English, Secretary Dickinson declares that if the progress now being made is continued, English will be understood by the next generation generally throughout the islands. As an instance of present progress even among the men, Mr. Dickinson notes the case of an audience at Capiz, in the island of Panay, where, though addresses were made in Spanish and English, it was manifest that English speakers were as well understood as were those who spoke in Spanish. Another help towards the progress of the English language in the Philippines should be the requirement of the present law for the use of the English language in the courts after January 1, 1913. Secretary Dickinson believes, as do we, that it would be beneficial to the progress of the islands if the ability to speak the English language should, on a date not long thereafter, be made a condition precedent to the right to hold *any* office under the control of the Governor-General. It goes without saying that a common language affords the only adequate medium for the removal of misunderstandings. A common speech should bring about community of thought.

NATIONALISM AND SPECIAL PRIVILEGE

This is the third of the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on the general subject of "Nationalism and Progress."— THE EDITORS.

In private most of the beneficiaries of special privilege, and not a few other people, freely defend it; advancing the usual argument, that only a limited number of persons are fit to lead humanity, and that these persons should be permitted to accumulate wealth and power without let or hindrance, because this is really to the benefit of everybody—a position, by the way, fundamentally identical with that of the *laissez faire* school of economists who until recently held unchecked sway in so many institutions of learning. In a nation founded on the principle of popular government such a position as this cannot be publicly upheld by public men; and in its extreme form it is rarely openly announced save in a moment of unwariness—when the speaker may state his theory affirmatively by asserting that he is "the vicegerent of God," or else put the same idea in negative form by using some such expression as "the public be damned."

But, although the doctrine is not often nakedly advanced, it has innumerable stout public defenders who veil their plea for special privilege by insistence upon the rights of the States, the sanctity of an unchanged and unchangeable Constitution, the sacredness of the judiciary, and the doctrine of the division of powers—all of which are described as in jeopardy whenever a serious effort is made to curtail such privilege.

We, on the other hand, take the view that our Government is meant to provide equality of opportunity for all men, so far as wise human action can provide it; for the object of government by the people is the welfare of the people. Our National and State Constitutions, our legislative, executive, and judicial systems, our doctrines of law and government, are all instruments to achieve this purpose, means to attain this end. No instrument is in itself sacred; when it has been proved, and its worth tested, it should never be lightly altered, still less thrown aside; but when it is clearly shown to be inadequate for new needs, it is the height of unwisdom to refuse to improve it.

Genuine, as distinguished from merely nominal, equality of opportunity is, of course, impossible if men are allowed to profit by special privilege; and inequality of opportunity, when sufficiently great, means the end of that very development of individuality which is supposed to be the cardinal virtue of the *laissez faire* system. Under modern industrial conditions absence of governmental regulation and control means such swollen development of a few personalities that all other personalities are dwarfed, are stunted and fettered, and their power of initiative, their power of self-help, largely atrophied. Absolute liberty for each individual to do what he wishes in the modern industrial world means for the mass of men much what, a thousand years ago, similar liberty for the strong in a military age meant for the multitude in that day. It is as necessary to possess the power of control over the industrial baronage of the twentieth century as it was to impose such control on the mediæval baronage of the sword; and the movement is one for real as against nominal liberty now just as truly as in the Middle Ages. It is as necessary to shackle cunning in the present as ever it was to shackle physical force in the past.

In other words, the only way to preserve an ample measure of genuine personal liberty for the average man is to increase the sphere of collective action by the Government. The "plain people" of Abraham Lincoln can preserve the rights of each of them only by a fuller exercise of the power of all of them acting together. So far is this kind of collectivism from being necessarily the herald of Socialism, as Socialism is ordinarily defined, that it can more truthfully be described as the preserver and restorer of individualism.

The elimination of special privilege must be accomplished gradually, and many different methods must be adopted for fully achieving the end in view. There is need of action both by the Nation and by the several States, and there is need of action along many different lines. No comprehensive programme for immediately meeting the entire situation could be devised,

nor indeed, if it could be devised, would it be well to try so much all at once. But the general principle to keep in mind is that no one man or class of men has a right to enjoy power or wealth or position or immunity which has not been earned by service to his or their fellows. Our steady aim should be to equalize earning and possession so that no man shall possess what he has not earned and no man who has earned anything shall be defrauded of that thing. Only by keeping this in mind can we genuinely equalize opportunity, destroy privilege, and give to the life and citizenship of every individual its highest value both to himself and to the commonwealth. It is necessary with this object in view to regulate the business use of wealth in the public interest, and also to regulate the terms and conditions of labor, which is the chief element of wealth, directly in the interest of the common good. The latter point I shall discuss in another article.

There are special things which can be done at once. Our people are now thoroughly waked up to the need of doing away with the protection which the tariff gives to special interests. As a whole, the American people are, I think, as definitely committed as ever before to the policy of protection, but it is to protection primarily designed to equalize the labor cost here and abroad, and designed especially not to show improper favoritism to any privileged group of wealthy men. Events have shown that the methods hitherto obtaining for generations in tariff-making no longer produce satisfactory results, and that we must have a tariff commission of impartial, disinterested, independent experts, who shall report on each schedule by itself so that action can be taken on the schedule by itself without the inevitable log-rolling and general business disturbance which necessarily accompany any attempt at general tariff revision. There are, of course, many sides to wise tariff legislation which need not here be discussed; perhaps it is not out of place, however, to mention that our tariff policy with Canada can well afford to stand by itself, not only because of our close relationship with the great Dominion to the north of us, but because of the substantial identity of conditions on each side of the line dividing us, so that as regards Canada I should be glad to see the most complete measure of reciprocity to which Canada will consent.

Of course, however, nothing that is done in the way of amending the tariff will clear more than a very small portion of the field of special privilege. Something of importance can be done to prevent the upgrowing of a kind of special privilege peculiarly formidable in the future by securing complete National control of water power, so far as it is now possible to secure it. Not a day should be lost in carrying out this purpose. Running water pays no heed to State lines. Every important river system of our country includes more than one State in its area. The Nation, and the Nation alone, can act with full effect in this matter. Water power will play an enormous part in the future of industrialism. The people should not surrender it in fee to any individual or corporation, but merely rent it for a time on terms amply favorable to the users, but on terms which will safeguard the public; while the fact that the lease is only for a period of years will permit the public to take account of changing conditions.

As regards all railways engaged in inter-State business, the path we are to tread has now been definitely marked out. The Inter-State Commerce Commission must have and must use all the powers necessary to enable it to exercise complete control over such railways—which means, over all the large railway systems; this control to include their physical valuation as well as the issue of stocks and bonds.

All this, however, is attacking only a single class of problems. There are huge inter-State corporations in this country which would be practically unaffected by anything done under the tariff, just as they would be practically unaffected by anything done about water power or about railways. I believe that we must have Government supervision of the capitalization not merely of public service corporations but of all corporations doing an inter-State business. Moreover, as regards these big corporations, every dollar received should represent a dollar's worth of service rendered—not gambling in stocks, but service rendered. There is but one instrumentality

which we have hitherto devised that can do much in grappling with these great corporations. This is the Bureau of Corporations. I believe that the great corporations and their agents in political life have been especially anxious to prevent the proper development of the Bureau of Corporations, and to minimize so far as possible its activities. I think that the powers of the Bureau of Corporations should be so extended as to enable it to apply to the gigantic business combinations participating in the commerce between the States the same kind of Federal regulation which is now applied to the railways through the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Mr. William Dudley Foulke has worked out this idea admirably in his recent speech to the National Civic Federation, and has shown that all that is necessary for us to do is to combine and slightly improve upon what has already been done in Canada and Germany in this matter. The trouble with too many of the proposals hitherto made is either that they leave it optional on the part of the combinations to place themselves under Government control, which means that those as to whom such control is most urgently needed would be the very ones who would refuse to submit to it, or else that the law would be applied to all corporations, big or little, whether they are or are not monopolistic in character. This is entirely unnecessary. A big corporation by its mere size develops activities differing in kind as well as in degree from those of small corporations, just as a great city presents governmental problems differing radically even in kind from those presented by a small village.

Where competition is really free, competition is still the best fixer of prices and regulator of conduct; but where competition is in reality stifled, and one great concern gets the power to fix prices of labor and commodities, then the Government should receive the power to exercise administrative control over the concern, and should exercise that power just as freely as if the concern were one of the so-called natural monopolies like a street railway or a water company. I do not believe in a system of law in which the object of Governmental proceeding requires the dissolution of the corporation or the confiscation of its property, which may be ruinous to the public as well as to the corporation. The proceeding should be, in substance, to declare any corporation an injurious monopoly, and when that declaration should be definitely affirmed by the proper body, whatever it might be, to subject the corporation to thoroughgoing Governmental control as to rates, prices, and general conduct. The present penalties for misbehavior—fines, the occasional imprisonment of men (usually subordinates), or the usual ineffectual dissolution of the corporation—are never wholly adequate, and are apt to be entirely inadequate. What is necessary is to permit the Government, when there is definite proof that a given corporation is acting as a monopoly and is behaving in an actually potentially injurious manner, to assume thoroughgoing supervision over it—such supervision and control as that which is, and still more as that which will be, exercised by the Inter-State Commerce Commission over our railways.

The practical questions are (1) how to provide for such an investigation as shall determine whether a given combine is a harmful monopoly, and (2) how to provide the proper course of action where it shall be found that such a monopoly exists. Canada has shown us the answer to the first question, and Germany to the second.

Canada adopted in May of last year a provision for the regulation of trusts. Under this provision any six persons may make application to a judge for an order directing an investigation, the application setting forth the nature of the combine, the persons involved, the manner in which it restricts competition, and the manner in which it operates to the detriment of consumers and producers and is injurious to trade. The judge fixes a time and place for hearing and can direct an investigation, which is carried on by a board chosen under the supervision of the Minister of Labor. Provision is made for depriving the offender, if found guilty, of advantages obtained under the tariff or patent laws, and for punishing him in other ways. But the remedy proposed by Canada is in no way adequate; the value of the lesson she teaches is the clear indication of one method of determining whether a monopoly does actually exist.

Germany, however, in a law enacted last spring, has shown us how to apply the remedy. This law regulates the production of potash, of which Germany has a monopoly of the only known deposits, which are owned and operated by fifty-four companies. These companies were overproducing and depleting the supply. The Act fixed the proportion which each company could produce, and also fixed the labor conditions and the maximum price, and provided a court to reapportion the production every two years. It is stated that similar laws are in preparation in Germany to regulate whisky distillers and manufacturers of electrical machinery, the idea being to prevent overproduction and to limit prices in the interests of the public.

These two Acts taken together indicate one of the ways which we should follow in order to do away with some of the worst effects of special privilege. Canada and Germany are eminently practical Powers, and when they have taken such action it can no longer be sneered at as a matter for merely academic discussion. My experience with Governmental lawsuits has not been such as to make me feel that a lawsuit is normally a wise method of attempting to enforce Governmental regulation. It may well be, however, that even if it were necessary to establish a proper tribunal, a lawsuit after the manner provided for in the Canadian Act would for this particular purpose meet the requirements of the situation. Such a lawsuit would merely, if successful, put in motion the machinery of the Department of Commerce and Labor—that is, the Bureau of Corporations—and the Bureau could then exercise the same control that in Germany has been exercised in the case of the potash producers. Nothing would be more desirable at the present moment than to have the Bureau of Corporations exercise over the oil production of the country, and over the operations of the Sugar Trust, the same thoroughgoing, drastic, and radical control that the Government of Germany is now exercising over the potash production of Germany. As regards both the Standard Oil Trust and the Sugar Trust, Government action already taken and Government investigation already made would warrant our putting them under such Governmental control without further inquiry.

I have not attempted to indicate what the States should do, because each State has its own problems, and there are many of them; but a great step in advance should be taken by the Nation, and it should be taken at once, and it should be taken substantially along the lines above indicated.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

A HISTORICAL SKETCH

The familiar saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention," receives a curious historical illustration in the history of the United States Supreme Court. It was invented to meet a necessity; and its most important power was not conferred upon it, but was assumed by it because of necessity.

During the American Revolution vessels were captured and brought into port, and there was no tribunal to pass upon the legal questions arising out of such captures. At first these questions were referred to Washington as General-in-Chief of the military forces of the Colonies. But it was impossible for him to turn aside from his military operations to arbitrate legal controversies. He called on Congress to create a tribunal for that purpose. Congress, fearing to assume authority to which the Colonies might take exception, at first simply recommended the separate Colonies to create courts for this purpose, with an appeal from such courts to Congress. Each such appeal Congress at first referred to a special committee; subsequently it created a permanent standing committee to hear such appeals, and, gaining courage from experience, finally, in 1780, created a Federal court of three judges to serve as an appellate court from the Colonial courts. When, at the close of the Revolution, the Articles of Confederation were adopted, those Articles gave Congress authority to create a Federal court, with power to act not only as an admiralty court but also, on appeal, in all cases arising between the

States. A Federal court was consequently established, and a special commission was also created which settled a long-standing territorial controversy between the States of Pennsylvania and Connecticut.

The way was then prepared for the creation of a Federal judiciary of a more permanent character and with larger powers, when in 1789 the Articles of Confederation were replaced by the Constitution of the United States. The demand for such a tribunal is said to have been quite unanimous, and in compliance with it the following clause was incorporated in the Constitution:

> The judicial Power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may, from time to time, ordain and establish. The Judges, both of the supreme and inferior Courts, shall hold their Offices during good Behavior, and shall, at stated Times, receive for their Services, a Compensation, which shall not be diminished during their Continuance in Office.

The provision that the office should be held during good behavior, making it a life office, and that the compensation should not be diminished during the judge's continuance in office, was carefully considered and deliberately inserted, in order to secure the independence of the judiciary. "In a monarchy," said Hamilton, "it [the standard of good behavior] is an excellent barrier to the despotism of the prince; in a republic it is a no less excellent barrier to the encroachments and oppressions of the representative body. And it is the best expedient which can be devised in any government to secure a steady, upright, and impartial administration of the laws." That is still true; and it would have been well if all the States had recognized that truth and made their judges also independent of nominating conventions and popular elections. Custom has corrected one omission in the Constitution. It did not prohibit a Federal judge from holding at the same time another Federal office. And, in fact, John Jay was simultaneously Chief Justice and Secretary of State, as was John Marshall; and Oliver Ellsworth was simultaneously Associate Justice and Minister to England. In the early history of the Court the cases brought before it were so few that the exercise of such double functions was not impossible. But a continuance of the practice would have given the Court in appearance if not in reality a partisan political bias.

As necessity was the mother of the Supreme Court of the United States, so necessity compelled it to assume what is perhaps its most important power—the power to declare unconstitutional, and therefore void, legislative acts of either a State Legislature or the Federal Congress.

There are no limits to the power of the British Parliament. There is no way of calling its authority in question except the way the American Colonies took when they renounced allegiance to the mother country because they thought the English Parliament had legislated unjustly. Taught by this hard experience, the Colonies refused to give to their legislative body any such unlimited authority. In their Constitutional Convention they carefully enumerated and defined the classes of things which Congress might lawfully do. If it attempts to exercise any powers over the people not thus conferred by them, it is transcending its powers, its acts are unauthorized despotism, and they are null and void—they are not truly laws—obedience is not due to them. So much is clear. But, curiously, the Constitution does not provide any means for determining whether any specific legislative act comes within the power conferred by the people on Congress. In the early history of the country the question who should decide whether any specific act was one which Congress had authority to enact was a matter of hot debate. It was proposed in the Convention to submit all legislation to a Council consisting of the Executive and certain of the judges and give them jointly a veto power; but the proposal was negatived. No power to set aside a law as unconstitutional was in terms given to the courts, although in the debate it was by some speakers assumed that they would possess the power. Probably the omission was due to a fear that the Colonies would not consent to giving the Federal judiciary such power over State legislation. In the State of Rhode Island, before the Federal Constitution was adopted,

the State courts refused to enforce a State law because they deemed it unconstitutional. In consequence the judges were impeached, and though the impeachment fell through, they were not re-elected at the expiration of their terms. The doctrine that each State had the right to decide for itself whether an Act of Congress was within the power granted by the people to the Congress, a doctrine popularly known as nullification, was not confined to South Carolina. The States of Virginia and Georgia formally adopted the same principle. It was also affirmed by the Chief Justice of the State of Pennsylvania, who declared that the Constitution provided no common umpire in such cases and that the only remedy was an amendment to the Constitution. John Marshall, as counsel for his client, denied that the courts had any power to pass upon the validity of legislation. "The judicial authority," he said, "can have no right to question the validity of a law, unless such jurisdiction is expressly given by the Constitution." Later, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, he reversed this opinion. "If," he said, "two laws conflict with each other, the courts must decide on the operation of each." Similarly, if a law be in opposition to the Constitution, and a case involving both come before the Court, it must either disregard the Constitution and decide the case conformably to the law, or disregard the law and decide the case conformably to the Constitution. "The Court must decide which of these conflicting rules governs the case. This is of the very essence of judicial duty." This reasoning prevailed, and, without any express authority in the Constitution, the courts now unhesitatingly declare any act to be void if it transcends the power given to the legislature by the Constitution. So cautiously, however, has the Supreme Court exercised this power, that it was authoritatively stated in 1904 that up to that time only nineteen Acts of Congress had been declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court.

This brief sketch may suffice to satisfy our readers that the United States Supreme Court has been called into existence by the necessities of our National life, and is not likely ever to be overthrown; that its power to pass on the constitutionality of legislation has arisen out of the same necessity, and has been conferred upon it by a substantially unanimous approval of the people, and is not likely ever to be withdrawn; and that the independence of the Court, carefully safeguarded by the founders of the Constitution in making the judgeship a life office, is to be scrupulously preserved, unmolested by any of the plans of a too-radical democracy to make it an elective office with brief tenure, and so subject to the ebullitions of popular feeling.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY

It seems like an act of sacrilege to draw aside the veil of privacy from the life of a woman whose strength and beauty of nature were among the choicest possessions of her friends, but who would have shrunk from any kind of publicity. Something is due to society, however, in a time when evil deeds and broken vows of many kinds fill the columns of the newspapers with corrupting suggestions, while the stories of fidelity, loyalty, and devotion to high ends are so largely untold. Those who knew Miss Julia A. Eastman, who died recently at her home in Wellesley, Massachusetts, knew the finest type of New England gentlewoman. Born in a parsonage in which religion and culture were the two chief formative influences, the father finding blessed content in his work, his books, and his home, the mother recalled years afterward "as a shadowy presence looking at her from out the dim haze of her childhood, looking with large, sorrowful eyes," for sorrow kept company with joy in the home; bred in the unworldly traditions of that sensitive purity which instilled sweetness of nature, delicacy of feeling, and exquisite refinement of manner, Miss Eastman grew into a girlhood full of high spirits, overflowing with the joy of life, and inspired with an unquenchable idealism of temper and purpose.

She was a happy example of that combination of fidelity to near, familiar, and homely things and to the highest interests of mind and spirit which gave many old New England families a touch of distinction. She loved fun, Latin, and cooking, and became expert in these fields of

youthful endeavor. She had a quick eye as well as the poetic sense, and from childhood was on terms of intimacy with nature. The last time the writer of these words saw her she was walking in the New Forest, and full of joy in her freedom of access to that ancient woodland.

The young girl, trained in heart, will, and imagination, as well as in sound mental habits, turned instinctively to teaching, and that difficult work became both vocation and avocation. It was not a profession; it was her life. She not only gave herself to it; she gave herself through it. In 1881, the opening of Dana Hall, at Wellesley, afforded her the great opportunity of expressing in order, discipline, and method her finely toned and finely trained nature. The responsibility was great, and Miss Eastman and her sister shrank from it; but it was not in them to evade duty or to miss opportunity. Under the inspiration of their common purpose and the direction of their rare judgment, Dana Hall soon became a school of notable individuality and of a rare and beautiful quality of simplicity, integrity, and refinement. It was a combination of modern teaching methods with the old-fashioned dignity and charm of manner of Cranford. The most searching and penetrating educational influence in the school came, not from text-books and class-rooms, but from personalities in whom free, gracious, and cultivated womanhood was unconsciously before the eyes of students in the intimacy of daily life. The indefinable quality of the highly bred woman was never more pervasive or more persuasive than in Dana Hall.

Miss Eastman's vital interest in girls, her deep sympathy with them, and her vivid recollections of her own childhood bore fruit in several stories of girl life, full of the love of fun, of nature, of beautiful things in spirit and character. She had a very happy gift of verse-writing, which a more ambitious woman would have turned to large account. From her childhood she had been deft with her pen, and not many months before her death she expressed the hope that writing is possible in heaven, and comforted herself with the fact that St. John heard a voice saying to him, "Write." But it was not what she said or wrote or accomplished that will longest be remembered; her personality will become one of those traditions which enrich and sweeten the life of the world. To a great company of friends her erect, slender, alert figure, a brightness of manner delightfully expressive of her tireless energy, a fine poise and dignity of bearing, as of a spirit superior to the vicissitudes of life, an unobtrusive but irrepressible serenity and hopefulness, rising from a vivid consciousness of the unbroken life of the spirit here and hereafter, will keep the memory of this high-minded and noble woman among those possessions which are beyond the reach of time and change.

JAPANESE IMMIGRATION

The people of the Pacific Coast are absolutely right in their conviction that the Japanese cannot be admitted *en masse;* that Japanese immigration of small merchants or men who wish to take up the land cannot be allowed. This is the attitude that Japan, in different ways, herself takes. Americans and all other foreigners have been steadily pressed out of those employments in Japan in which they were used to teach the Japanese things that thirty or forty years ago they did not know. In each case, as soon as the men who were teaching the new business to the Japanese had taught a sufficient number of scholars sufficiently well, their services were dispensed with. And this was greatly to the credit of the Japanese, and was one of the indications that they stood on a totally different plane from other Oriental nations. Japanese do not allow foreigners to hold land in Japan save under such restrictions as to make it practically impossible to do so; and no one for a moment supposes that the Japanese would permit any immigration of workingmen from American or European countries *en masse* if they competed with Japanese workmen. The Japanese exclude the Chinese quite as rigidly as does any Occidental race, and in a more obnoxious manner.

The United States cannot admit for a moment that any other nation may dictate to it who shall be admitted within its borders or who shall become citizens. That is a matter for the United States itself to settle; and whether it admits or excludes

people of any nationality is to be determined by the Nation itself; the Nation, of course, taking into account, not only its right to take such action, but how that action will strike outsiders. It should always be taken in a way to maintain amicable relations with the other nations if possible.

To keep out the Japanese does not in any way imply that Americans look down upon the Japanese. It simply implies, in the first place, that the two peoples are different. In other words, it is a willingness to face facts. In the present state of development of the two peoples the Japanese and Americans do not mingle. There is a strong feeling among both peoples against intermarriage and such social mingling as leads toward intermarriage. Whether this feeling will be permanent need not concern us in the least. Two or three centuries ago all the nations looked upon one another with the bitterest suspicion and repulsion, even when they were closely allied in blood and culture. Then the Scotchman was an abhorred foreigner in England, and was lucky if he was not pummeled in the streets. The Flemings and the French Huguenots who went to England, although identical in religion with the English, and although in what to our eyes seems precisely the same stage of civilization, were so bitterly disliked that again and again mob violence on an extended scale resulted from their presence, and the Government was alternately obliged to take strong measures to protect them and to take other measures to discriminate against them in response to the feeling of the English people. In the case of the French Huguenots in England, this occurred as late as two centuries ago. At that time Russian immigration to England was far more bitterly resented than is Japanese immigration to the United States at present, while Jews were permitted to live in England only surreptitiously and in violation of the law.

We have now advanced so that this feeling has largely broken down as among kindred nations. But it is not to be expected that in a generation or two we can bring about catholic understanding between races from whom we have been separated by blood and culture for ages, when it takes centuries for the peoples of Europe, practically identical in blood and culture, to find a footing on which members of one nation can live peaceably with members of a different nation. Small landowners, the artisans, and the laborers are generally the last to lay aside race and national prejudice. The French, English, Dutch, and Germans of high social standing lived on intimate terms and intermarried with one another at a period when among the lower classes the presence of members of the alien nationality instantly tended to raise a mob. The educated Japanese and educated Americans mingle each with the other on terms of absolute equality and with absolute friendship at the present day. There is no difficulty in greeting a delegation from a commercial club, for instance, who come over here from Japan and are entertained by Chambers of Commerce throughout the country, any more than if they came from England, France, or Germany. Scholars from Japan come here and are welcomed exactly as American scholars are welcomed in Germany. But in the interest alike of Japan and America it is eminently desirable, and indeed indispensable, that there shall be no immigration *en masse;* that there shall be no attempt on the part of Japanese cultivators to own land here; that no Japanese workmen or small merchants shall come to ply their trades here. California is right in not wishing to see Japanese cultivators own land, because she must protect her own citizenship, and the Japanese, as shown in Hawaii, have no inclination to become American citizens; and she is right in wishing to see that Japanese laborers are kept out, as any laborers should be kept out who have such a strong feeling of solidarity that they do not become Americanized, and who, moreover, have a standard of living that leads them, at least temporarily, to cut under the American scale of wages.

But these steps should be taken in such a way as to make it evident that there is no feeling but respect, and indeed admiration, for the wonderful Japanese people. Not long ago it was reported in the papers that on the occasion of the visit of the Japanese Training Squadron the people of Pasadena behaved in such a way as to make it impossible to give a ball to the officers of the Japanese

squadron. If this statement is true, we regret it; not so much for the sake of the Japanese, as because we regret that any Americans should act in a way to give the impression to outsiders that they lack breeding and courtesy. This is especially the case when they are dealing with the most polite people in the world, a people who in point of good breeding stand on a level with the most cultivated nations of Europe. No society with any self-confidence, or with any knowledge of the great world, would fail to treat the Japanese officers precisely as it would treat the officers of any European Power. Any one acquainted with the usages of good society the world over, with the usages in the most exclusive courts, or of any society a portion of which is made up of members of a diplomatic body, knows that in any such society Japanese, Americans, and Europeans are treated with exact equality. This is equally true in all the best institutions of learning in America and in similar institutions of learning in Europe.

Again, it is highly necessary that the object aimed at by the Californians—which object is in itself right—should not be sought to be achieved in ways that are wrong. To illustrate: A few years ago the California Legislature sought to manifest its desire for the exclusion of Japanese laborers by passing a law saying that Japanese children, as well as children with infectious and loathsome diseases, should be put in separate schools. This, of course, was powerless to attain the object sought—that is, the exclusion of Japanese laborers—and it was clearly needless so far as the well-being of the pupils was concerned; and the method of framing the proposed legislation was so grossly improper as seriously to impair the efforts of those who were trying to achieve the desired exclusion of Japanese immigration by treaty with Japan.

Under the present arrangement the Japanese laborers are being kept out. If in the future the present amicable arrangement with Japan proves inadequate, a law will have to be passed to keep them out; but if they can be kept out without such a law, it is, of course, a great deal better. In fact, at present both the Chinese and the Japanese population in America are decreasing—the former decidedly, the latter in less degree, but still satisfactorily. Mr. C. H. Rowell, whom we quoted two weeks ago in the Fresno "Republican," represents ably and in an entirely dignified and courteous manner the Pacific Coast opposition to Oriental immigration. He is our authority for this statement. "The Chinese problem," he says, "is approaching its end, unless we reopen it. The Japanese problem is only beginning, and the end is not wholly within our control. For the present there are no more Japanese in the country than we can safely utilize, and the number, under the restrictive policy of Japan, appears to be decreasing. This is excellent so long as it lasts. But it can last in peace and amity only so long as Japan wills."

That statement was published in September, 1909. It is confirmed officially by the report of the Immigration Commission in 1910. "In later years Japanese immigration assumed considerable proportions, but through a provision of the immigration law of 1907 and by agreement with the Government of Japan this movement has been checked, and during the past two years the number of Japanese leaving the country has exceeded the number admitted." It is evident that such exclusion of Orientals by the action of Oriental Governments is far better than exclusion by drastic legislation on this side of the water. It is better because it is more efficacious; it is better because it regards the entirely proper and self-respecting national pride of the Oriental nations, makes for amicable relations between themselves and ourselves, and promotes the peace of the world.

We sum up here The Outlook's positions on the immigration problem as stated and illustrated in the series of editorials of which this is the last.

The American people have an absolute right to determine whom they will admit to their country. In so doing their object should be to secure, not cheap labor, but good American citizens. It is sometimes said that the same tests should be applied to Oriental as to European immigration. But this is not true. The Orientals will not make Americans; therefore Oriental immigration should be restricted. Some

European immigrants will make good American citizens; therefore European immigrants should be carefully selected. European immigration should be restricted to those who will add to the value of our citizenship. This can be done in two ways: by excluding more carefully those who are undesirable; by choosing those who will be desirable. For both purposes agencies should be established abroad by our Government, as is done by other Governments. And this should be done by the co-operative action of the Federal Government and those of our States that, for economic reasons, need a larger population.

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator found Holland particularly interesting. All Americans who have been fortunate enough to see the land where Queen Wilhelmina's thrifty people dwell are happy in their memories of the picturesque landscape with its windmills, its many canals, ranging in size from mere baby ditches to the important grandfatherly canals, that intersect the green flatness where thousands of sleek black and white cattle graze and ruminate on the gorgeous cheeses that are to be. We remember with pleasure The Hague, that Spotless Town where dwell the sweet-faced Queen and the much-loved little princess; we know Amsterdam, big and prosperous, with its fascinating adjacent villages along the Zuyder Zee; we put a double star beside the name of Rotterdam—it is such a unique mixture of the modern and the picturesque. The residents of Rotterdam point with great pride to their one sky-scraper (the loftiest building in all Holland), which boasts of eleven stories! The great harbor frontage, called euphoniously "the Boompjes," has all the modern improvements, but is kept picturesque by the brown-sailed fishing-boats which jostle the ocean liners; there are avenues of finely built shops and houses, but every second street has a canal, and every canal its quota of slow-moving, gayly painted boats, while down the vista of every street a flapping windmill tells you that it is indeed Holland.

The Spectator was taken to visit a Rotterdam school, the head master of which spoke English. Accompanied by a young American school-teacher, he left his hotel in the morning lively with curiosity; Holland is so progressive in many respects, so picturesquely primitive in others, that he wondered on which ground this school would stand. He passed the statue of Erasmus in its shady square, and, remembering then the fame of the Dutch universities, it gave him that "young feeling" which Americans can't get over experiencing in Europe. Finally, "In this block is the school," said our guide. "I see no school-house," said the Spectator's friend, "although I was certain I should know one in any language or any land." "Do you think that it would be near the street?" inquired Herr van Dam, reprovingly. "No, no, that would be too noisy." The Spectator thought of certain schools at home past whose windows the cars and city traffic clamor incessantly. We went from the quiet street into the heart of the block, and there, with a graveled playground on one side and pleasant flower gardens on the other, stood a brick school-house that might have wandered in from any American town, so familiar was its form. The Spectator sighed—this wasn't foreign a bit—but when he entered the hall his spirits arose, for in long exact lines flanking each wall were rows of wooden shoes; wee, cunning ones told that the primary was near by, while the big, bigger, biggest ones were outward signs of grades evidently near at hand.

We were introduced to the head master, Herr van Beest, a most courteous gentleman who spoke excellent English and who seemed delighted to have foreign visitors. We were taken to each room, the school being graded much like our typical elementary school. The rooms were about the size of the average school-rooms at home; the desks had a familiar look—indeed, after the radically different English school-room these seemed most "home-like." But the Spectator never saw an American school-room quite so clean—the windows shone like crystal, the walls were tiled with white, the floors were snowy, the children immaculate; cheerful red geraniums in every window made grateful splashes of color. Upon each desk the

Spectator noticed an eighteen-inch square of stiff paper, a delicate gray in color. What *is* the use of the paper upon the desk?" his curiosity prompted him to ask. "Ah, that is to keep the desk clean. I'm sorry to say that by the middle of the year it gets a little soiled; then we turn it over for the rest of the time." Imagine an American child keeping a delicate blotter pad on his desk a whole year!

The Dutch children were not pretty; they were too substantial and stolid for that; but they had bright, earnest little faces, and were so shiningly, radiantly clean that the Spectator confided to his friend that they looked as if they had been sterilized. The friend replied that possibly each one had fallen in a canal on his way to school. The day before we had seen a youngster fall into one; his playmates formed a "human ladder" over the side of that canal and pulled him out in less time than it takes to tell it; then all went on with their play with the utmost unconcern.

The teachers were very intelligent, interesting young men and women. Several spoke English fluently, all spoke German or French. The school had a very good "atmosphere"—if the Spectator may use that overworked term—the discipline was exceptional, and there seemed to exist a spirit of tranquil *camaraderie* between pupils and teachers; one missed the tense, nervous strain, a characteristic feature of so many American school-rooms where teachers and pupils are galloping through an overcrowded course of study. The work in penmanship, drawing, and geography was excellent, but we lamented the fact that we couldn't understand the reading lesson. The Spectator openly rejoiced that Fate had not called upon him to teach Dutch spelling. The day before we had gone out on the Zuyder Zee on the trim yacht Zaandamsche Stoomvaartmaalschappy, passing on the way the gallant Veynootschap Blaandenvimschappy No. 10. "Fancy dealing professionally with words like those!" the Spectator's friend exclaimed.

In the primary room the Spectator marveled at the writing and reading of children who had been in school but three months. He heard several classes sing, but, although the energy and spirit displayed were admirable, music was a minus quantity. Herr van Beest showed the visitors about his really excellently organized school with great pride, taking them even into the general storeroom. Here the Spectator felt that the climax of Dutch cleanliness was reached when he saw rows of atlas globes carefully swathed in cloth wrappers.

THE FORESTS

BY LEE WILSON DODD

I must forget the forests, the forests where I lay
A-dream in midmost wonderland. . . . Alas, I could not stay
Within their sacred alleys secluded from the day,
Secluded from the vivid press of duty and the day!
And now my eyes are sick with light, and they are far away—
My somber, soothing forest aisles—forever and for aye.

Stately were the forest trees, thick and straight stood they,
Thatching out with subtle leaves each perplexing ray,
And all below was sober-cool, green and tranquil gray,
As curled among their twisted roots snugly once I lay
A-dream in midmost wonderland. . . . Woe's me, I long to pray:
"God give me back my forest glooms, I will not pine for day;
I'll not regret life's aching stress of duty and the day!"
Must I forget the forests? Are they so far away?

The Supreme Court Justices

By Elbert F. Baldwin

DESPITE its harmonious and impressive architecture, the historic meeting-place of the Supreme Court of the United States seems, somehow, like a parlor. This is largely because the light is subdued, like that of a parlor; it is not the more garish light we generally see in a court. On three sides of this court-room there are no windows, and on the only side where they could be placed the long windows are hidden behind the pillared marble and mahogany screen in front of which the Judges sit. To be sure, there are three smaller windows high up, but of them the middle one has its blinds tightly drawn. Having thus shut out the light from the side, the Government lets some in at the top by means of an inefficient ground-glass skylight. Unsuccessful in getting enough daylight, the Government has fringed the skylight with rows of electric jets. The result of the mixture of natural and artificial light is enough, I should think, subtly to affect the strongest mentality. I wonder that the Judges have endured it as long as they have.

But that is not all. The heating and ventilation are also imperfect. You can be cold in one part of the room and hot in another, and the air in any part has only remote relationship to the fresh breeze which you may have been enjoying if you have walked up Capitol Hill to this Mecca of jurists and judges. Nevertheless, the ventilation is better here than in most parts of the Capitol.

The Supreme Court convenes daily at noon, adjourns for lunch from two to two-thirty, and at half-past four adjourns for the day. At noon the clerk cries, "The Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States." Every one rises, and the Judges in their black gowns file in. When the Judges have taken their places behind the bench, the clerk calls: "Oyez, oyez, oyez! All persons having business with the Supreme Court of the United States draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable Court!"

For the first time in nearly two years there are no vacancies. The Chief Justice enters first, and he is the most impressive-looking of the company. Edward Douglass White, of Louisiana, is sixty-five years old. In physical appearance no man in public life, not even President Taft, better deserves the adjective "ponderous." But listen to Mr. White as, later, he speaks to Attorney-General Wickersham (who is summing up the Government's side in the Tobacco Case), and you will see that the Chief Justice's voice is like velvet. Its quality is emphasized, as he bends forward to speak to the counsel below, by an expressive gesture of the hand raised slightly with the first two fingers together. Somehow this gesture suggests to your imagination the man's fairness. Mr. White is a Democrat, a Southerner, an ex-Confederate, and a Roman Catholic. After the war he practiced law in Louisiana, then he was elected State Senator, and afterwards was appointed Associate Justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court. Twenty years ago he was elected United States Senator, in 1894 he was appointed Associate Justice of the Federal Supreme Court, and has just been appointed Chief Justice to succeed Chief Justice Fuller. This action breaks a precedent. No Associate Justice had ever before been elevated to the Chief Justiceship. The reason for this has doubtless been the desire to emphasize the post of Associate Justice as a finality, and to give to its occupant the feeling that no higher office can be conferred upon him, thus freeing him from any imaginary temptation to conform his decisions to supposed White House wishes in order to stand well in line for succession—that is, supposing the Associate Justice to be a combination of weakness and ambition.

But this is not the only precedent broken by Mr. Taft in elevating Justice

White. For the first time a Chief Justice of a political faith opposite to that of the Administration has been appointed. An admirable emphasis has thus been given to the principle that an independent judiciary must be above politics or partisanship. And the emphasis is further strengthened by the fact that two of the Associate Justices appointed by President Taft are also Democrats.

The qualifications for office of the new Chief Justice are high. His distinction as lawyer, judge, statesman, *and man* is pre-eminent and indisputable. Hence the Senate acted immediately on his nomination, quite as much because of its confidence in him as a candidate for the highest judicial position as because he was at one time a member of that body. When his name was presented to the Senate by the President, it made an exception of its rule to refer the names of appointees to committee. It immediately went into executive session, and in fifteen minutes had taken favorable and unanimous action. Such a compliment would have silenced the critics of the nomination, had there been any, of a man whose name, as a synonym of intellectual integrity and impartiality, may rank with the first dozen names of members of the Supreme Court since its creation. In addition to sheer legal caliber, the Chief Justice is perhaps the only man on the Federal bench who can argue a case in French. Moreover, he has had an extensive experience in the practice of the Code Napoléon, on which the civil law of his native State of Louisiana is founded. Justice White's decisions indicate the breadth, unpartisanship, humanness, and elasticity of a mind fitted to lead the deliberations of a continuous Constitutional Convention—for that to a certain degree is what the Supreme Court has become, despite its generally necessary affirmation of the principle of *stare decisis*—in its application and adaptation of the Constitution to the changes due to new conditions. Hence the elevation of such a man does not indicate that the leadership of the Supreme Court will be mechanical or "fossilized." Indeed, we may expect the influence of the new Chief Justice on the Court to be exactly in line with John Marshall's—a vital influence. As President Garfield once said, "Marshall found the Constitution a skeleton and left it a thing of flesh and blood;" to which Mr. Butler, the Reporter of the Supreme Court, adds, "and breathed into it the breath of life."

All this time the Judges have been filing in, and the name of John Marshall comes again to mind as one looks upon the tall figure of John Marshall Harlan, of Kentucky. That poor light and air are not always fatal to health is proven by this well-preserved man, seventy-seven years old. Of the sixty-two men who have sat on this bench, he has been the associate of twenty-six. His service has been not only twice as long as that of any other member of the present Court, his term of over thirty-three years has never been exceeded save by Marshall, Story, and Field. Though oldest in years, Justice Harlan seems the keenest of the Judges to grasp a possible humor in any situation, as was shown a few days ago during the progress of the Tobacco Case in his criticisms of the chewing-tobacco market. Judge Harlan's academic and law studies were undertaken at those comparatively little-known institutions Center College and Transylvania University. He began practicing law at Frankfort, the capital of the State. As far back as 1858 he was elected County Judge, and the following year was Whig candidate for Congress. When the war came, as a Unionist he raised an infantry regiment and served in General Thomas's division. After the war Mr. Harlan practiced law in Louisville, and in 1877 was appointed Associate Justice by President Hayes. As usual, a Republican appointed a Republican.

Enter, after Judge Harlan, Mr. Justice McKenna, of California, also a Republican. Joseph McKenna is sixty-seven years old, and was appointed in 1898 by President McKinley. In appearance he somewhat resembles Senator Cullom, of Illinois, albeit more red-blooded. Chin whiskers and spare figure make both look like the typical Brother Jonathan. Judge McKenna has had long service in judicial and legislative life. He has been in the California Legislature and in no less than four Congresses. President Harrison made him a Circuit Judge, and President McKinley made him Attorney-General and

later Associate Justice. The Chief Justice and Mr. Justice McKenna are the only Roman Catholics on the bench.

Enter the next in order of appointment, Mr. Justice Holmes, a Republican, of Massachusetts. He was appointed in 1902 by President Roosevelt. The Holmes face is winsome, whether that of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table or that of his son, the present Associate Justice. The Holmes mind is notable too, whether that of father or son. "Justice Holmes can wear any one out, such is his mental pace when he gets going," said a critic to me to-day. Certain it is that his mind is one of the most remarkable on the bench, a fact specially appreciated by the Chief Justice, between whom and Justice Holmes a strong friendship exists. It is a case of "extremes meet," one man being from the far South and with a somewhat Southern temperament, while the other man is a typical Yankee from the far North. Indeed, Justice Holmes is a capital example of Massachusetts culture and patriotism. He is a Harvard man of the class of 1861. The same year he was commissioned first lieutenant of the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. At Ball's Bluff he was shot through the breast, and at Antietam shot through the neck. He rose through the army grades, and when the conflict between North and South was over went through the Harvard Law School, his course having been interrupted by the war. After years of law practice in Boston he was made a member of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and finally Chief Justice of that Court. Despite his gray hair and mustache, his still youthful countenance (like his father's at the same age) and his alert manner give little evidence of his age—sixty-nine years.

Enter the next Judge in order of appointment, William Rufus Day, of Ohio, appointed in 1903 by President Roosevelt. Justice Day seems all brain—a brain which was applied with historic result when he was chairman of the Commission which negotiated the treaty of peace with Spain. Judge Day is sixty-one years old, and comes from Canton, Ohio, President McKinley's home. He was a great friend of McKinley, who made him his Assistant Secretary of State, later Secretary of State, and still later appointed him Circuit Judge.

Enter the next Judge in order of appointment, and now we jump from 1903 to 1909. The Judge is Horace Harmon Lurton, of Tennessee, a Democrat, appointed by President Taft to succeed Justice Peckham. Judge Lurton is sixty-six years old. Despite his years, he seems as pertinacious in asking questions of counsel from the bench as if he were a very young man, and his nasal Yankee voice has in it little of the soft Southern twang one might expect. He was educated at Cumberland University, began practicing at Clarksville, Tennessee, and rose through the judicial grades to be Chief Justice of his State. President Cleveland appointed him Circuit Judge, and, as we have seen in the case of the Chief Justice, the fact that a man was a Democrat proved no bar to his judicial preferment when President Taft became convinced that, beyond any other, this man was fitted for the place. As one looks at Mr. Justice Lurton and his next-door neighbor but one, Mr. Justice Harlan, the story comes to mind of how these two men were once mortal enemies. It was half a century ago. Harlan and Lurton were on opposite sides in the Civil War. Harlan was Colonel of the Tenth Kentucky Infantry (Unionist) and Lurton was a private in the Third Kentucky Cavalry (Confederate). At Cumberland River Colonel Harlan tried to train a cannon ball on Lurton and company, but the Confederates won. At Buffington's Island, however, Trooper Lurton was taken prisoner and transferred to Johnson's Island in Lake Erie, "the best prison in the North," he says. The echoes of the Civil War are getting fainter, but the bringing together of two such men on the same bench revives a memory.

Enter the next Judge in order of appointment, Charles Evans Hughes, of New York, a Republican, appointed last summer by President Taft to succeed Justice Brewer. Mr. Hughes is forty-eight years old. He is the only Judge who wears a full beard, and this, together with a very virile manner and voice, distinguishes him somewhat from most men. They used to say of one of the Cardinals that underneath his vestments he would

sometimes "kick out," as he used to during his years as a soldier. One has a little of that feeling as one regards the vigorous prosecutor of the insurance companies and the Progressive Governor of New York, now in judicial robes and judicial dignity. This has been emphasized within the past few days by Mr. Justice Hughes's opinion in the Alonzo Bailey case, an opinion likely to become historic. In any event, it brilliantly marks the entrance of a man who had shown himself a great administrator into a new field of activity, where he will doubtless show himself a great judge.

Enter the next Judge in order of appointment, Willis Van Devanter, of Wyoming, a Republican, appointed last autumn by President Taft to succeed Justice Moody. Mr. Van Devanter is fifty-one years old, and is a very human-looking document indeed. He was born in Indiana, and was educated at De Pauw University and at the Cincinnati Law School. After some years of practice in Indiana he removed to Cheyenne, Wyoming. He rose through various grades to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of his State. Six years ago President Roosevelt appointed him Circuit Judge. His present appointment is particularly interesting in view of the Standard Oil Case, because in the Circuit Court he had already had part in that case. The question arose whether he could take part in it on the Supreme Bench. This, however, would not differ in its essential nature from what occurred in the Nebraska Maximum Freight Rate Case, when Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, sat as Circuit Judge; his opinion declaring the Nebraska law unconstitutional was afterward sustained by the Supreme Court in a decision in which he shared.

Enter the next and final Judge in order of appointment, Joseph Rucker Lamar, a Democrat, but, despite that, appointed by a Republican President to succeed to the place left vacant by the promotion of Justice White. Mr. Justice Lamar is fifty-three years old. Of all the Judges, he seems the best worth looking at. Like the other Southern judges, Chief Justice White and especially Mr. Justice Lurton, so the latest addition to the Bench interrupts counsel once in a while. Mr. Justice Lamar's voice is singularly resonant, full-toned, and bell-like in quality. He was born in Georgia and educated at the University of Georgia. He practiced law at Augusta, and for a short time was a member of the State Legislature. To his new position he brings a distinguished record of service on the Supreme Court of Georgia.

In connection with the mention of questions put by members of the Supreme Bench to counsel, it may be stated that such colloquy is of far more frequent occurrence than is generally supposed. While it has been particularly reported in the Tobacco and Standard Oil Cases, the Court's policy has been to establish as direct discourse as possible between Bench and Bar. The new Court, however, is apparently emphasizing colloquy more than before; indeed, the conduct of the Tobacco and Standard Oil Cases, as I heard them, often seemed more like a confidential conversation than like the dry presentation of technical points. Certainly, to a layman, the colloquy part of the proceedings was its most interesting feature. It explained and made human certain points which would not have been so explained save by the very direct and almost personal discourse between the Justices and the lawyers employed in the two cases.

As each Judge is appointed, he takes his seat to the extreme right or to the extreme left. In the case of Justices Van Devanter and Lamar, who were appointed together, as Mr. Van Devanter's name came first, he took a seat at the extreme right, where, of course, he found himself next to Mr. Justice Lurton; while Judge Lamar took his seat on the extreme left, where, of course, he found himself next to Mr. Justice Hughes. Thus, though Mr. Hughes has been sitting on the Supreme Bench only two months, he now seems like an old appointee.

The assured tenure of office and the Supreme Court's authority in determining what is law, both greater than in England, have always attracted eminent men to accept membership in the Court. Yet it is, nevertheless, evidence of American patriotism when men of the caliber of our Supreme Court Justices are willing to abandon active work as advocates—work bringing them many times the

financial returns they now receive—and take their places on the Federal Bench. Of course one may say that no greater honor can come to a man than to sit on that Bench, and this is true. At the same time it is a pity that our Government should evince so little appreciation of the financial sacrifice involved as to pay the Chief Justice of the United States $13,000 a year, less than is received by a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York City, while the head of the British Bench receives no less than fifty thousand dollars. The Moon Bill, now pending in the House of Representatives, does, it is true, provide for a more adequate recompense, raising the Chief Justice's salary from $13,000 to $18,000, and the Associate Justices' from $12,500 to $17,500. Even so, this, it will be admitted, is low compensation for men competent to meet the responsibilities of the Supreme Bench.

Moreover, our Government is not making the Judges comfortable enough. Quite aside from the light and air of the main chamber, the anterooms of the Supreme Court are ridiculously few in number and small in size. Some day, of course, it is the intention to have a properly equipped Supreme Court building north of the Capitol, a pendant to the Library of Congress. Meanwhile something might be done in the old Capitol building itself. The members of the Court ought certainly to be given private offices. As things are now, visiting attorneys who seek writs have to call upon the Judges at their private residences.

The new blood on the Supreme Bench is welcome. Never since Washington's day has there been so much at any one time. Within a year President Taft has commissioned five men to sit upon the Bench—that is, if we count the elevation of Mr. Justice White to the Chief Justiceship. Presidents Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant each named five members to the Supreme Court, it is true, but they were distributed throughout an entire term.

The new members should help to expedite the seven hundred-odd cases on the docket, the largest number in the history of the Court since the passage of the Circuit Court of Appeals Act in 1891—certainly a hundred more cases than were docketed during the corresponding term a year ago. The method of disposing of these cases is in this wise: Each week each Justice receives from the Chief Justice a statement of the names of the case in which the Justice may write an opinion. Then comes a conference of all the Judges, of course behind closed doors. Cases are taken up or postponed according to the wishes of the Justices. If the Chief Justice assigns to any particular Justice the writing of the Court's opinion, that opinion when written must be agreeable to the other Judges. If it is not, then the dissatisfied Justice writes a dissenting opinion. The other dissatisfied Justices generally concur in the dissenting opinion—that is to say, in its final form, after it has been revised to suit particular criticisms. But cases have been known where minority differences could not be reconciled and where no less than four Justices have had each to write a dissenting opinion.

The second reason why the new blood on the Supreme Bench is welcome is because of the fact that the cases now mostly before the Court involve different principles and conditions from those which the Court had to decide when Justice Harlan, for instance, first came to Washington. The change in personnel will, it is to be hoped, specially expedite the final judgment on what the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is or is not—that is to say, what is monopoly—for this law, in its operation, has caused much of the late litigation; indeed, in this respect the new Supreme Court should both simplify procedure and expedite judgment, thus making court litigation less costly and less tedious. For the main question to-day is the regulation by law of corporate activity in its relations to the country at large. The Supreme Court has entered upon a new phase of judicature, and there is, appropriately, to meet it a new Supreme Court personnel.

THE SUPREME COURT
OF
THE UNITED STATES

MCMXI

CHIEF JUSTICE

EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE

ASSOCIATE JUSTICES

JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN

JOSEPH McKENNA

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WILLIAM RUFUS DAY

HORACE HARMON LURTON

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

JOSEPH RUCKER LAMAR

WILLIS VAN DEVANTER

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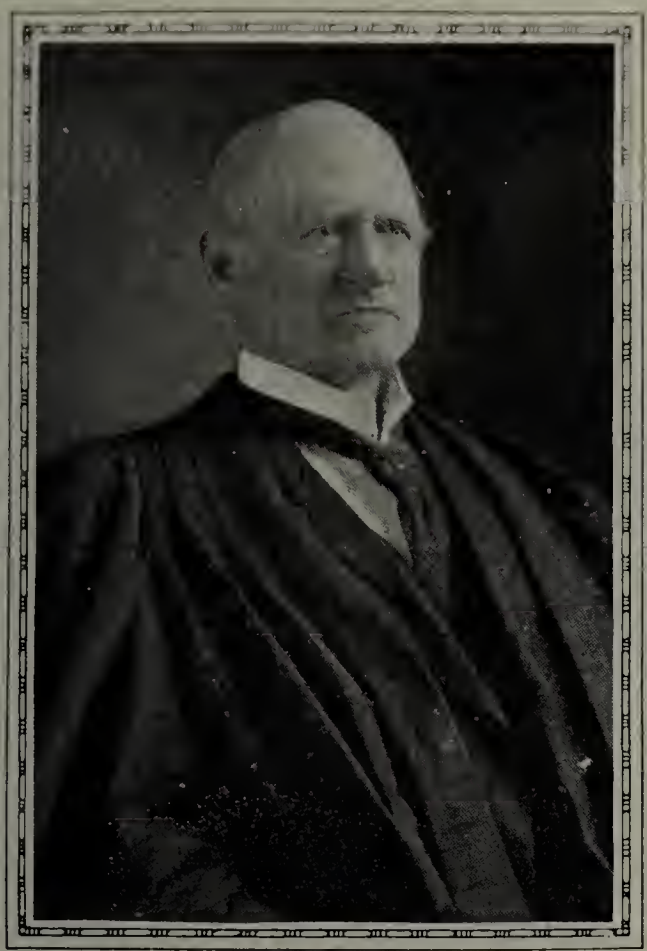
EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE, CHIEF JUSTICE



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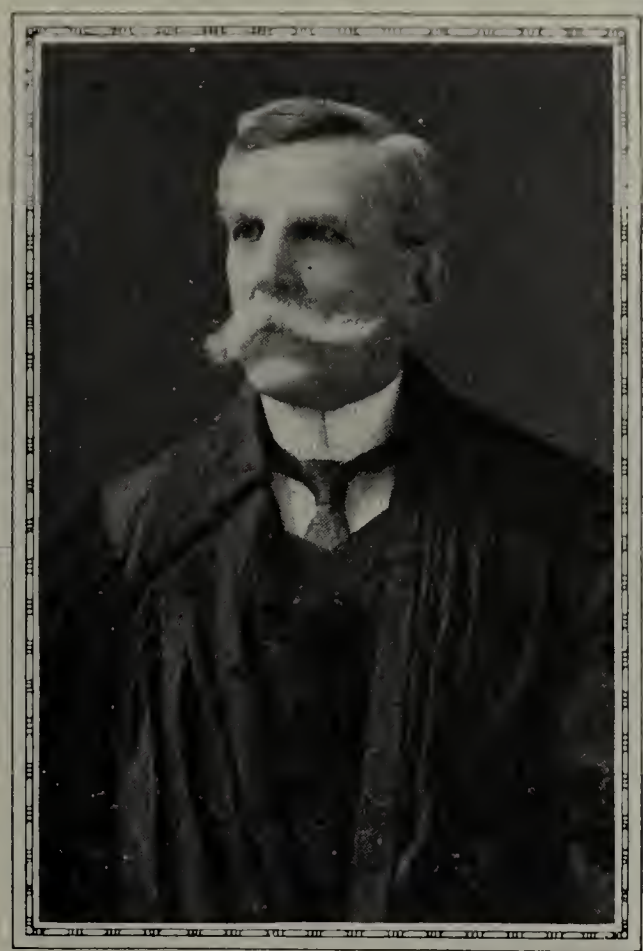
JOHN M. HARLAN



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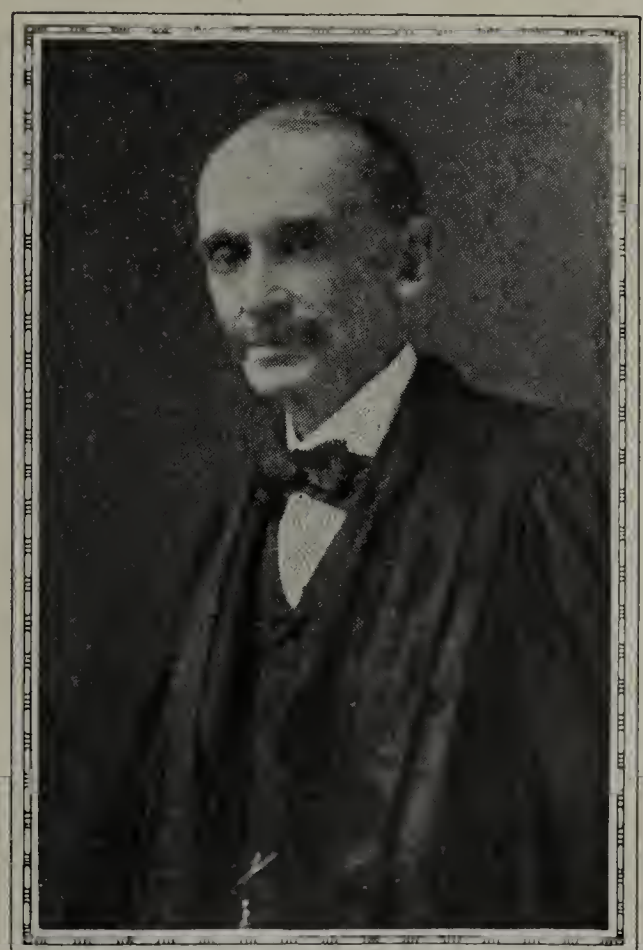

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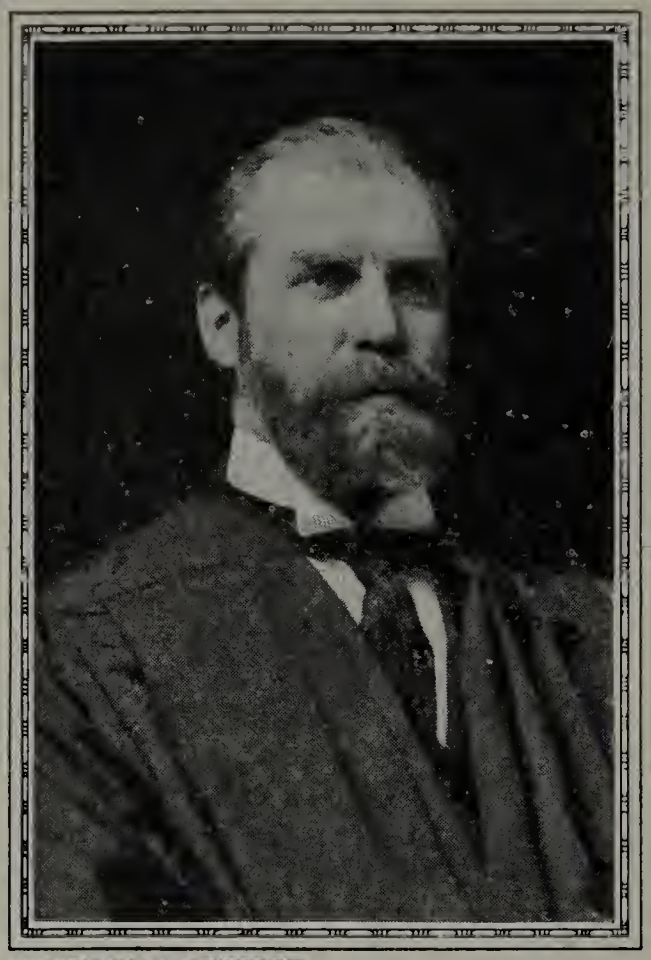

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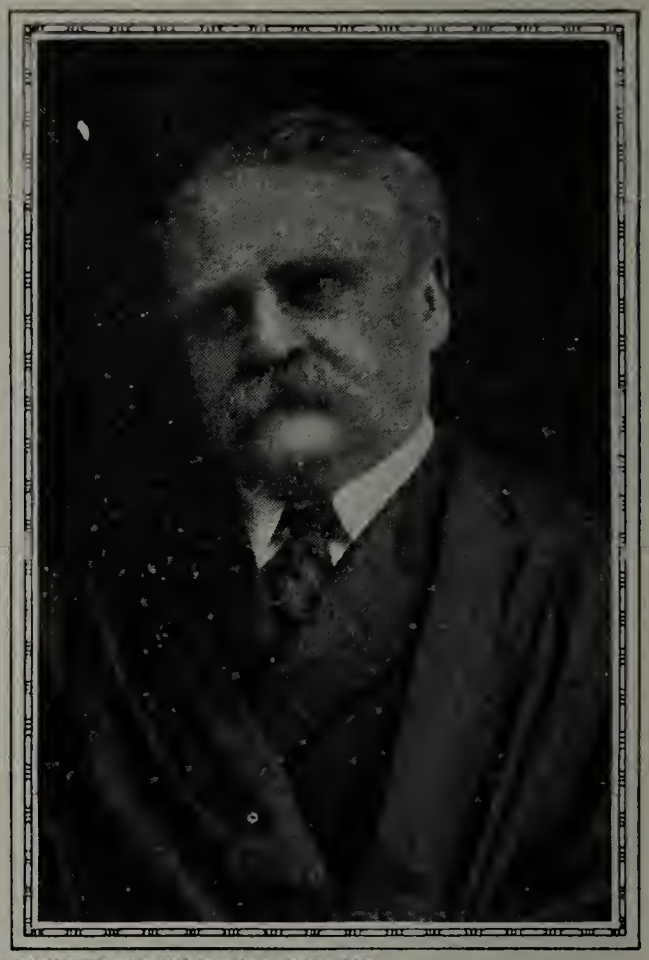

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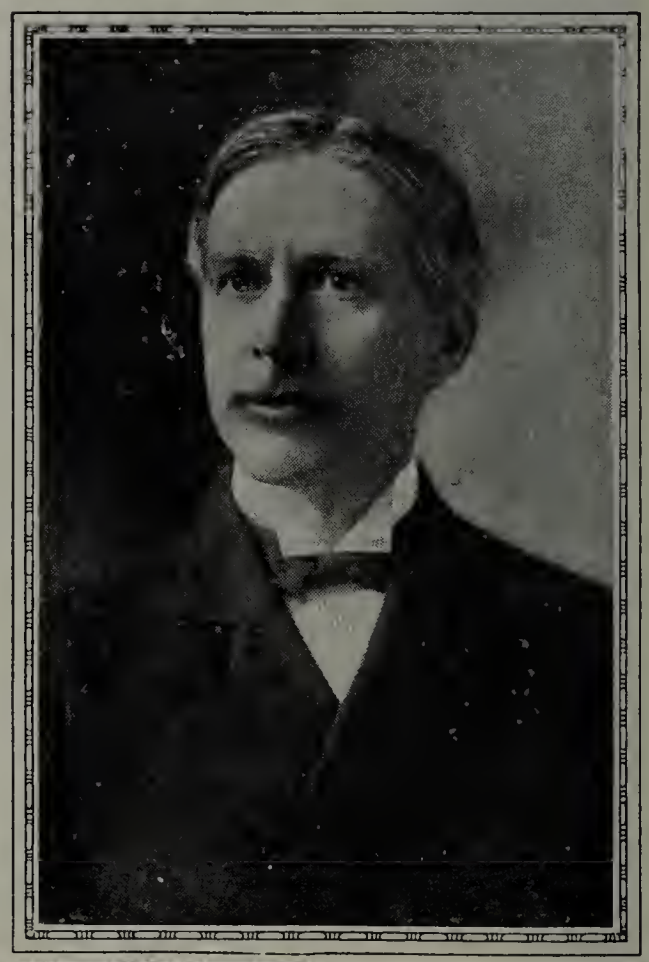

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WILLIS VAN DEVANTER

WHERE IRRIGATION IS FOLLOWED

Our Two New States

By Charles Moreau Harger

TYPICALLY American is State pride. In commonwealths with century-old records of accomplishment its expression is born of inherited admiration; in communities on the threshold of things it tells of hope and courage.

Yet when a dweller in mid-Arizona declares, "It's the finest State in the Union—I wouldn't live anywhere else;" when a group of jubilant singers join in:

"You are the best in all the West,
New Mexico, New Mexico,"

to the air of "Maryland, My Maryland," it is a bit unsettling. Have we been blind, or are the enthusiasts misled? Neither; they but voice the satisfaction in opportunity, the joy that glorifies the experience of the pioneer.

Not that there is much pioneering these days in the two commonwealths just taking their full place in the Nation. That era is past. Said a woman whose cement-walled home defied the brilliant Arizona sun:

"What do they have in Illinois or Nebraska that I lack? My house has electric lights, furnace, bathroom, telephone; I belong to a club, we take a daily paper, my neighbors are as intelligent as anywhere—what more do I need?" And three years ago the site of her dwelling was sage-brush desert!

She revealed the secret of the good cheer with which the new Southwest—in a sense the last Southwest—is working out its destiny: the possibility of securing the comforts of civilization at short notice—almost while you wait. Those of prairie-schooner days knew nothing of it—to-day bare plain, to-morrow a community of modern homes.

For centuries 235,000 square miles of gray desert, blue hills, mesas, and valleys dozed under almost cloudless skies. The awakening has come in two distinct periods. Said an old ranchman of New Mexico: "Eighteen years ago I moved here from Illinois. Practically all the Americans in New Mexico were from Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas, Missouri. They drifted in after the war, just as Northerners went

to Kansas and Nebraska. They were stockmen; so are their descendants to-day. Ten years ago, when irrigation became a feature of agriculture, families from Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio arrived on home-seekers' excursions. Later, Nebraska, Iowa, and Kansas furnished settlers, until now we have folks from all over the East."

In Arizona the mines brought the first American residents. They came seeking copper, gold, silver. Later came the farmer and the home-builder. To-day on the streets of Phœnix or Bisbee is a cosmopolitan assembly representing every section of the Nation.

So on its 122,000 square miles New Mexico has 327,000 population; Arizona on its 113,000 square miles has 200,000. While historically and physically having much in common, the Territories are temperamentally far apart. "It comes from their varied settlement," explained ex-Governor J. H. Kibbey, of Arizona. "New Mexico's valleys run north and south, and the early Mexican sheep-herders pastured their flocks far northward. When given grants for more or less valuable services to ruler or conqueror, they chose lands with which they were familiar. The American settlers, westward bound, found a start made toward civilization, and stopped there in large numbers. In Arizona the valleys extend east and west, and the herders were less likely to cross deserts to reach them. The discovery of mines brought the Americans, and not until a later era came the farmer."

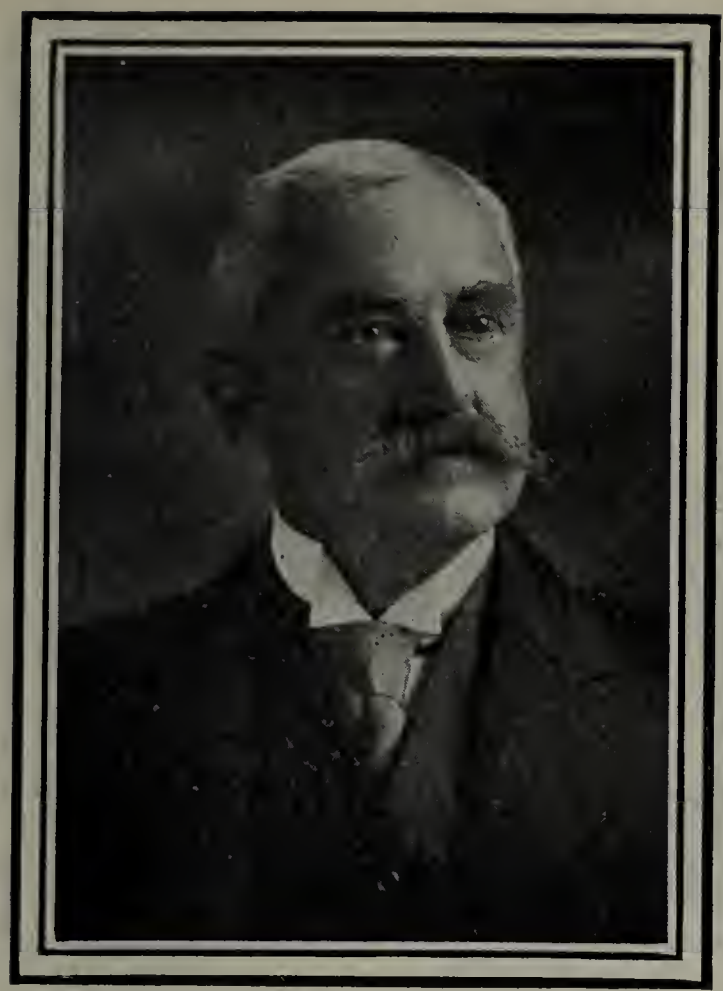
So one State is pastoral, the other devoted more largely to mines, and each harbors a grievance against the East. "We have not received a square deal," said Governor R. E. Sloan, of Arizona. "The East has looked upon the Southwest as yet existing in the wild and woolly frontier period, with cowboys 'shooting up' the towns, with terrorism frequently rampant. On the contrary, no Eastern State community is better behaved or has a higher average of citizenship than these new States."

SYMBOL OF THE DESERT

Perhaps the people themselves have furnished some excuse for the East's view. New Mexico usually appears typified by a wide, tilted-rimmed sombrero; a monument to Kit Carson is a feature of its capital city. Arizona erects monuments surmounted by broncho-busters. To the home folks they stand for picturesque features of their history; from a distance wrong impressions may be gained. After all, the big things of the Southwest are not cowboys, pueblos, giant cacti, painted deserts, relics of Aztec occupation, but the transformation being worked by an energetic, wide-awake American immigration that is doing for it what was done for the Middle West three or four decades ago.

Evidences are everywhere. In the suburbs of the little hamlet you see cottages that might have been transported, fully formed, from the Connecticut Valley; store buildings have no more the false square front hiding a gable, but are built on modern lines; cement walks stretch long white surfaces; and circling the head of a gilded statue of Our Lady of Lyons, adorning a chapel in historic Santa Fé, is a halo of electric lights!

In one direction do both States look for industrial progress—irrigation. Their mines produce great wealth, likely to increase as the hills are more thoroughly tested; their lumber camps are important. But mines and lumber camps do not bring homes; they attract migratory laborers whose interest is ephemeral. The farm makes for development of a social life. Only by irrigation can either State hope to build up such a feature. Month after month of cloudless skies and pulsating sun-



W. J. MILLS
Governor of New Mexico

R. E. SLOAN
Governor of Arizona

light will not, even on good soil, raise crops. "Dry farming" is a delusion when the season is too dry. "Thousands of settlers have tried it and failed," said a Territorial officer. "No amount of cultivation can bring moisture from dry skies, and in most years it is a doubtful venture." Unless combined with ranching, the settler is unwise to seek a competency by that route. Better twenty acres under ditch than two hundred on the unwatered prairie. The expense of intensive culture necessary to raise crops with a minimum of rainfall is not repaid by the production. This hundreds of disappointed families have discovered.

Each State has its special pride in irrigation enterprise. New Mexico has approximately 500,000 acres under ditch, with 3,000,000 more amenable to artificial watering. It will take decades to utilize it all, but some day the waters of the Rio Grande and its tributaries, with the flow of smaller streams and surface moisture, will be conserved. The Pecos Valley is already practically all under the plow; the Mesilla Valley is rapidly being improved as settlers realize its possibilities. The Government Reclamation Service is expending millions in projects that will fertilize vast areas. Of these, that of the Rio Grande is largest. On that river, seventy-five miles north of Las Cruces, is located one of the greatest natural reservoir sites in the world. Below this site is the Mesilla Valley; then for twenty miles north of El Paso, and for a like distance below that city, in Texas, is another large area of extremely fertile land. Immediately across the river, in the Republic of Mexico, and in the vicinity of the city of Juarez, are found, approximately, 25,000 acres of equally valuable soil. Here the Elephant Butte project, to cost $9,000,000, one of the most important in the Reclamation Service undertakings, is to be constructed. For Mexico's share Congress appropriated $1,000,000. The total area watered will be 180,000 acres—110,000 in New Mexico, 45,000 in Texas, and 25,000 in Mexico. In three or four years some storage will be provided.

Nearer completion is Arizona's portion in the Service's notable work—the Roosevelt Dam on the Salt River, to be dedicated by Mr. Roosevelt next March. Here the Salt River Valley lies like an outstretched hand reaching westward, with a rock-bound gateway at the wrist. The great bulwark of masonry, built at a cost of $6,000,000, rears its 240 feet, a massive retainer of a lake covering 17,000

THE CAPITOL OF ARIZONA AT PHŒNIX

acres. Behind it flood will be held to be spread out over 200,000 acres, with an additional 40,000 acres to be irrigated by pumping. Here will be demonstrated, as in other similar projects, the possibilities of an acre. Where a man can take $705.65 in asparagus from 1¾ acres, and $980 from one acre of blackberries, or where 7½ acres of mixed berries and melons yield net $3,200, or ten acres of oranges produce 1,800 boxes which return an average of $4 per box, it is clear that only a few will care to own more than they can well cultivate.

"Agriculture," said Governor W. J. Mills, of New Mexico, "is the hope of the Southwest, winning to us men who are worthy as citizens and successful as managers."

It is not a poor man's country in the sense that Oklahoma, Kansas, and Nebraska were. It is the place for the man who brings enough to establish himself and can become an active factor in business life. This class is coming by every train, and it includes intelligent, enterprising farmers of every section of the Middle West. Likewise it is a young man's country. In the handsomely appointed home of the Yavapai Club at Prescott, a club-house that would be a credit to Hartford or Albany, a dozen young business men were chatting. "When I left Harvard—" said one. "I was at Princeton," added another. More than half were college men finding opportunities in the new country. You see few elderly men in the business houses; youthful enthusiasm is everywhere. So you expect, and find, that there are a push and a hustle characteristic of new countries. "See that addition?" exclaimed a real estate man who had left a Philadelphia law office to try fate in Phœnix. "Two years ago it was mesquite, now it's fit for a king."

All this, of course, is of material things, and you find its expression as well in Manitoba or in Florida. Of itself it does not make a State, but it furnishes the basis for economic and social development. The Southwest has peculiar problems, such as face no other part of our Nation. Chief among them is that of the Mexican population—the politician does not say "Mexican," he refers to "our Spanish-American friends." There are plenty of them. In New Mexico 135,000, 41 per cent of the population, according to the Census supervisor, are Spanish-Americans. Many more have some Spanish blood. There are towns and counties wholly dominated by them in politics and business. Once the Territory was theirs, but American immigration has changed that, and to-day the "native" occupies a secondary

THE CAPITOL OF NEW MEXICO AT SANTA FÉ

place. But he must be reckoned in every accounting.

When the Constitutional Convention met, October 3, of the one hundred delegates, thirty were Mexican. All were Republicans, and added their votes to that of forty-one Americans, making seventy-one Republicans to twenty-nine Democrats. In some of the precincts the ballots for the election of delegates were printed in Spanish. This was the excuse expressed by a Territorial officer: "The precincts where this was done have an almost wholly Mexican population. The voters are men who cannot read or write English, though they can speak and understand it. It was simpler to print the ballots so they could read them than to take each voter into the booth and explain the wording of the ballot. With the next generation there will be no such problem. Every school in the Territory teaches English to every pupil. We have a compulsory school law. Spanish is taught only as an additional language in the high schools. All must know English; but the earlier generation will never learn it."

This Mexican population is of two classes: a large portion the laborers, the sheepmen; a smaller part men of means, shrewd business managers. Curiously, in view of the usual conception of the Mexican, he is given a good reputation by those who know him best. "I have had twenty years' experience with him," said the manager of a one-hundred-thousand-acre ranch. "I have never found better laborers or men who would keep a contract more faithfully. They do not strike, and, treated well, they remain with you. I have bought tens of thousands of sheep of Mexican shepherds without a written contract, and never had one fail to do as he agreed—which is more than I can say for some American stock-owners. We must have laborers, and this class furnishes them. Without them it would be difficult to develop a definite place in the Southwest."

To be sure, crimes are committed, growing out of the hot tropic blood of the race, but even jurists give a fair account of the character of the people. Judge John R. McFie, who has been for eighteen years on the Federal Bench and is Chief Justice of the Territorial Supreme Court, said: "Nowhere have I found better jurors or men with a higher sense of justice than among the Mexicans. I have tried murder cases in which the defendants were Mexicans and every member of the jury of that nationality, yet have always found the verdict fairly given, and conviction has followed regularly if the testimony warranted. They are good citizens, are fair-minded, and

THE ROOSEVELT DAM

adhere to the Court's instructions more closely than any other jurors I have found. There are no 'smart Alecks' among them; they take their duties seriously and strive to seize the argument. Probably there are more defendants of this race than of Americans proportionately to the population, but their offenses are mostly of a minor sort. There is no race issue. They divide on public questions, as do the Americans. They are laboring people largely, not particularly progressive—nor aggressive—and there is no likelihood of antagonisms nor of difficulties in the future."

A striking instance of the Mexican temperament was shown in Arizona, where a Democratic Legislature adopted an educational qualification for franchise. It was charged that this was for the purpose of disfranchising Mexican voters in one county where the Republican majority was overwhelming. It was never put in operation because the enabling act omitted any such ruling. When delegates to the Constitutional Convention were elected, the county referred to, with a large Mexican vote, to the surprise of the politicians who counted on the vote being swung solidly to the Republicans because of the Legislature's action, elected a Democratic delegate. The Mexicans voted for the man and his principles, rather than with the party. They do a small part of the town's business; their credit is good, though as a class they are unambitious. Practically all are Catholics; the priests are mostly French or Spanish.

In New Mexico the Mexican vote is in the southern counties, in Arizona in the southeastern section, both being closest to the boundary line of Mexico. It is the opinion of those well informed that the Mexican population is not increasing, rather that it is likely to decrease as ranches are broken up. Some go back to their native country, others scatter as laborers.

Yet in New Mexico, with more than one-third of the population of that blood, this class must be considered for many years. The next generation, taught in English schools and in touch with a rapidly growing American constituency, will be far different from that of pioneer times, and the line of demarcation in business and politics will constantly become fainter. On the whole, it does not appear so much a problem as a condition, with few difficulties in its management and without injurious effect on the economic life of the new State. An intelligent Spanish-American put it: "All we ask is a chance to make a living. We do not desire to interfere with the American, nor do we propose to be degraded—just a fair chance in the State's life—that's all." Nor does it appear that the Spanish-American vote can be always dictated by one party or faction; this will add an element of uncertainty to its place when Statehood is complete.

In Arizona there is the Mormon question. Two members of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints were elected members of the Arizona Convention. Said Governor Sloan: "It has been repeatedly charged that the Mormon vote in Arizona is thirty per cent of the total; it is not more than ten per cent. The people of this sect are farmers and good citizens. They are prohibitionists and not polygamists. There is no indication that they will ever be a large factor in the State's politics. The Mexican population is not more than fifteen per cent, mostly itinerants, and likewise no important factor in politics, for the American population is increasing, while the Spanish-American stands still. We have had clean Legislatures, no scandals, and have an ambition to make this a good State for the farmer and business man alike. With our 400,000 acres now in cultivation we can support twice the present population. Eventually there will be 1,250,000 acres tilled, and every acre extraordinarily productive. We want settlers and capital, and propose to give both square treatment."

This last sentence is the key to the sentiment of the dweller in the Southwest. Men and money are needed. Irrigation enterprises cannot pay unless settlers come to till the lands. Here and there a plunger has equipped a great ranch house, making a mansion in the desert. He has lived like a king, impressing every titled visitor—and then departed. Such investors are not wanted. The future will depend on the worker, the man who comes to stay. Owing to the vast distances and the waste desert lands, there can never be a network

THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA, TUCSON. SCIENCE HALL

of railways such as has covered Oklahoma and other parts of the Middle West. Two trunk lines with some branches constitute practically all the railway facilities likely to be had for many years. The new States will be disposed to consider this in their statutes, as they will the work of capital that has developed the mines and stored the waters; but there is a strong undercurrent of disposition to regulate corporations and secure for the citizen his full rights.

In New Mexico, where the Republican majority is overwhelming, primaries, initiative and referendum, and similar progressive ideas have not been indorsed. The Constitution is to be, as Governor Mills expressed it, "safe and sane," with the idea of submitting additional propositions to the voters separately. The Mexican voters, being largely sheep-men, are generally high-tariff advocates, and this accounts for much of their allegiance to Republicanism. In Arizona the Democrats are in large majority, the Constitutional Convention having forty-four Democrats to eight Republicans, no Spanish-American delegate being elected. The Constitution will contain many "Progressive" sections. In neither State is equal suffrage or prohibition likely to carry. The initiative and referendum will probably be a part of Arizona's organic law. These differences indicate the variation in settlement and business interests in the two new States.

A peculiar feature of the realty holdings of the Southwest, almost unknown elsewhere in the United States, is the existence of land grants. Back in the old Spanish days, whenever a king or conqueror was particularly pleased with a favorite, or when a general performed some deed of merit, a few thousand acres of land were given. Naturally, of those holdings on this side the line, the larger portion were chosen in New Mexico, because it was with this part of the Southwest that the natives were most familiar. After the Mexican War a court of claims passed on these possessions and decided what were the boundaries and perfected the titles. In the Auditor's office at Santa Fé is a list of 150 grants, ranging in extent from the famous Maxwell grant of 1,440,000 acres to tiny gifts of fifty-seven acres. Nineteen exceed 100,000 acres each, four are more than 500,000 acres each. The total area is over 8,000,000 acres, one-tenth the State's area.

Those early adventurers were shrewd; they selected the most promising valleys for their locations. It has taken a long time to place these lands on the market. Some are owned by European syndicates —the Maxwell grant having passed to Holland capitalists. Many heirs were to be satisfied, and not until recently were

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO, ALBUQUERQUE. GIRLS' DORMITORY

the lands offered to the settler. Now, however, they are being broken up and sold either to land companies or to individuals. This adds materially to the area of farming land in the new State; and removes one hindrance to rapid settlement. In Arizona, the grants, with one or two small exceptions, are all within thirty miles of the southern border, and their area is small. The hope of the new States is agriculture; land speculation by syndicates is detrimental to their progress. Mining in Arizona bears to agriculture a ratio of seven to one; it is a matter of a few years when agriculture will do what it has done in Colorado—outstrip the mines.

But it is not to be accomplished without forethought and intelligent management. For instance, the forthcoming report of the Territorial Auditor of New Mexico will show that the total valuation of taxable property, which is $58,313,126, on a basis of about one-fifth real value, has decreased $1,151,000 in the past year. The Auditor wrote to the county officers to know the reason. The replies were interesting. "Many farmers came to try dry farming, and the drought caused them to leave," says one. "The revaluation of irrigation properties that did not prove as valuable as expected caused a decrease." "Sheep and cattle have fallen off because stock has moved to other grazing grounds on account of short pasture," say others. These changing conditions do not lessen the opportunity of the new lands, but emphasize the importance of intelligent settlement and of plans fitted to the new conditions. The man who has farmed in Wisconsin sometimes learns through expensive experiment that he must use different methods. A few, discouraged, return, or go on to the coast States. When, as in New Mexico, 10,900 homestead entries are reported by the latest statistical report in a single year, covering more than a million and a half acres, there are certain to be some disappointments.

It tells but part of what our new States consist to say that New Mexico has eighty-one banks with $18,000,000 deposits; Arizona, fifty banks with $17,000,000 deposits; that Phœnix gained thirty-five per cent in valuation last year, and with 20,000 population has property assessed at $9,000,000; that Albuquerque, with 25,000, is extending its city limits to accommodate incoming residents; that towns like Prescott, Santa Fé, Globe, Bisbee, are showing the touch of progress in everything that goes to make modern municipalities; that the permanent school funds are among the most liberal of any part of the Nation; that churches are abundant and their pastors abreast with the times.

Associated with these evidences of

worth as a promise of the future is the character of the people. That they are planning for the higher life is apparent. "These new States are actually top-heavy with institutions of higher learning," one Territorial officer put it. "By that I mean that we have provided so liberally for universities, normal schools, and similar institutions that we have greater facilities than there are students to utilize them. Teachers' salaries are high." The University of New Mexico, at Albuquerque (its buildings quaintly typical of the Southwest, fashioned after Indian pueblos), enrolls 130; the University of Arizona, at Tucson, has 201. They are liberally proportioned for the larger attendance that will come with the growth of the States. School lands in each State are counted by millions of acres.

Not quite complete was the solemn remark of the Census supervisor of New Mexico when he said: "We have the largest proportion of our people owning their own homes free of debt of any State in the Union."

"Is this from statistics, or is it real estate boom literature?" was queried.

"Fact." Then, with a smile: "Why not, when all necessary to make a house is to go out in the back yard and dig some earth for an adobe wall?" Yet even a "doby" dwelling is an abiding-place, and its possession in fee simple undoubtedly adds to the contentment and permanence of the population. Nor is such a home to be despised, when made with skill. Many of the best families dwell within such walls. Cool in summer, warm in winter, decorated with the inevitable Navajo rugs and blankets, they become unexpectedly attractive.

"We are going to add two rooms to our house this fall," said a settler's wife. "The contract calls for large ones, and they will cost $50 each." Most of us would like to enlarge our dwellings on that basis.

Every town of size has its woman's clubs. Carnegie libraries are here as elsewhere. The preservation of the traditions and reminders of the strange races that lived here hundreds or thousands of years ago occupies the attention of the studious. The Archæological Institute of America keeps a force of student workers under skilled management unearthing the villages and homes of prehistoric people, its headquarters being at Santa Fé. Some recent excavations show marvelous ingenuity and workmanship in the construction of those queer community dwellings, built with earth walls several stories high, and occupied for every purpose, from the ruling of kings to the plotting of subjects. Just now especial pride is taken in a perfect type unearthed at Puye, the first of the ancient pueblos of the Rio Grande Valley to be excavated systematically, and the second ruin in the United States to be preserved as a National monument. Rich in prehistoric history is all the Southwest, material for many generations of students. So much comes down from the past—water runs to-day through irrigation ditches built in the time of Montezuma.

Nor is a fine sentiment lacking. At Prescott is being completed by Arizona a Pioneers' Home, a stately edifice set high on a beautiful site, to be the resting-place for those who were in at the beginning of things. Having lived in the Territory twenty-five years and reaching the age of sixty, the needy and deserving may there find comfortable retreat for their later days. It is a commendable tribute of appreciation.

Then there is always the health-seeker. "The world has been educated to think the climate of the Southwest an infallible cure for weak lungs," said a county supervisor. "As a result sufferers are sent here by the hundreds, often when it is too late. They come with money and without—but always with hope. We do all we can for them, but it is puzzling to know what is best. They cannot be sent home, and it becomes a burden to care for them as they deserve." Many tuberculosis camps under the management of church organizations or associations are established away from the towns. In the towns signs forbidding spitting on the walks are everywhere, and efforts are made to restrict the spread of disease. Many come intending to "rough it" on ranches—but they are just the persons that the ranchmen do not desire. One such went to a physician. "I can do nothing for you," was the advice. "But go out on the desert and see how long you can live without stepping under a roof." In six

months a sturdy, sun-browned man reappeared and introduced himself with, "This is the first time I have been under a roof." That is what helps; sunshine and pure air will do the rest —if anything can.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES (1520) AT SANTA FÉ

Some things are done in a way that the East could well pattern. For instance, Arizona is building a Territorial Highway, the most extensive piece of road-making in the trans-Mississippi country. The principal portion, on which work is now being done, is a one-hundred-mile section from Phœnix to Prescott through the Bradshaw Mountains, its highest point 7,000 feet. It is a beautiful roadway, twelve feet wide, surfaced with disintegrated granite, and will cost $4,000 a mile. Other stretches are valley roads, surfaced partly with granite, partly with gravel, and partly oiled, costing $900 a mile. Concrete bridges, one costing $55,000, are being built. When completed, the system will cost $1,250,000, and 1,043 miles of boulevard will connect the principal towns and cities reaching up to the titanic wonder of the Southwest, the Grand Cañon of Arizona.

A ranchman invites you to go thirty miles to see his property. "By stage or horseback?" you ask. "Oh, in a car, of course." Automobiles are nearly as common in the new States as in New York. The Territorial Highway and the Scenic Highway, just begun in New Mexico on much the same plan, will make an ideal course for the motorist.

Always will there be interest for the visitor in the many strange sights of the new commonwealths. The Indian pueblos, the reservations, the petrified forests, the cañons, and the deserts have fascination. Old and new civilizations mingle. In remote parts you see ponies driven round and round, treading out the wheat as centuries ago. A few score miles away is a great concrete dam furnishing electricity and sending it miles over the barren plain to illuminate towns and drive street cars. This blending of the old and new is one great charm of the Southwest, nor will it pass away. Conditions are such as to retain the picturesque.

To be sure there are hundreds of square

AN ARIZONA SUBURB, WHERE ALL WAS MESQUITE EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO

miles for which no possible use can be imagined—an area that seems for no purpose except to separate places of civilization. Gray, solitary, aloof, like the cacti that are its sign, it bakes beneath the summer sun. You come to feel that it has overpowered the whole region. A few miles, and you drop into a valley where meadows of alfalfa, fruitful orchards, and fragrant gardens abound, a little Eden complete in its own resources—and the desert is forgotten!

No such close settlement is possible as in the Middle West, where every quarter-section may support a family; but over such area as can be profitably tilled will be produced, by intensive farming, crops that cannot be approached except where artificial moisture may be obtained. Land at $500 to $1,000 an acre seems at first unreasonably high; when production is considered, it is really cheaper than much of the acreage of the Middle States at one-tenth those sums.

A clear-headed, energetic people is developing the new States, eager to make them, in Western parlance, "a good place to live in." That success will come is inevitable. The era of the "bad man" has passed—it is punishable by heavy fine to carry concealed weapons in either State. The era of the home-builder is at hand.

Set amid twenty miles of brown-gray prairie was a tiny adobe dwelling, an adobe-walled corral, and a bit of plowed ground. Thoughtfully, from the observation platform of the California Limited, a passenger watched it. "My father," he commented, "once started West by ox-team. In mid-Iowa he became discouraged, squatted on a claim, farmed for three years, then sold out for two hundred dollars and went back East. To-day, part of the business section of Des Moines is built on that farm. It may be—"

The suggestion lent keener interest to that dull-brown group fast blending into the hazy distance.

Into every beginning in the new States enters some vision of the future. In a half-century more, it may be— Who knows?

THE OLD CELLAR PLACE

BY FREDERIC E. SNOW

A huge depression in the earth o'ergrown
With grass and weeds, where rose and lilac sprout
In wild disorder straggle all about,
And in the midst a tumbled heap of stone
Sprawled like a ruined tomb, deserted, lone,
And smoke-begrimed, where ghosts of ancient fires,
In generations past lit by the sires,
Flicker a brief moment and then are gone!
Here hid the apples from the light of day
And mellowed in the darkness; cask and bin
Held ample store against the winter's frost:
But now the house has perished with decay
Since they are gone who made the home within;
And all but this old cellar place is lost.

The Best Story I Ever Heard

By

Albert Edwards

With Drawings by
Charles W. Furlong

THE great market-place, or Sok, of Tangier is spread out on the hillside above the Fasci Gate.

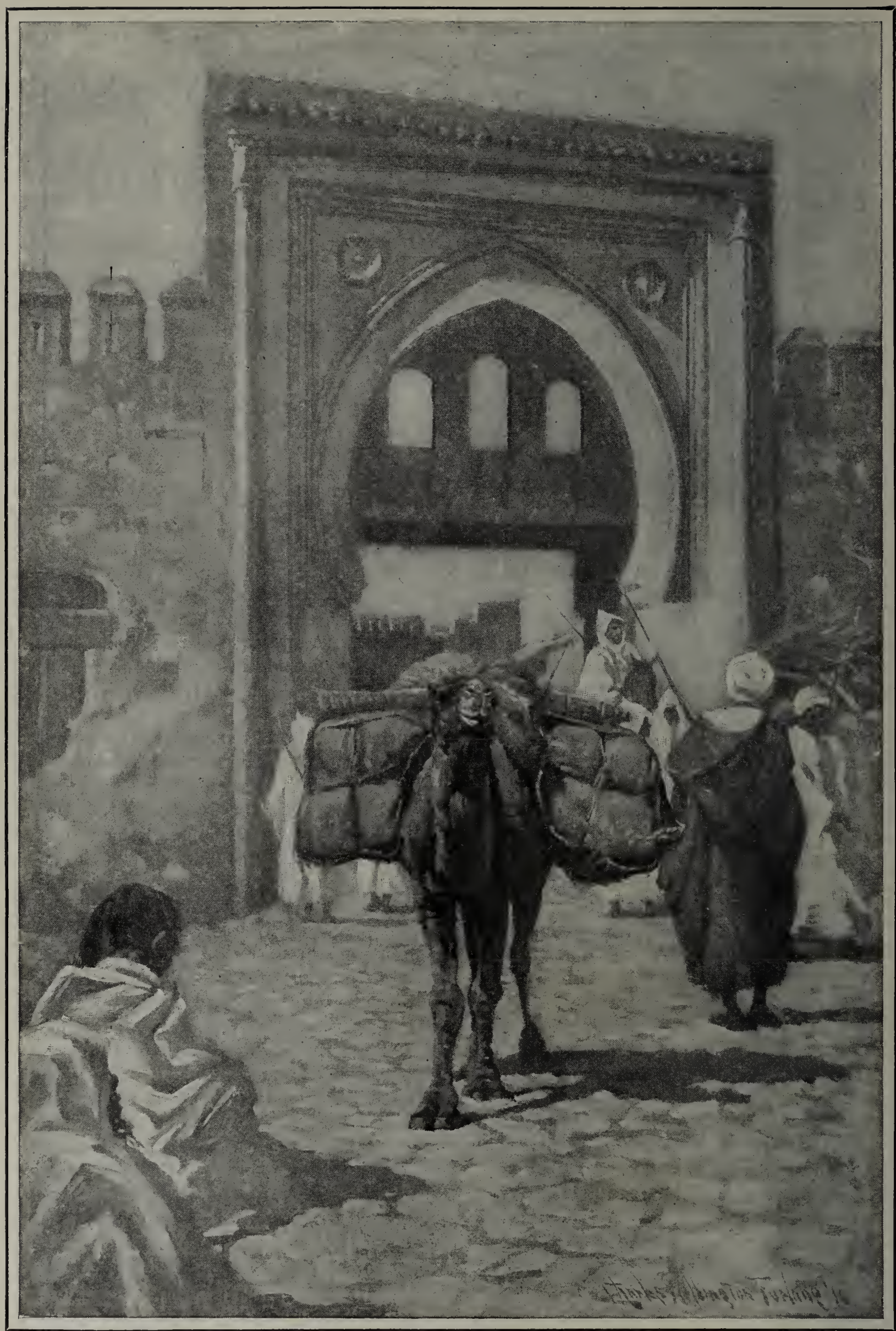
There are many beautiful outlooks from about the city, but the view from the Sok—the moss-covered walls of the ancient citadel, the broad bay, the distant Pillars of Hercules, the gold and green hills of Spain across the Straits—is the best of all.

Thursday is the day set for the market. But all things in Mussuldom begin the day before. By noon Wednesday the Sok is in a turmoil. The trails leading in from the country are crowded with peasants, their mules and womenfolk laden with the produce of their fields. Old Father Time becomes young again. Within sight of the modern battle-ships of Gibraltar you find soft-footed camels laden with dates, black Nubian slaves running about with pigskins filled with water, asses half hidden beneath immense crates of cackling chickens, bare-legged hill women plodding along under appalling loads of brushwood. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are there with their original flocks and herds.

There is much buying and selling Wednesday evening. All night long there is movement. Newcomers from the distant hills find squatters in their hereditary booths. The ensuing wrangle makes sleep impossible. As any one's business is every one's affair, the argument is voluminous and acrimonious. Then suddenly—in a way utterly beyond the comprehension of a mere infidel—the matter is arranged. "Silence like a poultice comes to heal the wounds of sound." The Sok falls asleep till the next eruption—caused by a new arrival or the stampede of a delirious jackass.

I happened to be walking through the Sok one night when a disturbance occurred which has become almost historic. It was caused by the foxhounds of the English Embassy. Some careless person left the kennels unlocked. Wandering about in the quest of adventure, the dogs struck the trail of a vagabond cat. She sought safety in the sleeping Sok. The excitement caused by the passage of the pack of hounds—full cry and hullabaloo—through the hodgepodge of unstable tents and rickety booths, over the half-awakened superstitious Moors, was a thing to wonder over and admire.

"The Slave of God," who is my muleboy, told me in the morning that Allah had sent seven devils—also many *jinoon*—to scourge the people for their sins. I was able to buy a Sus dagger from a frightened tribesman for its real value; if his conscience had not been wrung by the visitation, he would have charged me tenfold. The face of a sheik of the Anghera who had been sleeping in the very path of the devastation had been scratched by



ABOVE THE FASCI GATE . . . YOU FIND SOFT-FOOTED CAMELS LADEN WITH DATES

the feet of one of the *jincon*. There were some of the *ulema* who, after an examination, maintained that the wounds had been given by an *afrit*, not a *jinn*. The old gentleman was so worried over the affair that he went to the Grand Mosque and divorced all his wives, vowing a year of celibacy.

But aside from such untoward accidents, the pandemonium reaches its height in the third hour after sunrise prayers on Thursday. By noon things are sold out. For an hour or more the people of the Sok figure up their accounts. They use a mystic system of arithmetic, the outward signs of which are little piles of stone, twigs set up on the ground, and resounding slaps on the knee. There is a proverb about being as sore as the knee of a lucky merchant. Business finished, the Sok looks about for entertainment. It is the harvest-time for mountebanks and story-tellers. The acrobats one sees in Tangier are not good; the cream of the profession is skimmed off for the music-halls of Europe. But the story-tellers, protected by their impenetrable language, shine in their pristine glory.

Verbal literature is the only art held in high esteem by the Moors, and the story-tellers are conscious of their high calling. They are stamped with the stigmata of Bohemia. You could no more mistake them—once your eye has begun to catch the *nuances* of Moorish dress—than you could mistake the velveteen jacket, the flowing tie, and the unkempt hair of a Latin Quarter artist. Here, in Tangier, they tell their stories as they did in the Court of the Caliphs of Bagdad; as they did in the Great Palace of Soulimon bin Daoud at Jerusalem; as they have done among all peoples since the invention of rudimentary speech.

The staccato thumping of a tom-tom attracts attention. The story-teller stands on the outskirts of the Sok. He looks profoundly up into the profundity of the sky. Beside him a slave boy squats on his heels and does the vulgar advertising work on the tom-tom, and also collects the coins which the story entices.

The market folk sit about in a great circle. Striking faces these countrymen have. There is not a flabby cheek, nor a heavy chin, nor a bleared eye among them. They gather in cliques—Riff tribesmen, the aristocrats of North Africa, their turbans made out of blue rifle-cases, for they would have you remember that they are warriors; Fasci, in flowing *djellabs*, broad strips of black and cream; Berbers from beyond the Great Atlas, their mantles of the soft fabric woven from the belly wool of mountain goats; *ulema* and divinity students in spotless white; here and there city men in gorgeous colors—burnt orange, olive green and blue—they have more fat on their faces, and begin to look as ill conditioned as Europeans.

Hardly a Thursday goes by that does not find me squatted in the circle, my riding-breeches marking me out as an infidel—a thing of shame. Abd Allah—"the Slave of God"—sits beside and translates the wonder stories of the Orient. It would be more correct to say he perverts them, for his conversation has all the elusive charm of a Chinese puzzle. He talks in a *lingua franca* which is one-third English, one-fourth French, the rest just words—a ragout of Spanish, Senegambian, Italian, and Arabic. But I can get enough to note down the framework of the stories.

All this explained to me the scheme of the "Arabian Nights" tales. For the competition among the story-tellers of the Sok is keen. Often half a dozen are going at once. In order to keep up the interest, to prevent the audience going over to a rival, the first story before it is finished leads into an endless chain of others. If you wish to know the fate of the first hero, you must sit patient a long time, only to find your curiosity entangled with half a dozen new ones.

We of the West have forgotten how to tell stories. We have learned to write them down. The printing-press has taught us how to can them. The charm of facial expression is lost—all the rich possibilities of tone and gesture. If our heroine is sad, we must write it down badly, "She was sad." The longest, most intricate novel of Henry James could be told by a skilled teller in half an hour.

The art of Oriental literature, whether prose or poetry, and the two are seldom entirely divorced, is not the simple concoction of a plot nor the invention of a

THE MARKET FOLKS SIT ABOUT IN A GREAT CIRCLE

dainty conceit. It is more than all else the technique of presentation. The words are the least part of their artistry.

So one who does not know their language can find pleasure in the performance as pure pantomime. For Abd Allah's translations would be meaningless, utterly without charm, if it were not for the story-tellers' ability to portray by tone and gesture the spirit of their tales.

One day Abd Allah told me—painfully, having to repeat it a dozen times before I could sort out his meaning from the jumble of words—that Hadje Akmet bin Nassir el Mokri el Agadir, the most renowned story-teller of Morocco, had returned from his twelfth pilgrimage to Mecca, and would perform the next market day in the Sok. The name was already familiar to me; so often as I had shown enthusiasm for a local story-teller, Abd Allah had shrugged his shoulders and said, "La! la! Signor! He is but camel-dung under the feet of the blessed Hadje Akmet."

I was early in the Sok that memorable afternoon. Although the great man had not come, his orchestra—eight coal-black Nubian boys in pure white *djellabs*—had already collected an immense circle. The regular story-tellers, knowing that competition was hopeless, had gathered about the orchestra. The Slave of God told me that Hadje Akmet would divide among them all the money thrown into the circle. "Is he not rich in the blessings of Allah, the Beneficent? He takes only jewels from the great Sultans."

At last a cavalcade came through the Fasci Gate. The nobility of Tangier had turned out in full feather. It was a brilliant company, to which Hadje Akmet, riding at the head, presented a striking contrast. His *djellab* was as faded and frayed as that of the poorest story-teller of the Sok.

"It is," said Abd Allah, "the same *djellab* to his all twelve pilgrimages he has worn. Even so, when the story is told, I will it kiss—yes—the fringe."

Of course Hadje Akmet's simplicity of manner, his bored disregard of those who would do him honor, may have been an elaborate affectation. But why should a man whose name is known in the remotest village of Mussuldom, whose art has been honored in the four great courts of Islam, who, within the shadow of the Holy Kasbah, beside the revered tomb at Medina, had held spellbound men of a hundred nations, from the four corners of the earth, be moved by the homage of Tangier, the least of Mohammed's cities?

He was a wiry little man, his long beard streaked with gray, his face parched by the sun of the Sahara, the sand-storms of Arabia, the cruel blizzards of Samarkand. His gray eyes were restless with having seen too many men, too many places. He jumped from his mule, scorning the hundred hands which proffered help, and entered the circle. He spread out his arms and bowed low towards Mecca. Then, picking idly at a two-stringed lute, looking out at something far beyond the horizon, he prayed, with rhyme and rhythm, under his breath, his words scarce audible.

"He say beautiful thanks at God for safe come home," Abd Allah whispered.

This finished, he sat down, his eyes closed. The negro boys beat wildly on their tom-toms, tore savagely at the strings of their viols. Some camels snorted and quarreled in the distance. A brass bell tinkled sharply as a Sudanese water-carrier hastened up the slope to join the circle. But I have never seen men so silent.

When Hadje Akmet stood up, an audible sigh came from the tense audience. He twanged twice on his lute, and, standing immobile, expressionless, began to set the stage for his drama. He finished his prologue and paused. In an instant he made his face, his hand, his whole body—even the folds of his worn *djellab*—speak Fear. His orchestra was stilled. In a harsh, raucous voice, shudderingly, he besought help. As suddenly he was silent again, twanging his lute. Then he took up the part of Cunning. Jealousy, Hilarious Mirth, Love, Murder, he visualized before us. Once, I am sure, he spoke of the full moon, the reflection of a group of date-palms on the pool of an oasis. Once he was riding a fleet Arabian stallion on a hot errand of love. Again he was sore athirst in the barren stretches of the Great Desert. Then the din of war pervaded the Sok—the clash of gleaming cimeters, the hum of arrows, the wail of death.

Twice I tried to make the Slave of God translate, poking him vigorously in

the ribs. I might have whittled off his ears. Big-eyed, open-mouthed, as taut as a forestay in a gale, he scarcely breathed, so light the spell held him.

But a deaf-mute could have seen the story, so plainly it was written on the circle of intense faces. They were plastic under the magic of the spoken words. One did not have to hear, to feel, the horror that froze those faces at Hadje Akmet's wish, the berserker fury he painted there, the pity he called up for the widows of the slain.

As each mood he conjured up was more tense, more hypnotic, it seemed that the spell must break, that the climax had come at last. But the wizard had himself as well as his audience in hand. In the short intervals when he let them breathe—as he twanged two, three, four chords on his lute—his face was emotionless and overwise, as though his art held for him no new thing to learn, no new triumph to hope for. Then in a flash the old face showed you a young maiden dancing for the first time before him whom she loved—showed you a leader of the Faithful lifting a thousand-footed charge over the ramparts of Unbelief.

It was wonderful—past any words of mine. The climax, when it came at last, left the circle torn and breathless. Hadje Akmet sat down, the tired, worn old man again, and from the forlorn tatters of his *djellab* drew out a slender *keef* pipe, and lit it with a European match.

Then he was lost in a surge of fanaticism struggling wildly to kiss his twelve-fold holy robe. Somewhere in that turmoil was the Slave of God. He had forgotten me utterly. I caught one fleeting glimpse of him in the adoring throng which accompanied Hadje Akmet back to the city.

My anger at his deflection was in proportion to the mighty spell of the story-telling. I was sore bitten by curiosity to know what it had all been about. I was only sure that it was infinitely superior to the ordinary run of Sok stories. Late that night I discovered the deserter, drunk with *keef* smoking, in the café of his tribe. He sat sullenly in the corner and refused to come out.

On the morrow he came to my room as if nothing had happened.

"*Sidi*," he said, "this morning finer than to-morrow for too long ride up Djibel Kebir."

"Too" in Abd Allah's lingo means "very." If the eggs he buys are not rotten, he calls them "a too fine eat."

"No," I said; "this morning you tell me the story of Hadje Akmet, that I may write it down in my book."

"La!" he seemed decisive. "We go up Djibel Kebir. A too fine day."

"Guess again, thou son of Satan. We sit right here in this room and you tell me the tale of Hadje Akmet."

"La!" he grunted.

I became violent in my urging.

"It is not a story," he said, "which can be told to an infidel."

I have beaten the Slave of God with my riding-crop. I have spit in the direction of the tomb of his grandmother. I have discharged him from my service. I have tempted him with a Winchester rifle. The Maxim Silencer on the end of it is indisputably an invention of the *jinoon*, a work of the Lower, Middle, and High Magic. It would make him a considerable man in his village; more to be envied than the *ulema*, even on a par with the *caid*. But he insists that the story of Hadje Akmet cannot be told to an infidel.

I am sure it was the best story I ever heard.

The Mothers

By Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

The Mother

Daughter of mine, bride of my son,
Radiant-eyed from the love you have won,
Little you dreamed of the long sweet years,
The fledgling hopes and the half-thought fears,
The spoken joy and the hidden tears;
Little you dreamed—and less you knew
How much of my life I gave to you.

The Bride

Mother of mine, so long unknown,
You that have called my boy your own,
What can you know of the love I bring,
The hope in my heart, the lilt and swing
Of life new-touched with an angel's wing?
Mother of mine with the lonely eyes,
Has my love meant no sacrifice?

The Mother

Daughter of mine, bride of my son,
Flushed with the hope of your life begun,
What have you known of vigils kept
In the desert land where Hagar wept
When God forgot and the angels slept?
Whence came the light within your eyes
That makes your face so mother-wise?

The Bride

Mother of mine, I saw your smiles,
The tear-wet flowers of tender wiles.
Is the garden of life for you less fair?
Is the rose of love no longer there?
What is the hope I cannot share?
Mother of mine, who have loved so well,
Are mother-hearts born with the marriage bell?

The Mothers

Sister of mine in motherhood,
How can he dream the half we know,
We that have kept and understood
The lover's law of sun and snow?
How can our boy, so wistful-eyed,
Child that he is in mother-land,
Fathom the depths of love and pride
That guard his life on either hand?
Love as old as the ancient hills,
As new as the youngest flower—
This is the living spring that fills
His child-heart, hour by hour.
We that are mothers of one have been
Mothers of all since time began,
Holding the cross of the whole world's sin,
For the love we bear to the child in man!

A New Vermeer

By E. V. Lucas

HEN I was permitted to write in The Outlook (in March, 1910) on the work of that rarest and most fastidious of masters, Jan Vermeer of Delft, I said, at the end of the essay, after enumerating his thirty-four known examples—thirty-four for a lifetime of forty-four years, and eight children to support—"The question that confronts us, the question to which all these remarks of mine have been leading, then, is, Where are the others?" And I added that the existence of certain others was practically a certainty.

Among those, I had chiefly in mind the picture which was known to have been in the Casimir-Périer collection in the early years of the last century, and was bought in at the sale by a member of the family. When twenty-one of Vermeer's works were sold by auction in Amsterdam in 1796 (twenty-one years after his death), this picture, described as "A Woman Weighing Gold," was No. 1 in the catalogue, and it fetched 155 florins. Five years later it was sold again, at a reduced figure; still later, for 235 florins; in 1826 again, at Munich, for 800 florins. It was then that it passed to the Casimir-Périers, but since it was bought in at the sale of their collection in 1848 it has disappeared.

Well, this picture has now been found, and as I write it hangs alone on a wall in the gallery of Messrs. Colnaghi, the London experts, beneath an electric lamp whose light it shames. For some pictures are themselves lamps, and this is one. It was tracked by Vermeer's greatest champion to-day, the Dutch virtuoso, Dr. Hofstede de Groot, the author of the standard monograph on the painter's work. Considering that it was known that the Casimir-Périer family owned it, and that it was found in the house of the sister of the late Casimir-Périer, President of the French Republic, the Comtesse de Ségur, there is no need to lay too much stress on the sleuth-like qualities of the discoverer; but some one had to bring the masterpiece to light, and he did so, and to him, therefore, the credit. And now, as I say, it hangs on Messrs. Colnaghi's wall until the time comes to pack it up and send it to the new El Dorado, to which all the most beautiful treasures of art now automatically go, since we in England (it is alleged) have nothing left for luxuries when life's taxes have been paid. You already have seven Vermeers out of the thirty-five. This will make eight; and, by Heaven, I envy you!

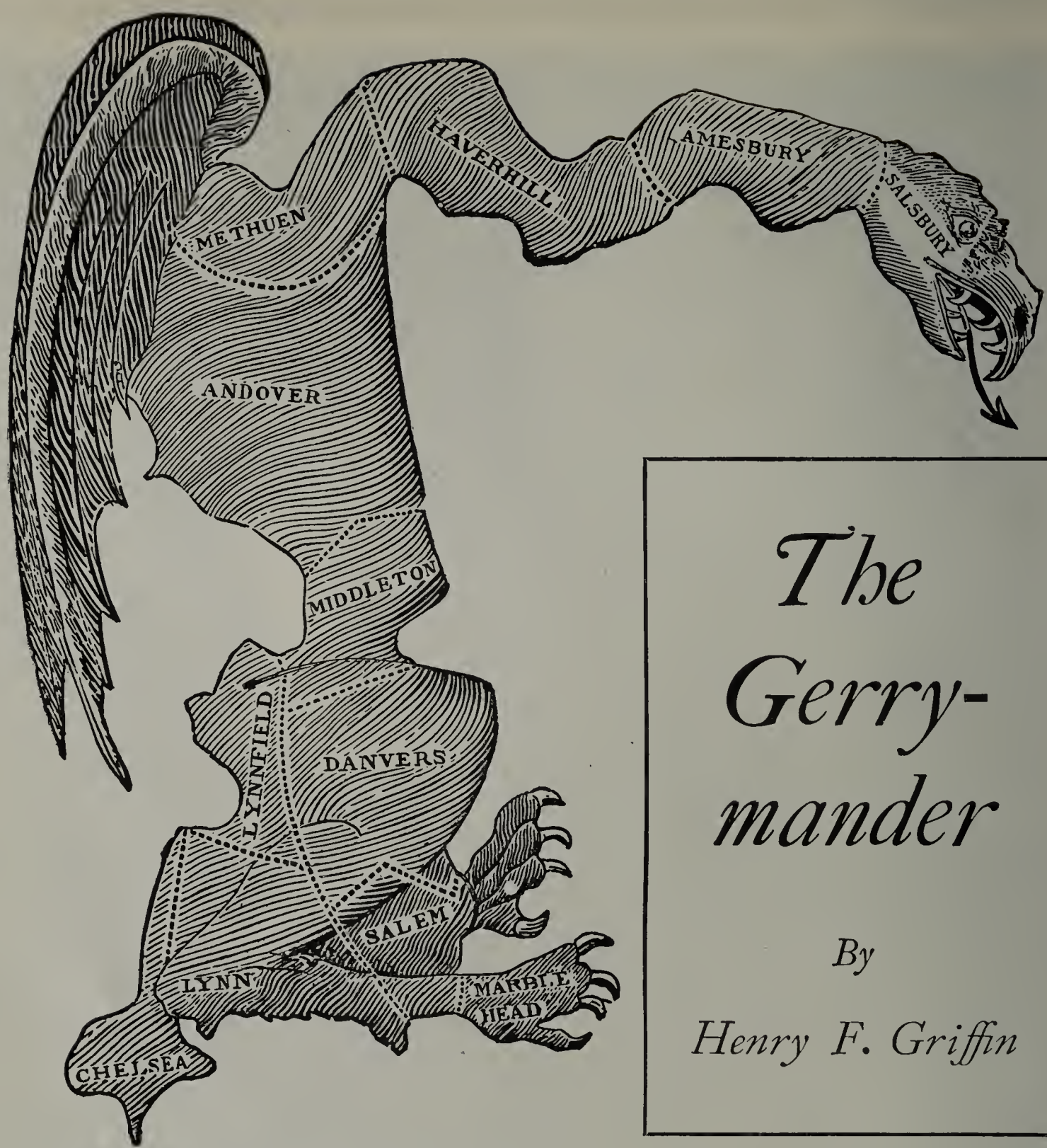
The new Vermeer is not absolutely his best; it is not so great and simple and strong as "The Milkwoman," at the Ryks; it is not so radiant as "The Pearl Necklace," at the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin; it is not so exquisite and miraculous a counterfeit of life as the "Girl's Head," at the Mauritshuis; nor so enchanting and epoch-making as the "View of Delft," in the same gallery. Those I take to be the artist's four finest pictures. But this new one is, I think, in his first dozen, and it is a shade more fascinating than the best of our London examples—Mrs. Joseph's "Soldier and Laughing Girl," although perhaps not quite so powerful, and it is vastly better than either of those in the National Gallery, which since I wrote in The Outlook has been enriched by the late George Salting's bequest.

The new picture represents a woman: one of those placid domestic creatures to whom Vermeer's brush lent a radiance only a gleam of which many a Madonna of the Southern masters would have envied. How little can they have thought, these Delft housewives and maidens, that they were destined for such an immortality! She stands beside a table, as most of Vermeer's women do, and she has a jacket of dark-blue velvet trimmed with fur, and a white handkerchief over her head. The tablecloth also is blue; the curtain is orange. Standing there, she poises in her right hand a pair of goldsmith's scales. On the table is a profusion of pearls (painted with less miraculous dexterity than usual), and

A WOMAN WEIGHING GOLD. BY VERMEER OF DELFT COURTESY OF M. KNOEDLER & CO.

a tapestry rug has been tossed there too. Behind her placid, comely head, on the wall (where Vermeer usually places a map), a picture of the Last Judgment hangs, which may or may not be identifiable. (I should doubt if Vermeer introduced it with any ironical intention; that was not his way.) This picture is on a light-gray wall. The light comes, of course, from the left, and never did this master of light paint it—or educe it—more wonderfully. It triumphs through the window and curtain exactly as in "The Pearl Necklace," past the same black mirror. The woman's face, however, has the greatest luster; from it is diffused a lambency of such beauty that one might almost say that the rest of the picture matters nothing; such a soft and lovely glow were enough. The work is not signed, except with the signature of immanent personality.

Such is the new Vermeer—the thirty-fifth, according to Dr. de Groot's monograph, although in his account of his discovery in the "Burlington Magazine" for December he calls it the thirty-sixth. Either that is a misprint or he has still another surprise in store for us.



The Gerry-mander

By

Henry F. Griffin

DO you know what a gerrymander is?

Do you know that by the practice of gerrymandering millions of voters have been disfranchised in the history of this country and that hundreds of thousands are to all intents and purposes disfranchised to-day?

Do you know that the gerrymander is such an efficient means of disfranchising the voter that in nine cases out of ten he does not even suspect that his vote has been stolen from him?

These are not merely academic questions. They are questions which bear upon a matter of very vital and present interest to every good citizen of the United States, Republican or Democrat.

Based upon the returns of the Census of 1910, the Legislatures of the States of the Union will reapportion their Congressional districts; that is, they will divide the area of the States into districts containing each the number of inhabitants which Congress decides upon as the unit basis of representation in the House of Representatives. On the face of it this would appear to be a comparatively simple piece of business, but it is just here that the opportunity arises for disfranchising the voter by means of the gerrymander, a practice so pernicious in its effect on our National political life that President Benjamin Harrison in his annual Message to Congress in 1891 assailed it in the following words: "If I were called upon to declare wherein our chief National danger lies, I should say without hesitation

in the overthrow of majority control by the suppression or perversion of the popular suffrage."

What, then, is a gerrymander and the practice of gerrymandering?

Gerrymandering is the arranging of districts of representation by a political party in power so as to concentrate its opponents' majorities and scatter its own, thus giving itself small majorities in many districts and its opponents large majorities in a few districts. Districts so carved out of territory as to accomplish this result are said to be gerrymandered.

The practice may be graphically represented in the simplest possible terms in the accompanying diagrams. These diagrams represent a territory containing 30 voters—16 Republicans and 14 Democrats. Every five voters are to elect a Representative. The diagrams show this territory districted into, first, a Republican gerrymander, and then a Democratic gerrymander. It will be seen that by a little judicious manipulation of the district borders the party controlling the districting may elect an overwhelming majority of the Representatives, although the territory is approximately evenly divided between the voters of the two parties.

The gentle art of gerrymandering was probably first practiced as soon as some of our keen-eyed forefathers of colonial days realized the possibilities of gaining a decided advantage over their political opponents by manipulating the districts of the newly devised popular election system. Although the name "gerrymander" first came into general use following the barefaced partisan Senatorial districting of Essex and other counties in Massachusetts during Elbridge Gerry's administration as Governor in 1812, the practice then dubbed "gerrymandering" was already hoary with antiquity in America. We look upon William Penn as the greatest of colonial philanthropists and foremost advocate of the square deal, yet he was unwittingly the originator of the gerrymander in America when, seeking to give the rural districts proper representation, he worked injustice on the city of Philadelphia. Thus the first gerrymander sprang from an effort to equalize representation. The colony later went on record as attempting to undo the evil, but by that time the "bosses" were carving the colonies to suit their own ends and throughout the eighteenth century there were many instances of districting laws passed for partisan purposes.

Men like Washington, Jefferson, and others among the leaders of Revolutionary days were not unfamiliar with the ways and means by which a friendly vote could be turned to the best advantage, and many historians have maintained that in the first Federal election in 1788 Patrick Henry, bitter enemy of the Constitution, was not above using the gerrymander to prevent James Madison from entering Congress from Virginia.

If there is irony in the case of Penn, there is more in that of Elbridge Gerry, patriot, signer of the Declaration of Independence, member of the Constitutional Convention, Governor of Massachusetts, and Vice-President of the United States, and yet remembered by posterity because of what was probably the most unworthy act of his political career, certainly the smallest.

Massachusetts gave the name gerrymandering to the custom of districting a State for purely partisan ends, and while we know that the name was first used in 1812 following a Democratic victory under Elbridge Gerry and a new layout of Senate districts, we are not certain whose quick wit first turned the phrase or whose imagination drew the hideous "gerrymander." Nathan Hale, one of the editors of the "Weekly Messenger," is said to have drawn the geographical figure which appeared in his paper on March 6, 1812. It was copied by other newspapers, and at a dinner party in Boston, after it had been remarked that the district was shaped like some hideous animal, only wanting wings to make a political dragon, Elkanah Tisdale, a miniature painter, a poet, and a wit, sketched in the wings, and another guest, Mr. Alsop, suggested that it was a "gerrymander."

Another account, while giving the credit of the drawing to Tisdale, runs on to the effect that the "unsightly skeleton" was put on exhibition in a newspaper office and was there noticed by Washington Allston and James Ogilvie, a lecturer on oratory. Allston remarked to Russell, the editor, "What an odd-looking creature is this!

It looks like a salamander." Quickly Ogilvie spoke up, "Why, let it be called Gerrymander, for the Governor."

But the generally accepted explanation of the origin of the word and figure is the following, found in Buckingham's "Specimens of Newspaper Literature:"

In 1811, when Mr. Gerry was Governor of the Commonwealth, the Legislature made a new division of the districts for the election of Representatives to Congress. Both branches had then a Democratic majority. For the purpose of securing a Democratic Representative an absurd and singular arrangement of towns in the county of Essex was made to compose a district. Russell took a map of the county and designated by a particular coloring the towns thus selected. He then hung the map on the wall of his editorial closet. One day, Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated painter, looked at the map, and said the towns which Russell had thus designated formed a picture resembling some monstrous animal. He took a pencil, and with a few touches added what might be supposed to represent claws. "There," said Stuart, "that will do for a salamander." Russell, who was busy with his pen, looked up at the hideous figure and exclaimed: "Salamander! call it Gerrymander." The word became a proverb, and for many years was in use among the Federalists, as a term of reproach to the Democratic Legislature, which had distinguished itself by this act of political turpitude. An engraving of the "Gerrymander" was made and hawked about the State, which had some effect in annoying the Democratic party.

R	D	D	R	R
R	R	R	D	D
D	R	R	D	R
D	R	D	R	D
R	D	D	D	R
R	R	D	D	R

R. REPUBLICANS D. DEMOCRATS

THIS DIAGRAM AND THE TWO ON THE PAGE OPPOSITE REPRESENT A TERRITORY CONTAINING SIXTEEN REPUBLICANS AND FOURTEEN DEMOCRATS—A TOTAL OF THIRTY VOTERS IN A TERRITORY TO BE APPORTIONED INTO DISTRICTS OF FIVE VOTERS, EACH DISTRICT ELECTING A REPRESENTATIVE

Buckingham was, however, mistaken in at least two details of the affair, for the Act was passed in 1812, a year long famous for unjust redistricting, and the districts were for State Senator, and not for Congressional Representatives. The Act in question was passed by the Legislature of 1811 at its second session, which began in January, 1812. The bill passed the Senate on February 4, the House on February 7, and was signed by Governor Gerry on February 11, 1812.

The gerrymander from which the practice takes its name divided Essex County as shown in the map on page 186.

Mr. John Ward Dean has written in the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register" that he had been told by George G. Smith that the first cut of the gerrymander was made in a shop in which Smith was an apprentice learning the trade of an engraver, and that Smith showed him a cut on his wrist which he had made by his graver slipping when he was doing rough work on the metal cut. The picture appeared in the Boston "Gazette" on March 26, 1812.

A Republican newspaper, commenting upon the picture, remarked that the Federalists had drawn an accurate likeness of themselves, but had misnamed it the Gerrymander when it should have been the Federal Gander, as none but geese would have resorted to such a paltry and foolish expedient.

It will be noticed that the space between the wings and the back or west boundaries of the counties of Andover, Middleton, and Lynnfield forms the outline of the face of a man, ass, or demon, according as one lets his imagination run. Federalists gave the ownership of the face to Governor Gerry.

A large broadside published in 1823 gives a history of the gerrymander of 1812, and, after reciting the selfish and barefaced way in which the Republicans ran in the face of nature's plans, continues:

The Gerry-Mander did not disappoint the expectations of its fond parents. The election of Senators in 1812 took place under the Gerry-Mander law, and the result was that twenty-nine Democratic and only eleven

Federal Senators were chosen. On the same day the Federal candidate for Governor was chosen by a handsome majority; and, what is more remarkable, such was the malignant influence of the animal of which we are giving the history, that it required fewer Democratic votes to choose the twenty-nine Democratic Senators than were actually given to the Federal candidates, of whom only eleven were chosen.

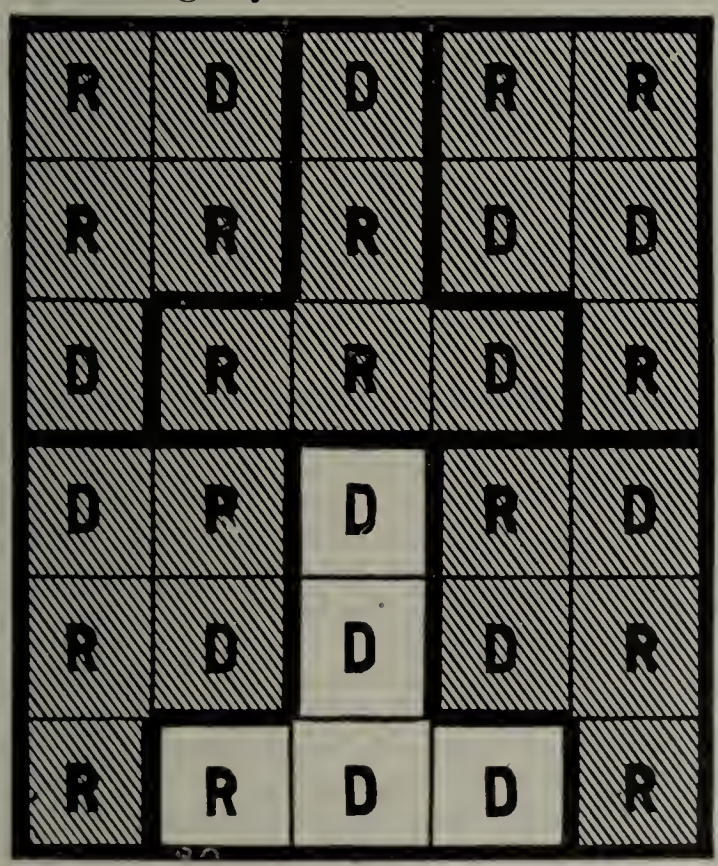
The whole number of votes given for Senators was 101,930, of which 51,766 were given to the Federal candidates, and 50,164 for the Democratic candidates, making a Federal majority of 1,602 votes. Yet the Democratic minority, with the help of the Gerry-Mander, outvoted the Federal majority almost three to one—that is, so as to constitute a Senate of 29 Democratic and 11 Federal members.

In the spring elections of 1813 the Federalists won in the gerrymandered district, and the next day the "Salem Gazette" appeared with a picture of the gerrymander in the form of a skeleton, and said:

We announce in our paper of to-day, we confess with no great regret, the Death of that far-famed and ill-begotten Monster, the Gerry-Mander. This delicate monster has been pining ever since last November, when he terribly strained himself in attempting to swallow one of his parents. But regardless of the consequences of that wicked and injudicious attempt, he yesterday made another most desperate effort to swallow Three of his nearest relations, and immediately expired in the most agonizing struggles—a loud warning to all his relations in this and the neighboring States.

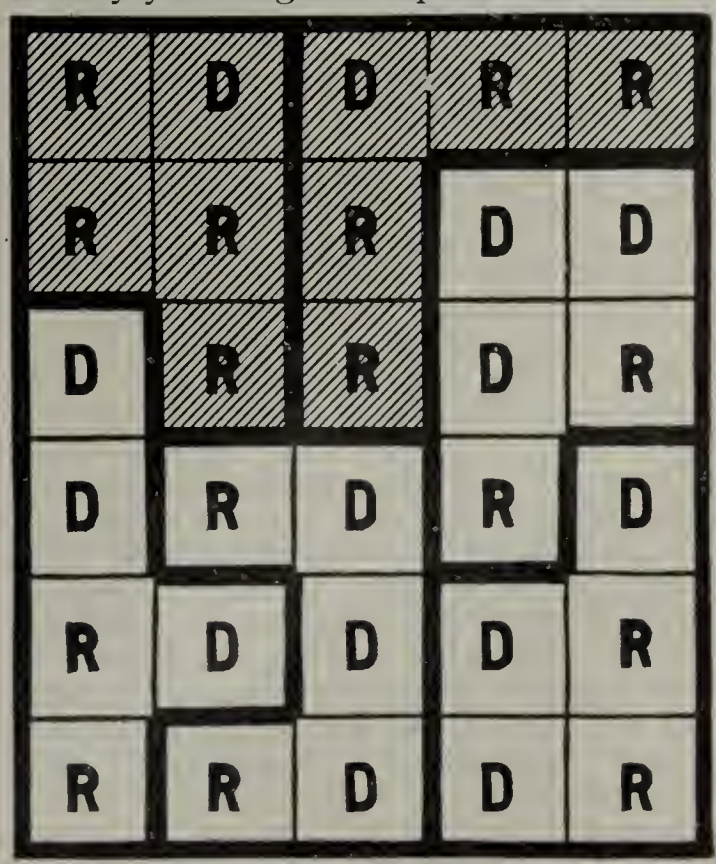
But the gerrymander was not dead. In fact, this nocuous system, this gigantic treason to the spirit of freedom, in which the American people had taken such pride, was just coming into its fullest developopment. It was to deprive the country of the services of many great legislators, who, retired from Congress by the overthrow of their party, were singled out as victims, discriminated against, their suffrage perverted, their majorities overpowered, their district lines made into crazy-quilts by selfish opponents who, wishing to end their careers, worked destruction under the guise of apportionment. Many a good servant of his country has been gerrymandered into retirement, for the system has full play under our demand that the Representative be the servant of the entire country; his tenure of office is put on the will of those gathered in a limited section. The gerrymander was yet to be compared to the rotten boroughs of England, with which it had many points in common. At its height it was to be adopted in European countries, Switzerland and France using it to a considerable extent. Wherever the election district was used one came to expect to find the gerrymander; and while it languished during the "era of good feeling," it was revived with the first rumblings of trouble in the middle twenties, when party lines were being reformed.

Sixty years ago the practice had come



A REPUBLICAN GERRYMANDER

Territory divided into Districts so as to give five Republican Representatives and one Democratic Representative



A DEMOCRATIC GERRYMANDER

Territory divided into Districts so as to give four Democratic and two Republican Representatives

into such disrepute that Congress sought to overcome it by passing a law forcing the State Legislatures to limit the size of districts designed for the election of Federal Representatives. Single-member districts have been established ever since; yet twenty years later a United States Senator in the Senate Chamber announced that in his belief no State had in the past ten years escaped a dishonest apportionment. The contiguous-territory clause was put through at this time too, and a real effort was made to clean up. Yet the gerrymander continued to thrive, though several times public sentiment has overthrown it in certain localities. As for the parties, they are content to let well enough alone, knowing that what one side loses in one district it will make up in another. There was, however, a "squeal" in the celebrated Wisconsin gerrymander of 1891, when the courts went to the defeated side's rescue.

Many a minority has been kept in power for years through the work of an expert gerrymanderer. When the Republicans were through with Ohio after the Census of 1880, a Republican vote was equal to three Democratic votes, but the districts didn't make the State look any more like a crazy-quilt than it does at present. In Indiana in the early nineties the Democrats managed to make one follower of Jefferson stand off five advocates of the Hamiltonian system. South Carolina's counties cut a small figure when "statesmen" were redistricting the State in 1890, when the contiguous-territory law was stretched to the limit. The history of apportionment and redistricting contains many an odd division of Federal voters—spoils, we may say. On this point James Bryce, in the "American Commonwealth," has written this of the gerrymander's results:

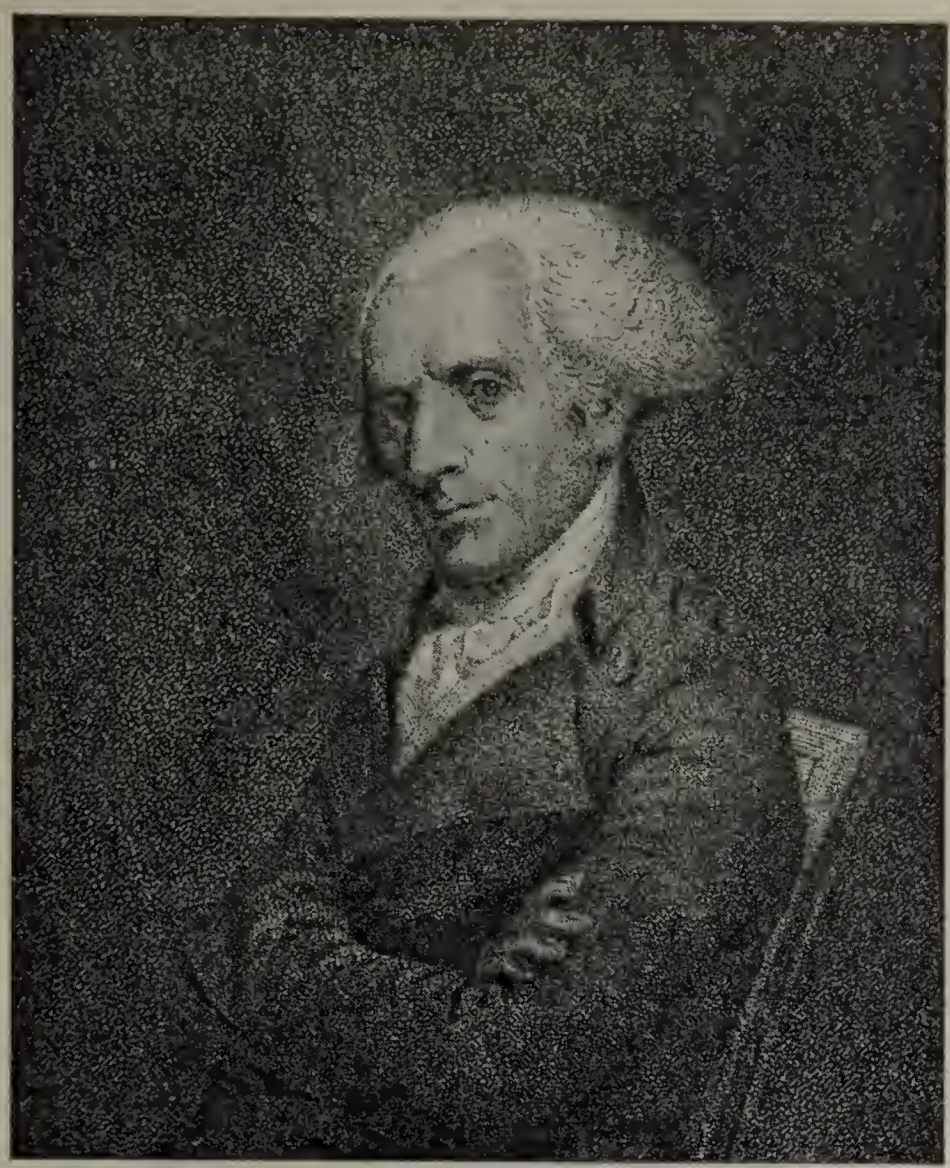
> There is a district in Mississippi (the so-called Shoe-String district) 500 miles long by 40 broad, and another in Pennsylvania resembling a dumb-bell. South Carolina furnishes some beautiful recent examples. And in Missouri a district has been contrived longer, if measured along its windings, than the State itself, into which as large a number as possible of the negro voters have been thrown.

Of course the negro has, since the Civil War, been the live issue in gerrymandering in the South.

Admitting that under the present election system a large minority may not secure a single Representative, though the apportionment has been fair and just, yet it remains that unless nature has distributed the majorities evenly throughout the State we are justified in raising a cry against the note if one side has heavy majorities in a gerrymander. For certain proof we must few districts and the other side light majorities in many. If the population and vote in the various districts differ widely; if county lines are unrecognized, or counties are plainly taken from their natural districts and put in those which distort their geographical position and strain the contiguity law, then we may be certain that the gerrymander has been at work. When, as sometimes happens, we find that a party having a clear majority of the votes of a State has elected a minority of the Representatives by large majorities, we may be certain that that party is grinding its ax to strike back, for its opponents are reaping the fruits of a gerrymander.

No gerrymander, of course, can be made until a party has control of the State Legislature. It has been charged that the Democratic party has been more given to gerrymandering than the Republicans, and that in many cases Republicans had gerrymandered merely to offset Democratic apportionment. The merits of this charge we shall not discuss. We know that neither party has had reason to be proud of its record in handling the suffrage of that much-debated State Ohio. Trouble began in the Civil War when the Republicans overthrew a Democratic apportionment, a matter discussed by James A. Garfield in Congress in 1870 as follows:

> When I was first elected to Congress in 1862, the State of Ohio had a clear Republican majority of about 25,000; but, by the adjustment and distribution of political power in the State, there were fourteen Democratic Representatives upon the floor, and only five Republicans. The State that cast a majority of nearly 25,000 Republican votes was represented in the proportion of one Republican and three Democrats. In the next Congress there was no great political change in the popular vote of Ohio—a change of only 20,000—but the result was that seventeen Republican members were sent here from Ohio, and only two Democrats. We find that only so small a change as 20,000 changed their Representatives in Congress from fourteen



ELBRIDGE GERRY
From the portrait by Vanderlyn

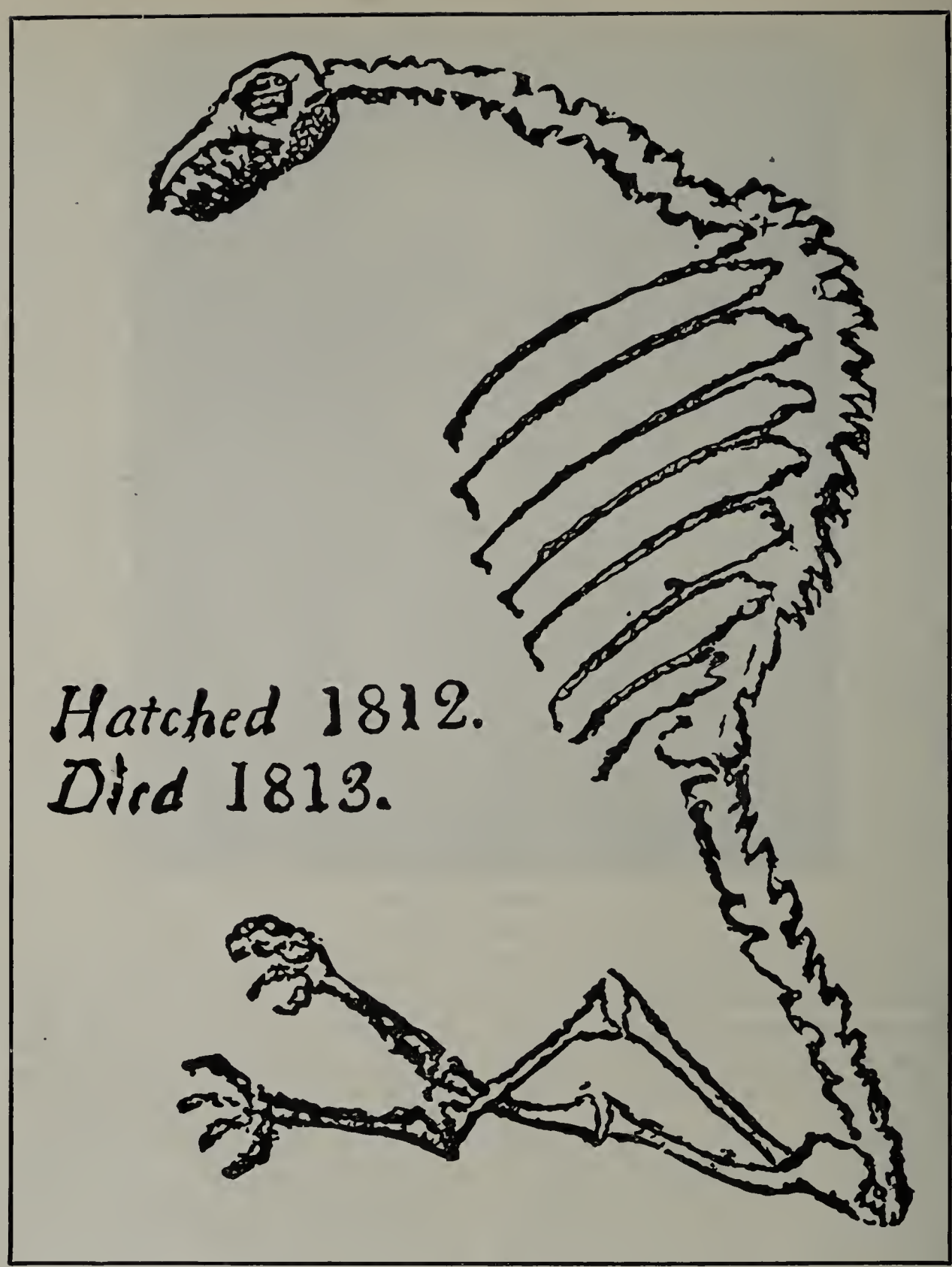
Democrats and five Republicans to seventeen Republicans and two Democrats.

Now, no man, whatever his politics, can justly defend a system that may in theory, and frequently does in practice, produce such results as these.

Ohio remained in the hands of Republicans until 1876. Once in power again, the Democratic party promptly established the district lines to suit itself, and the State, like all others giving close election returns, has since been "worked" for all it is worth. In Indiana, under a Democratic gerrymander in 1888, thirteen districts with a total Republican majority of 5,378 votes returned but three Republican Congressmen. The Republican majorities in the three districts were 9,122, 4,450, and 1,156. The highest majority among the ten Democrats was 3,076, next highest 1,884, and the lowest 20. Such a case as this can be found on many a State election sheet.

This, then, is a brief and somewhat incomplete account of some of the more notorious instances of gerrymandering. It would be impossible in an article of limited scope to give more than the barest outlines. Volumes have been written on the subject. The recent bitter fight in New York State over the apportionment of 1905 has not been touched upon. The apportionment of 1907 is still in the courts. But enough has been set forth to make it plain that the apportionment of Congressional and State Assembly and Senatorial districts should be a matter of the utmost concern to every good citizen, and well worthy patient study. The foregoing account has been limited almost solely to the gerrymandering of Congressional districts, but the evil is equally great in the districting for practically every elective office throughout Nation, State, county, city, town, and ward. The average intelligent voter's ignorance of the subject is amazing. Most "practical politicians" would probably be surprised to know how little the average voter knows about gerrymandering. The practical politician thoroughly understands the business—needless to say.

Two instances may be cited to show how vital the issue of gerrymandering is both at present and in the near future. When Ezra P. Prentice, Chairman of the



THE GERRYMANDER AS IT APPEARED IN THE SALEM "GAZETTE" IN 1813 AFTER THE SPRING ELECTION

New York State Republican Committee, sent out an appeal for funds during the recent campaign, his circular letter contained the following significant words:

> The election is unusually important; . . . the election of the Democratic ticket will enable the Democrats to redistrict the Congressional districts so that for the next ten years twenty-five Congressional districts will probably be Democratic, instead of twelve, as at present; and Democratic success this year will probably give the vote of New York to the Democratic candidate for President in 1912.

In other words, it is taken for granted that the party victorious at the polls will gerrymander the State in its own favor at the earliest possible day.

The newspapers on November 28, 1910, contained the following despatch from Washington:

> Leaving to one side the question as to whether or not States may gerrymander their territory for Congressional districting purposes, independent of limitations by Congress, the Supreme Court of the United States to-day dismissed, for want of jurisdiction, the appeal from an attack on an alleged gerrymander in Kentucky.

What the voter is going to do about gerrymandering is not an easy question to answer. Election districting is an ex-

tremely complex business, in spite of the first impression that it should be a very simple affair. The matter will be before the Legislatures of every State in the Union in 1911. The Nation's political conscience has shown many signs of a reawakening in the past few years. It may be that a widespread protest against gerrymandering will be heard when the legislators juggle with majorities to retain the dominant party's sway in every State. Both of the great parties have been equally guilty in the past, and probably will be in the future. But the wave of political morality which has recently swept the country has been curiously non-partisan for the most part. The weight of public opinion can accomplish and has accomplished marvels in this country, and once let the great bulk of the voters understand how they are cheated out of their votes, and there is likely to be a storm of protest which would put an end at least to the more barefaced cases of gerrymandering, instances of which can be found in almost every State in the Union.

In the past, most apportionment Acts have been passed without any considerable manifestation of public interest. Election districting is a somewhat technical subject, and the average voter has seldom been willing to give the time and study necessary for an understanding of the districting even of his own locality. He leaves it to the politicians, and the politicians have plenty of time and know that it is well worth their while to make an earnest study of majorities in relation to election districts. When their opportunity comes, the result is the gerrymander, and the voter who "hasn't time" has only himself to blame if his vote has been stolen from him.

As in the case of so many ills in our body politic, the most promising remedy would appear to be publicity. If the non-partisan press and organizations working for clean politics would undertake a campaign of education while the apportionment acts are pending in the various State Legislatures, if they would bring before the eyes of the voters maps of the districts, present and proposed, calling attention to obvious examples of gerrymandering and significant majorities—in other words, if the great mass of the intelligent, honest voters could once be made to understand how they are tricked—the legislators would be likely to hesitate long before juggling with the suffrage. Locking the stable door after the horse has escaped is a popular but rather futile form of energy, and the time for action is while the apportionment bills are pending in the State Legislatures and before they become laws. It is well to remember the fruitless results of many long fights in the courts against notorious gerrymanders.

In this Congressional apportionment year I suggest for the consideration of voters the following little political catechism:

How many Representatives did each of the parties elect in my State last autumn?

What was the total vote for Representatives cast by each party in my State?

How many voters of each party did it take to elect a Representative?

Are the borders of the Congressional districts in my State extremely irregular?

What Congressional district do I live in?

Are the borders of my Congressional district extremely irregular?

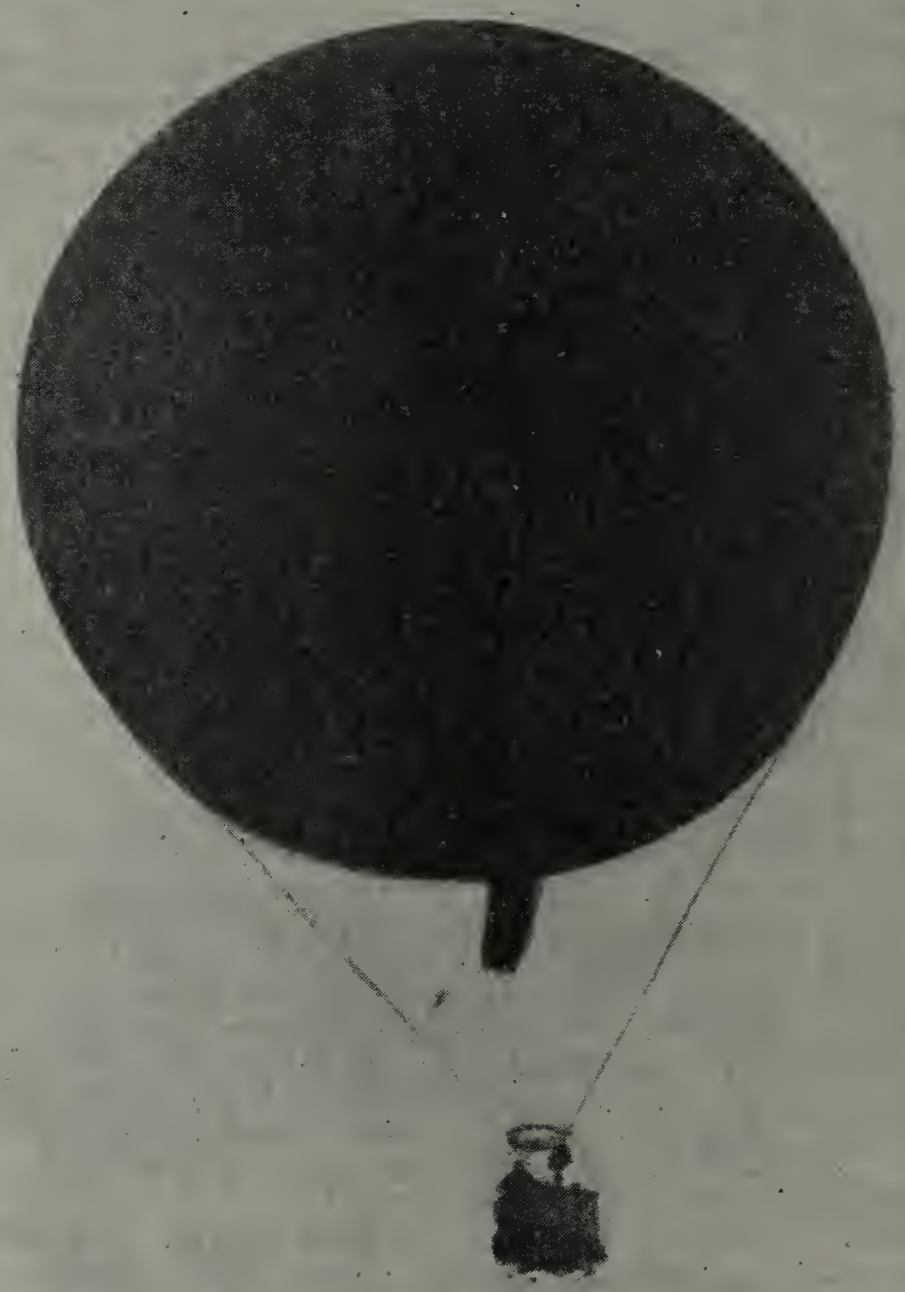
Do I live in a gerrymandered district?

If I live in a gerrymander, what is the State Legislature going to do with my Congressional district in this year's apportionment?

What am I going to do about it?

The election statistics may be obtained in any comprehensive annual almanac for this year; the maps for the entire country are contained in the Congressional Directory. Both statistics and maps for your State and county should be accessible at your party's county headquarters.

The apportioning of the Congressional districts in 1911 is close upon us. If the voters are in a mood to protest, let the State legislators hear from their constituents.



OUR NOISELESS FLIGHT

Through the Air at a Mile a Minute

By H. Percy Shearman

NOVEMBER the nineteenth was the day set for the début into the aerial world of the Williams Aeronautical Society. Aeronaut Leo Stevens had kindly placed at the disposal of the society his eighty-two-thousand cubic foot balloon, the Cleveland, with his services as pilot, for the maiden trip of the club.

The Society was represented in the basket by R. O. Starrett, of New York; K. T. Price, of Chicago; George G. Ernst, of New York, and myself.

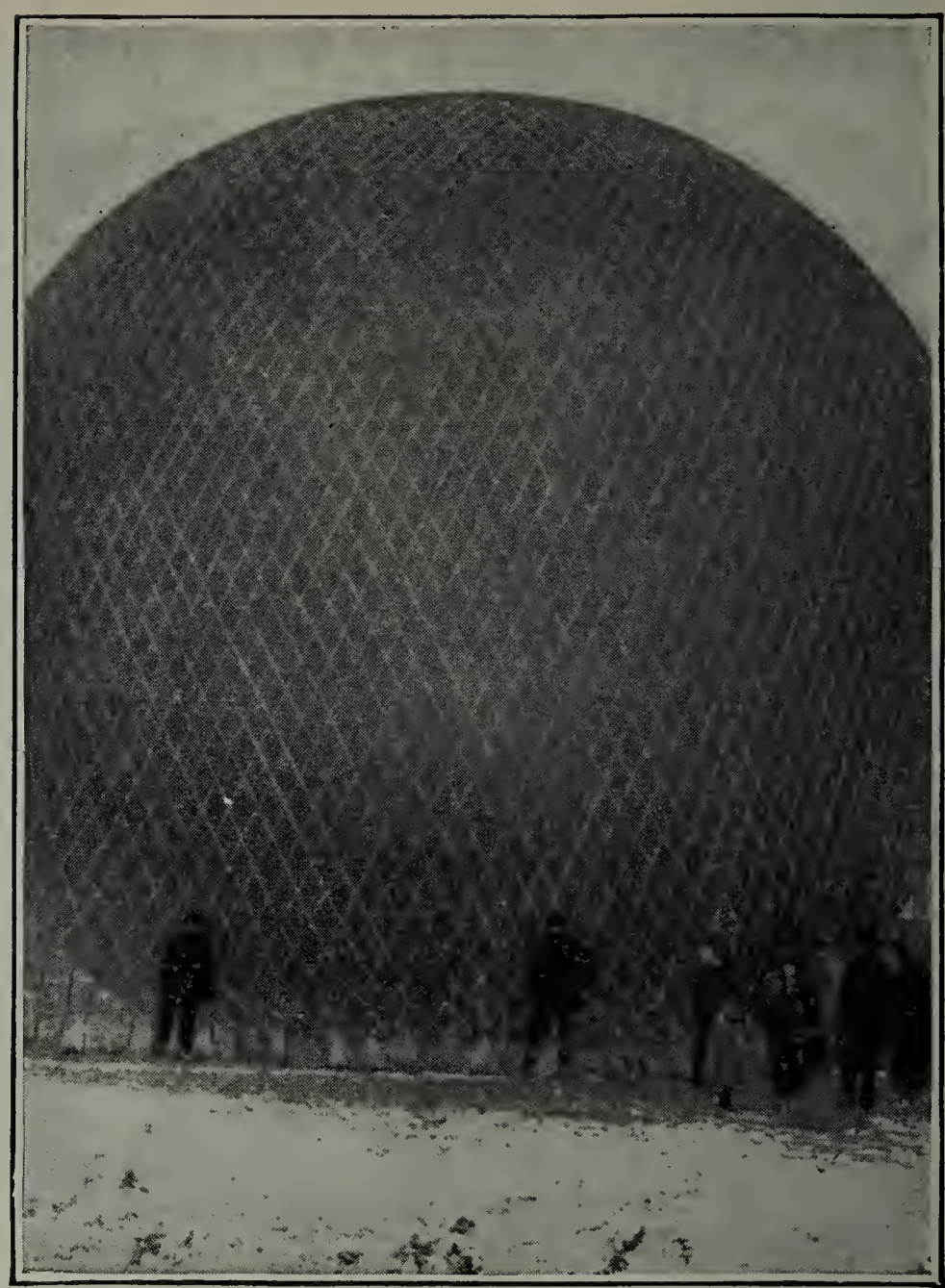
When I sprang out of bed at 6:30 on the eventful morning, I at once made for the window to observe the weather. A strong northwest wind was blowing the snowflakes fast and straight along the main street of North Adams. The hills which lined the valley were completely obscured by heavy snow-clouds. A few factory hands were hurrying to their work with bent heads and turned-up coat collars. It was truly a wild morning for an aerial trip. We had, however, been keenly anticipating this event for the past three weeks, and were determined to go, hail or shine. Fortunately for us, we had a pilot who was as keen for the air as we were, who was game to the backbone, and, more important still, as after events proved, one who had an abundance of experience to draw from in times of emergency.

On arriving at the grounds, where we had laid out the balloon the night before, we saw the gas company's men already at work sweeping the snow off the coverings. At 7:30 the gas was turned on, and the limp, flat mass of linen and silk began to rise from the ground as if suddenly imbued with life. At first nothing but a few blister-like mounds, which gradually filled out to a low, dome-shaped mass, then slowly and silently, as if a living thing growing into being, the huge Cleveland rose from the ground, tugging impatiently at the ring of weighty sand-bags which seemed like an army of grooms holding on to the monster steed till her master was ready to fly with her on her aerial ride. The wind was blowing in strong gusts, and the huge balloon, towering up above us, plunged around like a gigantic bucking broncho as we endeavored to hitch on the car. Luckily we had about a hundred fellows from college to hold her down, or we never would have got away. She gave these men for over an hour a rougher grueling than ever they had experienced on the gridiron. First she would carry them this way and then that, as if they had been so many puppets, throwing them off their feet, sweeping them before the basket like so much chaff, or bowling them over like so many ninepins. One man, knocked down under the basket, was badly trampled before he could be extricated. Collars were torn off, caps trodden under foot, and, in spite of the cold, beads of perspiration stood out on their faces. But, fortunately for us, they held on like grim death till, having adjusted the ballast to a nicety, and waiting for a

A GROUP OF COLLEGE FELLOWS HELD HER DOWN

favorable moment when the huge, swaying sphere was veering to windward, Pilot Stevens gave the word to let go. With a yell from the panting crowd, we shot up, taking a slanting direction as the wind caught us, narrowly missing the chimney of an adjacent house.

Never will I forget the magnificence of the view that burst on my sight as we mounted up; burst is the only word to describe it. One second we were on the ground, the next soaring over the city, with the balloon grounds nothing but a patch beneath us covered with black specks. It was the very suddenness with which we were launched into the upper air that rendered the encircling view beneath us so striking. This vast panorama of house-dotted valley flanked by tier after tier of snow-clad hills, in such striking contrast to the puny views of earth just left behind, literally took my senses by storm. Like one from whose eyes the bandage has suddenly been snatched did I gaze down at the bewilderingly magnificent vista stretched out beneath. The last time I had viewed these Berkshire hills from the basket was on a beautiful evening in June. Then the hills and valleys had been clothed in mossy green. The song of a robin floated up from the leafy depths beneath, accompanied by the merry piping of the frogs engaged in their evening concert. Now all was changed. Not a speck of green was to be seen. The rugged hills and flattened valleys seized in winter's icy grip were now white, interspersed here and there with dark patches of

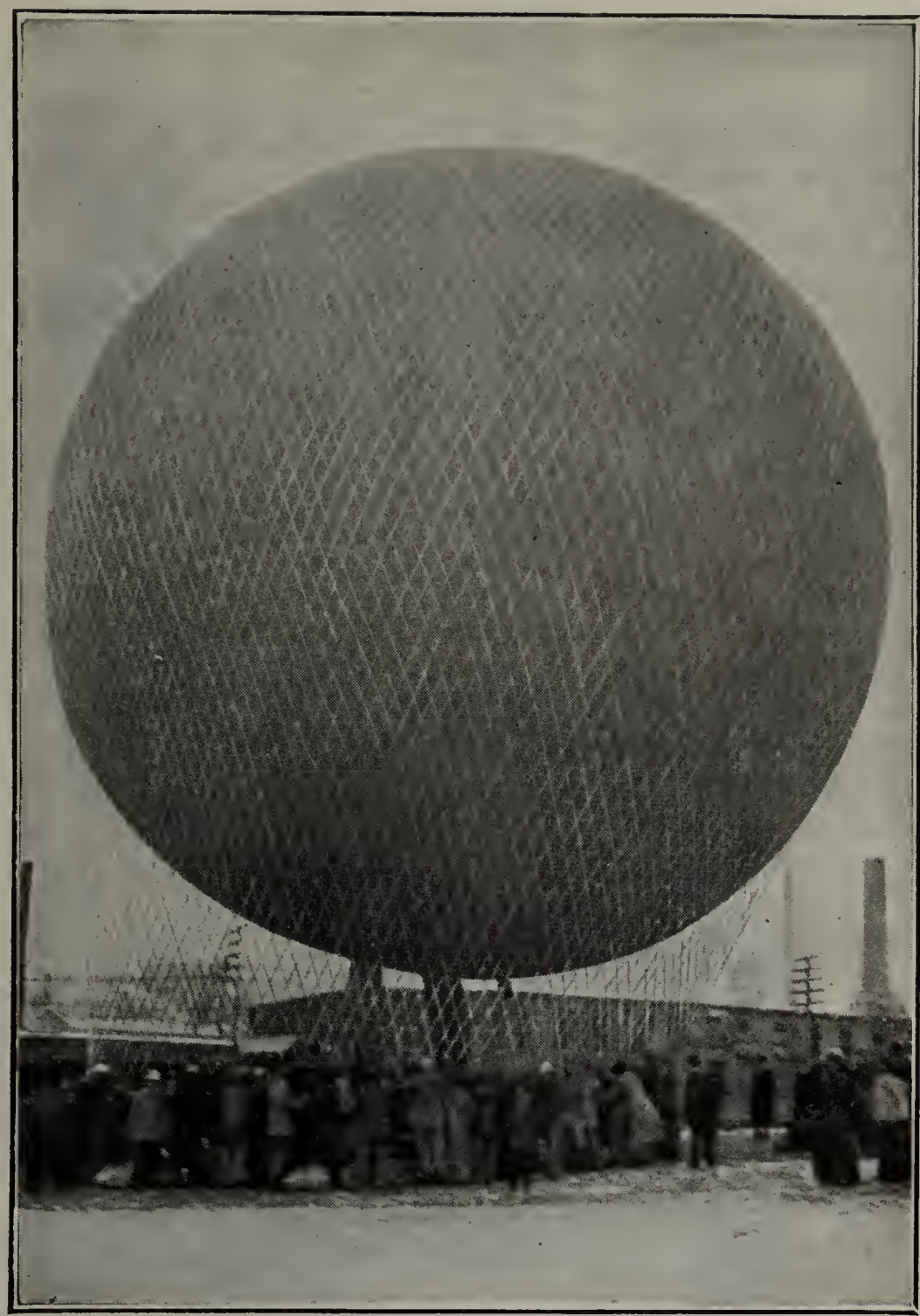


THE MASS BEGAN TO RISE

THE FIRST HALF-HOUR AT THE GAS PLANT

bare woods or jutting rock. Mother Earth had laid aside her summer robes of green and donned her winter furs of snowy ermine. Yet that same touch of the infinite was present.

Suspended ten thousand feet in midair, leaning over the side of the basket, one sees the earth stretched out beneath like a rolling ocean, knowing no limit but that of human vision and seeming to melt into one with the lowering arch of the vaulted heavens. Unless one has actually hung beneath the gas-bag noiselessly floating betwixt heaven and earth, and with his own eyes has striven in vain to fathom the infinite blue of the ether ocean above, and trace that far-away mystical region where earth ends and sky begins, as the historian gazes into the dim ages of the past to distinguish betwixt shadowy tradition and concrete history, he will scarcely be able to conceive the stupendous grandeur of such a scene as we beheld at this moment.

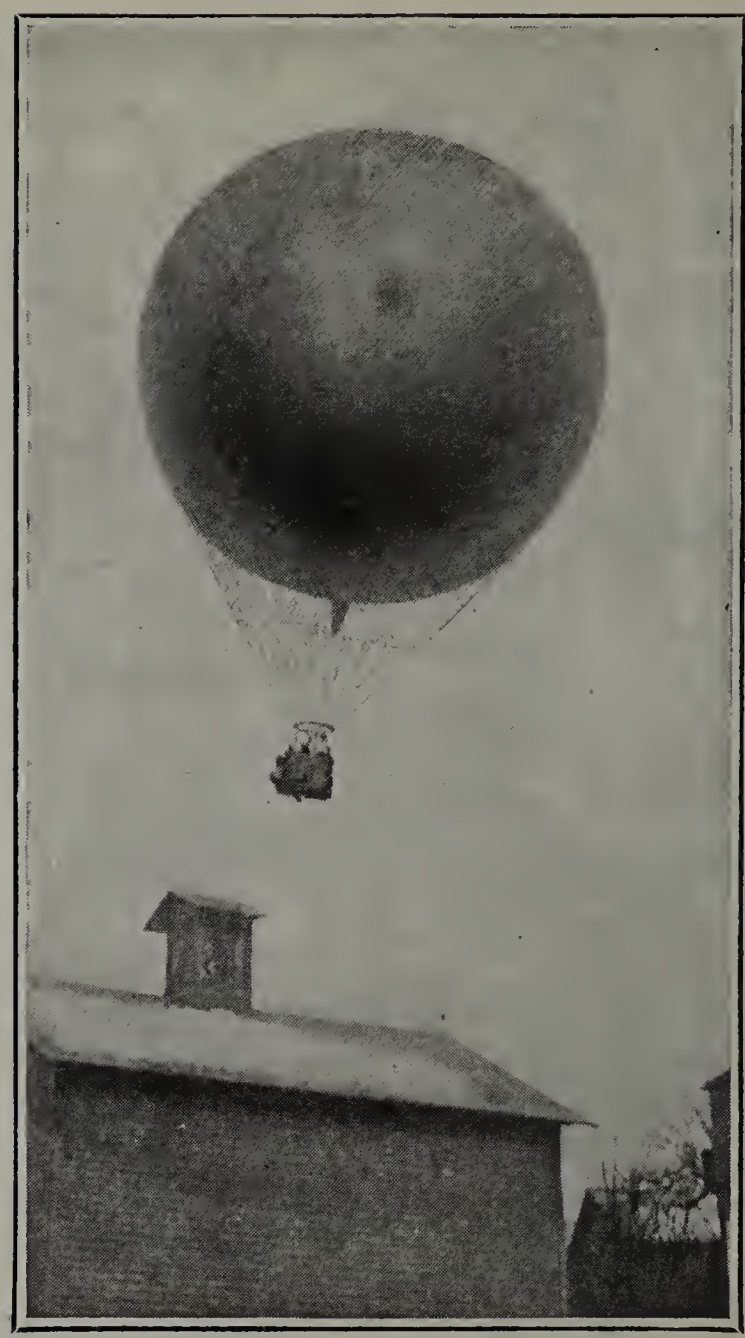


SILENTLY THE MASS GREW INTO BEING

This is one of the things that make ballooning the king of sports. It is an exhilarating sensation to be comfortably ensconced in a large touring car, speeding along over a level stretch of road—granted, of course, an absence of bicycle cops. But to float over the world in a balloon, passing over rivers, valleys, cities, and mountains as if they never existed; to leave the earth behind in the ever-deepening abyss of sheer space; to mount up even into the very midst of the blue of the vaulted heavens, with the clouds spread out beneath, white with reflected light; to have nothing above but the eternal sun, and only the wandering winds as companions; to be taken up thus to the pinnacle of Nature's temple and see her kingdoms stretched out beneath, inspires one with such a feeling of exaltation as is hard for any one not having experienced it to conceive.

But there are other occupations on a balloon trip than contemplating the scenery. We were soon busy with map and compass in charting our course. By means of the compass we got our general direction, southeast, and located our course on the map. We made our "get-away" from North Adams at 10:40 A.M. At 10:55 we sailed over Charlemont with our barograph registering an altitude of 7,500 feet, having covered the distance of twenty-one miles in fifteen minutes, which gave us a mean speed of eighty miles an hour. Before starting Professor Milham, of the Department of Meteorology and

Astronomy at Williams, had estimated the upper air currents to be traveling at 110 miles per hour. Allowing one-third for the slip of the balloon on the air, the upper stratum in which we were sailing must have been going at about 120 miles per hour. At 11:40 we sailed over the Connecticut River at an altitude of 6,400 feet, and were caught by a descending southerly current which carried us down the Connecticut Valley. The river beneath us, reflecting the sun, wound in and out like a silver-colored snake till lost in the distant mist. We passed over Amherst with the barograph recording 5,000 feet. Professor Todd, on seeing us, ran to the observatory, but before he could train a telescope on us we had vanished in the clouds.



THE START

Ahead of us was the Holyoke Range, which runs at right angles across the Connecticut Valley at this point. The low current of air in which we had been traveling straight down the valley was deflected upward by this mountain barrier, and we rose from 2,500 to 7,250 feet, where we regained our old stratum and continued our journey toward the southeast, passing Ware at an altitude of 6,900 feet at 12:38. With a perfect equilibrium and everything going smoothly, we turned our attention to the inner man. Bob Starrett, head of our commissariat department, regaled us with an aviation lunch consisting of biplane sandwiches washed down with balloon rickeys. About this time a huge mass of clouds sailed along a thousand feet beneath us, completely shutting out our view of the earth. Their advancing crests, iridescent with rainbow hues, appeared like the advance guard of an invading army. And there, with every rope distinctly outlined on the white surface of the clouds beneath, surrounded by a rainbow-hued halo, was the shadow of the Cleveland, like some phantom balloon, following us along. The clouds below were speeding in exactly the opposite direction to ours, indicating another stratum of air bound northwest. Later, descending into this current, we were carried nearly fifty miles out of our course, but, regaining the upper stratum, we proceeded in our original direction, southeast.

A balloon is the place *par excellence* to study meteorological phenomena. The existence of these huge air currents, moving at different speeds, in different directions, and of varying temperatures, provides abundance of opportunity for scientific observation. Mr. Price, by means of the barograph and a ventilated thermometer, was able to gather some interesting data concerning the real air temperature and the vertical temperature gradient. The study of the upper air is a most fascinating one. Here is Nature's laboratory, within which she conducts experiments with the fundamental principles of physics on a colossal scale. The man in the street, when gazing up into the clear and apparently still atmosphere, can hardly be aware of the constant change of conditions, due chiefly to temperature variation, that is continuously occurring in the belt of atmosphere surrounding the earth. Yet in reality the upper air is a vast arena of struggling winds and battling air currents.

Convection currents rising from the warmer spots of the earth set the surrounding air into circulation. Here exist in the higher altitudes those immense wind tracts, thousands of miles in extent, some blowing in the same direction year in and year out age after age, others varying with the changing seasons. Wandering cyclones, with their areas of low pressure often a thousand miles in diameter, traverse the upper regions like fabulous monsters seeking their prey. Over the warmer oceans the destructive tornado whirls itself into being, and, lashing itself into a frenzy of fury, rages through its trackless way, leaving a trail of ruin behind it. So-called air-holes, caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere in the center of a whirl formed where two or more swiftly moving currents meet, constitute one of the perils of aerial navigation which it was our lot to encounter.

We were drifting serenely along, with a perfect equilibrium and the barograph recording an altitude of 9,750 feet. Suddenly Pilot Stevens, on examining the statoscope, discovered that we were descending rapidly. Out went a bag of sand, quickly followed by a second. Even this extravagance failed to check our headlong descent. We gained velocity every second. I felt a peculiar buzzing in my ears. At the hurried command of our pilot we lifted eight bags of sand from outside the basket to be ready for instant use. The huge balloon was being whirled around like a feather. The sand, instead of falling, went up. Looking over the edge of the basket, I found we were still falling at a terrific speed, with the ground only a few hundred feet below. Then in a flash we were seized in the grip of the lower wind, which, fortunately for us, was blowing a gale. Down we sped,

ADJUSTING THE SAND-BAG ROPES

THE HUGE BALLOON TOWERING UP ABOVE US

now in a slanting direction towards a forest. Trees flew by underneath us with lightning rapidity. In another second we were crashing through their tops, hanging on to the life ropes inside the basket. Over the forest we went at about sixty miles an hour, banging from tree to tree, smashing branches right and left. For the space of two minutes we were jolted and bumped, with the basket tilted at all angles. Then once again we rose into the upper air almost as rapidly as we had descended a few moments before, and passed over the State line between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, at an altitude of 11,500, the highest attained on the trip.

We were traveling southeast, headed directly for Narragansett Bay, which we could just discern about thirty miles ahead. Soon Providence crept up beneath us. We could plainly distinguish the white dome of the Capitol from the irregular mass of dark specks which constituted the city and its environs.

I was thankful it was now day, for right ahead beneath us were the blue waters and irregular shore line of Narragansett Bay. The wind, too, was veering south, direct for the open sea. With sand almost gone and the sea ahead, it was high time to effect a landing. The country below was thickly wooded and not very favorable for our purpose.

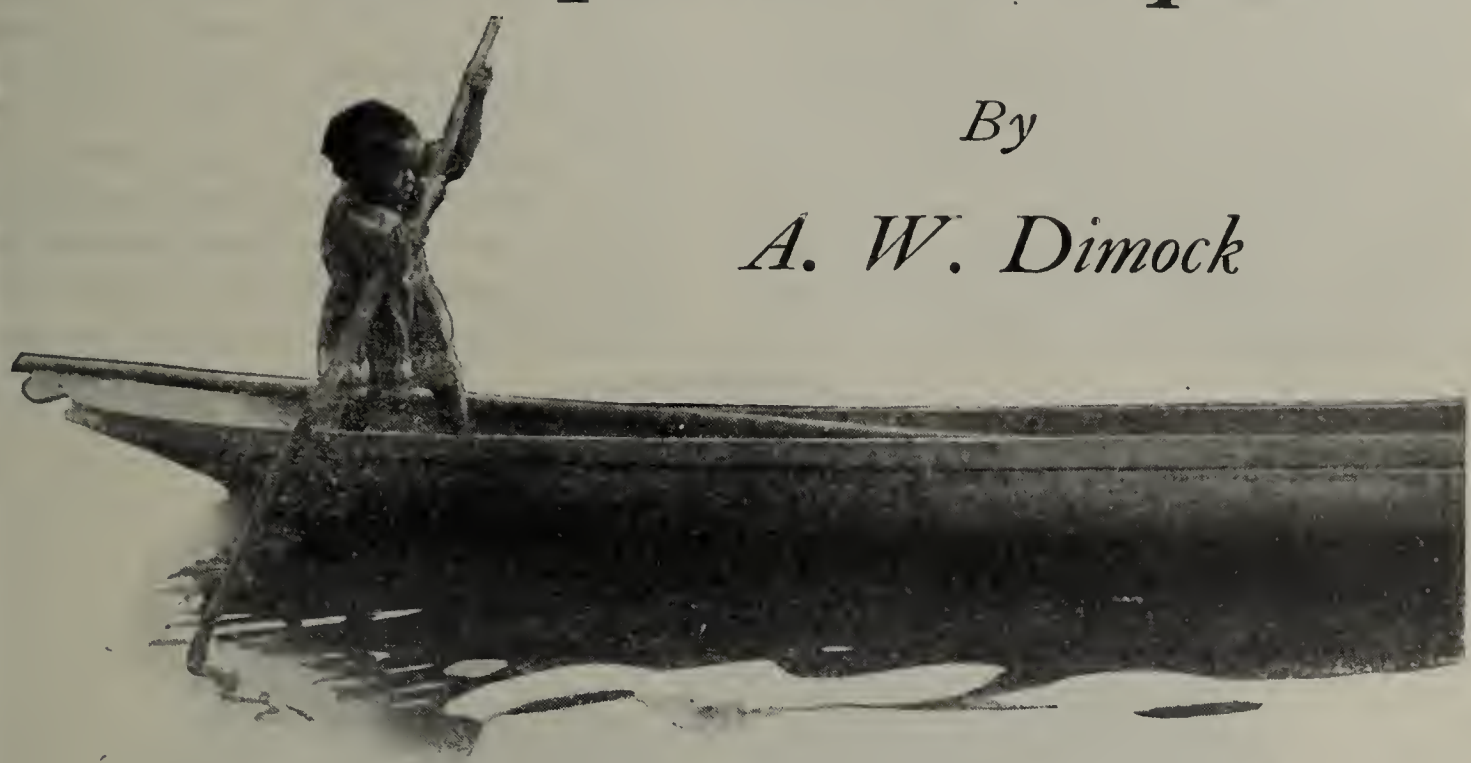
Perhaps the most trying period of a balloon trip is just previous to the downward swoop for landing. When once you begin to descend, things happen fast and there is too much to do to feel nervous. It is just that period of waiting that is apt to get on one's nerves, when, dangling about 10,000 feet in the air, you begin to wonder just how hard you are going to drop through such a giddy space. As Pilot Stevens tightened the valve cord, we heard the huge sphere above heave a sigh as she parted with some of her precious life spirit. Down we swooped like a hawk till within a few hundred feet above the ground. Then I heard the wind roaring ominously through the trees eight hundred feet below, and I knew we were in for a rough landing. We had one hundred men to help us start in a wind not nearly as strong as the one roaring beneath us like some hungry beast of prey; now we hadn't a soul to assist us. Down we came till we were caught by the full force of the surface gale, which swept us over a small lake with our trail rope just dragging the water. For a minute I thought we would land in the lake. Out went the last bag of ballast, followed by our two life-buoys and everything else of weight we could lay hands on. Yet, when we came to the edge of the lake, we were only thirty feet above the ground, traveling forward at fearful speed, with trees streaking by underneath us. Pilot Stevens pulled the rip cord, at the same instant shouting to us to hang on to the ropes. The basket crashed to the ground, ripped half open, filled out like a huge sail in the powerful breeze, dragging us along behind at a fearful speed. I would just as soon have been hooked behind the Empire State Express, with the basket banging over the ties. We were being dropped at about fifty miles an hour over a rough, scrubby, boulder-strewn ground. On we went, our basket smashing down trees and fences and we inside hanging on for dear life. Then came a sickening crash. When I came to, I was lying on my back near a large quartz boulder. The skin was torn from my hands where they had been dragged from the ropes, my head was bleeding freely, and the first thing I did was to bend my body round to be sure my back was still intact. I looked for the balloon, but it was nowhere to be seen. Half dazed, forgetting for a moment that the rip cord had been pulled, I imagined that the balloon, lightened by my being pitched out, had been carried out to sea; for one fearful moment I feared my companions had been carried to their death by my carelessness.

Half frantic, I followed the trail of the dragging basket over a broken barbed-wire fence, across a plowed field, through a stone wall, and then, to my intense delight, I saw the great bag stretched out limp and still on the ground. Leo Stevens first appeared back in my direction, having just discovered that I was missing. All were bruised and shaken, but none was injured. On examining our log, we found that we had covered a distance of 225 miles in 210 minutes, an average speed of a little over a mile a minute.

A Despoiled People

By

A. W. Dimock



With Pictures by Julian A. Dimock

THERE are at bay in the swamps of Florida, the last refuge to which they can retreat, the descendants of that Osceola whose just defiance of the United States was as heroic an act as history records. Among them are those who propose to defend and, if need be, die for their homes.

It is all too pitiful. A sheriff's posse can follow the trail of these possible belligerents to their shacks in the Everglades and shoot them down, at the sacrifice only of the lives of a few of our citizens and—the honor of the Nation.

Business will not be disturbed. The daily journals will give the tragedy about half the space devoted to a balloon ascension. But another chapter of shame will be added to the record of our treatment of the Seminoles.

Less than a century ago the substantial habitations of these people, surrounded by well-tilled fields, extended for two hundred miles across the State of Florida. Then, harried and hunted by our forces under General Jackson, their houses and villages were destroyed and they were driven from their homes. Force proving costly, this simple-minded people was tricked by treaties that one blushes to read. There was an open treaty with chiefs purporting to represent the tribe, and a secret one with chiefs as individuals. Paltry as was the compensation promised by the Government for the surrender of a vast territory, it was never paid. Protests by the Governor of Florida and by Colonel Humphries, the Government's own agent, were ignored. The full text of the infamous treaties may be found in Sprague's "History of the Florida War."

South, and again south, we have pressed these people. We have hunted them through their own swamps and driven them to hide in the grass like rats. We have made the United States their traditional foe, the bogie of childhood and the dread of maturity. The visitor to their camps in the swamps may now confront rifles leveled in the fear that he is an official of the Government.

There are three hundred Seminoles in the Everglades and the Big Cypress Swamp. As our countrymen have crowded them, they have retreated into the swamps from the land to which they hold the first title. They have been driven into the last ditch, and that last ditch is being drained by our people.

No Indian title to the land he occupied

was stronger than that of the Florida Seminole. Yet his alone has been ignored by our Government and people for generations. Now, as he poles his heavy canoe through the bit of wilderness left him, there comes to his ears the whistle of the locomotive which is bringing hordes of land-seekers to his door, and his eyes rest upon big dredges with which the State of Florida is draining away his water domain. His home is being exploited by great companies, and people by tens of thousands are paying millions of dollars for slices of his heritage. Speculators, promoters, and agents wax fat on the sale of his lands. Uncounted families will prosper through cultivating them, and thousands of homes of an alien race will be built on the wreck of his. The Seminole of Florida stands in the path of our people, who covet his land, but we can brush him aside as easily as an automobile can run over a baby.

We have denied all rights of these people and taken their heritage by brute force, without pretense of compensation, in violation of law and defiance of justice. To a wrongful policy, long continued, we are in the way of adding inhumanity. In their shrinking domain these Indians are realizing the condition of Poe's prisoner within iron walls that contracted daily. Already their food is insufficient and famine not impossible. Egret plumes are contraband, and, besides, the birds are nearly extinct. Otters are very, very scarce. White hunters have slaughtered the deer, and little stands between the Seminole and starvation but the few remaining alligators.

"OUR HOST WORE HIS CEREMONIAL COSTUME"

I know a Seminole family of twelve members, eight of whom are children and three women, all dependent for support on the labor of one Indian. Of the eight pickaninnies five are orphans adopted by this redskin humanitarian and supported out of his meager earnings. He follows the trails of alligators through moccasin-infested swamps, kills and skins the reptiles, salts the hides, and carries them a score or two of miles to a trading-post, where they are received at about a dollar each in exchange for food for his family.

Since the Seminoles have been forced

into the Everglades they have built their camps, with pole-supported, palmetto-thatched roofs, on little keys of less than an acre each, with sometimes an adjoining key for a garden. They grow a few guavas and oranges, and raise sugar-cane, and also corn, which they pound in a primitive mortar. They spear conters and shoot gar-fish with blunt arrows. The turtle are baked in the shell, and the rank smell of the gar is roasted out of it in the ashes. The sofkee kettle is kept on tap; it contains an olla-podrida of corn-meal, flour, vegetables, and meat. The big wooden spoon within it is a perennial invitation to the members of the camp and the stranger within its gates to partake at will.

From the fire in the Seminole cooking shack big sticks of wood radiate outward, like the spokes of a wheel from its hub. As more fire is needed these sticks are fed up to the center.

The tribal organization of the Florida Seminoles is loose but efficient. They are divided into a score of camps, in each of which the word of a chief is law. The general policy is dictated by a few of the older chiefs, all of whom are "stand-patters." Sometimes a youth gets out in the world in search of knowledge, but as soon as he becomes interested he is called home. The thought of disobedience of a lawful mandate doesn't seem to occur to the Indian. When the council decrees his death for, say, immorality, he takes no exceptions, pleads no brainstorms, and makes no appeal. He may ask permission to go to town for a day or two, but before starting is particular to inquire the exact hour of his execution, that he may not fail to be present at the ceremony.

"THE LADY OF THE CAMP DISPLAYED HER BRIGHTEST CALICO AND HER BEADS TO THE LAST POUND"

Reserved and shy, with an inherited distrust of the white man, the Seminole guards his home against the intrusion of our people. The Camera-man and I met him years ago on the rivers of the west coast, and his canoe passed ours without his seeing us. He avoided us in the Ten Thousand Islands and turned his face from us in the Everglades. At his hunting camp in the Big Cypress he was civil but silent; at the trader's store he pre-

tended to know no English, and it was only at a moonshiner's camp that he unbent. Then we caught him with his family, gave candy to the pickaninny, and photographed the outfit. We promised him prints, and he accepted our assurances as if he expected them; but when later, at the trader's store, we redeemed our promise, he looked as if he were about to faint. His eyes followed us as if we were freaks, and he said something to the trader which made him laugh. Afterward the man explained to me:

"He says you no lie. Everybody who comes here wants to get a picture of an Indian. They all promise to send him a copy, and usually some tobacco with it; but I never before knew one to keep his promise."

Suddenly the attitude of the Indians toward us changed. They began to understand our English, ate with us when we met in the 'Glades, and were hospitable when we invited ourselves to their camps. It was harder to get on with the squaws, and there were some whose confidence we never could secure. There were camps, too, which we have not been allowed to enter, although their owners have been friendly—at a distance.

A few of the Seminoles can read, write, and keep their simple accounts. At a camp which we were the first white men to visit we saw a little book kept by our host. On a page half filled with memoranda of alligator hides sold and ammunition and supplies bought we found comments on ourselves:

"good frend, all time, come my camp, me no care, stop 3 days, go new york, come see me next time."

"no lie, all rite, get mad easy."

The getting mad referred to was merely a manifestation of indignation at some vile expressions for which our race, and not his, was responsible. We had been in his canoe in the 'Glades when he met and hobnobbed with an alligator-hunter whom we knew. The conversation of the white man was crystallized obscenity, and its vileness was permeating the vocabulary of the Indian. Soon after the hunter had passed on the Seminole asked:

"Where good white man live? He no come here."

When I sought his opinion of the trader at whose store I had first met him, he nodded vigorously:

"Him good *ojus* [much], no lie, no cheat Injun boy, me think so."

I asked how he liked a certain missionary, who was a far better friend to him than the trader, but who lacked the tact with which the latter abounded.

"Him *holowaugus* [no good]. Injun no want white man God. Want Injun God. Mission man talk, talk, talk, Jesus Clist all time."

The Seminole's prejudice against white men becomes positive dislike of missionaries and hatred of Government men. When a mission was established at Immokalee (Home), the Indians fled to the swamp.

A recently established mission is on practical lines. It consists of a hospital, with medical attendance and advice free, a trading store where supplies are sold at cost, and a home where the red man is always welcomed. The Indian needs to be taught our language and our industries, and untaught his superstitions and distrust of his white friends, before he tackles our theologies.

From this little mission flows about the only good influence that reaches the Seminole of the swamps and the 'Glades. When he touches the civilization of the east coast of Florida, he is plied with the strong drink which is poison to his race, but which few people of the wild can resist. On the western borders of his habitat he finds white hunters slaughtering the deer, killing the alligators, and trapping the otter, which belong by inheritance to him and upon which the support of his family depends.

The Seminole is a good deal of a man, and has preserved much of the dignity of demeanor which his heritage of freedom gave him. While camping with one of them in the Big Cypress a negro refugee from the swamp came to our fire. He was hungry, and I made up a parcel of grits, bacon, and coffee for the poor fellow, whose appearance appealed to my sympathies. While I was gathering the stores the negro went out with the Indian to bring in wood for our fire. As they returned I could read the history of their races in the face, form, and bearing of each. The negro slouched along with obsequious

face, furtive glance, and back bent to its burden. The Seminole strode in advance with an erectness of carriage and a mien worthy of, say, the President of the Chemical Bank, although his bare legs—I mean the Indian's—impaired the realism of the illusion.

I was proud of our conquest of one Seminole camp and of winning the good will of its members. Our hospitable host daily swept the tables on which we were to sleep, and, when we left his camp, accompanied us a day's journey in the Everglades to point out the trails we should take. He laid aside all formality, and would turn from grave converse with us to tickle with a feather the toes of a youngster. With the rest of the camp he shook with laughter over a vaudeville performance by a puppy that seized a pig by the tail and rolled over and over in a wild attempt to twist it off. When the squealing young porker had escaped his tormentor by dragging him over the firelogs, the exuberant canine, by way of encore, grabbed a mouthful of feathers from the tail of a belligerent rooster. When a youngster did something that had been forbidden, his father started for the boy with wrath in his eye and a stick in his hand. The youth darted from the camp and ran through the shallow water splashing like a frightened duck. He hid in the swamp for an an hour or two, and when he returned with shy, sidelong glances our host behaved like a Christian father and pretended to have forgotten the act of disobedience. At first the pickaninnies of the camp were wild as a brood of young partridges, but they yielded to the example of their elders and our own advances, and we soon became quite chummy. They were a busy, useful, and merry lot of tots. A three-year-old baby trimmed a canoe as if he had been born in it, while poling it like a veteran. A girl of six mothered a child of two and took the infant with her in the canoe, which she poled a hundred yards out in the 'Glades to fill pails with water for the camp. Daily the babies were scrubbed by the older ones, who often soaped hands,

"LITTLE STANDS BETWEEN THE SEMINOLE AND STARVATION BUT THE FEW REMAINING ALLIGATORS"

face, and garments indiscriminately; then, wading waist deep, they rolled the youngsters in the water to rinse them.

The Camera-man had troubles of his own, for the native American, like a woman of Vanity Fair, wants to face the camera in full regalia. From the feathers in his turban to the shoes on his feet our host wore his ceremonial costume, while the lady of the camp displayed her brightest calico and her beads to the last pound.

When our host was in his mellowest mood, I ventured to speak of the good will of our people toward his. Unwarned by his ominous silence, I talked of the missions, and even said a good word for the Government and its work in the West. I would better have kept silent, for I brought stern lines to his face and filled his mind with thoughts of the wrongs his people had suffered from mine. I tried to come back to a lighter theme, but the day had been spoiled.

The Seminoles are physically and morally clean, of boundless hospitality and kindly nature. Yet unless action be soon taken it will be too late for our Government to escape the infamy of crushing this helpless people to whom its obligations are peculiarly sacred.

The United States constituted itself the guardian of the uncivilized peoples within its borders. Its Indian Department possesses unlimited means, immense equipment, and wide experience. It is not to its credit that it has so long delayed considering the condition of the Florida Seminole. It should not be impossible to find agents of sufficient sense and sensitiveness to convince these wronged and justly suspicious wards of the Nation of the present kindly feeling and just disposition of our people toward them.

It is too late to remedy the injustice of the past. But the Florida Seminole's fear of being driven from his home should be dispelled forever. He loves that home. When, recently, emissaries came to these Indians from the long-ago deported branch of their tribe, they brought invitation to their Florida brothers to join them in the West.

The Seminole would be satisfied with a little of the inheritance that belongs to him, a portion so small as to be of negligible value to us. An Indian Reservation three townships wide and twelve long, running from Boat Landing, would probably be sufficient. This tract of eighteen by seventy-two miles includes a little unused prairie land, some of the Big Cypress Swamp, a small section of the Everglades, a bit of mangrove swamp, and part of the shallow lagoon called White Water Bay. It has no important stream, does not touch the coast line, and if it includes a habitation other than Indian I do not recall it, and I have been familiar with the country for many years.

Its boundaries should be sternly guarded against the uninvited white hunter, tourist, or trader. Whisky ought to be kept out even at the cost of hanging a few dealers, "to encourage the others."

"HE POLES HIS HEAVY CANOE THROUGH THE BIT OF WILDERNESS LEFT HIM"

The Forest Fire Problem

By William Davenport Hulbert

LAST summer, in the height of the fire season, our Uncle Samuel noticed that certain lumbermen were cutting timber on a tract of land that lies within the boundaries of a certain National forest in the Cascade Mountains. The land belonged to them, they having purchased it before the reserve was established, and of course a man may do as he pleases with his own. But our Uncle Samuel didn't like it at all, and he said so. There had been no rain for several weeks, and in the ordinary course of events on the Pacific Coast he did not expect any for several weeks to come. Everything was very dry, and the needles, twigs, and branches of the felled trees were turning to tinder as fast as they came down. The lumbermen's donkey-engines were throwing sparks like so many Roman candles, the logging locomotives were doing the same, and the loggers themselves were smoking their pipes and probably handling matches with more or less carelessness, after the manner of men in general. And the worst of it was that all this was being done at the foot of a timbered slope which belonged to Uncle Sam himself. If a fire once started in those new slashings, it was pretty sure to sweep the whole mountainside and take everything in sight. Therefore our uncle was much disturbed, and he suggested to the lumbermen that they should suspend operations till the arrival of the first rains. But the lumbermen couldn't see it that way. They were making money, and they wanted to keep right on making it. They refused our relative's request, and he, much to his regret, was not in a position to insist.

Then, one day, there came a high wind from the east. Now an east wind on the Pacific Coast is a very different thing from an east wind on the Atlantic. In New York or Philadelphia it means general humidity. In the Cascades the prevailing breezes are from the west and bring more or less dampness from the ocean, but when an east wind does come —and especially when it comes in summer—it is as dry as a bone, for it blows from that vast arid and semi-arid region where the Great American Desert was wont to have its haunts before it shared the fate of the passenger pigeon and was completely exterminated. All this would

be unimportant if it were not for the fact that the fine needles which form the foliage of a coniferous forest are very susceptible to atmospheric moisture. A heavy dew fairly saturates them, and a very slight increase in the humidity of the air renders them much less inflammable. On the other hand, they dry out almost instantly in direct sunshine or under the touch of a parching breeze. An east wind, therefore, acts on a Cascade forest fire very much as the hot blast does on an iron furnace, or as a brand-new battery acts on a gasoline engine. There is something doing immediately it puts in an appearance. But that was not all. This National forest lies mainly on the western side of the Cascades, but, like all other great ranges, the Cascades are very irregular and have many outlying peaks and slopes that face in all directions. It so happened that the particular slope which was worrying our Uncle Samuel looked toward the east. The wind, therefore, was not only hot and dry, but it was blowing from the new slashings straight up the mountain-side toward Uncle Sam's own woods. And about four o'clock in the afternoon, when that wind had had several hours in which to lick every last trace of moisture out of the tangled brush, the slashings took fire. By half-past seven, when the first telephone message reached the Forest Supervisor, the flames had swept a thousand acres, much of it heavily timbered.

The Supervisor's office was eighty miles away, but he was on the spot the next day with a hundred men, well armed with shovels and other weapons. The lumber company had already set another hundred at work, and twenty-five more arrived the following morning. The east wind had nearly, though not quite, blown itself out, and just at present the fire was not spreading nearly as rapidly as at first. The indications were that there would be a day or two of calm weather, followed by a west wind of more or less strength, and when that west wind arrived the flames would cease their westward progress entirely and begin to travel toward the east, where there was a large body of fine green timber which must be saved if possible. In fact, they had already made a start in that direction by running up a long, steep slope on the eastern side of the valley where the lumbermen had been working. So the Supervisor, after looking the ground over, divided his force into two main bodies and sent one of them to the fire's northeastern front and the other to the southeastern, with instructions to work toward each other. It takes brains and experience to fight a forest fire effectively. Shovels and water and dynamite are all very well as far as they go, but they alone are not enough.

The men sent to the northeastern border found the fire burning in isolated spots, without any continuous front, and spreading very slowly. Probably this was due in part to the fact that the ground was fifteen hundred to two thousand feet higher than where the trouble began, and at such altitudes the dews are heavier than on the lower levels. A forest fire differs from President Lincoln's gunboats in that it cannot navigate freely where the ground is a little damp. These small burning areas were attacked with the shovels, and dirt was thrown on the flames until they were smothered. They were easy. Besides them, however, there were a great many tall "stubs" or "snags," which were doing more or less damage—dead trees, standing as erect as ever, but almost bare of bark and branches, and thoroughly dried out by years of exposure to the sun and wind. These infernal machines are much more common in the Northwestern forests than in the Eastern, and are not infrequently two hundred feet or more in height. When a fire reaches the foot of one of them, it goes straight to the top and throws out sparks and cinders, which are carried far and wide to start fresh trouble in unexpected places. Except the wind they are the worst enemies that the fire-fighter has to contend with. For a time they called for very careful watching, but many of them fell within the next day or two, and as fast as they came down they were extinguished.

The men on the southeast had a somewhat different proposition on their hands. Here the fire was not so scattered, but was advancing with a front that was fairly continuous, though crooked and irregular. It was moving more rapidly, too, for the ground was lower and drier than toward the north. There was little chance of

A RANGER PUTTING OUT A GROUND FIRE WITH A WET BLANKET

"THESE SMALL BURNING AREAS WERE ATTACKED WITH THE SHOVELS

disposing of it by direct attack, and it seemed wiser to place some impassable obstacle in its way and let it burn itself out. So instead of throwing dirt upon it they cleared a "fire-line" along its front, scraping away everything that was inflammable and leaving only the fire-proof mineral soil. Within the next two or three days this line was extended northward into the region where the first company was at work, and then, before the west wind arrived, there came an unexpected piece of good fortune—a very slight fall of rain. It wasn't much. To the uninitiated it might have been too small to amount to anything. But it made a wonderful difference, and the supervisor immediately began paying off his men, keeping only enough to patrol the worst places, where the ground fires were still smoldering and a few stubs still making threats.

Then Uncle Sam sat down to count the cost. The actual expenses of fire-fighting had been about twenty-five hundred dollars, most of which had fallen on him, though the lumber company paid a part. He and the company had each lost about seven million feet of timber. Uncle Sam's was so situated that it would not have been salable for some time to come, and the valuation that he placed upon it was very low, but the company's was being cut into saw-logs when the fire took it, and its immediate value was much higher. Uncle Sam had also lost several hundred acres of very young trees which would have been good for nothing for many years, but which, if they had lived, would in the course of time

AND DIRT WAS THROWN ON THE FLAMES UNTIL THEY WERE SMOTHERED"

have become merchantable timber. The immediate loss to all parties concerned he estimated as between eighteen and twenty thousand dollars. The ultimate loss, including the increase which would undoubtedly have taken place in the value of his burned timber, cannot be estimated at present, but will certainly be much higher.

And there need never have been any fire at all if the lumbermen had been willing to drop their work for a few weeks in the height of the summer.

The men of the Forest Service are often asked whether it is possible to do away entirely with forest fires. The answer is very simple. Forest fires cannot be entirely done away with, any more than city fires or any other kind, but they can be kept down to a minimum, both in number and destructiveness.

Forty-seven fires took place in and near this particular National forest during the season of 1910. Not all of them were actually inside its boundaries, but those that were not were near enough to endanger it, and the forest officials and employees took part in extinguishing them. The origin of seven of these fires is unknown. Probably some of them might have been prevented—possibly some could not. But we do know how the other forty started, and the subject is one worthy of a little attention.

To begin with, only four originated on Government property. All the rest started on privately owned lands, either inside the boundaries or just outside. This, of course, was mainly because Uncle Sam's lands are at present almost uninhabited and his timber practically untouched.

Things will be different when he begins cutting his trees or letting somebody else cut them.

Twenty fires started along the lines of the railways that cross the forest. Most of these were undoubtedly kindled by sparks from passing locomotives, and many, if not all, might have been prevented by equipping the engines with efficient spark-arresters or by the use of petroleum as fuel. The biggest fire of the twenty spread from a heap of old snow-shed timbers that the railway people burned as rubbish, and might have been avoided by burning them in wet weather instead of dry. To the credit of the company it should be said that it set a large force of men at work to put this fire out, and that, while the fire covered a good deal of ground, it did not destroy much valuable timber.

Four fires were started by donkey-engines in the lumber camps. These also could probably have been prevented by the use of spark-arresters or liquid fuel—or, better and surer, by shutting down during the last few weeks of summer and the first one or two of September. The burning of the tops and branches of the felled trees at times when the woods were wet and there was little danger of starting a general conflagration would undoubtedly have lessened the fire risk somewhat. Until recently the lumbermen have declared that this is too expensive and cannot be done, but of late they seem to be making up their minds that they must do it anyhow, whether they can or not. Ultimately, of course, the consumer will pay the freight if there is any to pay, but burning the brush will not raise the price of lumber as much as burning stumpage.

"THE FIRE BURNING IN ISOLATED SPOTS"

This seems a good place to say that the lumbermen and railway men are not entirely to blame for their slowness in adopting such remedies as these. For instance,

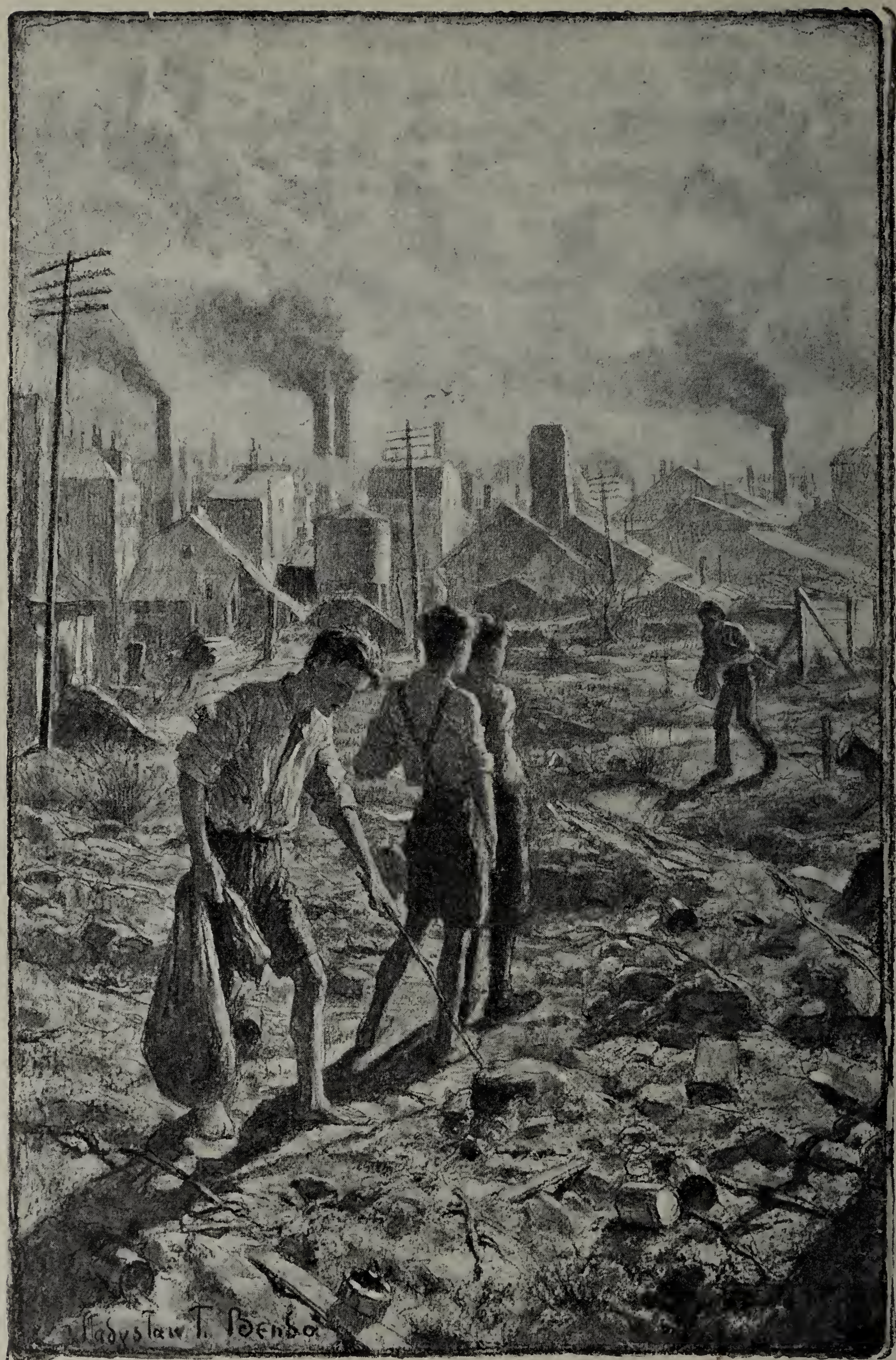
it is difficult to construct a spark-arrester that will really arrest sparks without working more or less loss of power in the engine, and if there is any engine in the world that needs all the power it can raise it is a locomotive hauling trains over the mountain grades in some of the National forests.

One fire spread from a burning brush-pile and was probably started by some settler clearing land. Some of the forest States have passed laws forbidding the burning of brush by ranchers except under permit from the county warden; and though it is difficult to enforce such regulations, it will probably grow easier as settlers come to realize the necessity.

The other fifteen fires were all started by campers. Many people know how to build a camp-fire so that it will not endanger the surrounding forest. Many others do not, or, knowing, do not care. But some of these may learn in the course of time. One morning, not many years ago, a forest ranger on patrol duty came upon a camp that had evidently been deserted only a few minutes before. A fire had been built at the foot of a tall stub, had run to the top, and was throwing sparks into the woods around it. Fortunately, the stub stood on the bank of a stream. The ranger had an ax, and by half an hour's hard work he felled it, dropping it on a bar of bare gravel. Then he put out the fire with water from the creek and went after the campers. They had a long start, but he was a trained woodsman and knew how to walk, and eight miles down the trail he overtook them and charged them with having left their fire burning. At first they tried to deny it, but he insisted that they were guilty, and they finally owned up. They had meant to put it out, they said, but it went up the stub and they could not reach it and did not know what to do. He told them they must go back, fell the stub, and extinguish every last spark. They laughed at him, but he assured them that it was not a subject for merriment. He was an officer of the law, and if they did not obey him he would take them to the nearest settlement and put them in jail. They were four to one, but he overawed them, and they started back up the trail, swearing like the army in Flanders. The day was hot, the miles were long, and they soon grew footsore and weary. As the hours went by their stream of profanity steadily increased. But when at last they mounted a low ridge, looked down on their camping-ground of the night before, and realized that the stub was already felled and the fire out, they took it in dead silence. They were too mad to speak.

The various ways in which the forty-seven fires were extinguished make an interesting story, but too long to give in detail. Twenty-six were put out by the rangers who found them, without assistance and before they had spread far enough to do any harm whatever. Yet any one of these twenty-six, if left to itself, might have started a great conflagration and done inestimable damage. Ten others were a little larger, so that the rangers had to have help, but they, too, were extinguished before they had done any appreciable harm. The remaining eleven were more extensive, but only one of them—the unnecessary one that started in the slashings at the foot of the mountain—succeeded in destroying more than a few hundred dollars' worth of timber. And yet this forest is undermanned and is not equipped as it should be for efficient fire-fighting. In some respects it is more fortunate than others farther inland. Although it was without rain for weeks together, yet the mere presence of the moisture in the atmosphere, brought in from the Pacific by the westerly winds, was a decided protection. But when every allowance has been made for this there is still a chance, at the very least, that if the proper measures could have been taken at the proper time the great fires in Minnesota and Idaho, which a few months ago caused such terrible loss of life and property, might have been prevented entirely or put out before they had done much harm. That those measures have not always been taken is not the fault of the Forest Service, which as yet has never had the financial resources to handle the situation adequately.

There are those who say that it is impossible to put a stop to forest fires and that it does not pay to try. The experience of this Pacific Coast forest in the long, dry summer of 1910 would seem to indicate that it pays most handsomely.



"LIFE ON THE DUMPS WAS GENERALLY A RETURN TO THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST"

Through the Mill

By Al Priddy

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

This story of the life of a mill-boy is an autobiography in the fullest sense. The facts and experiences presented are absolutely true, although imaginary names have been used, and some of the methods of fiction have been followed in the manner of writing. The story will appear in six illustrated installments in Magazine Numbers of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

CHAPTER I

MY tenth birthday was celebrated in northern England, almost within hailing distance of the Irish Sea. Chaddy Ashworth, the grocer's son, helped me eat the birthday cake with the ten raisins on its buttered top.

As old Bill Scrogs was wont to boast, "Hadfield was in the right proper place, it being in the best shire in the Kingdom. Darby-shir [Derbyshire] is where Mr. George Eliot [only he said "Helliot"] got his 'Adam Bede' frum [only he said "Hadam Bede"]. Darby-shir is where Hum-fry Ward [he said "Waard"] placed the 'Hist'ry o' Davvid Grieve.' If that don't top off the glory, it is Darby-shir that has geen to the waarld Florence Nightengale!"

It was in the first of those ten years that I was bereft of my parents and went to live with my Aunt Millie and Uncle Stanwood. They kept a fish and poultry shop on Railway Road, and in this shop, over which a sign announced that "everything in its season" was kept, came ducks, rabbits, watercress, sole, haddock, and all manner of shellfish. There was a weekly exhibition of a gigantic ray, which sat in a low chair with his tail flappers comically curled forward, with a plug hat aslant his beady left eye, and with a pipe prodded in his silly mouth.

My Uncle Stanwood was never intended by nature or ambition to impress the world with the fact of his presence in it. The only occasions when he ever called attention to himself were when he peddled fish and loudly shouted: "Fish alive! Buy them alive! Kill them as you want 'em!" and when he played on his flute. His musical skill was limited to tunes from "Easy Pieces for Learners," and their rendition never brought him more than a perfunctory morsel of applause. His eagerness for an audience, however, led him at night to the smoke-laden parlors of the Blue Sign and the Linnet's Nest, the public-houses, where applause was generally given in the shape of noggins of punch and mugs of hot porter with a red-hot poker dipped in and seasoned with pepper and salt. Uncle Stanwood's will was not impervious to the fumes of these decoctions, and after a concert he generally forgot his flute and I was sent after it the next day, when the barmaid usually tried a note before letting me have it. "Brindin and his flute" was always a phrase brought in whenever a public-house concert was proposed.

My uncle always maintained a neutral attitude to his business. He neither shouted up and down the street, as the butcher did, that *his* was the trade of a gentleman, nor did he ever despise it in so many spoken words. It yielded him a comfortable living, for it was not every house in Hadfield that had a piano or could afford to have enlarged portraits of

the family framed in gilt and hung above the horsehair furniture.

My Aunt Millie was positively positive in every part of her nature. She was positive that "Rule Britannia" should come next after "Nearer, My God, to Thee." She was positive as to the validity of her own ideas. Her will, once made up—and it did not take long brooding for that—was inflexible. She was positive in asserting that "every one of us should know our place in life. It's no use trying to pass off as middle class if you aren't middle class, and why should a middle-classer try to pose as a gentleman?" She was always reciting to me how, when the carriage of a squire swept by, she had always courtesied graciously and humbly. Once she had seen a *real* lord, and the vision had taken her breath away. Her father had been a musical genius, who, like all geniuses, had always been poor. He had been a player on, and a builder of, church organs. He also had made family blacking, family pills (of soap, sugar, and some herb compounded); he had composed music for the local share in a national fête, and on the merit of that my aunt said, "Many and many's the time have gentlemen, *real* gentlemen, driven up to our door just merely to have a look at father!"

Aunt and Uncle suffered from an incompatibility of temper. Not pondering the matter in her heart, my aunt took many opportunities of reminding Uncle that she "had had better chances!"

In these family debates, which generally turned into harangues, my aunt always effectively silenced the weak batteries of my uncle by shooting shafts of allusions, analogies, and similes from the Dickens gallery of types. When my uncle was gloating over the prospect of not taking his wife to Manchester on the next trip, my aunt met him with, "Yes, there you sit, rubbing your slimy hands like Uriah Heep!" When my uncle was contending that the business would pick up in a "day or so" in spite of the apparent "slackness just now," my aunt "ha-ha'd" tauntingly, and then sneered: "Oh, yes, 'it will pick up in a day or so'! I see it! You're just like Micawber, the old sniffer, always waiting for something to turn up!" But it was not long one-sided, for my uncle not only drew from the gallery of Dickens, and thus stole his wife's thunder, but he also fell back on Thackeray. "There you go," he would say, "everlastingly like Becky Sharp, with her lying insinuations!" One day my aunt was "Mrs. Gamp," loving the comforts of life a little too much, and another time my uncle actually included his wife among Mrs. Jarley's wax works!

Nothing delighted my aunt more than occasional visits to the different chemists' shops, where she could get free samples of liver medicines, Beecham's pills, ointments, and herbs. She tried them all on herself even when she had no specific ailment. When I remonstrated with her, urging that one day she would poison herself, she replied: "You see, Al, I sort of enjoy it. Some of the pills are candy-coated and some are peppermint. I just like to try them out, and, when I find one that really does me good, I buy it the next time I am ill!" In her own way my aunt was benevolently inclined. She was always sitting up with the sick and leaving Uncle to shift for himself. She kept an old clock on hand purposely for the town-crier, a shiftless man, to mend. The clock never ticked five minutes after the old man had tinkered with it, but my aunt used it as an excuse to give the man a penny. She once employed this bellman to paint some panel pictures on the chamber doors. When the work was done, my aunt asked him why, in every picture, the cows stood up to their knees in water. The old man replied that he had never learned to paint "'oofs," so he always stuck the cattle into water!

At the ivy-clothed school which I attended, in addition to the usual studies, we boys were taught knitting, plain sewing, darning, and crotcheting. On the way from school in the spring and summer we always stopped before a high brick wall over which one branch of a crab-apple tree wavered. On that branch flourished the only apple I ever saw grow in England. We watched it develop from a white blossom splashed with crimson into a green knot, and from the green knot into a blushing, shiny, mature fruit. Never did we hurl stick or stone at it. It was too sacred and wonderful in our eyes for that. On Saturday mornings, when I had daubed red and blue stone over the

"I SETTLED MYSELF IN THE COMPARTMENT, WONDERING WHY MY AUNT WAS CRYING, AND COUNTING THE PENNIES IN MY POCKET, WITH WHICH I INTENDED TO BUY SOME ORANGES IN LIVERPOOL"

kitchen hearth and sprinkled sand over the kitchen floor, I went out to greet the Scotch bagpiper, who, with his wheezy pibroch puffed out like a roasted Christmas goose, walked so sedately down the street that the feather in his bonnet hardly quivered. There were Sunday-school walks, when we paraded down Railway Road to the music of a band; there were Sunday-school treats, when we played cricket, ran, jumped, and frolicked, and feasted on currant buns and coffee. There were several weeks a year spent at Clethorpes, a watering-place, where I made castles of the pebbles and waded into shallow water after cockles in the sand. There were merry larks at Glossop fair, where "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Dick Whittington and His Cat" were acted under a tent, before which, on gigantic canvases, were depicted lurid giants, a princely youth in tights, and a monstrous mewing cat, against which a noisy showman tapped with a long whip-handle as he shouted; "'Ere you are, good people. All the scenes of your childhood on view. The real and original 'Jack and the Beanstalk' and 'Dick Whittington and His Cat, Lord Mayor o' Lunnon!' Grown-ups a penny, childer half price! 'Ere you are!"

My tenth birthday marked the end of my boyish, merry play life. Across its threshold I was to meet with, and grip, the calloused hand of Labor. Not the labor which merely keeps a healthy lad out of mischief and inculcates habits of thrift, but the more forbidding form of it; the labor from which even strong men cringe in fear, the labor from which men often seek escape by self-inflicted death, the labor of tears, of sweat, of pitiless autocracy—the labor of necessity! The necessity which is not induced by reasonable and excusable circumstances, nor the result of a merely mistaken judgment of events, such as comes to the family betrayed through overconfidence in friends' advice; but the necessity which has its root in carelessness, squandering, drunkenness.

For in this tenth year what had appeared to be the strong walls of my uncle's house collapsed entirely. The undermining had been unseen, unthought of. In that tenth year the parlors of the Linnet's Nest and the Blue Sign were unusually enticing. They enticed my uncle within when he should have been looking after his fish and poultry "and everything in its season." They enticed the profits from the money drawer. They enticed all the business acumen from my Uncle Stanwood's brain. They enticed what little of family joy had centered around our fender. In its simplest phrase, my uncle had become a confirmed drunkard.

Then for many days our home was filled with bickerings, hiccoughs, and piggish snortings. The temple of man that had been even so imperfectly built was henceforth profaned. The intelligent gleam shone less and less from those gray eyes. The fluent words passed and an incoherent gurgle took their place. Those firm strides which had indicated not a little pride became senile, even childish. There was written over the lintels of our doorway, "Lost, A Man!"

All this was not one hundredth part so momentous to the creditors who clamored around us as it was to Aunt and me. To see that slouching, dull-eyed, slavering creature cross the kitchen threshold and tumble in a limp heap on the sanded floor was a sword-thrust which started deep and unhealing wounds. I, a boy of ten, became the man of the house. We had not changed places at all, for that strange, repulsive, huddled thing was not my uncle. He did not meet the exigencies even of a ten-year-old. I could put myself to bed. That man could not. I could talk sensibly. That man could not. I could take my place behind the counter and wait on customers. That man could not. My uncle was lost indeed.

He came back for several hours a week, but it was not the same uncle we had lost. He came back with a new and discouraging note in his voice. He echoed the language of those who fail. Our gleaming fire no longer licked its tongue over the old stories and merry sayings. That black maw of a fireplace, ghostly with ruby coals, no longer took skyward family prayers. My uncle met us with an ashamed face. He looked furtively at me, just as a guilty man would look on some one he had deeply wronged. His shoulders stooped, as do the shoulders of a man who for the first time carries a heavy burden of shame.

"THE LOWEST STATE WAS REACHED WHEN OUR NAMES WERE PUT ON THE PAUPERS' LIST BY THE PARISH CLERK, AND EVERY MONDAY THEREAFTER I HAD TO STAND IN LINE WITH THE TOWN PAUPERS, PASS BEFORE THE PARISH COMMITTEE, AND RECEIVE THE SHILLING DUE US"

But if my uncle tried to retire quietly when he staggered home, my aunt was not prepared to let him. She was determined not to sit quietly while the financial foundations of her house were being dug away. Her anger was more and more unrestrained. Vituperative storms fell with shattering force on my uncle's head during his few sober moments. The vocabulary of invective was very elastic on my aunt's lips. She did not have her word and then stop; but throughout the day, and even into the night, the verbal sparks flew and her sharp sword flashed.

Not only did this send my uncle oftener to the parlors of the Linnet's Nest, just to keep the peace, if not for a reburying of his troubles in noggins and mugs, but it also made the home a doubly mournful place for me. My aunt had a wrong suspicion that I was in league with my uncle and that I was working against her. This was aroused because I was the only one who could handle my uncle during his intoxicated moments. When, for instance, I would draw my uncle away to bed when his wife was hurling forth torrents of irate words, she would snatch my hand away, and not only smite me on the face, but turn her invective against me.

Indeed, my uncle intoxicated was five times more agreeable than was my

sober aunt. All the bulldog of the British roared and yelped in her. If contradicted, she attained to a veritable fury and threw the first thing that came to hand—knife, saucer, or coal. On such occasions so fearful was I that murder would ensue that I would whisper to my uncle to go off to the public-house in the interests of peace.

"Stanwood S. Brindin, Fish and Poultry Dealer, Everything in its Season," no longer could be depended upon to have the fish and poultry or to have everything in its season. Customers could no longer depend upon hearing his cry through the streets, "Fish alive! Buy them alive! Kill them as you want 'em!" Our trade fell away, and the Manchester merchants' bills could not be met. We had to beg credit from the tradesmen on Railway Road. Failure was inevitable.

One spring day in that year my uncle came in the house, sober, and visibly excited. He had borrowed enough money with which to take passage to America. After my aunt had concluded the long, wild, insulting stream of abuse this news aroused, my uncle proved to her that such a course was best. It was best, he said, because in the new country he would be away from the Linnet's Nest and the Blue Sign and their seductions. In the new country he could start some profitable business which would put us on our feet. In the new country it would be like beginning life anew. So lavishly did he spread the winsome colors that it was not long before my aunt was sitting with her arm around his neck and looking into his hopeful eyes with that same hope lighting hers. My uncle continued, that as soon as he had something profitable started he would send for us and take us out of our straitened circumstances.

So completely did my uncle's new plan prevail that in a few days he had arranged to have Aunt and myself conduct the shop as best we could, and we had gone with him up to the station, where, when on the train, he had broken down, had kissed my aunt fervently and tearfully, and had given me his parting word. Then the guard shouted, "Aboard!" and the train clattered from under the shed on its way to Liverpool, leaving my aunt and me dazed at our new loneliness.

CHAPTER II

Once more that apple branch which dangled over the garden wall had a rosy apple bobbing in the air; but I did not see it. My boy friend, Chaddy, told me that he had seen it. Then came the autumn, and he also told me that the apple had been plucked and that the leaves were gone. In all this time not a word had come from my uncle in the United States.

My aunt had done what she could with the shop. That little had just kept us in rent and food, food of a simple kind. There were red herrings and bloaters with which my uncle had stocked the shop. On these we made many and many a meal until the lace-bordered boxes were empty or until the smoked fish had become moldy and withered. Our credit was gone. The grocer, across the road, troubled us by his angry importunities. There were many unpaid bills in Manchester; every post brought demands for settlement. We sold the horse and cart, and out of the proceeds bought some new stock. This I tried to sell in a hand-cart over the same route where, in years past, my uncle had wakened the echoes and made the housewives laugh by his humorous "Fish alive! Buy them alive! Kill them as you want 'em!" But by all such shifts and efforts we could not mend our fortunes; the house of Brindin seemed doomed to fall.

Chilly rain and north winds which whistled dismally past our chimney and sent their echoes down our fireplace made us think of winter. My aunt saw that she was engaged in a losing fight, and, in order not to lose too much by it, she determined to have an auction and settle the debts.

In that corner shop where Uncle had fed the hungry weavers with mussels on the half-shell, in whose windows had grinned so many clownishly attired rays, at whose stall "everything had been sold in its season," stood a crowd larger than had ever gathered within its narrow walls before. There were blood-sucking neighbors, forgetting the demands of true friendship, not thinking of the miserable woman and boy sitting behind the window plants in the next house; vampire neighbors, ready to glut their jaws with our blood. It was one-tenth the price for this and

one-fifteenth the price for that! Something for nothing. Everything for a miserable penny! So the bids came and were accepted. That was the kind of friend we found in our dismal extremity. My poor dog was tied to a lamp-post, the very one from which I had seen the cricket games and looked off to the Cheshire moors, and there before my eyes he went to Chaddy.

When the last of the curious crowd had gone and the shop had passed from our control, there came anxious shopmen for their pay. None stopped to ask us how we would get along. None played the benefactor. And when the last item had been taken from the proceeds of the sale, hardly a shilling was left. We had merely succeeded in settling the honor of our house. We had not put anything in the larder.

The next week, then, the old town-crier came up Railway Road on a Saturday morning when the hearthstones were being sanded and the fenders polished. Before every row of houses he stopped, took his stand in the middle of the street, and loudly clanged his bell. When the aproned housewives stood in their front doorways and were all attention, the old bell-ringer announced in his drawling way: "To be sold at auction this day at two in the afternoon, a piano, several articles of parlor furniture, at the home of Stanwood Brindin. All come if you don't want to stay away-y-y-y-ay!'

Once more the blood-suckers came to get something for nothing. The sale of those items only gave us a mere fraction of their worth. When the bidders had carted away their "bargains," my aunt shut up what had been a pleasant room, and we went to live in the kitchen.

Into the heart of winter were we plunging, no coals in the cellar, only a few shillings in the treasury, no prospects ahead for our solace. We were prisoners of hope, daily expecting to receive the word from America that would deliver us. No word came, however, and speculation about Uncle added one more burden to our overloaded shoulders. Behind that door, which opened very little now to a friendly knock, a real struggle with hunger and pride ensued. Dry bread and unsweetened tea, bread without tea; these were all we could afford. My aunt felt sure that Uncle would not desert us, so she tried to hold fast to the family pride as tightly as she could. Had we said the word, nourishing food, and plenty of it, would have been ours. But my aunt would not say the word.

Finally we came to the middle of December, and there was no coal for the fire; even dry bread had failed. My aunt kept me at home from school, had me chop some herring-boxes into kindling, and sent me down to Dripping Row to sell them at two bundles for a penny. This wood kept us in bread and treacle for about a week, and then we had to make new plans.

This time there was no other solution than to announce our conditions to our friends. When we did, kindly women brought warm dishes and tasty sweetmeats. After a church tea-party baskets of cake and sandwiches were left at our door. Before these potato pies, rabbit stews, dishes of mashed potatoes, and brown meat pies one youngster stood with more excitement than usually attends a presentation from a Christmas tree. It was the first time in my life that I had ever heard my Aunt Millie say in tears, "Aren't we blessed, Al?"

But after the first enthusiasm had passed off, fewer and fewer dishes were brought in. Then we had to gather stale crusts and dip them in thin milk. Still we had no word from America. Yet we never doubted for a moment that word would come. We had such faith in America and such confidence in the promises of Uncle Stanwood. There was no need of going hungry, however, if we would let the town know our circumstances. The lowest state was reached when our names were put on the paupers' list by the parish clerk, and every Monday thereafter I had to stand in line with the town paupers, pass before the parish committee, and receive the shilling due us.

The lowest reach of the tide is the token of its turn. Like the magic wand of story-book fairy, transfusing night into day, hunger into feasting, came a letter from Uncle Stanwood inclosing money to live on and tickets for passage to America!

What are the feelings of our immigrants when the prospect of a home in America

offers itself? Long before we had the boxes packed Aunt Millie and I interpreted life in the light of "the States." There was a tradition in our town—harking back to some citizen who had returned from "the States" for a brief visit—which caused us to believe that the Americans talked in a flat, shrill, nasal tone. With the aid of my companions, therefore, I prepared myself to be able to speak in the same way. The same tradition had left us a half-dozen real Yankee words, among which we boys remembered "candy." Daily I was drilled by the fellows until I could pronounce the word in accomplished "Yankee" fashion, laying particular stress upon the tin-pannish tone which we thought was the acme of American conversation. Coming fresh from such a drill, I used to stand in front of the fireplace, dig my hands deep in my trousers pocket, tip my hat back—an attempt at Yankee swagger—and inflect through my nose, "Saay, Ha'nt, want to buy two cents' wuth of kaandy?"

I can imagine no more perfect fame than the United States had gained in the minds of the men and women of our little English town. The center of human desire, the pivot of worldly wealth, the mirror of a blissful paradise—these were some of the fancies emphasized by our neighbors. Though we were tearing up the family history by the root and were breaking off relationships with church and friends which ran back into the distant centuries, more striking still, though we hardly knew what prospects were waiting for us across the seas, our friends had not a word of pity or regret at our going. The impression prevailed that in America lingers a peculiar magic capable of bringing abundant good fortune to the shabbiest pauper. After the day's packing was done, when aunt and the neighbors who had been helping her were tired, while Mrs. Girion made a hot brew of porter and passed it around, an America was constructed for us rivaling the most extravagant fairy tale Grimm ever told. "Yes," chattered old Scroggs, the town butcher, "they's wunnerful likely things over theer in Hammerica! People just roll in gold. I heers 'at they spends all ther coppers for toffy an' such like morsals. Dunno think o' usin' less than gold—real gold! Load on loads o' it, they saay."

"That's so," put in Maggie, our next-door neighbor. "Everybody has a chance, too. Double wages for little work. All sort of apples and good things to eat. Fine streets, too. Everybody on bicycles; they're so cheap there. They say the sun is always out, too, and not much rain!"

On the street and in the school-yard my maties regarded me with envious affection. I must have mortgaged a small fortune in promises. I would send little Clara Chidwick a fine gold watch, and when her sister Eline cried at this, I vowed to send her a diamond brooch. To Harry Lomick I would ship five bran-new American dollars, and to Jimmy Hedding two cases of American "candy."

Filled with incidents like these, the days of our English life rapidly drew to an end. Ahead of me, tinting my world with rose-color, lay the great city Liverpool, the big ocean ship, the Atlantic Ocean, and—America! The good-bys were given us at the station. The guard shouted, "All aboard!" and I settled myself in the compartment, wondering why my aunt was crying, and counting the pennies in my pocket, with which I intended to buy some oranges in Liverpool.

That night we slept in a cheap hotel, where I recollect eating an uncountable number of hard-boiled eggs. A tram-car carried us to the dock, and before ten o'clock in the morning we were leaning over the side of the ship watching the fluttering handkerchiefs fade as a snow flurry fades. Then the tugs left us alone on the great deep.

Twelve days in a crowded steerage. Twelve days of rough February weather. The voyage is a memory of rice with currants in it, stifling berths, flat drinking-water, dismal evening concerts, fearful shrieks from the fog whistles, and finally the golden band in the distance—Nantasket Beach.

CHAPTER III

On my arrival in America I looked eagerly about for the glint of gold. It certainly was not to be seen on the black pilings of the dock or on the splintered planks of the customs shed. Neither

could the Assay Office have extracted a pinhead of it from the back street we rode through to the crowded station. My uncle did not have gold in his pocket. He had some paper money of very small denomination—so small, in fact, that the customs officers had been reluctant to let us through into his hands, at first.

My Uncle Stanwood had become a mill-worker in America. On our arrival he took us to his boarding-house in New Bedford. This boarding-house was situated in the neighborhood of a colony of drab, dismal houses-all-alike commonly called tenements. On the morning after my arrival in America, before I jumped out of the bed, I speculated about what I should see if I sent the window shades flying upwards. I should not have been surprised if I had seen trees of chrysolites with all the jewels of Aladdin's cave dripping from their boughs, instead of the drab clapboards of drab tenements, with square chimneys and very dirty back steps. But never mind, I was in America, just the same! Chaddy was not!

At the breakfast table my heart welled with romance, and I could hardly eat what was set before me. I never stopped to hear from my uncle about his experiences in the land of freedom; how he had gone into the mill and was still in there and expected to be there many days hence. I wanted to step abroad and explore America, at least as far as the front yard.

"Take care of the American lads," warned my aunt as I made my hasty exit from the dining-room. "Be sure and not meddle with them."

The first American lads I came across wore round caps. Immediately I became self-conscious, for my head was topped by a cap with a visor. I hurried to a sheltered place, slashed off the visor, pulled out the threads, and went forth with a pert swagger, confident that I bore myself like a native born. But my conceit was short lived. Under a railway viaduct I was met by a lad of my own age, who, on seeing me, frowned, and then, grinning broadly within two inches of me, shouted, "'Ello, green'orn! Just come acrost, 'ast?" Whereat, knowing that he was heaping mockery and slander on my nation, I threw caution to the winds, threw my fist in the offending face, and was soon engaged in battle royal. The tussle did not last long, for, keeping up the English tradition, I freely used both feet and hands—a combination that put to naught all the pugilistic skill of my antagonist.

After a few days in the boarding-house Uncle Stanwood finally found a tenement for us, and furnished it. We followed our tin boxes, and Aunt Millie was overjoyed to be in her own kitchen once more, though she missed the fireplace and the stone floor of the old English kitchen.

To adapt ourselves comfortably to American "notions" required many days and much patience. When the produce man laughed at me as I ordered two pounds of potatoes and the yeast-cake man looked at me blankly when I ran out to his gold-decorated cart and ordered a pennyworth of "barm," I almost lost the hope of becoming nationalized, my dearest ambition. Learning to think as the American thinks, we had to discard many customs and tastes made dear to us by generations of use. Aunt Millie did not see how one could make a family baking from a yeast-cake an inch square and a quarter of an inch thick, when she, and her mother, and her mother's mother had always used a generous handful of "barm" for the same amount of bread. To learn how to eat baked beans, to put the emphasis more on dainties like pie, cake, and doughnuts than on potato pie and roasts, and to learn American money and keep straight with the peddlers—these habituations come only by patient adaptation.

On the outside, mixing with the boys and girls on the tenement steps, I found Americanization very easy—outwardly. I conceived it to consist largely in the ability to speak slang, to be pert in the presence of adults, and to hope to become President of the United States if by some chance my birthplace could be changed from England to the United States. I knew that I should not be in line for the full American spirit till I took my place in school. I spoke to my aunt about it. We had been living in America about two months at the time.

"Go to school!" shouted my aunt, incredulously. "What are you bothering me about school for? Education's for gentlemen's sons. You're a poor lad

and must be thinking more about getting into the mill as soon as you can. How are we to pay for all these new things we have in the house and buy coal and wood besides? Seems as if a strong lad like you ought to be out after wood and coal. Mrs. McNulty tells me that her lads get her all she burns, and you ought to do the same. Never you mind about school!"

This conversation was followed by a consultation with Uncle Stanwood, who agreed to furnish me with a new express wagon for my work. Next followed a conference between my aunt and Mrs. McNulty, from which I learned that the McNulty boys, Pat and Tim, were to show me where to pick up wood and coal.

When shall we three meet again? Pat, Tim, and Al? With what generous impulses Pat and Tim hitched their wobbly wagons behind mine and had me pull them over the tar walks! Pat was the leader, and well he knew where a building was being reshingled or where coal was likely to be jolted from the railway cars. Our exploration for coal and wood carried us on dangerous spurs of track in the railway yards, to factory cinder piles just outside the gates in swampy, marshy land, on the streets where cobble pavings or defective crossings shook the coal wagons, and to the city dumping-grounds.

When the rain had poured all night, my aunt would greet me at the table with: "Now, Al, there's been a good rain, and it will have washed off the ashes from the cinders and clinkers, and you had better take a sack and see what you can get." True enough, as black as the seeds in a watermelon, and as numerous, the mill dumps would be covered with half-burnt coals. I never dared go home with a small sack, either. But I did not care to shirk my work, for my aunt always paid me five cents for about a bushel of cinders.

The Charles Street dumping-grounds, those nearest home, were miniature Alps of dusty rubbish, soon to be leveled to fill in a very miry, pestiferous, and stagnant swamp in which slimy bullfrogs gulped, and from which arose ever an overpowering and gassy nauseation from an oozy mud. This odor was twenty times increased, and accompanied by a choking dust of decay, when the loads were dumped from the wagons and our hoes and sticks were tossing every dusty rag into the air in our eagerness for a share in the buried booty. Here was the neighborhood Gehenna in which the Portuguese and Irish and Polish dwellers thereabouts flung all that was filthy, spoiled, and odorous, whether rats from traps, ancient fruit and vegetables, swill, empty cans, and the corpse of a pet animal or bird.

On the hills of ashy filth, up to the knees in it often when it had not been tramped down, a crowd always stood when the dump teams backed up high above the swamp and left their load. There was the Jew who came with his hand-cart to pick junk; there was a Frenchwoman, with her two-year-old, who was there to pick up any article of value she could find. There were Portuguese girls and Irish boys, English pickers and American pickers, all waiting to leap upon the heap of rubbish with short-handled clam hoes, pitchforks, sticks, stove pokers, and fingers. "Git on yer own side, will yer, or I'll give yer a punch in the plexus!" Tim used to scream at the venerable bearded Israelite who was after rags and bones and bottles. "Say, Geeser," Pat's commanding voice would come from the opposite side of the dump, "hand over to yer uncle that copper-bottom boiler or I'll smash yer phiz in!"

Plates and saucers, cups, tinware, bedclothes, footwear, nursing bottles and nipples, bottles containing settlings of blacking, cod liver oil, extracts, antiseptics, cordials, tonics, and all manner of emulsions and patent medicines, were seized in triumph and taken home in glee, and no doubt used in faith. There is little philosophy in poverty, and questions of sanitation and prudence come in the stage beyond it.

Life on the dumps was generally a return to the survival of the fittest. Tim's little fists were able to defend his rights against many a big bully three times heavier and twice older, for Tim was a fighter indeed. Pat and I were less skilled, but we never allowed ourselves to be imposed upon except when "Wallop" Smitz brought his crowd; then we were driven from the dump minus all the cinders we had picked, and often with our wagons much battered.

(To be continued in the Magazine Number for March)

Big Battles Against Disease

The Conquest of Germs

By Earl Mayo

The second of a series of articles in the preparation of which the author has had the assistance of eminent physicians, surgeons, laboratory workers, and scientific experimenters in the field of medicine and surgery. Other subjects will be: "Typhoid and Tuberculosis: The Public's Responsibility," "The Conservation of the Child," "The Cost of Disease."

ALMOST exactly a generation ago —in the year 1878—a discussion was going on at the Academy of Medicine in Paris on the subject of puerperal fever. This disease was then, and long had been, one of the dreaded scourges of motherhood. It attacked many women after childbirth, and resulted fatally in a vast proportion of cases. In some hospitals from seventy-five to eighty per cent of those who contracted the fever died. Much of the terror with which the women of the poorer classes regarded public lying-in hospitals was due to the great number of deaths from this cause. The disease seemed to move in waves. Sometimes it was necessary to close the maternity wards of hospitals to rid them of it. Physicians themselves, in not infrequent instances, were forced to discontinue attendance at childbirth cases for weeks at a time, because almost every mother they attended was attacked by puerperal fever. Naturally such a baffling malady attracted much attention from the medical profession, and many hypotheses were put forward to account for it.

At this meeting in Paris an elaborate paper dealing with puerperal fever and attempting to explain the causes of its spread in hospitals was being presented by an influential Academician. One of the newer members of the Academy interrupted the lecturer. "None of these things cause the epidemic," he asserted quietly. "It is the nursing and medical staff who carry the microbe from an infected woman to a healthy one." "I fear that microbe never will be found," contemptuously replied the older Academician. Accepting the challenge, his critic, whose name was Louis Pasteur, advanced to a blackboard in the chamber, drew upon it a chalk picture in highly magnified form of the minute organism since made familiar to the medical world as the *Streptococcus*, and pointed it out as the culprit directly responsible for the disease.

Pasteur was not the first man to hold the belief that the physician, traveling from one case of childbirth to another, in some way carried the dreaded childbed fever with him. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, now better remembered for his contributions to literature than as a physician, had advanced the idea, and many other physicians had been so impressed by the same possibility that they changed

their clothing and took other precautions in passing from one case of childbirth to another. What Pasteur did was to make a certainty of this more or less vague surmise by identifying the agency by which the disease was transmitted from one person to another. As a result of this discovery, and of the precautions that have been taken to guard against it, puerperal fever has been changed from a very common to a comparatively infrequent disease, and the greatest single danger connected with motherhood has been removed.

In tracing the advance of modern surgery we noted that its rapid progress began with the investigations of Lister, himself a surgeon of distinction. The great modern advance in medicine, so far at least as what are known as germ diseases are involved, dates back to Pasteur, a man who was not a physician but a chemist, whose investigations were of rare importance in a variety of fields, both in pure and applied science, in medicine, and in industrial pursuits. In fact, the impetus to Lister's experiments which resulted in the antiseptic method of treating bodily wounds and injuries came from previous investigations by Pasteur, so that both in medicine and surgery the inception of the greatest progress that has ever been recorded in curative and preventive measures is due to the famous French scientist.

Although the demonstration of the soundness of the germ theory of disease dates back to the experiments of Pasteur, and therefore is about a generation old, the existence of bacteria has been known for a much longer period. The first observation of these minute organisms was reported two centuries and a quarter ago, but it was not until the time of Pasteur and his contemporaries that the systematic study of them, their habits, the conditions under which they flourish, and the effect upon the bodily tissues of certain members of the family, was undertaken. The result is that within the span of an average lifetime we have learned both the specific causes and the successful methods of combating several diseases before which the practitioner formerly was almost helpless.

It is not surprising that the scientific world should have waited so long for exact knowledge of the connection between various forms of bacteria and certain diseases, in view of the difficulties of isolating and studying organisms so infinitesimally small. To understand how the character and mode of living of various forms of bacteria are learned and utilized in preventing or conquering disease a brief explanation may be helpful. The name bacteria in its Greek derivation means literally "little sticks" or "little rods," and was applied because some of the common forms of bacteria are rod-shaped. Others are round, spherical, and spiral-shaped. Their exceeding smallness may be appreciated from the fact that fifteen hundred of the little rods laid end to end would reach barely across the head of a pin. Most of them are of a pale, translucent appearance, which makes it difficult to define their exact outlines, and in order to observe them to advantage it is usually necessary to stain them with some bright-colored dye. Bacteria are vegetable and not animal parasites, though at first they were supposed to belong to the animal kingdom. There are, however, equally minute animal growths which are responsible for certain diseases. These are called protozoa.

If some one particular form of bacteria were found inhabiting a particular spot, either a portion of the bodily tissues or any other single locality, to the exclusion of all other forms, it would be a relatively simple matter to learn something about them in this habitat. Generally speaking, however, wherever we find germs we find a bewildering variety of them. It is necessary, therefore, to separate them in order to isolate the particular one in which we are interested, and then to propagate a family from this one in some material where they will flourish and where they will be secure from outside interference. For this purpose a gelatine plate is most commonly used. The single germ placed in this transparent gelatine multiplies by the simple process of dividing in half, each of the parts repeating the process progressively, so that it has been computed that a single bacterium will produce sixteen million of its kind in the space of a single day. These families, or colonies, growing at this tremendous rate, may then be examined and tested as to the various requirements of heat, moisture, and food

which they demand in order to do their work.

While there are hundreds of forms of bacteria (or germs, to use the more popular designation), the great majority of these are beneficent, and their work is absolutely necessary to sustain life in the world. A minority are maleficent and seem to be the sworn enemies of man or of some one or more of his fellow-creatures in the animal kingdom. Many kinds of bacteria will not attack living organic matter; others thrive only in such tissue. In studying the cause and cure of bacterial diseases, therefore, it is necessary to eliminate the former and to pay attention only to those germs which are disease-producing, or pathogenic, to give them their medical name.

To determine, out of a multitude of germs, which kind is responsible for a particular disease, several procedures are necessary. The suspected germ must be isolated, cultures must be made from it, and the disease must be produced in healthy tissue by the introduction of these bacteria. Furthermore, it must be shown that no other germ, under similar treatment, will produce the disease. To accomplish this, simple as it is in the telling, requires, first, long and careful research in biological laboratories, and, second, actual tests of the various bacteria upon living organisms. To inject into human beings germs that may produce serious and even fatal disease is not regarded as permissible, unless there is no other possible means of determining the result. Fortunately, such a means is at hand in the existence of numerous animals the bodily structure of which so far resembles that of man that results observed from the action of bacteria in the former apply accurately to the latter. In many cases animals are better adapted to experimental investigations than are men, even if the latter were available. It so happens, therefore, that guinea-pigs, rabbits, cats, dogs, and in a few cases horses and monkeys, have been the means of giving us the knowledge with which to conquer disease. The advances which have been achieved by experiments on animals could not have been made in any other way. In the pre-experimental period, when knowledge of diseases was based solely upon clinical observations, the treatment employed was mainly a treatment of symptoms, while now the method employed strikes directly at the disease itself by overcoming or removing its cause.

In a number of infectious diseases it has been found possible to assist in overcoming the attack or to confer immunity from attack by utilizing the method which the body employs for its own defense. The only way in which diseases of this class are transmitted is by the introduction into the body of the bacteria giving rise to them. Once in the body, these bacteria attack certain organs, interfering with their functions and, if unchecked, ultimately destroying them entirely. Since these infinitely small parasites multiply with tremendous rapidity, it would seem that the logical outcome of every case of a microbic disease must be death. As the attack of the disease-breeding horde increases in violence, however, the body in some mysterious way, probably through the actions of various lymph glands, marshals an opposing force, which in turn attacks the invaders.

If this resisting force is developed with sufficient rapidity, power, and vigor, it finally overcomes the pathogenic bacteria and eliminates the disease. In view of the protective nature of this process, it seems reasonable to suppose that if a mild form of the disease can be induced it will lead to the development of resisting power which will prevent the bacteria from making any headway. Or, if the serum in which has been developed the antitoxin, the force which opposes the toxic (poisonous) effects of the bacteria, be injected into a person in the early stages of the disease, it may act as an antidote to the poison produced by the action of the attacking parasites. The former of these methods is employed in vaccination to prevent smallpox, the latter in the administration of diphtheria antitoxin to overcome diphtheria.

Smallpox was the first contagious disease to be brought under control by this method. In this instance the discovery was due primarily to observation, and not to experiment, although the hypothesis adopted to account for the immunity of certain persons from the disease was

based on the results of a long series of what may be called unconscious experiments on animals and on human beings, and in verifying this hypothesis experiments on both cows and men were used. The story of the discovery of a preventive of smallpox is a somewhat familiar one, but it is worth repeating briefly.

It had long been the belief in dairying communities that persons who contracted cowpox—usually from having cuts or sores on their hands when milking—were rendered immune to smallpox. In 1796 Jenner verified this by inoculating a boy from a cowpox vesicle on the arm of a dairymaid. Afterward the boy was inoculated with the virus of smallpox, but without contracting the disease.

To understand the wonderful decrease in the prevalence of smallpox after the introduction of vaccination, it is necessary to realize the fearful ravages of the disease in the preceding period. It was the worst scourge of the middle centuries. It was as prevalent in most countries as is measles to-day. In the eighteenth century it was estimated that eighty-five per cent or more of the population of European countries were attacked by it at some stage of their lives, and the mortality was especially heavy among children. An authority on the history of the American Indians asserts that fully one-half of the estimated population of twelve millions, or six million persons, were killed by smallpox following its introduction into America.

After the adoption of vaccination a rapid falling off in the number of cases of smallpox and a decided lowering of the rate of mortality were observed. In Sweden, a country in which mortality records were kept, the number of persons dying yearly from smallpox averaged over two thousand to each million of population for the twenty-eight years preceding the adoption of vaccination. For the forty years following its introduction the annual average was one hundred and fifty-eight to each million. Similar results were observed wherever vaccination became general.

At the present time those nations which make vaccination compulsory are free from epidemics of smallpox, although a few cases of the disease are to be found at almost any time in any of the great cities. In countries where this preventive measure is not enforced by law the scourge still strikes down its tens of thousands in its epidemic sweep at frequent intervals. In the five years from 1893 to 1897 there were a little less than 350,000 deaths from smallpox in the sixteen principal countries of Europe. Of these, almost four-fifths were in Russia, while of the remainder six-sevenths were in the countries of southern Europe in which there is no general enforcement of vaccination. In Germany, where vaccination is practically universal, with revaccination required at stated intervals, the deaths from smallpox were only one and one-tenth to each million of population, while in England, where vaccination is general but not universal, the average was twenty and two-tenths to each million.

In the United States the statistics of the disease are not so complete as in some European countries, but vaccination is generally practiced upon children in the schools, and it is a matter of common knowledge that smallpox cases are very few and that those few are to be found chiefly in the big cities. Perhaps the most striking illustration of the effect of general vaccination to be found in American territory is provided by the Philippines. Before the American occupation smallpox was always present in the islands and destroyed a vast number of lives. Within the past few years more than three million vaccinations have been performed by the American health authorities, and the disease has been almost stamped out in the populous sections where formerly its ravages were the worst. It is noteworthy, too, that there was not a single death or a serious case of infection as a result of these three million operations.

In spite of the testimony which the successful experience of more than a century affords, and in spite of the fact that smallpox virtually has been stamped out in those countries in which vaccination is insisted upon, there are many persons still who deny the efficiency of vaccination and protest against its compulsory requirement. Almost every year bills are introduced in the legislatures of various States which have compulsory vaccination laws providing for the repeal of these laws, and health offi-

cers sometimes encounter forcible resistance in attempting to carry out their provisions. In general, however, the conclusions rendered obvious by the experience of the past are accepted, and the laws contain provisions not only for enforcing vaccination but also for assuring a supply of pure vaccine, for which the humble calf is still relied upon to protect mankind from its once-dreaded scourge. In the United States the regulation of vaccine production is in the hands of the Federal authorities of the Marine Hospital Service.

By no means all the disorders known to be caused by microbes have as yet been conquered by serum treatment. The more familiar diseases in which the parasitic cause has been identified are tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, lockjaw, blood-poisoning, malaria, sleeping sickness, bubonic plague, cholera, dysentery, and cerebro-spinal meningitis. There are several other diseases which, though not yet proved to be caused by germs, present such striking evidences of parasitic action that there is no doubt in the minds of most investigators that they belong in the class of such diseases. Among them are scarlet fever, measles, yellow fever, rabies, and infantile paralysis.

The diseases of this class in which the greatest progress has been made are diphtheria, lockjaw, cerebro-spinal meningitis, tuberculosis, yellow fever, malaria, and rabies. In some the progress has been accomplished chiefly by defining and introducing preventive measures ; in others the disease itself has been attacked and cured. Of the entire list of curative measures, however, no other has resulted in such an immense saving of human life and human misery as the antitoxin treatment of diphtheria.

This disease has been one of the terrors of humanity for hundreds of years. It was regarded with the greatest dread because of the swiftness and deadliness of its attack. It caused more poignant sorrow than perhaps any other infectious disease, because its favorite target was youth, although cases among adults were by no means rare. Those who have reached even middle age can doubtless recall the fear and anxiety that an outbreak of diphtheria caused and how whole communities were decimated and families robbed of their children by its destructive sweep.

Though it had been known for a long time that diphtheria was a highly communicable disease, it was not until 1884 that the diphtheria bacillus was fully identified. Its isolation and identification were made particularly difficult by the fact that bacteria of many kinds swarm in the throats of both healthy and sick persons. A German scientist, Loeffler, succeeded in weeding out from its scores of fellows the particular rod-shaped specimen of bacteria responsible for diphtheria, in making a culture from it, and in producing diphtheria in a rabbit by rubbing the cultured bacilli on the rabbit's throat.

Doubt was cast upon the accuracy of this discovery a little later when it was found that almost identical bacteria were present in the throats of persons who clearly did not have diphtheria. It was found, however, that, though outwardly indistinguishable, the difference between these two forms always could be detected by the inoculation of animals, since only the bacillus that had been identified as the cause of diphtheria produced the disease when guinea-pigs or rabbits were inoculated with it. Thus an unfailing means of detecting diphtheria was provided by the test upon animals of the bacilli from any suspected case.

This, of course, was only a starting-point from which to work out the cure of the disease. By experimenting with diphtheria bacilli growing in broth where they could be kept under observation it was found that as these bacilli developed they gave off a powerful poison. By injecting this poison in small but repeated doses into animals it was discovered that they developed the power of resisting the toxic effect of the injection to such a degree that when a small quantity of the blood serum was drawn off from the animal so immunized it acted as an antitoxin —that is, as an antidote to the poison of the diphtheria bacillus—in other animals or in human beings in whom it was injected. Not only was it proved that the inoculation of such persons in good health protected them from diphtheria, although in close contact with it, but when it was injected into persons suffering from the

disease it greatly improved their chances of recovery.

Horses were found to be best adapted to use in developing diphtheria antitoxin, because a single animal will produce a large quantity of the protective serum. The antitoxin, as its name indicates, acts directly upon the poison produced by the diphtheria bacilli, rendering them harmless. Its effect may be observed if a small amount of the serum is introduced into a tube containing the poisonous matter given off by the bacilli. The virulent product is at once rendered harmless and can be placed in the throat without any injurious effect. In view of this direct action of the antitoxin, it follows that its administration is much more beneficial at the beginning of the disease than after it has reached an advanced stage, since it cannot repair the damage to the bodily tissues that has taken place. Statistics prove this by showing that the mortality is much less if the antitoxin is administered the first or second day of the disease than if it is given later.

It required ten years of study and experiment with the diphtheria bacillus to establish these facts regarding it, so that, while the cause of the disease was determined in 1884, it was not until 1894 that the use of antitoxin became general. A great decrease in the mortality from diphtheria immediately appeared wherever the serum was used. In the city of New York the deaths from diphtheria and croup to each 100,000 of population for the ten-year period from 1884 to 1894 averaged 152, while for the succeeding decade, after the introduction of antitoxin, the average was only 66, or less than one-half that for the previous period. In 1905 the average was only 38 to each 100,000 of population. Reports of the London hospitals show that the case mortality of diphtheria—that is, the percentage of cases resulting fatally—has been reduced from 40 per cent in 1889 to less than 10 per cent in 1907. In New York City alone the use of the antitoxin is computed to save no less than 3,000 lives every year, a total saving for the whole country, if the same conditions hold true, of upwards of 100,000 lives that would be sacrificed yearly to this scourge except for the discovery of this means of combating it.

Though less widespread than diphtheria, a disease that was far more fatal—that is, that killed a larger proportion of those whom it attacked—was cerebro-spinal meningitis. Even in cases where it did not terminate fatally the disease frequently left its victims crippled either mentally or physically, so that their lot was little better than that of those who were killed outright. During the past few years, especially from 1904 to 1908, the disease became epidemic both in Europe and America, and the great number of cases, together with the frightful effects of the disease, caused scientists to exert themselves to discover some means of curing or preventing it.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis is a disease of the spinal cord. The bacteria which cause it infest the fluid matter in the spinal passage, and as they multiply they spread upward to the brain. It has not been determined absolutely through just what channels they gain access to this part of the body, but the indications are that the membranes of the nose and throat are the avenues of entrance. The suffering of the victim of the disease is most acute. It is noteworthy, however, that when the disease was transferred to animals, as to the monkeys used in certain experiments to determine the efficacy of serum treatment, they were put into a stupor resembling intoxication, and apparently underwent no suffering of any appreciable extent.

The first step toward conquering the disease naturally was to locate its cause, and this was accomplished by German scientists, who identified the bacterial agent responsible for it, to which the imposing name of *Diplococcus intracellularis* has been given. Following this discovery Dr. Simon Flexner, Director of the Rockefeller Institute, assisted by Dr. Jobling, of the same institution, undertook to determine whether the inoculation of animals with successive doses of the *Diplococcus intracellularis* would result in the development of a resisting force or anti-serum which would aid in overcoming the disease in man. The investigation encountered many difficulties, but at length it was demonstrated that if a series of inoculations from cultures of meningitis bacteria are made beneath the skin of a horse in various parts of its body, the blood serum

of the horse, after several weeks of this treatment, will neutralize the poison given off by these bacteria in the body, and thus will aid in overcoming the disease. As soon as cerebro-spinal meningitis manifests itself in a patient now the physician makes a tiny puncture in the spinal cord in the lower part of the back, draws out a portion of the cerebro-spinal fluid to allow space for the injection of the serum without increasing the pressure too greatly, and administers a small quantity of the serum. If the treatment is begun early in the progress of the disease—during the first three or four days—the chances of recovery are three out of four, or, if the patient has youth in his favor, four out of five. Before the use of the serum, or at the present time without its use, the statistics of the disease show the chances of recovery to be only one out of four.

In the course of the experiments which resulted in changing the handicap of the person attacked by this disease from the side favoring death to one equally favorable to life, Dr. Flexner and Dr. Jobling used twenty-five monkeys and one hundred guinea-pigs, none of which suffered any acute pain. As against this sacrifice of animal life records have been collected of over one thousand cases of cerebro-spinal meningitis in which the serum has been used with a saving of five hundred or more lives that would have been lost except for this discovery. An important consideration, moreover, is that in cases where the serum is used the crippling bodily and mental effects so commonly found where the disease is allowed to run its course unchecked are seldom seen.

A disease in some respects comparable to cerebro-spinal meningitis, except that, as its name indicates, it is confined to young children, is infantile paralysis, or, to give it its scientific name, poliomyelitis. Its seat is in the spinal cord and the brain, and, while not usually fatal, it results in injuries to the nervous system and often leaves nerves paralyzed, muscles shrunken, and bodies deformed or stunted in growth. Like meningitis, the disease is epidemic at intervals, and in 1909 and 1910 there was an epidemic of it in Europe and America which was especially severe in the eastern part of the United States. Dr. Flexner and Dr. Lewis, of the Rockefeller Institute, undertook the investigation of this disease, and by a series of inoculations and transfers succeeded in producing immunity to it in a number of monkeys, thus paving the way for the remedy's application to human beings. A peculiar difficulty encountered in studying this disease arose from the fact that it is caused apparently by a bacillus so small that it is invisible under the microscope and will pass through a porcelain laboratory filter. That it should have been possible, in dealing with this infinitely small, ungraspable, and invisible enemy of man, to determine its existence, to transfer it from human beings to animals and from one animal to another, and to devise means of opposing it successfully is to the lay mind not merely a wonderful achievement but one scarcely understandable.

One of the compelling influences that have led to the widespread agitation for a "sane" celebration of Independence Day has been the large crop of deaths that yearly followed the Fourth of July. A great proportion of these deaths was due to tetanus or lockjaw, although the disease was by no means confined to this one season. Investigations utilizing experiments upon animals determined the fact that this disease was caused by bacteria which entered the wounds acquired in setting off fireworks, or in other ways, along with particles of the dirt in which the tetanus germ thrives. By experiments on animals a serum has been developed which is used successfully to inoculate persons suffering from wounds suspected of containing tetanus germs. This serum has been used with success also in some cases after signs of the disease have begun to appear. The chief value, however, of the knowledge that has been gained of the nature and habits of tetanus bacilli has been in enabling measures to be taken for preventing their introduction into the body and in encouraging prompt recourse to vigorous antiseptic measures in the case of injuries likely to be accompanied by infection from the bacilli of tetanus.

Perhaps no other disease, not excepting even the bubonic plague or yellow fever, is regarded with such horror as rabies, the microbic character of which is almost universally accepted by physicians, although the active agent responsible for

it has not been identified with absolute certainty. The terror in which rabies is held is due partly to the certainty of a fatal termination, once the disease has developed, and partly to the horrible agonies that its victims undergo. The mortality from rabies has been greatly reduced, however, by means of the serum treatment originated by Pasteur. This treatment is a preventive, not a cure. If administered within a short time after a person is bitten and during the period of incubation of the disease in the body, the mortality is only about one-half of one per cent. After the symptoms have developed, however, there is no known cure for rabies, and the victim dies after the most agonizing mental and physical tortures conceivable.

The existence of rabies in any country is an indictment of the public intelligence, for it is a disease that can be stamped out and kept out. By the enactment of a strict muzzling law and a rigid quarantine of dogs entering the country, Great Britain has practically put an end to rabies. Likewise in the Scandinavian countries there have been no cases of rabies for many years. In the United States the regulation of dogs is left to local authorities, with the result that even those communities which erect safeguards against the disease are to a certain extent at the mercy of others that are more lax in dealing with this subject.

It has been said repeatedly that except for the work done by American medical men in overcoming yellow fever the building of the Panama Canal would be impossible. If malaria be included with yellow fever, the statement is doubtless broadly correct, for malaria has been even a greater foe to progress in the tropical regions than has yellow fever. Considering its greater range, it probably has been responsible also for a higher total of human suffering and a greater loss to the sum total of possible human achievement. These two diseases may properly be considered together, for the reason that both are transmitted by mosquitoes, though by different species of this insect pest. There are essential differences between the two, however, and also between them and the other diseases that we have been considering. The cause of malaria has been definitely determined. It appears that this is not a bacterial but a protozoan disease, which means that it is due to a minute animal parasite and not to an equally small vegetable parasite. The distinction is interesting to scientists, but not especially important to the ordinary person, who is more concerned with avoiding diseases than with knowing their precise causes. Yellow fever has not been traced down to an equally definite cause, but we know how it is transmitted from one person to another, so that it is possible to devise equally effective means for preventing its spread.

The story of the overcoming of yellow fever is one of the hero tales of medical progress. It illustrates better than almost any other communicable disease the conditions that we should have to face if we were denied the use of animals for experimental purposes. Yellow fever, so far as known, cannot be transmitted to animals. As a consequence the only means of proving its transmission by the mosquito, which scientific investigation had singled out as its probable carrier, was to carry out these tests on human subjects. When the point was reached where this supreme test was necessary, it is noteworthy that there was no lack of volunteers, and a number of men—soldiers as well as physicians—risked their lives and underwent attacks of fever as the result of mosquito bites in order that the truth might be known and that this scourge of mankind might be abated. In the words of ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, engraved upon the memorial tablet erected in the Johns Hopkins hospital to Dr. Lazear, one of the martyrs to this great sacrifice in behalf of humanity, "With more than the courage and the devotion of the soldier, he risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated and how its ravages may be prevented."

The mosquito theory of yellow fever transmission is now fully established, but there were tremendous difficulties in the way of its determination. These may be better appreciated when it is understood that out of the hundreds of different kinds of mosquitoes only the female of a single variety carries yellow fever. Moreover, this mosquito, twelve days or more earlier, must have bitten a person suffering from

yellow fever during the first three days of the illness. All these requirements made it difficult to trace the origin of the disease, but they did not prevent the disease itself from spreading with tremendous rapidity once an outbreak had occurred in any locality. Instead of screening yellow fever patients so that mosquitoes could not gain access to them, the earlier method adopted to prevent its spread was to quarantine travelers and to disinfect their clothing, or to have the border line of the community patrolled by men armed with shotguns to prevent the bringing in of such harmless freight as hardware, while the mosquito flew freely wherever it pleased.

The doctors who studied yellow fever and their lay assistants first disproved the popular belief as to the method by which the disease is transmitted by sleeping in the beds and wearing the clothes of those who had died from it, and even inoculating themselves with the excreta of its victims, without contracting the disease. The next step was to expose themselves to the bites of infected mosquitoes, and this resulted, in nearly every case, in the development of the disease, although other persons separated from them and from the mosquitoes only by a screen did not contract it.

As a result of this discovery a vigorous campaign was undertaken against yellow fever in Havana, which had never been free from it during more than a century, and in which the death rate from the disease had risen as high as 600 out of every 100,000 of population. In 1900, the year in which the mosquito theory was fully established, the deaths were 124 to each 100,000. In 1901, as a result of the measures adopted under the direction of Colonel W. C. Gorgas, the mortality fell to less than seven in each 100,000, and during the three years following there were no deaths from yellow fever in Havana. In 1905 a few cases reappeared, but, though the vigilance of the preventive measures adopted by the American officials was relaxed somewhat under the Cuban administration, Havana has remained practically free from the disease, though formerly it was one of the pest spots of the Western Hemisphere.

In the case of malaria, investigations by Major Ronald Ross in India showed the existence of the protozoa of malaria in the stomach of a certain species of mosquito —the *Anopheles*. This was in 1895. Step by step the progress of the minute organisms was traced. It was found that they underwent certain changes in the body of the mosquito, and that they traveled within a certain number of days from the stomach to the proboscis of the insect. Finally, in 1901, a German observer saw them pass from this point into the red blood corpuscles. Meanwhile other investigations had determined that human malaria could not be transmitted to animals, that, in fact, it existed only in man and in the anopheles mosquito, and that it passed from one to the other. The obvious remedy was to destroy the mosquitoes, so far as possible, in their breeding-places, and to screen malarial sufferers so that mosquitoes could not gain access to them. The adoption of these measures has made many of the world's plague spots comfortably habitable, has greatly reduced the dreaded fever of the Roman Campagna, and has robbed life in tropical and sub-tropical regions of one of its worst terrors. Much remains to be done, for the draining of swamp lands and the killing off of mosquitoes, which ultimately will banish malaria together with its cause, is a good work scarcely more than begun.

There are a number of other protozoan diseases of men and animals which have been shown by recent investigations to be transmitted by the bite of insects. One of these is the sleeping sickness, which has been studied extensively in Africa in recent years. Experiments have proved that it is caused by a biting fly similar to the tsetse fly, which is responsible for a widespread disease of cattle in the same continent. Other diseases carried in similar fashion are typhus and dengue and certain fevers which prevail in India. In all of these the determination of the cause has been arrived at by experiments on animals, and has pointed the way to effective preventive measures.

Two diseases that have been terrific scourges to many parts of the world on account of their rapid spread and their very high mortality rate are the bubonic plague and Asiatic cholera. While the United States never has been seriously

invaded by the former, and not for many years by the latter, cases of both have been brought to various ports and even into the country, while plague scares and cholera scares have prevailed within the memory of most persons.

A vast deal of study and experiment has been devoted to these two afflictions of humanity. By experiments on guinea-pigs and other animals, reinforced by observations on plague victims, the manner in which the plague bacillus is carried from infected rats to human beings by a small flea has been determined. A serum treatment has been worked out which has been employed with success under certain conditions, but the great lesson taught by these experiments has been the necessity of destroying rats to prevent the spread of the disease to uninfected communities. Similarly in the study of cholera the adoption of the experimental method has resulted in the development of a serum which is used for the protection of persons exposed to the disease, and it has been of value also in indicating the means to be adopted to prevent the spread of the disease.

One of the diseases of known bacterial origin which is still responsible for a great number of deaths is pneumonia. The agent of this disease, the *Pneumococcus*, has been fully identified, and attempts have been made to apply the serum method of treatment, but thus far with indifferent success. The subject is one that is being studied by scientists with great care and thoroughness, and it is hoped that in time the measures now applied for the relief of persons suffering from pneumonia may be supplemented by a process of specific therapy, as has been the case in the diseases referred to earlier in this article.

Notwithstanding the vast benefits which it has been demonstrated that scientific effort, working through the method of experimental investigation, has conferred on mankind, there are many persons still who deny absolutely the value of serum therapy. The thousands of lives saved by Pasteur's treatment for the prevention of rabies, the vast reduction in deaths from diphtheria, the sufferings which the victims of cerebro-spinal meningitis have been spared, and the great results that have been obtained in other diseases—all are ignored by them. It is from these deniers of demonstrated scientific truth, few in number, but energetic in asserting their views, that the opposition to vaccination chiefly arises. It is they also who are mainly responsible for the organized opposition to the use of animals in experimental research, masking their real opposition to the acceptance of the germ theory of disease under the guise of sympathy for the imaginary sufferings of the animals used in these experiments.

While microscopical studies and the use of animals in experimental work have resulted in remarkable progress in checking or overcoming some of the worst diseases that have ever afflicted mankind, the field still to be explored is far greater than that which thus far has been conquered. There are many serious diseases the causes of which have not been determined, and others as to which, while the causes are known, no effective methods of overcoming them have yet been devised. With more and more men and institutions devoting themselves to the investigation of the causes and cure of disease by study of its origin and the methods of its propagation rather than by observance of its symptoms, there is every reason to hope that the next twenty-five years will witness as great progress as the past quarter-century, or even greater, and that many ills which now slay their millions annually will be brought under the control of advancing knowledge and skill.

Some Questions Answered

IT is physically impossible for the editors of The Outlook to answer personally the great volume of letters which they have received expressing genuine concern with regard to the public attacks which are made upon Mr. Roosevelt from time to time and asking for the facts. As it is natural for those who are interested to turn to The Outlook for correct information, and as the volume of correspondence has now become so large as to be a great burden, we think it proper to give to our readers in our own columns in this way the information which so many of them are seeking by personal letters. The three charges against Mr. Roosevelt which, it appears from this correspondence, have excited the most concern are: First, that Mr. Roosevelt "straddled" the tariff question in the late campaign by speaking in one vein in the West and in another vein in the East; second, that while President he accepted services from the Pennsylvania Railroad amounting in value to $100,000, and declined to pay a bill when it was presented to him; and, third, that he has withdrawn from the stand which he took in his discussions with Judge Baldwin, now Governor of Connecticut, escaping by this withdrawal a libel suit which Judge Baldwin several times publicly asserted that he proposed to bring against Mr. Roosevelt, in order to teach the latter due respect for the law. These three charges we answer as follows:

I—The Charge of Compromise

The charge that Mr. Roosevelt assumed two different attitudes in the West and in the East is very simply disproved by comparing as we do in the following parallel columns what he actually said. From such a comparison it will be seen that Mr. Roosevelt not merely said the same things in substance, but often in identical phraseology, in his Western and Eastern speeches.

EXCERPT FROM SPEECH AT SARATOGA, NEW YORK

President Taft's Administration is to be commended for "the establishment of the maximum and minimum tariff provisions, and the exceedingly able negotiations of the Canadian and other treaties in accordance therewith; the inauguration of the policy of providing for a disinterested revision of tariff schedules through a high-class commission of experts which will treat each schedule purely on its own merits with a view both to protecting the consumer from excessive prices and to securing the American producer, and especially the American wage-worker, what will represent the difference of cost in production here as compared with the cost of production in countries where labor is less liberally rewarded; each schedule to be revised separately and on its merits."

EXCERPT FROM SPEECH AT SIOUX CITY, IOWA

I have been greatly pleased with what the President said in his last letter on the subject of the Tariff Commission. A number of Senators and Congressmen have for many years advocated this as a proper method of dealing with the tariff; and the country seems now definitely to have awakened to the idea that a Tariff Commission offers the only solution of the problem which is both rational and insures absence of jobbery. The President from the beginning advocated this Commission, and the amendment proposing to provide for such a Commission in the Tariff Bill under consideration in the Senate was introduced by your own Senator here, Senator Dolliver. . . . It was only by a bitter fight that the Commission idea was embodied in the bill. It is not yet in satisfactory shape. The Commission should be enlarged and defined, and any changes made that will make its work more effective from the standpoint both of the Executive and of Congress. But the establishment of it even in its present form marks an excellent beginning in the right direction. Moreover, the value of the Commission has been made real by the action of the Administration in treating in broad fashion the law that provided it. There is another feature of the Tariff Law which

is admirable, and points our course in the right direction—the maximum and minimum provision. And here again I wish to point out that the value of the provision has depended largely upon the excellent work done by the Administration in negotiating with foreign powers for its application, especially the negotiations with the Dominion of Canada, which were the most difficult of all and yet in my eyes the most important, because I esteem it of vital consequence that we should always be on relations of the highest friendship and good will with the great and growing nation on the north. In addition it was of real importance to do as the present Tariff Bill did in making satisfactory our tariff with the Philippines. . . . I can put my position on the tariff in a nutshell. I believe in such measure of protection as will equalize the cost production here and abroad: that is, will equalize the cost of labor here and abroad. I believe in such supervision of the workings of the law as to make it certain that protection is given to the man we are most anxious to protect—the laboring man.

EXCERPT FROM SPEECH DELIVERED AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

This Republic of ours is definitely committed to the policy of protection, but it is protection as a principle, and not as a jumble of preferences. We are all agreed as to the principle that the tariff shall be such as to make up for the difference in cost of production here and abroad, so that our people, and especially our laboring men, shall not be brought into unfair competition with those whose standard of living is lower. That is the principle. The only differences that have obtained have been as to the methods of having that principle applied in law. The old methods have been found ill adapted for the purpose; the old methods have shown they cannot be relied upon; and so here you propose, in your platform, to adopt the unquestionably right method, to have a non-partisan, permanent, expert tariff commission which shall find out the facts by honest and careful inquiry, so that Congress shall then act on schedule after schedule by itself and without the log-rolling in Congress and the disturbance outside of Congress in the business world that inevitably accompany a sweeping change of all the schedules at the same time.

EXCERPT FROM SPEECH AT SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

Whenever men just like ourselves—possibly not much better, but probably not in the least worse—continually fail to give us the results we have a right to expect from their efforts, we may just as well make up our minds that the fault lies, not in their personalities, but in the conditions under which they work, and profit comes, not from denouncing them, but from seeing that the conditions are changed. This is especially true of tariff-making. It has been conclusively shown, by experiments repeated again and again, that the methods of tariff-making by Congress which have now obtained for so many years cannot, from the very nature of the case, bring really satisfactory results. With the present tariff, made by the same method as its predecessor and as that predecessor's predecessor, there is grave dissatisfaction. The people know that there are some things in it which are not right, and therefore they tend to suspect the, as I think, more numerous things in it which are right. They know that the system on which it was made, the same system on which its predecessors were made, encourages a scramble of selfish interests, to which the all-important general interest of the public is necessarily more or less subordinated. There was a time when this scramble was regarded as the natural course in tariff-making, and was not resented. The people demand, and rightly, that the profit of the special interests shall be subordinated to the general welfare in every case. It is this attitude—practically a new attitude—of the people which must be met in dealing with the present tariff. Very little improvement, indeed, will follow any attempt to revise the tariff by methods

hitherto used. The thing to do is to change the methods. I believe that this country is fully committed to the principle of protection; but it is to protection as a principle; to protection primarily in the interest of the standard of living of the American workingman. I believe that when protection becomes, not a principle, but a privilege and a preference—or, rather, a jumble of privileges and preferences—then the American people disapprove of it. Now, to correct the trouble, it is necessary, in the first place, to get in mind clearly what we want; and, in the next place, to get in mind clearly the method by which we hope to obtain what we want. What we want is what I have already said—a square deal in the tariff as in everything else; a square deal for the wage-earner, a square deal for the employer, and a square deal for the general public. To obtain it, we must have a thoroughly efficient and well-equipped tariff commission. The tariff ought to be a material issue, and not a moral issue; but if, instead of a square deal, we get a crooked deal, then it becomes very emphatically a moral issue.

EXCERPT FROM SPEECH DELIVERED IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Now, in the first place, I want to make clear something as to which there seems to be a little obscurity in the popular mind. On the Republican side there is no difference whatsoever as to the principle to be observed. In every State of this Union the Republicans are a unit in adherence to the principle expressed two years ago in the National Republican platform, that there shall be such measure of protection as will equalize the cost of production here and abroad, which means practically, on account of the enormous share in that cost of the labor cost, that we shall equalize the cost of labor—the difference in the cost of labor—here and abroad.

All through the Union that is the doctrine of the Republican party. The difference has merely been as to the way of achieving the common purpose, and more and more we are coming into complete agreement as to the method of achieving that purpose.

Our people, then, are agreed upon the principle after which we shall strive; they are coming rapidly to a complete agreement as to the method to be observed, and you, in your plank on the tariff here in Massachusetts, have expressed admirably what that principle ought to be.

You say: "We commend the establishment of a tariff board. We approve of the construction which President Taft has placed upon its powers and duties."

President Taft, in this matter, has initiated the policy to which our party, and the country, inevitably will come. In the establishment of the tariff board and the giving to it of the powers which he has construed the

EXCERPT FROM SPEECH AT TOLEDO, OHIO

Friends, in closing, I want to say one word about the tariff. We are all everywhere agreed as to the principle of protection, that there should be a tariff high enough in each case to cover the difference in cost of production at home and abroad, so that there shall be an ample protection of our wage-workers in their standard of living, and a reasonable—not unreasonable—profit on the business. We are all agreed as to the principle, and we are all coming to a substantial agreement as to the method of achieving that principle. Both in your State and in mine the party leaders have lagged behind the plain people of the party on this issue, and the true principle of Republicanism as regards the method is not to be found in the tariff planks in New York and Ohio but in the tariff planks of the Republican party in Eastern States like Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and in Western States like Indiana, Iowa, and Kansas. Experience has conclusively shown that the old methods that have obtained since the days of Webster and Clay in making tariffs no longer work justice and are no longer adequate, and we have now definitely concluded, in accordance with the recommendation of President Taft, to adopt the principle of a non-partisan tariff commission of experts who shall find out for themselves the difference in cost of production and not trust to the say-so of any one else, and shall make recommendations to Congress on each schedule by itself, so that Congress shall vote on that schedule alone; thereby avoiding log-rolling and avoiding the shock to business that comes from a general and sweeping reshaping of all the schedules at once.

law to permit him to give, as in his admirable negotiation of treaties with foreign Powers, notably Canada, under the maximum and minimum clauses of the tariff—in those two features of prime importance in connection with the tariff law, President Taft has indicated the way along which this party is going to move.

Your plank continues: "We believe, however, that there should be further legislation to define clearly the powers and duties of such board, and make it a permanent, independent, expert tariff commission"—and I would like to emphasize all three words, "permanent," "independent," "expert"—"the function of which shall be to discover and report to Congress from time to time such facts and statistics as will enable Congress to amend the law intelligently and scientifically, according to the principle of protection."

Let me add here that I should like to have suggested the addition, "according to the principle of protection as construed by the last Republican National platform; which is, to equalize the cost of production here and abroad."

Then, again, in the line of President Taft's declaration, your platform continues: "We believe that such changes should be made in the rules of the House of Representatives, and of the Senate of the United States, as may be necessary to make practical the amendment of the tariff, one schedule at a time."

Now, friends, that represents the practical, common-sense way of removing the only objections to tariff-making in accordance with the principles of the Republican party.

I have got but one thing that I would like to see added to the tariff plank contained in the Massachusetts platform. I would like furthermore to see it made the duty of some Government officials from time to time to investigate any given protected industry so that we can be able to assert with knowledge of the truth that in each industry the laboring men are given the full benefit of the tariff which it is proposed shall be conferred upon them.

II—The Railway Charge

The charge contained in a recent resolution introduced in Congress, that Mr. Roosevelt while President incurred bills amounting to $100,000 for railway travel and refused to pay them, is a falsehood so baseless as to be absurd. When Mr. Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency in 1901 he continued, as regards the train service, without the slightest change the custom which he found existing, which had been followed throughout the term of service of President McKinley, and which, so far as there was record and so far as Mr. Roosevelt knew, had been followed substantially by preceding Presidents, including Abraham Lincoln, for half a century. Mr. Roosevelt reached Buffalo to take the oath of office, and from there he went back on the funeral train bearing President McKinley's body, first to Washington and then to Canton, the train service being arranged precisely as it had been when President McKinley had come from Washington and Canton to Buffalo, where he was shot. Without the slightest change the traveling arrange-

ments were continued; the same men that had served Mr. McKinley being retained by Mr. Roosevelt when he became President, and continuing to make exactly the same arrangements. The custom was followed in this matter just exactly as it was in other matters; it was, for instance, simply a custom which had grown up and had been practiced by his predecessors, in accordance with which Mr. Roosevelt found that, as President, he paid for the carriages which he used, whereas the Government paid for the horses that dragged them, and that he paid for the food consumed in the dining-room, while the Government paid for the firewood that warmed it and for the men who waited on the table. The custom was followed in one case precisely as it was followed in the other, and it was some time before Mr. Roosevelt made any question in the matter. Moreover, it was an absolute impossibility to change the custom unless Congress provided traveling expenses in some shape or other, which, at that time, Congress declined to do, and which it declined to do for some years after the matter had been repeatedly urged upon the attention of the leading members of the houses, on the authorization of the President. On a special train for a trip of any length of time the ticket for the President himself was not more than a fraction of one per cent of the cost of the train. The expense came in the fact that clerks, stenographers, secretaries, telegraphers, had to be taken along in order that the work of the Nation should continue, that provisions had to be made for newspaper men, sometimes as many as twenty-five accompanying the train, and that accommodation had to be provided for the Governors, Senators, and Congressmen of the different States and districts through which the train passed, who usually came aboard the train as a mark of courtesy to the President while it was passing through their districts. Moreover, reception committees from each town also came aboard the train, usually an hour or two up the line, and traveled to the town. Each one of these men, numbering hundreds in the aggregate, cost his share of the total expense. Moreover, the need of a special train, instead of a special car on a regular train, arose from the demands of the different towns for stoppages of greater or less length. All this represented an amount of expense of a strictly public character. It would have been utterly impossible for Mr. Roosevelt or any other President to have paid for it all out of his private purse; and to pay merely half of one per cent or less, which would have been represented by his ticket, would have been simply a subterfuge. Either the Government had to pay it, or the railways had to pay it, or else no such official journeys could be made at all. So far from its being an imposition on the railways, each trip represented a marked addition to their revenues, and this was so well recognized that there was eager competition among the different railways for carrying the train. Not only was it never necessary to make any demands upon any railways for transportation, so far as Mr. Roosevelt or any other President was concerned (and of course no such demands were ever made by Mr. Roosevelt or with his knowledge or assent, and, so far as he knows, they were never made at all), but the only discussions arose owing to the protest of roads that they were being slighted and were not being given their share of the advertisement and profit that came from taking the President's train. In the Nation at large these protests were frequently made by rival roads against the use of the Pennsylvania system, and in New York State they were repeatedly made against the use of the New York Central system, and sometimes these protests were heeded and the protesting roads given the privilege of taking the train as they desired. Wherever the President's train stopped there were concourses of people who came in on regular and special trains from the country round about, and it was this increase of traffic, and the advertisement, which made the roads so anxious to carry the train.

From the standpoint of the railways, therefore, the system which had so long obtained worked no injustice. However, Mr. Roosevelt felt that it was an undesirable system. He did all that he could to have it altered, and finally succeeded in persuading Congress to make an annual appropriation for the traveling expenses of the President.

In short, Mr. Roosevelt, when he came

into the Presidency, followed precisely the course that had been followed under his predecessor, Mr. McKinley, which was substantially the course that had been followed since the days of Lincoln. The only difference was that Mr. Roosevelt then set to work and got the practice changed, so that for the last three years of his term the right practice was adopted and continued.

All these facts are perfectly familiar to every public man in Washington, and are perfectly familiar to all concerned in introducing the resolution in Congress. Not a thing was ever done in this matter by Mr. Roosevelt or any other President save with entire openness. The animus of the attack is shown by the subsequent effort to bring in an investigation as to Mr. Roosevelt's expenses while traveling as a private citizen in Europe. This effort can be stigmatized only as disgraceful. Mr. Roosevelt was absent for a year and a quarter in Africa and Europe. During this time the Government paid not one dollar for his expenses, yet during four-fifths of that time—that is, during his entire African journey—Mr. Roosevelt was working for the Government in connection with an expedition of which the expenses were paid by private individuals, and all that the Government did, without paying out anything, was to receive a collection of literally priceless value, a collection far more extensive and more valuable than any similar collection ever presented by any private individuals to any one of the great museums in Europe, whether the British Museum, the Berlin Museum, or any other. The expedition cost Mr. Roosevelt out of his private purse very large sums of money, for which he neither wished nor took nor would have accepted anything in the way of compensation from the Government. Mr. Roosevelt was only too glad to give this collection, which has no money value, but which, if a money value was put upon it, would amount to many scores of thousands of dollars, to the Government, the gift being an outright gift from himself and from the other gentlemen who had borne the expense. He has neither expected nor received any thanks from the Government for giving it. But for their own good name—for their action will have not the slightest effect upon Mr. Roosevelt—decent members of Congress should refrain from treating the giving of such a gift as the occasion for baseless assaults upon the giver.

So much for Africa. In Europe, again, Mr. Roosevelt was put to serious personal expense because he was forced to travel under conditions which made him in a sense a public representative of the American people, but he took not one dollar from the Government. As Special Ambassador he was entitled to certain funds, but he never either asked for them or would have consented to receive them if they had been offered. He was offered, as his right as Special Ambassador, to have whatever he brought back from Europe admitted free of duty. This he declined, and paid duty on everything precisely as any other citizen would have done. When he stayed at hotels and traveled in trains, he paid for his accommodations and tickets exactly as any one else paid, and neither he nor any one else by his authority, ever, under any circumstances, whether through American or governmental officers or in any other way, asked for any special treatment.

III—The Discussion with Judge Baldwin

The controversy with Judge Baldwin, of New Haven, now Governor of Connecticut, sprang from a speech which Mr. Roosevelt made in Concord, New Hampshire, and in which he stated that the attitude of Judge Baldwin towards legislation in defense of the laboring man was a retrogressive and reactionary attitude. Judge Baldwin resented this criticism by Mr. Roosevelt, expressed the opinion that its repetition in print was libelous, and publicly stated that if Mr. Roosevelt did not withdraw it he should sue the latter for libel. A correspondence covering several weeks followed between the two men, and Governor Baldwin has finally written to Mr. Roosevelt saying that he has abandoned the idea of a libel suit. Mr. Roosevelt's position in the controversy can best be stated by printing the last letter which

he wrote to Mr. Baldwin, and which follows herewith:

New York, December 15, 1910.

Dear Sir:

I have thought carefully over your letter. If I could consider only your personal feelings, I would very gladly express my regret that I had wounded your feelings in any way and try to meet your wishes, if it were possible, as to the form my regret should take. You must know that in saying what I did and in my consequent correspondence with you I was actuated by no feeling of personal rancor or hostility.

You were a candidate for the Governorship of Connecticut. I was discussing a matter which related directly to your availability for that office. I was criticising, not your personal character, which I doubt not is high, but a specific opinion on a most important subject expressed by you as a Judge. Nor was the opinion which I criticised in our correspondence in itself unimportant from a public standpoint. It vitally affected the welfare of all wage-earners. It involved a statute, enacted by the United States, intended to afford railroad employees legal redress which had not theretofore been furnished them by law. Your decision in the Hoxie case which I criticised was, in fact, of great public importance, not only in your own State, but so far as it might obtain influence as a judicial precedent in other States as well. This decision, with the argument of the lawyers, had been, as you probably know, put into pamphlet form by the railroad interests and circulated generally throughout the United States among railroad lawyers engaged in the effort to nullify and destroy this law. It was the main support of the railway's interests in their efforts to defeat this National law. In this decision you had declared one of the sections of this law unconstitutional, a section which related to the very essence of the Act so far as a very large number of employees is concerned, and which was the main subject of my criticism of you, and you further had embodied in it as a Judge your political philosophy of opposition to so-called centralization (under which philosophy the National Government would be a foreign power in Connecticut), by refusing to permit this law of the United States to be enforced through the courts of Connecticut. Other courts, which have in other States considered your decision, have criticised and refused to follow this part of your opinion which related to the right of a State court to refuse to recognize or enforce a National statute. You do not question, I assume, the right of other judges to criticise your opinion as bad law on this point. As to this I had not criticised you. The defect in the Federal law which you claimed afforded you a basis for refusing to give this employee legal redress in the Connecticut courts was one easily obviated by amendment to the Act. This was subsequently done by Congress. I criticised the other branch of the case, the part of your decision which, if it be correct, could *not* be obviated by any amendment, and would make your decision as important to the working people of the United States as the Dred Scott case was to the negro race in the days of slavery.

My criticisms are fully embodied in my previous letters, and need not of course be repeated here. I do not see how it will be possible for me to give you a retraction of any part of my letters or my speech, without basing my retraction on the assertion that there never was a Hoxie case and that you never wrote the opinion in it. I could not make a retraction without such a declaration.

If there is to be a libel suit, I must, therefore, place upon you the full responsibility for its commencement and must decline to take any joint action with you such as you suggest for the submission of the matter to a referee. It is preferable, I think, if you conceive it necessary that there should be such a suit, that it should take its course in a usual rather than an unusual way. I of course prefer that no suit should be brought; but, if one is brought, I feel too deeply on the principle involved in this controversy, for which I have contended for many years, to avoid the issue in such a suit. The main issue in our controversy seems to me to be one which can readily be passed upon by those who have sufficient education to read and understand English and who have before them my letters and your opinion. The inaccurately reported sentence in my speech at Concord to which you object is, as you state in your first letter, the sentence which read:

> The Democratic party in Connecticut have nominated for Governor a man who while Judge occupied the most retrogressive position possible on this question of workmen's compensation, a man who took the view that it was competent for a workman when driven to accept any employment to bind himself not to be compensated if he lost life or limb in that occupation.

You say that you do not object to the first part of the sentence, but that you do object to so much of it as says that you "took the view that it was competent for the workman when driven to accept any employment to bind himself not to be compensated if he lost life or limb in that occupation." You say that you never held such an opinion, and that such a view would be opposed to the settled principles of law and that no competent lawyer could or would take it. The New York "Sun," at the time your first letter came out, quoted you as saying: "*I have no recollection* of ever taking on any trial or in any judicial opinion the view attributed to me by ex-President Roosevelt, and I do not believe I ever did." The inference is mine that you had forgotten when you made this sweeping denial that you had taken in the Hoxie case the position which was substantially that which I criticised. I did not use the phraseology as quoted. I did express substantially the same idea. Assuming,

therefore, the quotation to be accurate, I still insist that any distinction between this statement and your decision is impossible to draw and that the statement is in fact true.

Consider the thing for a moment: Section 5 of the Federal Employers' Liability Act said that "any contract, rule, regulation or device whatsoever, the purpose or intent of which shall be to enable any common carrier to exempt itself from any liability created by this act, shall to that extent be void." By this section Congress declared that the railroads should not make agreements with their employees by which the employee should contract to lose any rights which the statute conferred, of compensation if he lost life or limb in the railroad occupation. In other words, Congress said it was *not* competent for the workman to bind himself *not* to be compensated if he lost life or limb while in the railroad employ. You declared that to take away from the railroad employee the right to bind himself by such a contract to be killed without redress under this act was "in violation of the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States as tending to deprive the parties to such contract of liberty and property without due process of law." You say specifically as to railroad employees that this section of the law "denies them one and all that liberty of contract which the Constitution of the United States secures to every one within its jurisdiction." In all earnestness and sincerity, I ask, what other conclusion is there for a man who gives language its ordinary meaning to draw from your opinion on this point, except a conclusion that in your judgment it *was* competent for the employee to bind himself not to be compensated if he lost life or limb in the railroad occupation? I again insist, as I have repeatedly insisted in my letters, that I have construed your decision fairly and according to its obvious meaning.

I am informed that you were not constrained to make this decision by any previous precedents of your own court. One of the very cases which you mentioned in your letter to me shows, I am told, that this was the situation. I have read with interest that decision, *Darrigan v. N. Y. & N. E. R. R. Co.*, Conn. 285. In that case, you will remember, you were the counsel for the railroad. A locomotive engineer had been injured by the collision of two trains through the carelessness of a train despatcher. There was a printed rule of the Company, which had been placed in this engineer's hands when he went to work, which said: "The regular compensation of employees covers all risk or liability to accident." You urged as lawyer for that railroad that this rule virtually expressed a contract between the railroad and the employee, and that the employee should not be compensated, because his injury was the result of a risk which he had voluntarily taken upon himself. Nevertheless, the Court did not accept your argument. It left the whole matter open as not necessary for decision in this particular case. It said:

> *When such a question is presented, we may be called upon to consider whether public policy will permit a railroad company to make such a contract with its employees.*

When, after the passage of years, you became, instead of counsel for the railroad, Judge of the highest Court of your State, you decided in this Hoxie case that the public policy of the law shut the door of justice upon the crippled employee, not only shut the door, but locked it, sealed it, and barricaded it, by placing the Fifth Amendment of the United States Constitution between the employee and the possibility of justice. This doctrine, in my judgment, and I venture to say in the judgment of thousands of citizens, many of whom differ with me fundamentally on other matters, was unjust, unreasonable, reactionary in the extreme, and threatened the actual welfare of countless thousands of workmen. I conceive it to be not only a right, but a public duty, to criticise it as I did.

If the letters which I sent to you, and in which I quoted your exact language and added my comments, are libelous, then every labor leader who ventures to agitate for reform in accident law is in danger of a libel suit, and every man who in an efficient and effective, instead of a half-hearted fashion, agitates for reform, will be in a very real danger of a libel suit, provided the interest attacked is sufficiently powerful to undertake the suit and deems the case important enough to warrant such action. All proper public discussions of the principles set forth by you in your decision would be at an end, if it were once settled that words such as I have used offer groundwork for a libel suit. Under this theory of judicial exemption from just criticism, the proper way to have dealt with Lincoln in '58, when he criticised the Dred Scott decision in language infinitely more severe than any words of mine, would have been to have him sued for libel by Chief Justice Taney. This extraordinary doctrine which you seem to advance amounts to notice that the doctrine of *lèse majesté*, as applied in the most autocratic governments of the world, is to be carried to its fullest extent against American citizens discussing their public servants and candidates for their suffrages. The establishment of such a principle would be from my standpoint so outrageous, would represent such an infamous wrong against the principles of American Government, that I feel obliged to sink my own personal wishes and to accept the issue if you tender it to me.

Let me repeat that I cannot treat this case, or our controversy about it, as merely personal to me. I hold that the growth of our industrial system and the enormous changes in our social and industrial life during the past sixty or seventy years render it imperative that there shall be a reshaping of legislative action if the interests of the wage-worker and the laborer are to be served. In this opinion I am fortified by the enlightened

judgment of the courts and the opinion of far-seeing judges.

I hold in my hand as I write the report of one of the best commissions which ever performed public service in the consideration of this enormously important question of industrial accidents. It is the report to the New York Legislature of a commission appointed to inquire into the question of employers' liability and other matters. It contains a number of letters from judges concerning the status of the injured workmen under the law in New York. These judges are among the most learned in the State. They are unanimous in finding that the law which they are called upon to apply in these cases is out of date, is in essential particulars unjust, and requires change. Their criticism is far more sweeping than any statement of mine. They state that the interests of justice require that law to be changed and improved. With these letters are letters from four of the judges of the United States Courts sitting in New York, one of them a former distinguished Justice of the Connecticut courts. They are also of the opinion that justice demands fundamental changes in that law. These letters show the sympathetic spirit of these judges toward the great judicial function of doing justice, and their desire that the lawmaking power should interpose its hand, so that through such legislation justice might be done. These criticisms are, moreover, in a State which is already on record in a decision of its highest court that contracts such as you say railroad employees have an inalienable, Constitutional right to make, are against public policy of the State, and are void, even though there was no statute forbidding such contracts. The thing which the highest court of New York said could not be done, even when there was no statute declaring that it must *not* be done, you have declared can be done, and that the right to make such contracts cannot be forbidden by a statute enacted by the lawmaking power of the Nation.

The so-called freedom of contract which you have enunciated in that decision is a relic of barbarism. It is an empty and imaginary theory of freedom which is opposed to the known fact that to a large extent there is no freedom in the contract which the employee makes with the great employer. He has to take in countless instances his employment under such rules as the employer may impose, and if the employer may impose by a rule or a "contract" the denial of rights created by a statute, intended to operate in the employee's favor, the theory of the employee's freedom in accepting that rule or making that contract is a delusion and a sham. The theory of "freedom," of which you are the resolute defender in this opinion, would, if extended, undermine the very basis of all the child labor legislation in the United States, and of all legislation regulating industry to prevent the exploitation of human lives where excessive competition threatens them, and where long hours and evil conditions of labor are destructive of manhood and womanhood. It would undermine every law intended to make living conditions more tolerable for working people. If the workman has a right to contract to take the risk of being killed through the negligence of his employer, has a right to contract to receive no benefit from a statute which is created to afford him a benefit, he has a right to contract to live in a filthy tenement, and laws requiring property-owners to make these tenements habitable can be undermined and nullified as limiting the "freedom" of the tenement dweller to live in filth and pestilence. And yet you think that this issue between legal barbarism and the enlightened judgment of all humane and right-thinking men is so petty and personal that it can be settled by a slander or libel suit brought by you against me.

Your decision against the Federal Employment Liability Act can in my view be justified only by adhering to an economic philosophy of government which I hold would result in making and keeping the workman in a state of helplessness so far as his own rights are concerned. The lawmaking branches of our State and National Governments are recognizing the necessity of making these changes, so as to better the position of the workman, crippled in industry and in his fight for redress and justice in the courts. Your decision in a very fundamental matter denies not merely justice to the workman, but lies like a dead tree in the very pathway of remedial justice by declaring powerless the branch of government from which this redress must come.

If your suit is brought, my political opponents may make such capital of it as they choose. Those who are endeavoring to spread a false notion among conservative but high-minded citizens that I am an unfair critic of the courts may find such points for their charges in this controversy as they see fit. However, they can make capital out of my attitude in this controversy, as it seems to me, only by ignoring or denying three highly important considerations: first, that your decision which I have criticised, and continue to criticise, is morally wrong and is contrary both to public policy and to justice; secondly, that it is dangerous to our democracy to allow any court to claim immunity from fair criticism or objection, when it circumscribes a legitimate and proper field of legislation by interposing Constitutional objections where they do not exist; and, lastly, they must be prepared to assert that, because a man has been a Judge, this fact alone should exempt him from fair criticism, even when he is no longer a Judge, but a candidate for the highest elective office of the State. Yours truly,

(Signed) THÉODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin,
New Haven, Connecticut.

To this letter Governor Baldwin replied, under date of January 2, in a friendly

spirit, asserting that Mr. Roosevelt misinterpreted his decision, and that the point at issue between them still exists as to the law and the facts, but that, having become convinced of Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity in the matter and his freedom from personal hostility, and in view of the official position and duties which he himself has assumed since the campaign, he has decided not to bring the libel suit which he at first proposed. The importance of this matter consists, not in the fact that a libel suit has been avoided, but in the fact that the event has brought clearly before the public the important question as to how far the State through legislation should concern itself, not merely with the protection of life and property, but with the promotion of the general social welfare.

A New Study of the Constitution

"The Constitution of the United States, its History, Application, and Construction," by David K. Watson, would be a valuable addition to an editor's library, if he would really make use of it in his current interpretation of the Constitution for the leading (which is now often unfortunately the misleading) of his readers. It will be a very valuable addition to the libraries of those lawyers who have not access to those larger libraries and the original sources therein contained on which Dr. Watson has depended. And it will be a very useful volume even to those lawyers who have access to such libraries, since it will give them sometimes an adequate substitute for original investigation, and often a valuable clue to follow in their investigating. There are two sources to which we may go in our study of the Constitution of the United States. We may go to the decisions of the courts to learn what they have said it means, and how it is to be applied to modern conditions; or we may go to the debates of the Constitutional Convention and to other contemporaneous literature to learn what its framers intended and how it was understood at the time it was promulgated.

Dr. Watson's work may be characterized as both a historical and a judicial interpretation of the Constitution. That document, it ought never to be forgotten, was not the product of one mind; it was not, strictly speaking, the product of one Convention. It has a historical background, and was a growth rather than a creation, or, let us say, like the world, a creation in and by growth. Thus, to take a single illustration, "we find the earliest antecedent of the Preamble, almost a century and a half before the adoption of the Constitution, in the second article of the New England Confederation of 1643." The Constitution provides that "the executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America." The Outlook, following Mr. James Bryce and Mr. John Fiske, has said that this clause confers on the President powers analogous to those possessed by the King of England at the time the Constitution was adopted, except as those powers are modified by attendant clauses of the Constitution. The debates within and without the Convention which accompanied the adoption of this clause confirm this statement, while at the same time they define the limitations and indicate their importance. Thus Alexander Hamilton, in the "Federalist," pointed out that the President was an elected officer serving for four years, the King a perpetual and heredity officer; the former was liable to punishment, the latter immune; the former had a qualified, the latter an absolute, veto power over legislation; the former commanded the army, but could not declare a war as the latter could do; the former shared with the Senate the power of making treaties, which the latter possessed alone. These and other contrasts make clear the *difference* between the executive power of the President and of the King, but they make it equally clear that, however important, they are specific limitations on a power which in its general purpose and effect was that of a constitutional monarch. Both are clothed with executive power. In both that power is subject to certain limitations. The limitations in the case of the President are greater than in the case of the King.

An illustration of the other aspect of this work is afforded by its treatment of the clause of the Constitution conferring on Congress power to regulate inter-State and foreign commerce. "This clause," Dr. Watson tells his readers, "did not attract much attention in the Constitutional Convention." In fact, in determining its significance not much regard can be paid to contemporaneous discussion. But Dr. Watson is quite correct in saying that "for many years it has been, and will continue to be, the most potent provision of the Constitution, having become the basis of our National commercial system." And he devotes over forty pages to a report of interpretations, chiefly judicial, of this commerce clause. So far as we can judge, Dr. Watson has done his work with great impartiality. His spirit is academic. He does not appear as an advocate of any particular interpretation, but as a fair-minded historical reporter of the interpretations which have been given to the Constitution, on the one hand by contemporaneous discussion, on the other hand by subsequent interpretation. (Callaghan & Co., Chicago. $12.)

The Outlook

FEBRUARY 4, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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Contributing Editor

THE INSURGENT LEAGUE

A National Progressive Republican League has been formed. Senator Bourne, of Oregon, who contributed the article in The Outlook of October 8 last on "Popular Government in Oregon," is the President of the League, and is reported as saying that he expects to devote his whole time to it, so far as his official duties will permit. The League announces as its object "the promotion of popular government and progressive legislation," and as special methods for the attainment of this object five political reforms, namely: (1) Popular election of United States Senators; (2) direct primaries for all elective offices; (3) direct election of delegates to the National Convention, with opportunity for the voter to indicate his choice for President and Vice-President; (4) amendment to the State Constitutions, providing for the initiative, referendum, and recall; (5) a thoroughgoing corrupt practices act. The signatures already announced are largely from the West, and include, it is said, all the Insurgent United States Senators, unless Senator Borah, of Idaho, is to be regarded as an exception. Among other names of special significance are those of Louis Brandeis, Mr. Glavis's lawyer in the Ballinger case; Ray Stannard Baker, the popular magazine writer; Charles R. Crane, the Minister appointed to China, but afterwards retired at the request of Secretary Knox; Francis J. Heney, the District Attorney who prosecuted so effectively the San Francisco corruptionists; Gifford Pinchot; and William Allen White, the well-known Kansas editor. It may be said with confidence that the League is not an anti-Taft organization, nor has it for an object to promote the fortunes of any other Presidential candidate for 1912. But also it may be assumed that, as that election draws nigh, the League will not promote the cause of any candidate who is not publicly committed to its platform. On another page we comment on the organization of this League.

THE LORIMER CASE AGAIN

We have received the following letter in defense of Senator Lorimer:

Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read your article in The Outlook of January 7 on Senator Lorimer, and am constrained to say that the misstatements, the omission of important points, the unfairness of the article all the way through, are sufficient to condemn the entire article and will to every one who has read the evidence and who wishes to know the truth and be just. . . . You do not know the feeling among the people of Illinois. The great majority believe it a conspiracy against Senator Lorimer, primarily for many reasons fostered by a great newspaper [the writer evidently refers to the Chicago "Tribune," which deserves highly honorable mention in this connection] and from motives we understand out here; and only those who have paid little attention to the evidence and care little about it, but have been misled by The Outlook and other conscienceless papers and persons, doubt Lorimer. Some day, mark my word, the automatic transfer and movement of this money [the bribe money], the source, the motive, the purpose, will be revealed, and will clear, beyond all question, Lorimer and his friends.

N. P. DAVISON.

Jacksonville, Illinois, January 14.

We have just four things to say in reply to Mr. Davison: First, The Outlook has very carefully followed the court evidence in the trials connected with the Lorimer case, and has gone, in many instances, to the original records in Chicago. It has made a careful examination of both the majority and the minority reports of the Senate Committee sent to Chicago to

investigate the charges of bribery and corruption connected with Mr. Lorimer's election. Its opinion that the Legislature which elected Mr. Lorimer was shamelessly corrupt is not based upon sentiment, but upon facts which are regarded even by Mr. Lorimer's defenders in the United States Senate as conclusively proved. Second, we think we do know the feeling of the people of Illinois, in spite of Mr. Davison's statement to the contrary. We believe that feeling to be one of chagrin and shame, and we assert that if popular Senatorial elections were in operation Mr. Lorimer would be so sure of defeat as hardly to take the trouble to be a candidate. Third, we do mark Mr. Davison's words that some day Mr. Lorimer will prove his innocence. "Some day" will not do; now is the time for Mr. Davison to make his revelations. If Mr. Lorimer's friends will bring some real evidence to show that there was no bribery and corruption in his election, The Outlook will be happy to print it. Fourth, Mr. Bryan, a few years ago, in making a public speech on the subject "Thou Shalt Not Steal," began his address in the following effective manner: "'Thou shalt not steal' is a self-evident proposition. A self-evident proposition is one which cannot be argued. If you should say to a man, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and he replies, 'Hold on a moment—I would like to argue that with you!' don't argue with him, *search him.*" In like manner, we say to Mr. Davison that, in view of the uncontroverted evidence, the political defenders of Mr. Lorimer's election need, not argument, but investigation.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY

The Administration's admirable reciprocity agreement with Canada was submitted to Congress last week with a special message from the President urging its prompt enactment into law. The agreement was presented concurrently to the Dominion Parliament in Ottawa; and within a few days bills will be introduced in the legislative body of each Government designed to make the terms of the agreement effective. The concurrent legislation will obviate the necessity of any treaty on the subject between the two countries. What are the terms of the agreement? We offer to open our markets free to Canada's leading agricultural products, live stock, fruits, fish, lumber, and salt. Print paper and wood pulp are also to be free whenever Canadian provincial governments withdraw the restrictions now imposed upon the exportation of those products. We also reduce the duties on certain commodities, notably iron ore. What does Canada offer? She will take down the tariff bars entirely on many of our agricultural products, live stock, fruits, fish, salt, cottonseed oil, and some other things; on coal, agricultural implements, and some other manufactured articles she reduces the duties. It is true that under this agreement we may send more goods to Canada than we receive from Canada, and, following the antiquated theory of "balance of trade," Canada seems to objectors to the agreement to have the better of the bargain. But in his message to Congress last week the President indicates that the benefits to be derived by us cannot longer be computed in this way; we must remember that a great source of supply as near as Canada of staple food products, especially of cereals, would certainly help to prevent those deplorable speculative fluctuations which The Outlook has often adversely criticised, would steady local price movements, and would probably postpone the effect of a further world-increase in the price of leading commodities entering into the cost of living. While the President is careful to say, "I do not wish to hold out the prospect that the unrestricted interchange of food products will greatly and at once reduce their cost to the people of this country," we shall be surprised if, in the event of the agreement's ratification, such food commodities as wheat and other grains, cattle, fish, vegetables, fruits, and dairy products do not become gradually somewhat cheaper. As to lumber, the argument for its free importation was well put forth in the debate on the tariff bill, and has not been conclusively answered by the arguments of Mr. Gifford Pinchot and others. President Taft has always stood for free lumber, as have many large owners of forests on both sides of the border; while they admit that a cheapening of price might not be noticeable far away from that border, they recognize that a prime

alue of free trade in these necessities of fe would lie in the steadying value of rice and in the check to monopoly as vell as in reducing our present forest destruction.

HOW THE HOUSEKEEPER IS AFFECTED

The average housekeeper, on reading the above, may say, Just how does this affect me? She must buy certain necessities—eggs, butter, meat, etc. The present rate on eggs imported from Canada is five cents a dozen; if the agreement goes into effect, they will be free. On butter the present rate is six cents a pound; under reciprocity it would be free. On fresh meat the present rate is one and a half cents a pound; under reciprocity it would be one and a quarter cents. On bacon and hams the present rate is four cents a pound; under reciprocity it would be a cent and a quarter. On poultry dead the present rate is five cents a pound; alive, three cents; both would be free. On codfish the present rate is three-quarters of a cent a pound, and on mackerel one cent; both would be free. On fruits, such as apples and peaches, the present rate is twenty-five cents a bushel; all would be free. On such vegetables as potatoes the present rate is twenty-five cents a barrel; all vegetables would be free. When such figures are cited, the resultant public opinion should be, we think, powerful enough to affect the conservatives in both parties who are already looking askance at this proposed agreement. They say that even if they approved favorable action on it, there might result such a revision of our tariff on imports from *all* countries as Congress might decide to adopt. Of course! And here is the sticking-point. It is not a case of Canada alone; it is a case of generally lower tariffs. In order to maintain ultra-protection, many Republicans and Democrats shut their eyes, not to the special interests at home which maintain such high protection, but to any reciprocal relations, no matter how mutually advantageous and, like the present proposed agreement, truly National in scope, because benefiting all sections of the country. To accomplish this National result a few men here and there may make less money than formerly. The Gloucester fishermen and the Michigan lumbermen are cases in point. Their parochial influence on certain members of Congress has already defeated National reciprocity. In Secretary Hay's time the industry of one little town defeated the comprehensive reciprocity treaty with France, and the industry of another little town defeated the reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland. It would be a pity if now the Gloucester fisherman should "hold up" the fish market of the whole country, or if a few Northwesterners should prevent the free exchange either of lumber or agricultural products with Canada. In short, it seems incredible that a few special and subsidiary interests should obstruct the freedom of two intelligent peoples with their three-thousand-mile common frontier. These two countries have common traditions and aspirations. Why should a high tariff wall longer separate them?

A VICTORY FOR POPULAR RULE

The election of James E. Martine as United States Senator from New Jersey is a double triumph for Governor Wilson. He has won a victory for the principle of popular rule, and he has given a convincing demonstration of the service which the Governor of a State can render as the leader of his party. The New Jersey direct primary law provides for an advisory vote at the primary upon candidates for United States Senator. But this vote does not in any way bind the Legislature. At the primary last fall two candidates for United States Senator presented themselves to the Democratic voters of the State, and three candidates to the Republican voters. Of the Republican candidates ex-Governor Stokes received the largest number of votes by a small margin; and of the Democratic candidates Mr. Martine received a very much larger vote than his only opponent. As soon as it was evident that the new Legislature was Democratic, Governor Wilson declared that the vote for Martine at the primary imposed a duty upon the Democratic members of the Legislature to vote for him for Senator. "His election," said Mr. Wilson, "will definitely and finally commit the State to the practice of elevating to the Senate men indorsed

at the polls by the people;" and this practice the Democratic party in the State had again and again recommended. Opposition to this doctrine arose in the person of James Smith, Jr., the Democratic boss of the State, and a former United States Senator with an unsavory record in connection with tariff legislation. On behalf of Mr. Smith it was urged that the primary vote for Mr. Martine was only a fraction of the total Democratic vote of the State and thus could not be taken as representing the real sentiment of the Democratic party, that the vote was only advisory and could in no way bind the Legislature, and that, anyway, it was unconstitutional for the people to have anything to do with selecting a Senator, since that function had been intrusted solely to the Legislature. As the leader of the Democratic party in the State, Governor Wilson appealed to the people to bring the power of public opinion to bear upon the legislators. When the two houses of the Legislature met separately to vote for Senator, Mr. Martine received forty votes, only one less than was necessary to elect, and Mr. Smith received only ten votes. Mr. Smith thereupon withdrew his candidacy, and the next day the Legislature, in joint session, elected Mr. Martine by a vote of 48 to 21 for ex-Governor Stokes, the Republican candidate. By the success of his campaign for the election of Mr. Martine, Governor Wilson has strengthened the movement for the direct election of United States Senators, has done much to establish himself as the real leader of the New Jersey Democracy, and has made himself one of the most prominent figures in the field of National political life.

A WORD TO WYOMING

During the last few years the National Government and certain State Governments have established here and there reserves or refuges where wild things can live unmolested. This movement is one deserving the heartiest commendation not only of all lovers of nature but of all broadly cultivated and humane people, whether or not they care much for wild life. It is a melancholy thing that the progress of civilization should so often be accompanied by the utter extinction of the stately and beautiful life of the wilderness. Surely when civilization grows sufficiently civilized this process of extinction will cease. Our country inaugurated the work of protection for wild creatures in their home surroundings when it set aside the Yellowstone Park as a National playground and as a refuge in which beasts and birds could live unmolested by man. Similar sanctuaries have been established by the Federal Government in many parts of the country. Sanctuaries in which bison and antelope as well as many other beasts and birds live have been established in Oklahoma and Montana. With the hearty co-operation of the Audubon Society, refuges for wild birds have been established in many places, notably on the coast of Louisiana and in Florida, and the favorable effect has been almost instantaneous. Certain of the States have also acted in this matter. Particularly wise was the action of Wyoming in erecting such a refuge and sanctuary for wild creatures in the shape of the Big Horn Reserve. At present a movement as short-sighted and unwise as it is vicious has been started in Wyoming to break down this reserve. It is earnestly to be hoped that the citizens of Wyoming will have too much State pride, too keen an appreciation of the advantage the reserve is to the State, to permit any such movement to succeed.

BE CAREFUL MR. MAYOR!

One of the greatest public works ever undertaken by a municipality in the history of civilization is the aqueduct now in the course of construction which will carry pure water a hundred miles from its source in the Catskill Mountains to the city of New York. This gigantic undertaking, which on the engineering side alone presents some problems more difficult than any found in the Panama Canal, is of vital interest not only to the inhabitants of New York City, but to all the people of the United States; for if, through political corruption or inefficiency, it is a failure, it will go far to show that popular government in any form is in serious danger. The importance, political, social, and scientific, of the new aqueduct has led The Outlook to devote during the last year or two a large amount of space

to its consideration; but it may be well to remind our readers that the building of the aqueduct is in the hands of a Board of Water Supply consisting of three members who have the power to determine the character of the engineering plans and of the contracts for construction. Fully realizing the great powers of this Board, and the dangers of political graft and corruption which naturally beset the expenditure by any American municipal government of one hundred and sixty millions of dollars, Mayor McClellan, in whose administration the aqueduct had its inception, announced that he would make his selection of the three members of the Board from nine men nominated by three New York City civic bodies—the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Fire Underwriters, and the Manufacturers' Association, selecting one member from the three nominees of each of these organizations. The necessary legislation creating the Water Board was passed as a result of Mayor McClellan's public promise to appoint its members and to fill vacancies in accordance with this plan. Whatever criticisms may be made of Mayor McClellan, it is admitted on every hand that he was as sincerely devoted to the best interests of the aqueduct as President Roosevelt and President Taft have been to the interests of the Panama Canal. Fulfilling his promise, he appointed a Water Board singularly free from the usual political considerations and really representative of the social and economic needs of the city. Unfortunately, there is some ground for belief that sinister political influences have affected the treatment of this Board under the present Administration. Its President, Mr. Bensel, having been elected State Engineer, it was necessary for Mayor Gaynor to appoint his successor, and he has made this appointment in the person of Mr. John F. Galvin. Mr. Galvin is a man of unblemished integrity, but is commonly understood to be in politics a strict "organization" man. In appointing him the Mayor did not consult the three civic bodies which Mayor McClellan had selected as his advisers in this important matter. The promise which Mayor McClellan made to consult these bodies—without which promise the Legislature would not have created the Water Board in its present form—while not legally binding upon Mayor Gaynor, is, in our judgment, morally binding upon him; in ignoring it he has taken a reactionary step which is not only a menace to the aqueduct, but is a violation of the principles of good government. A still more discouraging feature of Mayor Gaynor's relation to the aqueduct is found in the fact that Mr. Shaw, the member of the Board recommended by the Fire Underwriters, and at the time of his appointment the president of a well-known fire insurance company, has recently resigned under circumstances which lead to the grave suspicion that questionable political influence has forced him out. If the Mayor was a party to this political pressure, the situation is a serious one. The appointment which the Mayor will soon have to make to fill Mr. Shaw's place is a matter of concern to every citizen and taxpayer of the city of New York, as well as to every man in any part of the country who believes in the municipal administration of public utilities. If the Mayor should make a purely political appointment for this important vacancy, confidence in his real desire for efficient municipal government would be seriously shaken. What a "political" Board may do in the matter of contracts amounting to millions of dollars needs only to be mentioned to be understood. We hope that the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Fire Underwriters, and the Manufacturers' Association will take this question up at once and seriously. It is of greater importance to the city and the country than the subway controversy.

M. BRIAND'S PLAN

Two months ago M. Aristide Briand, the French Premier, promised the railway strikers that, if they would go back to work, he would endeavor to obtain for them practically all they wanted as to better wages and provision for pensions. M. Briand is keeping his word. The main bone of contention in the recent strike, the desire for a dollar a day minimum wage, has already been settled through his efforts by a grant to those railway employees who live in the Paris district, and the prospect is favorable for

an increase of pay to those outside of the metropolitan district. Concerning other matters, M. Briand has now laid before Parliament a scheme of legislation. In the first place, he considers that dreadful thing which the French call *sabotage*—that is to say, the wanton destruction of railway material. The Premier asks Parliament to declare that *sabotage* is indefensible, useless, and dangerous; and, if indulged in, offenders will be brought face to face with a scale of imprisonment penalties varying from six months to five years in duration. Having thus dealt with this elementary question of law and order, M. Briand turns his attention to legislation benefiting both the employees and the employers. The employees are to be mainly benefited by the establishment of a great scheme of pensions under which railway men are to receive one-eightieth of their average salary for every year's service; if the men have subscribed to the railway companies' pension schemes, however, the amount is to be increased to one-sixtieth. Having protected the men's interests, the Prime Minister proposes to protect the companies; he would not only guarantee their bonds free of charge, but would also supply one-third of the funds required, involving an expenditure of about $1,500,000 a year. Having endeavored to protect both employees and employers, M. Briand comes to a new determination of the relations between employees and employers, by means of arbitration. But he declares that in future such arbitration must be compulsory, not optional. As a means to this end, a primary court is to be established, really a mixed conference of masters and men. It is not specified, however, that the men's representatives need be railway employees. This may be significant; for in France, as for a long time in England, railway directors refused to meet the trade union leaders. The arbitrators are to be elected by Parliament from the Councilors of State, from the members of the Cour de Cassation (the French Supreme Court), from the members of the Hague Conference, from the Presidents of the Paris Court of Appeal, from the chief civil judges, from the Vice-Presidents of the French Labor Council, and, finally, from the members of the two scientific academies, the Académie des Sciences and the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

WILL THE PLAN WORK?

It remains to be seen how this plan of arbitration will be regarded by the average French railway employee. He is not much overburdened with respect either for the judges or for the members of the learned academies. The judges, poorly paid, are often popularly supposed to be too much influenced by the Government. The Académie members are looked upon as theoretical and impractical. These criticisms would hardly apply to the arbitrators drawn from the French Labor Council, and it is fortunate that the Council is doubtless to be amply represented on the arbitration board. Even if the personnel were perfect, however, the great powers which M. Briand's legislation confers upon them call for note. They are compelled to intervene in a strike, and, as the railway servants are servants of the State, owing to the French system of State control of railways, the right to strike is withdrawn. If an employee incites to strike, he may be punished by a year's imprisonment; on the other hand, a railway company which declines to follow the arbitrators' orders is in danger of cancellation of its charter. The plan as a whole is, of course, of vital interest to the welfare of the French nation. But interest in it is international as well as national. Other countries with similar problems are looking on to observe the temper of the French Parliament in discussing the Premier's ingenious plan, and will, if the plan becomes law, watch with even greater interest to see whether it works well. If Aristide Briand were always to be Prime Minister of France, and could break any strike with the help of the conscript system, as he broke the strike two months ago, the outlook might be different. The question, however, arises: What would be the result if, in case of a general strike, an unpopular Prime Minister should attempt to carry out the arbitrators' unpopular verdict and summarily dismiss the three hundred thousand French railway employees? Or, what would happen if he even attempted to repeat M. Briand's venture of two months

ago and call all the men to the colors? The new legal machinery may be never so ingenious in placing greater responsibilities both on employees and employers, but it must be a machinery of conciliation so exactly adapted to the temper of both employees and employers as to unite them in a common movement. The fault of the plan, if it have any, is likely to be found in the character of the arbitrators. There must be entire confidence in the fairness, breadth, and judicial-mindedness of those arbitrators, or there can be no lastingly beneficial result. In any event, the third party to the dispute—the public—has, through the voice of its chief Minister, made itself heard. It proposes a comprehensive and helpful plan. The plan may be bettered by various suggestions, but, in the ultimate analysis, the proposed solution of the labor problem in France has been brought about, not by the strikers nor by the companies, but by the public. To his previous great services to the State M. Briand has now added another—and it is perhaps his greatest service.

SIR FRANCIS GALTON

The career of Sir Francis Galton, who died recently in London, close upon his ninetieth birthday, was notable for variety of interests combined with unity of aim, and for lifelong productiveness. It has been often remarked that men and women of many interests do not grow old; age does not mean for them the fading of interest or the decline of faculties, although it often involves physical weakness. Sir Francis was an illustration of the fact that a variety of interests nourish the vitality by keeping the brain alive and the imagination at work. With the exception of Mr. Wallace, he was the last survivor of the generation of scientific men who not only greatly advanced scientific activity among the English-speaking peoples, but who, by the possession of rare gifts of expression, popularized scientific thought, and made what might have been in the hands of dry-as-dusts a movement which engaged the attention of experts only, a stirring of thought and an awakening of interest throughout the English-speaking world. When it is recalled that Sir Francis Galton received the gold medal of the Royal George Society fifty-eight years ago, the extraordinary duration of his activities is brought into view. He was favorably born. He was himself an illustration of the value of eugenics—the science of favorable ante-natal conditions—in which he was deeply interested, for he was the grandson of Erasmus Darwin. He was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, at the Medical School of King's College, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and two years after his graduation he was exploring the Upper Nile and penetrating into the Sudan. A few years later he conducted an expedition into what is now German Southwest Africa, and made many important discoveries. His "Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa" and his "Art of Travel; or, Shifts and Contrivances in Wild Countries" took at once a very important place in the literature of exploration, and were an important contribution to the knowledge of the methods of that difficult art. In 1869 he published "Hereditary Genius," a work which attracted wide attention and established his popular reputation as a scientific investigator in one of the most interesting fields. Fourteen years later, in his seventy-second year, his "Inquiries into Human Faculty" appeared. In 1899 his investigations were carried still further in natural inheritance, and in 1892, in his eighty-second year, his "Index to Finger-Prints" was given to the public. This group of works belong together, and are notable alike for thoroughness of investigation, precision of statement, and deep human interest. "Hereditary Genius" was read by a host of people with the interest which is usually given to fiction. Sir Francis was not an original discoverer in this field, but he was an ardent and brilliant investigator, with the power of investing a scientific subject with deep human interest. His "Memories of My Life," published in this country two years ago by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., is an autobiography of great value.

THE CHINAMAN AND HIS QUEUE

The queue, or, as it is somewhat disrespectfully called, "the pigtail," has so long been an appendage of every male inhabitant of China that many

Americans, and even some of the Chinese themselves, have entertained the notion that when a Chinaman cut off his queue he was committing an act of treason. Despatches in the daily press which recently announced that large numbers of Chinese have been cutting off their queues therefore produced some astonishment. As a matter of fact, this queue-cutting is an indication not of diminishing but of increasing patriotism among the Chinese. When the Manchus gained control of China a few centuries ago, they imposed the queue, or pigtail, upon the Chinese as a badge of vassalage. Having been originally accepted by the Chinese because they could not help themselves, the queue became in their minds a badge of nationality which distinguished them from their Manchu rulers. With the growth of Western ideas in China and the development of the national spirit has come the determination to abandon the queue, both because it originated as a badge of servitude and because it interferes with the customs and manners of Western life, many of which the Chinese are beginning to adopt. Thus the queue-cutting which has been going on among the Chinese has a real significance. A few years ago a Japanese statesman, answering a friend who had expressed regret at the substitution of ugly European clothes for the beautiful Japanese costumes, said: "You forget that as long as we wore that costume we were certain to be treated as bric-à-brac; whereas we intend to be treated on a footing of full equality with Western nations, and our dress simply shows our intention." A curious instance of correspondence between dress and inward intention is shown by the history of the Chinese army. Less than a decade ago a serious effort was begun to make the Chinese army efficient according to European standards. Naturally it has gone on by fits and starts. Whenever it has made progress it has always happened that the men at the head of it were men who had cut their "pigtails" and wore ordinary military clothes. Whenever there was appointed as head of the army a mandarin who adhered to the old Chinese garb, who wore a "pigtail," and who had long, polished finger-nails, the army instantly began to deteriorate and progress was stopped. European dress did not always mean that the reform went on, but the failure to wear it always meant that the reform had stopped. Whether the present queue-cutting in China becomes universal there or not, it is now being done on a sufficiently wide scale to indicate that China means to become a nation in the Western sense of the word.

MILLIONS FOR KNOWLEDGE

The additional gift of ten millions of dollars made by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to the fund of the Carnegie Institution in Washington puts into the hand of that organization, for what may be called scientific exploration and a concerted attack on the vast region of life and the earth still to be explored, the great fund of twenty-five millions of dollars—the largest capital ever massed for the purposes of extending the domain of human knowledge. Already the work of the Institution is being conducted in all parts of the world; scientific expeditions have been sent out in many directions; there are departments of sociology and economics and history, and a geophysical laboratory, a station of marine biology, and of botanical research, being conducted under the direct supervision of the Institution. Various scientific enterprises in different quarters are being sustained by it; one of the most striking of these enterprises is the establishment and equipment of a great observatory at Mount Wilson in California, which has already made discoveries of a startling character. The huge telescope and the exquisitely sensitive photographic camera now in use there have enabled the brilliant young astronomer, Professor Hale, to discover and record no less than sixty thousand suns and stars heretofore unseen by human eyes. What may be done in the future from this point of observation, with the greatest scientific appliances within the reach of human skill, no man can foresee. Professor Hale will soon have at his command a colossal telescope with an object-glass one hundred inches in diameter. When this great instrument is in use, the boundaries of the universe as man sees them will be pushed still farther back, and no man can foresee what discoveries may be made

in regard to the constitution and condition of planets which have long been familiar, but which no telescope of similar power has yet searched. Certainly no sum of twenty-five millions of dollars was ever set to work along such lines of service to human intelligence as the endowment of the Carnegie Institution.

A BRONZE YACHT

When the reporters were talking with Mr. Carnegie the other day about his new gift, they learned from him some extremely interesting facts relating to the bronze yacht, the Carnegie. Why there should be a bronze yacht, and what its mission is, are probably not very well known to the general reading public. One striking piece of work which has been done by the Carnegie has been the clearing from blame of the captain of a British ship who ran his vessel upon rocks. The British Admiralty Charts, as has been proven, showed clear water exactly where this accident took place, but the Carnegie has established it beyond question that these charts were in error and that, while the captain of the British ship was sailing in precisely the right course according to his chart, he struck uncharted rocks, to the total destruction of the steamship. Errors in charts are not common, but they do exist, and they can be discovered only by constant experiment and scientific tests under the best possible conditions. Now, a principal cause of such errors is the uncertainty of the mariner's compass, which is by no means the sure and accurate instrument many people imagine. Allowance must be made for variations of more than one kind, and, moreover, each iron or steel vessel, at the very outset of its career, has to be tested on a trial voyage made for the express purpose, and its individual compass adjusted relative to the effect of the steel structure in the case of the ship in question. Bronze does not produce a distracting effect on the compass, and accordingly a bronze yacht is precisely fitted for studying magnetic conditions. The Carnegie is, we believe, the only yacht ever built with bronze substituted for iron, and, to quote Mr. Carnegie, it is "going over all the seas, year after year, putting the world right." This one service alone, Mr. Carnegie thinks, will give ample dividends on the whole twenty-five millions of dollars invested in the Carnegie Institution.

CHANTECLER: A DISAPPOINTMENT

Probably on no dramatic production of recent years have the arts of the press agent and the advertising man been so exhaustively used as on Rostand's "Chantecler." No device has been neglected for whetting the public appetite, both in France and in this country, long in advance of the setting of the table for the feast. From the size of the audiences which gathered at the Knickerbocker Theater in New York last week, when the opportunity finally came to see the much-advertised play, it is apparent that much public curiosity, if not interest, had been aroused. The result was disappointment. In its original form "Chantecler" is a fine piece of dramatic literature, sparkling with wit, bristling with satire, and gleaming with poetic beauty. But in the estate in which it now appears in New York it has suffered a sad "sea change." The play is of necessity sharply cut, and the translation has almost completely failed to render the inimitable spirit of the original. To cap the climax, the cruel double injustice has been wrought of having what is in essence the most masculine of characters played by one who is in essence the most feminine of actresses. Miss Maude Adams has an ability, and an artistic feeling, and, above all, a pervading charm which make her deservedly one of the most popular of American actresses. But she is hardly more fitted to play "Chantecler" than she would be to play "Macbeth." The regret at seeing her fitted to so unsuitable a part was only accentuated by the sincerity and earnestness with which she strove to portray it. Personally, we should like to have seen the part played by an actor now appearing at a neighboring theater, Mr. Otis Skinner—but that is another story. Everything had been done on the material side to make the presentation attractive to the eye. Stage settings and costumes were artistic and pleasing. But the literary and dramatic shortcomings were too serious to be overcome. To read this play by the

author of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon" in the original is one thing. To see it presented in an uninspired and mutilated translation, by actors anything but Gallic in spirit and temperament, is quite another.

WITHIN 1.6 MILES OF THE NORTH POLE

Every one who has any knowledge of scientific instruments knows that absolute precision is rarely possible. When Mr. Peary reported his great achievement in reaching the North Pole, he was careful to point out that he did not mean that he thought he had planted his feet on the precise mathematical point where there is no longitude and ninety full degrees of latitude from the equator. It could not be expected that his instruments would give a result without even a fraction of error. But what Mr. Peary actually did was to ascertain the precise position of the Pole as accurately as human endeavor and instruments of observation would admit. Beyond this, he brought back such clear and correct accounts of observations that the scientific world is assured that everything was done that was possible to do to establish his claim. His charts and records have just been scrutinized by the House Committee on Naval Affairs, who called upon expert officers of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey to verify them. These experts worked out a chart and examined each observation and every figure with minute care, and as a result reported that their calculations showed that Mr. Peary came within 1.6 miles of the North Pole; that at first he had veered to the left on nearing the Pole, but later had recognized an error of measurement and had crossed toward the mathematical Pole—almost, though not exactly, passing over the point. As a result, the Committee finds that the statement, in ordinary language, that Captain Peary reached the Pole is entirely warranted by the facts; and the majority report recommends the passage of a bill, now before Congress, which will give Mr. Peary the thanks of Congress and will make him a Rear-Admiral on the retired list. This is nothing more than is due to Mr. Peary's long-continued and arduous services in giving to his country the honor of accomplishing what had been tried by explorers of many nations for many years. His patience, endurance, and persistence have been unexampled. He deserves well of his country, and only a few unreasoning doubters can for a moment question the justice and fairness of such action by Congress.

PERMANENT CONSULAR AND DIPLOMATIC REFORM

Last week the Lowden Bill was ordered reported to the House of Representatives by its Committee on Foreign Relations. The bill provides for the creation of a Board of Examiners to pass upon the qualifications of persons seeking admission to the Consular and Diplomatic services, and also to determine the fitness of persons by efficiency records to be kept in the State Department. From time to time the Secretary of State must report to the President the names of persons found upon examination to have fitness for appointment to the lower grades of the service, also the names of Consular and Diplomatic employees who have shown just cause why they should be promoted. These provisions are already in force, it is true, but only by the Executive orders issued in 1906 and 1909. By the stroke of a pen, therefore, a future and possibly reactionary President might reduce our State Department to its former shameful position—at the spoilsmen's mercy. The Lowden Bill, making mandatory President Roosevelt's and President Taft's executive orders, safeguards the Consular and Diplomatic services from any such peril. It also emphasizes the principles of Civil Service Reform by compelling the holding of serious, impartial examinations once a year without regard to the political or other affiliations of any candidates. We are glad that the bill specifies certain subjects for the examinations: business experience and ability; a knowledge of American resources and commerce, of American history and institutions, of international, commercial, and maritime law, and finally of one language other than English. As President Taft said, some time since, in recommending the passage of such a measure, the marked improvement in the Consular service during the few years since Civil Service principles were applied

to it, and the good results already noticeable from a similar application of those principles in 1909 to our Diplomatic service, indicate that their enactment into law cannot fail to effect further improvement of both branches of the foreign service, offering, as it would, a greater assurance of permanency of tenure.

NATIONALISM AND THE WORKINGMAN

This is the fourth of the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on the general subject of "Nationalism and Progress." The article to be published next week will be "Nationalism and the Workingwoman." —*The Editors.*

One of the prime objects which the Progressives have in view in seeking to secure the highest governmental efficiency of both the National and the State Governments is to safeguard and guarantee the vital interests of the wage-workers. We believe in property rights; normally and in the long run property rights and human rights coincide; but where they are at variance we are for human rights first and for property rights second. Lincoln phrased it in one of his homely anecdotes when he said, "We are for both the man and the dollar; but if we must choose between them, we put the man above the dollar;" and in a more formal speech, when he said, "Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration."

In this matter, as in other matters, we know that the goal we have in view cannot be reached immediately, or by any one expedient. But our vision of the goal is distinct, and bit by bit we intend to realize this vision. We wish to reshape social and industrial conditions so that it shall no longer be possible for masses of men—still less, masses of women and children—to be worked for excessive hours, or under conditions disastrous to their health, or at their own personal risk to life and limb, or for a wage too small to permit the living of a self-respecting life. As to some of the evils which need curing we do not yet see the remedy, and must confine ourselves for the moment to a diagnosis. But as to others we do see the remedy, and we urge its immediate application.

At the outset let me make clear one point. I have no sympathy with any limitation of efficiency, no sympathy with any provision which seeks to reduce the work of the high-grade man to the level of the low-grade man. The very fact that I so emphatically believe in the high dignity of manual labor, and desire to do all in my power to raise its position as compared with merely mental labor, gives the reason why I feel we should welcome high skill in manual labor, extreme efficiency therein, just as we recognize skill and efficiency in any form of mental labor. Unless there is pride in efficiency in any line of work that work will never stand high in the popular estimation. If all that a man desires is to get through his job with the minimum of effort and skill on his part, then he will never have, because he will never deserve, the respect of his fellows. A couple of thousand years ago our ancestors ranked the smith as a fit companion for kings; but this was only possible provided that the smith felt that his work was of such a character that it behooved him to do it just as well as the king did his work. In modern times our aim should be to strive to bring about the same self-respect, the same power of inspiring respect in others, among the men who work with their hands as among lawyers or financiers or any other people. This, of course, means education on both sides. On the one hand, the community at large must have the right standards, must put the proper value on courage, address, perseverance, energy, physical power. My own personal feeling is one of hearty contempt for any man who fails to have this feeling. It has never been any effort on my part to respect the first-class railway man or blacksmith or carpenter or cow-hand as much as I respect a competent banker or lawyer; indeed, I have always felt a certain impatience with any one who does not admire physical address and daring; and there are many men who work with their hands among those whose judgment I desire on any question relating to the essential needs, social, political, and industrial, of our civilization. I do not mean that a man should limit himself simply to doing physical

work, or adopt the principles of the well-meaning but unbalanced enthusiasts who would require every man always to do manual work in addition to his other labor. Such conduct is not idealism but folly. I do mean, however, that, in my judgment, it is best, where possible, to combine physical and mental efficiency, and that the highest type of citizen is most apt to be a man who can thus combine them; and I mean, furthermore, that the high type of man who in driving an engine or erecting a building or handling deep-sea fishing craft shows the necessary moral, intellectual, and physical qualities demanded by his task ought to be instantly accepted as standing upon as high a plane of citizenship as any human being in the community. But he can never stand on such a plane unless he regards his work with such devotion that he is not content to do less than his very best. He ought to join with his fellows in a union, or in some similar association, for mutual help and betterment, and in that association he should strive to raise higher his less competent brothers; but he should positively decline to allow himself to be dragged down to their level, and if he does thus permit himself to be dragged down, the penalty is the loss of individual, of class, and finally of National efficiency.

In order to raise the status, not of the exceptional people, but of the great mass of those who work with their hands under modern industrial conditions, it is imperative that there should be more than merely individual action. The old plea that collective action by all the people through the State, or by some of them through a union or other association, is necessarily hostile to individual growth has been demonstrated to be false. On the contrary, in the world of labor as in the world of business, the advent of the giant corporation and the very wealthy employer has meant that the absence of all governmental supervision implies the emergence of a very few exceptionally powerful men at the head and the stamping out of all individual initiative and power lower down. Unrestricted individualism in violence during the dark ages merely produced a class of brutal and competent individual fighters at the top, resting on a broad foundation of abject serfs below. Unrestricted individualism in the modern industrial world produces results very little better, and in the end means the complete atrophy of all power of real individual initiative, real individual capacity for self-help, in the great mass of the workers.

There must, therefore, be collective action. This need of collective action is in part supplied by the unions, which, although they have on certain points been guilty of grave shortcomings, have nevertheless on the whole rendered inestimable service to the workingman. In addition, there must be collective action through the Government, the agent of all of us.

Probably the chief obstacle in the way of taking such wise collective action lies in the mental attitude of those who still adhere to the doctrinaire theory of eighteenth-century individualism, and treat as a cardinal virtue the right to absolute liberty of contract—and of course, carried out logically, the theory of absolute liberty of contract simply means the legalization of all kinds of slavery. It is essential that the Nation and the State should be able to forbid the exercise of that kind of pseudo-liberty which means the abridgment of real liberty. There has been a steady growth in these matters, and views which a century ago the courts accepted as almost axiomatic are now upset in decision after decision. The Supreme Court of the United States on January 3 last stated the case as regards liberty of contract as follows: "There is no such thing as absolute freedom of contract. The power of government extends to the denial of liberty of contract to the extent of forbidding or regulating every contract which is reasonably calculated to injuriously affect the public interest." The decision goes on to state that the power of the United States is absolute as regards regulating commerce between the States.

The right to regulate the conditions of labor for women and children has now been settled so authoritatively by the Supreme Court of the United States, and by most State courts, that it ought to be no longer regarded as open to serious discussion. Child labor legislation in accordance with this principle is imperatively demanded from the National Government and from

most State governments, there being but a few of our States in which this regulation has gone far enough. It has worked admirably wherever it has been applied. As regards women, there should be strict regulation as to the number of hours they are allowed to be employed and as to the conditions of their work, both as regards cleanliness and surroundings. As yet no way has been devised by which the Government can directly deal with the cases in which the wages paid are insufficient to sustain life under the conditions demanded by the woman's self-respect. I am well aware that this is a question fraught with the greatest difficulties, but it is imperative for us to face the fact that we are making a failure of our democratic experiment just to the extent that there exist large classes of people, and especially large classes of women, who work under conditions and for salaries such that they cannot retain their self-respect. No adequate remedy has yet been proposed. In all probability a great many remedies would have to be concurrently tried and adopted. But nothing is gained by blinking the fact that remedies are imperatively needed.

Indeed, we cannot afford to blink the fact as regards men any more than as regards women. The idle man is a curse to the community, and cannot be a good citizen. But neither can the man who is exhausted by incessant and excessive toil be a good citizen. Men who work thirteen hours a day, including Sunday, week in and week out, simply have not the opportunity to develop themselves or to produce the kind of citizenship which it is absolutely essential for a democracy to possess if it intends to remain a real democracy. The eight-hour day is an ideal towards which we should strive to attain. We should apply it wherever the Government has power, and should consistently endeavor to help in its achievement in private life.

In Nation and State alike there should be far-reaching and comprehensive workmen's compensation acts, and in Nation and State alike there should be far-reaching and comprehensive legislation to guarantee safe and healthy conditions for the workmen while at work. In both these regards the workman should not be left to fight for his own interests, and should be explicitly forbidden from making contracts which would imperil these interests. His protection in the place where he works, and his right to compensation if injured, should be guaranteed by the laws of the land. If one of the machines owned by an employer is damaged, the employer has to pay for the damage; and if the man who runs it is hurt, it is just as much the duty of the employer to compensate him as it is to repair the machine. In each case those who use the product will in the end, and quite properly, pay for the damage.

In this matter we are far behind most other civilized countries. It is humiliating to think that until very recently we had done nothing whatever to regulate such an industry as that of the manufacture of poisonous matches, and that even yet we have to struggle against that attitude of mind which has shown itself among those judges who have decided against workmen's compensation laws on the ground that they interfere with liberty of contract. The railway employees on any railway doing inter-State business can be guaranteed their rights only by the action of the Federal Government, and no greater wrong can be committed against labor than the wrong committed by those who, on the bench or in the Legislatures, seek to prevent the Federal Government from having full power in this matter. The Federal Government should pass drastic compensation laws as regards its own employees, and as regards all wage-workers employed in connection with inter-State commerce. But as regards labor the field of action is wider for the State governments than for the Federal Government. The legislators in the several States should see to the abolition of the sweat-shop system everywhere; they should secure to the laboring man release from employment for one day in seven; they should secure far-reaching and thoroughgoing workmen's compensation acts, and acts providing for the sanitary inspection of factory, workshop, mine, and home; they should provide suitable and plentiful playgrounds for children in all the cities; they should rigidly supervise the conditions of tenement-house life, should pass and enforce

rigid anti-child-labor laws and laws limiting women's labor.

Wages and other most important conditions of employment must remain largely outside of governmental control and be left for adjustment by free contract between employer and employee, with the important proviso that there should be legislation to prevent the conditions that compel men and women to accept wages that represent less than will insure a decent living. But the question of contract between employer and employee should not be left to individual action, for under modern industrial conditions the individual is often too weak to guard his own rights as against a strongly organized body or a great capitalist. In the present state of society, and until we advance much farther than at present along lines of genuine altruism, there must be effective and organized collective action by the wage-workers in great industrial enterprises. They must act jointly through the process of collective bargaining. Only thus can they be put upon a plane of economic equality with their corporate employers. Capital is organized, and the laborer can secure proper liberty and proper treatment only if labor organizes also. It is, I trust, unnecessary to say that the most emphatic recognition of this need does not mean any condonation of whatever is evil in the practices of labor organizations. Labor organizations are like other organizations, like organizations of capitalists; sometimes they act very well, and sometimes they act very badly. We should consistently favor them when they act well, and as fearlessly oppose them when they act badly. I wish to see labor organizations powerful; and the minute that any organization becomes powerful it becomes powerful for evil as well as for good; and when organized labor becomes sufficiently powerful the State will have to regulate the collective use of labor just as it must regulate the collective use of capital. Therefore the very success of the effort we are making to increase the power of labor means that among labor leaders and among other citizens there must be increased vigilance and courage in unhesitatingly rebuking anything that labor does that is wrong. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE INSURGENT LEAGUE

Elsewhere our readers will find a paragraph account of the organization of a National Progressive Republican League. In estimating the value of this League the student of contemporaneous history must distinguish clearly between its objects and its proposed methods. Its object is "the promotion of popular government and progressive legislation." The methods it proposes to adopt to promote popular government are popular election of United States Senators, the direct primary, the initiative, referendum, and recall, and a thoroughgoing corrupt practices act. It is evident that one might believe heartily in the object aimed at and doubt respecting one or more of the methods proposed to secure that end.

What is meant by "popular government"? Exactly what the words connote: Government of the people, by the people, for the people. Such government is founded on a twofold faith: that government should be for the benefit of the people, not for the benefit of a privileged class; and that the people are competent, or by proper education can become competent, to manage that government themselves.

But democracy is more than a political opinion; it is a religious faith—the faith that this world and all that it contains is given to man for his use and benefit, not to a few men for their use and benefit; the faith that not the political institutions only, but the industrial, the educational, the religious institutions as well, should be for the benefit of the people and of all the people; that special privileges should always yield to the public welfare; that every man should have a fair chance to make the most that he can of himself; that the ideal toward which all political, educational, and religious institutions should co-operate is a time when such power of self-control shall be developed in every man, and in every community, in order that all individuals and all communities shall be able to manage their own affairs and care for their own interests.

Democracy does not involve any particular *form* of government. Town-meeting democracy is no more democratic

than representative democracy. Political democracy is government of the people, for the people, by the people. They may govern directly in a town meeting, or indirectly by representatives. A man equally makes a will whether he draws it himself or employs a lawyer to draw it for him. A community effects its will equally whether it acts itself or employs agents to act for it, provided the agents carry out the will of the people, not their own will. If a town meeting levies a tax and appoints one of its number to collect it, the town meeting collects the tax. If the people of a State elect two hundred representatives and authorize them to levy a tax, the people of the State levy the tax. What a principal does through an agent he does as truly as if he does it himself. What the people shall do directly themselves and what they shall do indirectly through agents is a question to be determined by the circumstances and conditions in the community. A method which works well in a scattered rural population like that of Oregon may work very ill in a crowded municipal population like that of New York City. Popular government is simply government by the people.

It is high time that an organization was formed to promote popular government. We are sorry that it is confined to the Republican party. We should like to see a similar organization in the Democratic party. Then we should like to see the two organizations working together.

For popular government in the United States is threatened by honest skeptics, astute and unscrupulous enemies, and timid and indifferent friends.

There are many people in the United States who do not believe in popular government because they do not believe in government *by* the people. They do not believe that the people are able to govern themselves: some of the people, they think, are too ignorant, others are too indifferent. Such skeptics generally concede that the people must have some voice in public affairs, but think the less voice the better for the government. Such skeptics do not believe in the direct primary and the popular election of United States Senators, because they do not believe that the people are competent to nominate their own candidates or to elect their own Senators. They think the people are barely competent to choose between the candidates put before them by wise politicians and to elect representatives to choose for them their United States Senators.

There are many others who do not believe in popular government because they do not believe in government *for* the people; they believe in government for the special interests. Build up commerce by ship subsidies, manufactures by prohibitory tariffs, railways by land grants and mail contracts, and give the mines, the forests, and the water powers to the men of efficiency and power; then business will prosper, and the people, who are not competent to manage their affairs themselves, will share in the general prosperity: such is the argument of the honest advocates of the special interests. But there are other advocates of the special interests who care little or nothing for the public welfare and who are in politics for what they can make. Did the men who bought votes by the wholesale in Ohio spend their money for the public interest? Did the men who advanced the money which bought a seat in the United States Senate for Mr. Lorimer spend their money for the public interest? Did the men who offered $100,000 to the New York "Journal of Commerce" if it would cease its opposition to ship subsidy —an offer promptly declined—offer it as a patriotic contribution in the public interest? Does any one suppose that the concerted effort to defeat the candidate for the United States Senate whom the Democratic voters of New Jersey had indicated as their choice was concerted in the public interest? Does any one imagine that Mr. Murphy, who is spending time and money to compel the New York Legislature to do his bidding and elect his appointee to the United States Senate, is spending them in the public interest? Or does any one imagine that Mr. Barnes, who controls the Republican machine, or Mr. Murphy, who controls the Democratic machine, in New York State, or Mr. Depew, who is the candidate of Mr. Barnes, or Mr. Sheehan, who is the candidate of Mr. Murphy, believes in government of the people, by the people, and for the people, as Abraham Lincoln believed

in it and as Grover Cleveland believed in it?

Finally, there are the inert, timid, indifferent friends of popular government, who believe in it, or think they believe in it, but do nothing for it; who care more about a personal triumph or a partisan triumph than they do about popular government; who will ignore, if they do not justify, any means that may be taken to elect their candidates; and who accept with great composure the defeat of the popular will, or even hurrah with the loudest, if that defeat is a victory for their party. Among such we must include some speakers and some newspapers that in the last election worked to put Mr. Murphy into power and now are working to prevent him from using that power to dishonor the State and destroy his own party.

On the 28th of May last, in an editorial on "The Paramount Issue," The Outlook said: "The paramount issue in the United States is represented by the legal phrase, Special Interests vs. Public Welfare."

We repeat that sentence, and with emphasis. We welcome the organization of the National Progressive Republican League to promote popular government and progressive legislation as a sign that in one of our great parties it is seen that Special Interests vs. Public Welfare is the paramount issue. Concerning the means which the League proposes for promoting popular government we shall have something to say hereafter.

THE PLAY ONCE MORE

The revival of the play, long expected and many times prematurely announced, is obviously an accomplished fact. A generation ago many students and critics of literature spoke of the play as if it were a variety of fossil found chiefly in the period of Elizabeth; a form of literature once widely cherished, but now extinct. Many were the lamentations over its disappearance, and many the formal and solemn obsequies held in its honor. "It was the form of expression upon which a greater age than ours instinctively laid hold and rammed it full of the vitality of a great period; it was the product of a deep fertilization of the genius of a period of prolific creative energy." So many of the authorities said, and took occasion to prove to the present generation its fertile activity and emotional sterility. "The age makes a prodigious noise with its machines and its restless stirring of the soil," they said; "but it has no creative power! It is an age of ingenious tools, but the men who handle them are artisans!" This was their fairly unanimous opinion, and the age had become so accustomed to hear unpleasant things said about itself that it meekly accepted the judgment of the authorities, and when it felt the need of the play read an old one.

It also took refuge in the novel, which, it was assured, was the modern equivalent of the play, and the best that it could do in the matter of dramatic rendering of the facts of life. The novel, it must be confessed, offered not only a refuge but a new kind of joy: the joy of fact compelled to give up the truth at its heart, and of truth so variously and splendidly impersonated that it enlarged the area of human experience as much as the Elizabethan drama had done. If the play had to go, the novel was a great compensation; but why did the play have to go? It seemed to many men and women that the life of the time was packed with the stuff out of which plays are made, and that dramatic situations were going to waste every day in the newspapers; and those who "feel things in the air" and who had the courage of their feelings began to predict a renaissance of the drama.

The great wave of energy which, from the second to the fourth quarter of the last century, lifted the novel to a great height of vitality and art, began to subside; the dramatic interest was transferred by highly trained novelists from the plot worked out on the stage of society to the plot worked out on the stage of the individual soul; the range of movement narrowed from a big cross-section of life to a single intense experience, and the personal problem presented by temperament and the reaction of movement on emotion and passion was attacked with penetrating analytical skill. Another group of novelists were so excited by the dramatic incidents and situations created by the

pressure of tremendous material forces on men and women into whose lives they cut with cruel and implacable force that they began to sketch on great blackboards with colored chalk elemental dramas of primitive men fighting with money, mines, railways, wheat, cotton. So eager were these writers to get the dramatic conditions into clear light that they forgot art and worked like political cartoonists in a fury of haste. It was obvious that the limit of dramatic expression through the novel had been reached.

The next step was the play, and the step has been taken. First came a series of poetic plays of fine literary quality, like Mr. Moody's, Dr. van Dyke's, Miss Peabody's, Mrs. Dargan's dramas; and then, close on the heels of "The Light-Bringer," "Lords and Lovers," "The Piper," "The House of Rimmon"—to select a few out of many titles—came "The Great Divide," "The Healer," "Mater," "The Nigger," "Husband," to take half a dozen titles of American plays produced during the last two or three years. And now the plays are coming thick and fast, and they will come thicker and faster as the younger writers take courage from numbers and public interest adds its appeal to the dramatic movement which is rapidly gathering momentum.

There will be plenty of crude, ill-digested work, for ambition outruns experience in craftsmanship, and the play is dangerously attractive to the untrained, who are eager to take up quarters in the House of Fame, but too impatient or too impotent to secure the necessary credentials. There will be a period of schooling, much of which will be carried on in public; and there will be many premature exhibitions by pupils who have injudicious friends. Nevertheless, the impulse behind the current interest and activity in play-writing is genuine; and the play as a literary form reappears at the moment when the novel shows signs of artificial stimulation.

A group of plays recently issued afford an interesting study of the interests of the hour as those interests appeal to a group of young playwrights in this country. Mr. Sheldon's "The Nigger"[1] is an American subject which belongs within the circle of what are called "burning questions." It deals with the tragedy of the one drop of negro blood which Mr. Chesnutt has presented in fiction with a pathos deepened by restraint and absence of the melodramatic. In this play the discovery of the strain of negro blood is used as a bludgeon to beat down the independence of a young Governor, who faces political and social destruction, the loss of the woman he loves, and the wreck of his career unless he surrenders his integrity to the political bosses. He meets the test with open-eyed vision of his sacrifice, and with unflinching courage tells the truth before it is revealed by his enemies, resigns his office, gives up his happiness in love, and stands erect in a manhood stripped of everything except incorruptible integrity. It is a painful play, with a flash of light at the end in a solution which evades no fact, eludes no penalty, and satisfies the sense of fundamental spiritual loyalty. There is power in this play, which has deeply interested large audiences at the New Theater; it is an honest attempt to deal with a real situation close at hand: it is in the right direction. It is, however, like "Salvation Nell," from the same hand, too melodramatic in parts, and there is not distance enough between the play and the reader. The play lacks perspective; it presses too hard on the emotions; one stands so close to it that he cannot see its mass and magnitude, as he cannot see the mass and magnitude of Mont Blanc at its base.

We are soon intimate with the characters in Mr. Corbin's "Husband,"[1] but the tragedy is social and domestic, not racial and political, and the relief of humor is not lacking. It is a very interesting dramatization of the childless home and the drifting away from her moorings of the wife who is not willing to accept the responsibilities of maternity, and, from sheer restlessness and failure to touch the deeper springs of life and joy, goes to the very verge of surrender. This is a wholesome play for the host of American women whose conception of marriage and the home is so superficial that these sacred and mysterious relationships become mere accidents of condition, caprice, restless-

[1] The Nigger. By Edward Sheldon. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[1] Husband, and The Forbidden Guests. By John Corbin. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

ness, and curiosity. The short reading drama "The Forbidden Guests," bound with "Husband," is a striking and finely toned dealing with the childless marriage.

Marriage is the theme of Mr. Mackaye's entertaining "Anti-Matrimony:"[1] marriage plus the Superman. Two young people who have been married abroad conceal that fact when they return home in order that they may lead the free, untrammeled life which is the goal and delusion of the most recent type of the emancipated. The humorous lightness of touch with which wise relatives at home receive these amusing practitioners of the art of living "beyond good and evil," and the ingenious device by which their crude doctrine of liberty is blasted by ridicule, are very entertainingly worked out in a play which at times gets beyond comedy into the region of the farce. The satire is, however, well sustained, and the play is highly amusing.

Mr. Galsworthy is one of the new novelists in England whose work is worth serious reading both for its substance and its manner. There is danger that the growing sensitiveness of society to bad social and industrial conditions may turn the novelist into the moralist and reformer, and this would be a loss to Mr. Galsworthy and to fiction. It is easy to spoil an artist, because so few people understand that the novelist of passionate sympathy who resists the temptation to turn preacher renders the greatest possible service to the cause he loves by giving it an expression which survives and moves and generates power long after the tract is forgotten. "Anna Karénina" will be read when "Resurrection" has gone to the back shelves. "Justice"[2] is a moving appeal for a larger place for vital conditions in the mind of judges, and for an amelioration of conditions in English prisons, and it has made an impression on the consciences of many influential Englishmen. So far, therefore, it has accomplished its purpose; as a piece of dramatic writing it has the faults of its predecessor, "Strife;" it lacks variety, shading, the lighter touch which relieves the strain while it deepens the impression of the tragedy.

[1] Anti-Matrimony. By Percy Mackaye. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

[2] Justice. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

One is in a different atmosphere the moment he opens a play by a Continental writer; the sex element comes at once to the front. This is true of Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene,"[1] in which there is much nobility of thought and feeling, and one dramatic situation. The great figure of the drama speaks, but does not appear, and is treated with the greatest reverence; but the test to which Mary is subjected at the end by Verus, her Roman lover—the death of her Master or the surrender of herself—introduces a very unpleasant element in juxtaposition to the sublime martyr on the way to the cross. The ending of this struggle between a new spiritual adoration and the appeal to the woman's old ideal of love is finely conceived. It is significant that the playwrights seem to be drawn to those incidents in the Bible which turn on the sex element: to Delilah, Salome, the Magdalene. Mr. Aldrich's "Judith" and Dr. van Dyke's "House of Rimmon," to go no further afield, suggest the range of dramatic motives which the Old and the New Testament offer for wholesome and reverential treatment.

THE SPECTATOR

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business in this court draw near and they will be heard!" shouted the crier, at the very top of his lungs—for he was not so very much higher than the table, and the auditorium was immense. At the table near him, on the open platform backed by Corinthian pillars, sat the judges, with countenances contending visibly between dignity and eagerness. The District Attorney, in very tight knickerbockers and very heavy new shoes, was in his place, and the prisoner, with close-cropped curly hair, sat dejectedly beside his small but active counsel, who fairly wriggled in his seat with excitement and energy. The Court of Special Sessions of the School City was in session, and a large audience of grown-ups filled the seats stretching back to the great white group of "Earth-Bound" towering in massive symbolism over the scene. But the boys had no sense of symbolism; they

[1] Mary Magdalene. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

were intently and seriously on the job. They were working a mechanism whose processes appealed to the tribal boy. Judges, prosecutor, prisoner's counsel, witnesses, clerk, culprit—it was all a fine game to them, to be played strictly according to rule.

The first witness called was the Police Commissioner—who may have been twelve, and had a stern look on his shiningly clean face. With uplifted hand, he took the oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Under the District Attorney's quick and able examination, he testified that the prisoner had started, when school was let out, to cross the street in the middle, instead of at the crossing, as School City law commanded. He—the Police Commissioner—had called the prisoner back, but the prisoner had only laughed and gone on. Under cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel, the young Commissioner stated that he did not run after the transgressor, but only, as required by law, reported his name and the number of his ward. The culprit had never been arrested before, and bore a good reputation for scholarship. Next the Alderman of the ward was called and sworn. He testified that the law as to crossing the street had been duly read, as required, in the ward meeting, at which the prisoner had been present. The net of evidence having been thus drawn around the victim, the District Attorney announced, in a clear boyish voice, "The People rest." The prisoner's counsel called no witnesses. He did better. He pleaded that this was a first offense, and he put in evidence the class records to show the prisoner's good standing. The Court, after consultation, thereupon suspended sentence, paroling the prisoner for one month under the Alderman of his ward, who was to report every week as to his good behavior. Evidently, while the forms were great fun, what the boys were after was justice of the most practical kind.

There was only time for one case, for other things in the city government were to be done. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment assembled; the Mayor, the Borough Presidents, and the Commissioners of Charities, Parks, Police, and Street-Cleaning answered to the roll-call and took part in voting or refusing supplies. Then the Aldermen held their meeting, and the needs of various wards were brought out. One Alderman *would* swing his legs—but that was partly nervousness. Bright young Americans these, certainly—yet no! the names of the roll-call were Slav, Irish, Hebrew, Italian, anything but American. "In some parts of New York," said an experienced teacher sitting next to the Spectator, "the school-children are native-born, at any rate. But this School City is in a neighborhood in Brooklyn where the population usually comes direct from Ellis Island, children and all. All the more reason that they should learn about the government of New York as soon as possible—but all the more wonder that they take to it like ducks to water."

After this living exhibit of the afternoon was over the Spectator had leisure to walk around the big armory and see the rest of the Child Welfare Exhibit which New York was making. It was a unique show, presided over everywhere by the lovely Luca della Robbia babies smiling from their medallions, and presenting in every one of its artistically arranged sections a score of suggestions to every one interested in children—and who is not? The parent and teacher must be, the lawmaker and doctor should be, the church ought to be, the modern sociologist and the modern politician have to be; and here were exhibits for all of them. Children in the home, children in the schools, children in the courts, children in the churches, children in industry, children in philanthropy, children as they are, children as they might be—it was partly a summary and partly an indictment of all the civilization of the human race so far. Also, it was a tremendous encouragement to the hope of its going further and faring better.

For here was a booth where the small boys of the public school, with saw and hammer and pencil, drew and made the most enticing wooden figure toys, on the Russian order; and another where colored

magic-lantern views of real boys' camps were shown; and a "Play Shop" where the really best toys, physically and psychically suitable for little children, were on exhibition; and a library where the best books—such a fascinating assemblage!—were arranged on low, inviting shelves; and a room where all the furniture was made out of boxes by a sailor carpenter, and explained so that any boy could try it; and delightful models, complete in every detail, of school gardens full of flowers and vegetables, with gardening dolls hard at it; and an exhibit of treasures, including a stereopticon continually at work, from the Natural History Museum and the Art Museum, for the special delight of child citizens; and a model of modern Sunday-school class-rooms, which always had a close-packed crowd about it. In the Juvenile Court exhibit, where eight cities were represented—Buffalo, Philadelphia, Denver, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Washington, and New York—two fine cartoons pointed the moral. Father Knickerbocker in 1910 was flogging a crowd of mocking urchins, his thonged whip beating the air aimlessly, with the legend, "I hope I've hit the right child!" But Father Knickerbocker in the future was holding one tiny lad on his knee, looking up with half-shy, half-mischievous, and wholly trusting look into his face, and responding to his fatherly question, "Now, my son, what's the difficulty?"

Cartoons, indeed, were a leading feature of the whole great show. The pure milk campaign had a series done by one of "Life's" leading artists, showing the Microbe's Progress from the dirty barn to the crowded tenements. Not far away was a contrast of the Well-Fed, Happy Child eating cereal from a clean saucer, with an angelic smile, and the Ill-fed, Unhappy Child scooping up some fried stuff from a greasy saucepan, with a dyspeptic scowl. Best of all were a set of gayly colored cartoons illustrating clever parodies in the Child Labor sections—parodies that were even more searching than clever, as witness:

"How doth the manufacturer
Improve the ostrich tail?
By willowing the scraggy ends
Until they're fit for sale!
How cheerfully he sits and smokes
Through all the livelong day,
While children knot the tiny 'flues'
And make the plumes that pay!"

Other cartoons, not so brightly colored but equally suggestive, asked questions and answered them. For example:

WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH
MARY'S LAST DRESS?
DID IT FADE?
DID IT SHRINK?

headed a sample card, so to speak, of the right and wrong kind of materials to buy for Mary at the least possible price; and—

HOW SHALL WE PICK UP THE BABY?
AT WHAT AGE SHOULD BABY SIT UP?
AT WHAT AGE SHOULD BABY WALK?

introduced whole panels of first aid to ignorant parents. Indeed, the whole exhibit was an encyclopædia of child-culture poured out on the floor of the armory, and not even an authority could go the rounds without learning something new. The Spectator, not being an authority, was fairly dizzy with facts and feeling before he went half-way around. Everywhere courteous "entertainers," wearing the official blue ribbon, stood at hand to explain. There were a thousand of them enrolled, and all seemed to be there.

Every day saw a new living exhibit of children—boys and girls from the schools, the Settlements, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Hebrew Associations, the clubs, the musical unions, etc. Boy Scouts patrolled the exhibit. A chorus of a thousand children sang the best of music on the opening night, and other choirs followed. A fairy pantomime given by children was another attraction. The Spectator will not soon forget the folk-dances of the little school-girls—joy and frolic embodied—which filled the pillared court, with its ring of lookers-on massed six deep, not to speak of the applauding audience in the galleries. "This one," said the Spectator's neighbor, a high school teacher, "is the 'Dance of the Jolly Netherlands,' and the music is the national song of the Dutch." Finger to lip the scores of tiny dancers stood, then clapped their hands lightly above their gay, red-ribboned little heads, swung in couples,

formed a ring, and clapped again. "They did it at the Hudson-Fulton Celebration," said the teacher. "This Highland schottische is pretty, too. You see, many of the children are aliens, and, as we use the dances of all nations in these lower-grade schools, sometimes children learn the dance and do the steps at home, and then come back and report that their parents or friends know a different detail or a prettier variation. The Russian children are especially keen about this. No—we don't train future chorus-girls. The committees have looked into that, for they considered it a real possibility. But it is the country girl who goes into the chorus—not the city school-girl. We use gymnastics, too. There will be an exhibition drill next; but what we do not get in formal gymnastics is *joy*. We get correct posture and exact work; but the folk-dance and the recess games give joy, and the children must have that in any right scheme of education."

Health, joy, and opportunity for the child—this is what the whole Child Welfare Exhibit, from beginning to end, stood for; and the Spectator came away from its crowds with the old motto shining in his thoughts, "The hope of the world is forever in the children." When a community acts on that, it is safe, no matter what its present problems may be.

MOVING DAY

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON nowadays presents the appearance of a family hotel undergoing repairs for new occupants. The present tenants are continuing to occupy it. They have to have their meals cooked and served as usual, the rooms dusted, the beds made, and perhaps the piano tuned; but as a body they are not taking the pains they once did about the shingles on the roof, or the wall-paper in the hallways, or the flower-beds in the front yard. The incoming tenants, on the other hand, are not very much interested in the routine of housekeeping. They are, of course, ready to object if there is any letting down of standards; but they are busy with discussion over the shingles, the wall-paper, and the flower-beds. Some of these newcomers want one set of improvements, some another; and some of them, who expect to be most responsible for the conduct of the house hereafter, are beginning to be a bit fearful about changes that they once vociferously demanded. So the old tenants find that a considerable group of these newcomers resort to them for advice and support in the direction of caution. And through all the discussion is heard the sound of hammer and saw, and occasional fall of plaster, and considerable tramping about the corridors.

Looking down from the gallery in the Senate or the House of Representatives, one finds special interest in those figures that are to disappear from the floor or from positions of authority after March.

In the House there is, for instance, Mr. Tawney. I heard him rise and speak upon the question of raising the salaries of Federal Circuit Judges. There were force, vigor, and clarity of statement in that speech which did much to explain the power he has exercised, and which made it seem deplorable that they should be lost to the House because they had been used so little on behalf of the real interests of the American people. There was Mr. Keifer, conspicuous in his low-cut waistcoat still, in spite of the fact that a conventional cutaway coat has superseded the "swallowtail" which he wore as a relic of the fashion of the days when he was Speaker of the House. There, too, were those two of the most efficient of the younger Republican members of the House, Mr. Parsons and Mr. Bennet, both of New York City, and both to be displaced by men who have profited by a Democratic tidal wave. Most conspicuous of all, however, stands that man of three names, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Cannon, "Uncle Joe." The nervous excitement which left its traces on his face even in

the calmer moments of last winter has apparently now disappeared, and, as the closing days of his last term as Speaker pass by, is replaced by his old-time canny forcefulness.

In the Senate two men, representing geographical, but not politico-moral, extremes, may be taken as types. Mr. Kean, of New Jersey, who has so faithfully served the interests, sits in his customary attitude of close attention to documents on his desk, and is as inconspicuous as ever, although the day is coming when he will be succeeded by Mr. Martine, a Bryan Democrat, the choice of the Democratic voters of the State. Mr. Piles, of Washington, well groomed, stands with studied ease on the carpeted floor, just as if he were not to be succeeded by an unforgivable Insurgent, Mr. Poindexter. One cannot help wondering, however, whether the newcomers into the Senate can have any real effect on that Chamber's sleek quietness. It is there, even more than in the House, that the change of occupants is going to be most significant; but there is no sign of dust, no sound of hammering, in that placid spot.

For outward and visible signs in Congress of the forthcoming change one must go to the other end of the Capitol. There, in the so-called "popular branch" of Congress, one can find repairs in process. Not only there, however. There is something of this sense of impending change pervading all Washington. It is not the confusion and turmoil of a year ago, but a quiet stir. To change the figure, instead of the boiling and seething of the mixture in the pot, there is the movement of crystallization.

A year ago there were two allied but distinct Insurgent movements. One was most evident in the House, the other in the Senate. One was directed primarily against an oligarchical form of government, the other against reactionary measures of legislation. The one had to do chiefly with legislative processes, the other with legislative results. Both, however, represented a movement on behalf of the people as a whole against the undue influence and power of special privilege. The one showed itself in a struggle over the rules and the organization of the House, the other showed itself in a struggle over the Inter-State Commerce Bill and other measures. Both were movements primarily within the Republican party; but both had the assistance of Democrats.

Since then a National election has taken place. The Republican majority in the House has been replaced by a Democratic majority, and the Republican majority in the Senate has been materially reduced. The result of that election has not, however, yet become fully effective. The old Republican majorities in the two branches of Congress are still in control. In part, however, the effect of the election is plainly visible. Both parties are anticipating the change that is to take place in March. The Republican tenants are preparing to vacate the building or to move to less desirable quarters, and the Democratic tenants are preparing to move up and the newcomers to move in. The Insurgents are in a peculiar position. Their relative importance among the Republicans has been greatly increased. In that respect they have vastly more prestige than they had a year ago. But now that the Democrats are looking forward to a majority of their own, without Insurgent aid, the Insurgents cannot reasonably expect in the future the corresponding aid from the Democrats that they have had in the past. As a consequence, the Insurgents in the House have encountered at least one formal, and I think serious, rebuff, but at the same time have secured an extraordinary degree of influence. More and more the emphasis is becoming transferred from the idea of insurgency to the idea of progressiveness.

The Progressive movement, in its twofold aspect—in the House and the Senate respectively—has thus entered upon a new phase. Last year it was dealing with special exigencies as they arose; this year it is dealing more with a general condition. In other words, it is finding itself; it is taking form. At the same time, the twofold aspect still remains, as seen, on the one hand, in the continuance of the band of House Insurgents, and, on the other, in the formation of the National Republican Progressive League.

Both of these, however, are the creation of one condition; that is, the peculiar

power, within and without Congress, of special interests. There is need for new legislation—control of corporations, regulation of railways, correction of inequality in the tariff, and the like. There is no doubt whatever that the great majority of the American people want such legislation. Are they not self-governing? Why can they not get it?

They can, measurably, if they assert themselves with sufficient vigor. It must not be forgotten that during the past decade they have accomplished much. What they have accomplished, however, has been with unreasonable difficulty. Many of the tools of government which have been in use have not been adapted to popular use, but have been adapted to the use of special interests. The personnel of the Senate, for instance, has not adequately represented public opinion; the people of a State could not easily make sure that the man whom their Legislature might elect to represent them in the Senate would really be their representative. This is because the tools of government in the country at large are not thoroughly adapted to the voters' use. Then, when representatives of the people are elected, it has not always been easy for them to carry out their common will. This, which has been especially evident in the House, is because the legislative organization has made it easy for a minority to offer obstruction. There have thus been two movements under way side by side. One (evident most in the House) has been to bring about a change in the tools; the other (evident especially last year in the Senate) has been to work out the popular will as well as possible with the tools at hand. Both were astonishingly successful. A handful of Republican Insurgents in the House brought about a change of rules in that body, and incidentally a change in the construction of the committee that has most to do in determining legislation. A handful of Republican Progressives in the Senate, by insistent and intelligent debate, secured legislation of a notably progressive character. Such was the situation when Congress adjourned last June.

It is necessary to recall first what the House Insurgents did. There are two ways by which the rights of a majority can be asserted against an oligarchy: one is by fettering the oligarchy; the other is by liberating the majority. The Insurgents did both. By an alliance with the Democrats they secured four things. First, they took from the Speaker the power to appoint the Committee on Rules that really has charge of legislation, and transferred it to the House; second, they removed the Speaker from that Committee. By doing these two things they fettered—or at least believed they fettered—the oligarchy of which the Speaker was the head. Then, they secured the moral advantage of an admission from the Speaker that a motion to remove him from the Chair was in order at any time, and the actual as well as moral advantage of a ruling that a motion to amend the rules was of the highest privilege. By these two things they made it possible for the majority at any time to assert its will—that is, they liberated the majority.

Opinion varies as to which is the more efficient way to secure liberty: whether it is by taking authority away from official representatives or whether it is by giving an opportunity for the majority to express and enforce its will when any exigency arises. I think experience clearly shows that the latter is by far the more effective way. For two reasons. First, because deprivation of authority means deprivation of responsibility, and there is nothing more dangerous to popular rule than divided or diminished responsibility. Second, because there is no surer way of impressing upon representatives of the people their duties than through means by which they can be called to account immediately when any need arises. For those reasons, as well as others, it seems plain to me that the second two achievements of last spring were more important than the first two. When, however, the Democrats secured their certificate of power by the elections, they did not altogether approve those achievements, and when the opportunity offered itself they voted to wipe out the precedent established enabling the majority to express its will upon the rules at any time. They argued that the action last March was a justifiable piece of parliamentary lawlessness to meet a special exigency; and that it could not stand as a precedent

because it would allow any member to hold up Congress indefinitely by proposing endless amendments to the rules. They did not consider that any set of rules devisable could be used for filibustering by men who have no parliamentary morals; that the best parliamentary system in the world would be useless for San Domingans; and that the rule to allow a motion for amending the rules could be as safeguarded against abuse as other rules have been. So a great part of what the Insurgents had accomplished last March was undone on January 9; but the moral effect remained. Moreover, some of the loss was made up by a later action which effectively enables the majority on any Monday to take a bill out of committee. The Democrats, it is evident, are not indifferent to the public sentiment against oligarchical rule; but they are, it is equally evident, going to adopt the general principle, not of liberating the majority, but of trying to fetter the oligarchy; for, in the same caucus in which they made Mr. Champ Clark their choice for Speaker and thus insured his election, they adopted the plan of depriving the Speaker of power to appoint committees and gave that power to the party caucuses aided by a Committee on Committees.

The House Insurgents have thus achieved a great deal in making the parliamentary tools more nearly adapted to the popular will.

In the meantime leaders in the Senate who last year were working to carve out the best possible legislation with the tools at hand have now also turned their attention to the problem of improving the tools. These men, with others in and out of Congress, have formed the National Progressive Republican League. Their organization is not concerned with the parliamentary but with the popular tools of government; not the tools that members of Congress will use, but the tools that the voters will use. They have seen that if the voters are to have the right kind of men to represent them they must have the means of really selecting them, and of calling them to account. The corrupt practices acts, the direct nominations acts, the provisions for the popular election of Senators and for the naming of the choice for Presidential candidates, which they advocate, are tools for the selection by the voters of the right kind of men; and the measures for the initiative, referendum, and recall are tools for calling the voters' representatives to account. Already Washington has heard the response from the people to this new organization. And that response has not come merely from those regions already committed to such a programme; it has come from such places as New York, Illinois, and northern Ohio, which are reputed to be "conservative."

It is not the least indication of wisdom on the part of these Progressive Republicans that, as they have seen their party lose the complete control it has had over National affairs, they turn their attention to those sovereignties that are the special nurslings of their opponents—the sovereign States; for these measures they advocate are peculiarly State measures.

And now what about the Democrats? I shall not venture upon prediction; but I think it is plain that the lesson which the Republican party has had to learn has not been entirely lost upon their victorious rivals. In the House this was suggested by the fact that the leader of the successful struggle on January 16 for a really effectual means of calling bills out of the smothering embrace of committees was one of the most skillful Democratic leaders—Mr. Fitzgerald. It is evident also that there is already forming in the Democratic organization in the House a group of Democratic Insurgents.

It is a comparatively new idea that the interest of the whole people is something more than the sum of all special interests. So long as the old idea prevailed it was sufficient to see that each special interest had a fair chance, and the old tools answered for that. The present stirring among both Republicans and Democrats is the consequence of a change in point of view. For the past seven or eight years the new American spirit has been asserting itself, and has proved its determination by accomplishing not a little with tools that were inadequate. Now, apparently, that spirit of Americanism is going to make tools more fitted for its use. When those are forged, it will have a much better chance than it has had to see that the interest of all is served.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

LABOR'S STRUGGLE FOR THE RIGHT TO ORGANIZE

BY SAMUEL GOMPERS

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

This article will be followed by one on "The British Labor Party," by Mr. Thomas Kirkup, an English author and scholar, who has written extensively on educational, labor, and social topics.—THE EDITORS.

LABORING men have been subjected to many relentless prosecutions and bitter persecutions in the years gone by when making a collective effort to promote their own welfare and prosperity. The most oppressive enactments commenced in England in or about the year 1348, soon after the Black Plague. The Black Plague cut down the ranks of the laborers particularly; it has been estimated that fifty per cent of the laborers perished during that epidemic. This reduction in the supply of workers had the effect of practically doubling the rate of wages, and a statute was passed by Parliament prohibiting laborers from accepting higher wages than they had been receiving before the Black Plague. Another statute was passed going so far as to prescribe what the workers should eat and their clothing; that statute made it a penal offense for a laboring man to eat better food or wear better clothing than the prescribed limitations written in the statute.

Some two hundred years later the English Parliament, in 1563, enacted a statute authorizing justices of the peace to fix the wages of laborers in England, and made it a crime for laboring men to accept higher wages than those prescribed by the justice of the peace; and that statute remained in effect and was rigidly enforced for a period of two hundred and fifty years, and it was not until the year 1815 that this rigorous and abhorrent statute was repealed, and only then because the justices of the peace were suspected of being too liberal toward the English workers.

In or about the year 1553 the English Parliament enacted a law making it an "infamous crime" for workingmen to meet for the purpose of discussing the wages they should expect or the hours per day that they would toil; and in 1796 a similar statute was re-enacted, making it a crime for workingmen to assemble to discuss the hours of toil, the rates of wages, or any question bearing upon their industrial conditions. It was not until 1825 that this legal ban was removed from the workers of England, and even then the organizations that they had established received no legal status; they had no standing in the courts of the nation. It is recorded that as late as 1869 an official of a labor organization, who had embezzled the funds belonging to his organization, was prosecuted for the alleged crime, but the court dismissed the action on the ground that "labor organizations were unknown to the law of England, and the person committing the theft had not perpetrated a crime."

Prior to 1824 the law of England treated the workingmen who endeavored to secure an amelioration of their condition with great severity; strikes of any magnitude or duration were almost impossible, as all attempts at organization for such a purpose were prevented, as far as it was possible, by the law against combination which was then in force. The great labor disputes which had taken place previous to that time, and, in fact, for years afterwards, were spasmodic outbreaks of actual industrial revolt against innumerable grievances, instead of deliberate arrangements and skillfully organized systems for bringing about rational changes in existing industrial conditions.

The combination laws in operation from 1799 to the time of their repeal in 1825 were extremely stringent in character; in fact, the preamble of the Act of 1799 strikes the keynote of the industrial legislation of that period, in which it was stated: "Whereas, great numbers of journeymen manufacturers and workmen

in various parts of this kingdom have, by unlawful meetings and combinations, endeavored to obtain advance of their wages and to effectuate other illegal purposes; and the laws at present in force against such unlawful conduct have been found to be inadequate to the suppression thereof, whereby it has become necessary that more effectual provision should be made against such unlawful combinations, and for preventing such unlawful practices in the future and for bringing such offenders to more speedy and exemplary justice."

The Act went further, and declared null and void all agreements "between journeymen manufacturers or workmen for obtaining an advance of wages, or for lessening or altering their hours of labor and for various other stated purposes." Even the Act of 1825 held that it was "unlawful for persons to meet for the purpose of consulting upon and determining the rate of wages or prices which the persons present at such meeting should demand for their work."

The interpretation of the law was left to the courts, and the judges promptly declared labor combinations to be unlawful at common law, on the ground "that they were in restraint of trade." These decisions led to further and continued agitation on the part of the workmen, and in 1859 a law was enacted providing that workmen should not be held guilty of "molestation" or "obstruction," under the Act of 1825, simply because they entered into agreements to fix the rate of wages or the hours of labor, or to endeavor peaceably to persuade others to cease or abstain from work to produce the same results. Again the interpretation of this law by the courts was unsatisfactory to its creators, and in 1867 a royal commission was appointed to inquire into the subject and report upon it to Parliament. The result of this investigation brought forth two Acts in 1871—(1) the Trade Union Act; (2) the Criminal Law Amendment Act. The latter statute repealed the Acts of 1825 and 1859. This new Act made some stringent provisions against employers and against employees in order to prevent alleged coercion, violations, threats, etc. But there was no prohibition against doing or conspiring to do any act on the ground that it was in restraint of trade, unless it came within the scope of the enumerated prohibitions.

It was thought that by the passage of these two Acts ordinary strikes would be considered legal, providing the prescribed limits were not exceeded. It was generally understood that if men undertook a strike they were not in danger of being prosecuted for criminal conspiracy. But in the following year Justice Brett held that "a threat of simultaneous breach of contract by men was conduct which the jury ought to regard as a conspiracy to prevent the company carrying on its business." The workmen were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. This decision and the severity of the sentence caused a widespread agitation in the country and a great revulsion of feeling, so much so that it resulted in the appointment of another royal commission, which reported to Parliament further alterations in the law; and in 1875 the Home Secretary, Mr. R. A. Cross, introduced a bill in Parliament entitled "The Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act." The bill passed and was approved August 13, and is known as the "Trade Union Act of 1876." The former picket clauses of the Act of 1871 were retained in the new law, but this important addition was incorporated in the Act: "An agreement or combination of two or more persons to do, or to procure to be done, any act in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute between employers and workmen, shall not be punishable as a conspiracy if such act as aforesaid when committed by one person would not be punishable as a crime." And in another section the definition of a trade union is thus stated: "The term 'trade union' means any combination, whether temporary or permanent, for regulating the relations between workmen and masters, or between workmen and workmen, or between masters and masters, or for imposing restrictive conditions on the conduct of any trade or business, whether such combinations would or would not, if the principal Act had not been passed, have been deemed to have been an unlawful combination by reason of some one or more of its purposes being in restraint of trade." Generally speaking, this Act gave the English work-

ingmen a wider latitude. One of the Trade Union Reports says concerning it: "It has permitted us to do in combination what we are permitted to do as individuals, but which we were prohibited from doing in association before that law came into effect; it has more particularly established our rights; it has given us certain privileges and restrictions, and at the same time has laid equal privileges and restrictions upon employers."

In an important test case, "Allen vs. Flood," on December 14, 1897, this Act was sustained, and the British workmen believed that the code of industrial warfare was precisely defined so that they could carry on either defensive or offensive operations against employers without subjecting themselves to the penalties of the law. But in June, 1900, the celebrated Taff-Vale Railway dispute took place, in which a railway company obtained a decision with damages allowed in the sum of $119,842 for the alleged injury done to the railway company by the loss of its business and the extra expense involved arising out of "unlawful and malicious conspiracy of the defendants." This decision was rendered by Mr. Justice Farwell. An appeal was immediately taken to the Court of Appeals, which held that "there was no section in the Acts of 1871 and 1876 empowering a trade union to sue or be sued, and that if the legislature had intended to make that possible the legislature well knew how in plain terms to bring about such a result;" and, further, the Court of Appeals ruled in conclusion, "As there is no statute empowering this action to be brought against the union in its registered name, it is not maintainable against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, and these defendants must therefore be struck out, the injunction against them must be dissolved, and the appeal as regards these defendants must be allowed with costs here and below."

From this judgment of the Court of Appeals the Taff-Vale Railway Company appealed to the House of Lords, and in pronouncing the concluding opinion of that Court the Lord Chancellor said: "In this case I am content to adopt the judgment of Justice Farwell, with which I entirely concur; and I cannot find any satisfactory answer to that judgment in the judgment of the Court of Appeals which overruled it. If the legislature has created a thing which can own property, which can employ servants, which can inflict injury, it must be taken, I think, to have impliedly given the power to make it suable in a court of law for injuries purposely done by its authority and procurement. The judgment of the Court of Appeals is reversed, and that of Justice Farwell restored."

This decision was so startling that it was vigorously denounced as a scandalous illustration of "judge-made law," and "a perversion of the intent of Parliament by hostile judicial interpretation."

The British trade-unionists immediately commenced a campaign to secure the amendment of the Trade Union Acts, by which the legislature should affirmatively and positively declare that the funds of trade unions were not liable for any act of a trade union that was not in itself criminal. The result was that in March, 1906, the Government brought in a bill amending the "Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act" to meet the demands of labor. This bill was passed December 21, 1906, and is known as the "Trades Dispute Act," which, because of its importance and application, I quote. It is as follows:

An act done in pursuance of an agreement or combination by two or more persons shall, if done in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute, not be actionable unless the act, if done without any such agreement or combination, would be actionable.

It shall be lawful for one or more persons, acting on their own behalf, or on behalf of a trade union, or of an individual employer or firm, in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute, to attend at or near a house or place where a person resides or works or carries on business or happens to be, if they so attend merely for the purpose of peacefully obtaining or communicating information, or of peacefully persuading any person to work or abstain from working,

An act done by a person in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute shall not be actionable on the ground only that it induces some other person to break a contract of employment, or that it is an interference with the trade, business, or employment of some other person, or with the right of some other person to dispose of his capital or his labor as he wills.

An action against a trade union, whether of workmen or masters, or against any

members or officials thereof on behalf of themselves and all other members of the trade union in respect of any tortious act alleged to have been committed by or on behalf of the trade union, shall not be entertained by any court.

Nothing in this section shall affect the liability of the trustees of a trade union to be sued in the events provided for by the Trades Union Act, 1871, section nine, except in respect of any tortious act committed by or on behalf of the union in contemplation or in furtherance of a trade dispute.

Thus the working people of Great Britain secured their right to organize and to exercise their activities upon the economic field for their own and for the common protection.

I shall not attempt here to trace the struggle of the working people of the United States to attain the right to organize. For the present article it is sufficient to call attention to the fact that the courts have recently decided that under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law individual members, as well as the entire organization of labor, may be mulcted in threefold damages which any employer or business man can show due to the activities of the workers by withholding their labor power and their patronage. In addition, they may be prosecuted and fined five thousand dollars and imprisoned for one year. Relief from this decision and from the abuse of the injunctive writ is sought to be obtained in the bill before Congress introduced by the Hon. William B. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and known as H. R. 25188. It is as follows:

A bill to regulate the issuance of restraining orders and injunctions and procedure thereon and to limit the meaning of "conspiracy" in certain cases.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That no restraining order or injunction shall be granted by any court of the United States, or a judge or the judges thereof, in any case between an employer and employee, or between employers and employees, or between employees, or between persons employed and persons seeking employment, or involving or growing out of a dispute concerning terms or conditions of employment, unless necessary to prevent irreparable injury to property or to a property right of the party making the application, for which injury there is no adequate remedy at law; and such property and property right must be particularly described in the application, which must be in writing and sworn to by the applicant or by his, her, or its agent or attorney. And for the purposes of this Act no right to continue the relation of employer and employee, or to assume or create such relation with any particular person or persons, or at all, or to carry on business of any particular kind, or at any particular place, or at all, shall be construed, held, considered, or treated as property or as constituting a property right.

SEC. 2. That in cases arising in the courts of the United States or coming before said courts, or before any judge or the judges thereof, no agreement between two or more persons concerning the terms or conditions of employment, or the assumption or creation or termination of any relation between employer and employee, or concerning any act or thing to be done or not to be done with reference to or involving or growing out of a labor dispute, shall constitute a conspiracy or other civil or criminal offense, or be punished or prosecuted, or damages recovered upon as such, unless the act or thing agreed to be done or not to be done would be unlawful if done by a single individual; nor shall the entering into or the carrying out of any such agreement be restrained or enjoined unless such act or thing agreed to be done would be subject to be restrained or enjoined under the provisions, limitations, and definitions contained in the first section of this Act.

SEC. 3. That all Acts and parts of Acts in conflict with the provisions of this Act are hereby repealed.

The Wilson Bill is in effect the British Trades Dispute Act. Surely what the monarchy of Great Britain has accorded to its workers should not be denied to the toilers of the Republic of the United States.

A GREAT RUSSIAN FUNERAL

BY GEORGE KENNAN

NOTHING in contemporary Russian history shows more clearly the width and depth of the gulf that separates the Russian Government from the Russian people than the recent funerals of Professor Muromtsef and Count Tolstoy. In almost every civilized country where respect is publicly shown to the bodies of the nation's illustrious dead, citizens and officials act together in sympathetic co-operation; but in Russia such united action is practically impossible, for the reason that the rulers and the ruled are in radical disagreement as to the type of character that should be honored. The ideals and aspirations of the people are so out of harmony with the plans and aims of the Government that the heroes and saints of the one are the criminals and heretics of the other.

Professor S. A. Muromtsef, whose life and career were sketched in The Outlook of June 30, 1906, was universally regarded as an exceptionally gifted instructor and author, an eminent jurist, an unselfish patriot, a distinguished Liberal leader, and a man of the highest and purest personal character; but to the great mass of the Russian people he was much more than this. He was the ex-President of the First Russian Duma—"the Duma of the people's hopes"—and in that capacity he stood for all the struggles and sacrifices that characterized the stormy period of the Russian revolution, and all the bright anticipations that illumined the few brief days of Russian freedom. In the popular mind he was the defeated leader of a temporarily lost, but not yet hopeless, cause. When, therefore, he died suddenly in Moscow a few weeks ago, he was honored, not only as a distinguished and patriotic citizen, but as a commanding figure in a great national epoch—a symbol, if not an embodiment, of all that the nation had longed for, had fought for, and still held most dear. Inasmuch as his death came suddenly, without previous illness, and in the night, there was no time for preconcerted national action or prearranged tributes of respect. Everything was spontaneous and wholly unpremeditated; and yet Europe probably has not known such a funeral since the burial of Thiers. Thousands of telegrams of sympathy and grief poured in upon the bereaved family, not only from the strictly Russian provinces of the Empire, but from Finland, Poland, the Caucasus, Central Asia, and the remotest parts of Siberia. It is customary in Russia for societies, corporations, and groups of associated individuals to show their respect and affection for the dead by sending large silver or bronze wreaths and garlands of living flowers, to be laid on the coffin at the funeral. More than six hundred such wreaths were delivered at Muromtsef's residence within forty-eight hours after his death. They came from every part of the Empire that was within two days' journey by rail, and were so numerous and so bulky that when they were carried to the grave they completely filled forty-two large funeral chariots. The lowest estimate that was made of the number of persons who actually marched in the funeral procession was sixty thousand, including two hundred and forty delegations from universities, corporations, and societies in all parts of European Russia. As for the people who, with bared heads, watched the passing of the gray-haired, gray-bearded figure in the open coffin, as it was borne on the shoulders of relays of pall-bearers from the house to the grave, they could be numbered only by the hundreds of thousands. Streets, squares, windows, and roofs along the line of march were literally packed with human beings. The procession moved very slowly, partly because it had difficulty in making its way through the densely crowded avenues, and partly because scores of societies, companies, and professional organizations begged the pall-bearers to stop in front of their houses, offices, or headquarters while priests and choirs chanted prayers from the Greek liturgy. At the University of Moscow, of which Muromtsef had once been pro-rector, an immense choir of

more than a thousand students sang the heart-stirring requiem of "Everlasting Remembrance," while the members of the faculty kissed the face and hands of the dead man in a long farewell. Although the lid of the coffin, covered with roses and carried by four students from the University, and the coffin itself, borne on the shoulders of members of the First Duma, left the house at half-past nine o'clock in the morning, they did not reach the cemetery of the Donskoi Monastery, in which the burial was to take place, until half-past five o'clock in the afternoon. The delays caused by the singing of requiems, the frequent stops for religious services or personal farewells, and the difficulty of moving at all through streets in which the whole population of the city was massed, had made the march of the procession from the house to the monastery gate last eight hours. It was then growing dark, and before the six hundred wreaths had been brought in and piled in a huge mound beside the open grave, and the immense throng of mourners had occupied all available standing-room within the cemetery inclosure, it was night. Torches, however, were lighted, iron cressets filled with resinous firebrands were set ablaze on the gray monastery walls, and ten hours after the procession had left the house the coffin was finally closed and lowered into the grave by the blended light of torch, cresset, and autumnal moon. The delivery of brief funeral orations by the friends and associates of Muromtsef then began, and continued for more than an hour, but was finally stopped by the political police when Rodichef ventured to say, "Muromtsef is dead, but the cause of freedom never dies," and when Milyukov declared, in a voice hoarse with tears, "Muromtsef has gone from us, not into the eternity of the past, but into the eternity of the future." The expression of such sentiments as these, at the grave of a man who had been deprived of all political rights and imprisoned for three months as a criminal, could not be tolerated by any loyal and officially responsible captain of police.

If the officials of the Government had anticipated any such great popular demonstration as that which took place at the burial of Muromtsef, they would doubtless have endeavored to prevent or restrain it; but apparently they were taken by surprise. They knew that Muromtsef's death had come suddenly and unexpectedly, and that there had been no time to arouse public feeling by organized effort or to prearrange funeral ceremonies on a great scale. They therefore assumed that extraordinary measures of regulation and repression would not be necessary. When they discovered their mistake, it was too late to remedy it. Scores of thousands of people had already taken possession of the streets, and it was virtually impossible either to disperse or to restrain them. The Government, however, did not hesitate to show its hatred of Muromtsef and its hostility to the people in every way that was practicable and safe. The police at the grave interrupted the funeral orations repeatedly with expressions of disapproval or dissent; insulted the orators with the cry of "*Doloi!*" (Be off!); and finally stopped the speaking altogether. On the following morning, when the editor of the "Russkoe Slovo" published a stenographic report of parts of the orations, with the comments and interjections of the police, he was sent to prison, by administrative process, for three months. A few days later the police visited the Donskoi Monastery again, in the night, looked over, by the light of lanterns, the great mound of memorial wreaths on Muromtsef's grave, and confiscated twenty or more of the inscribed ribbons with which the wreaths had been tied. This was done either because the ribbons happened to be red in color or because the inscriptions were officially regarded as treasonable. On one of the confiscated ribbons there was nothing more incendiary than "S. A. Muromtsef, from the family of Przhevalski" (the explorer of Central Asia), while three-fourths of the others bore, in slightly varied forms, the simple dedication: "To the fearless champion of justice and of the people's rights." The Juridical Society of St. Petersburg and the Juridical Society of Moscow were forbidden to hold memorial meetings in honor of Muromtsef, although he had been an eminent writer on legal subjects, had occupied the chair of Roman Law and Jurisprudence in the University of

Moscow, and had long served the Moscow Juridical Society as president. In the provinces governmental repression was easier and safer than in Moscow or St. Petersburg, and was very widely practiced. In many places attempts were made to exhibit in cinematograph theaters moving pictures of the funeral procession and the crowds in the streets; but the police almost everywhere interfered. Societies and students were strictly forbidden to hold memorial meetings or participate in requiem masses in honor of Muromtsef, and in some university towns —Warsaw, for example—the police stood on guard at the doors of the churches, so that students who wished to pray for the repose of Muromtsef's spirit, in accordance with the practice of the Greek Church, should not be able to get in. In such cases the students formed themselves into compact bodies and marched, with uncovered heads, through the streets, singing the "Everlasting Remembrance," until they were dispersed. In Ekaterinoslav a large audience assembled in the auditorium of one of the scientific societies to listen to a lecture on "Muromtsef as a Jurist," but the Governor of the province would not allow the lecture to be given, and the people had to return to their homes unsatisfied. In Vladimir the Governor fined the newspaper "Starie Vladimiretz" one hundred and fifty rubles merely for publishing a poem entitled "To the President of the First Duma."

It is hard to understand what the officials of the Government expected to accomplish by thus blackening the memory of the dead and repressing the natural feelings and impulses of the living; but their action will not affect the judgment of history. The Greek orator Æschines once justly said, "The character of a city is determined by the character of the men whom it crowns." It is equally true that the character of a government is shown by the character of the men whom it condemns.

JOHN BROWN

A REVIEW AND AN IMPRESSION

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

FROM 1850 to 1860, the decade in which the episode of John Brown's campaign occurred, I was living as a young man in New York City, enthusiastically interested in the course of events and the growing tide of anti-slavery sentiment, and a follower of such leaders as Henry Ward Beecher in the pulpit, Horace Greeley in journalism, William H. Seward, and later Abraham Lincoln, in politics. Not till years after did I visit Kansas, but I had then an opportunity to confer with some who knew John Brown personally and were active participants in the so-called "Kansas War." In this article I have drawn somewhat upon my personal recollections, verifying these impressions by consultation with such authorities as L. W. Spring, "History of Kansas;" Eli Thayer, "The Kansas Crusade;" James Ford Rhodes, "History of the United States." But I have relied mainly upon Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's "John Brown: A Biography Fifty Years Later."[1] Its thorough scholarship and its judicial temper are such as to give promise that this biography, the latest, will probably also prove to be the final word respecting this enigmatical character. The bulk of the volume and its elaborate quotations from original sources, especially from the letters of John Brown, will possibly prevent its perusal by that large number of readers who desire to get the maximum of information with the minimum of effort. But Mr. Villard has, in our judgment, done well to fortify his conclusions by giving so fully the facts on which those conclusions are based. He says in his preface that his object has been "to pass

[1] Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

a deliberate and accurate historical judgment, to bestow praise or blame without favor or special partisanship." In my judgment, he has accomplished this object with singular success.

In 1850 the slavery question had grown into a prominence which absorbed public attention and, despite well-meant efforts to put it one side, gradually diverted to itself public discussion in the churches from other ethical and theological questions, and in the Nation from other economic and political questions. This slavery problem divided the citizens of America into four ill-defined classes. An increasing number of radical pro-slavery men in the South insisted that slavery was a divine institution, was practically though not verbally recognized by the Constitution of the United States, was the true form of industry, and should be indefinitely extended. They were eager for the annexation of Cuba, and looked forward to the not distant day when Mexico and Central America should also be annexed, and a great slave empire would be the result. Large numbers both in the South and the North, constituting a decided majority in the Nation, and popularly though inaccurately termed pro-slavery, regarded slavery as a domestic institution which they desired should be let severely alone. Their platform might be expressed by the single word non-interference. This class included a majority of Southerners, who deprecated slavery but resented agitation against it; Northern merchants who were afraid of anything that would disturb trade—and the cotton trade was a very important element in Northern prosperity; ministers and churches who were afraid of anything that would interfere with the peace and harmony of religious institutions; politicians who were accustomed to the old political issues, but did not know what to make of this new one nor how to shape the policies of their party so as to deal with it; and a great body of citizens who foreboded a civil war, which eventually followed, and who saw no way to avoid the tragedy but by concessions to the slave power. A third class agreed with the second in a policy of non-interference with slavery in the Southern States, but they believed that the Nation had authority under the Constitution to confine slavery to the States wherein it already existed, and they desired to exercise that authority. They generally made light of the fears of secession and civil war, and believed that it was only necessary to stand unitedly and firmly for the non-extension of slavery to bring the National conflict to an end; and they generally believed that if this were done, slavery, confined within narrow geographical limits, would die in the South as it had already died in the North. A fourth class of radical abolitionists declared that all slaveholders were men-stealers, that union with slaveholders was immoral, that the Constitution of the United States was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and demanded the immediate and unconditional emancipation of all the slaves and the dissolution of the Union as a means to bring about that result. John Brown belonged to this class of abolitionists. He differed from other abolition leaders chiefly in being more logical, more consistent, more resolutely martyr-like, and more practically belligerent than his fellows.

In 1820, by what is known as the Missouri Compromise, a geographical line had been established with the agreement that no restriction as to slavery should be imposed upon Missouri in the admission of that State, but that in the rest of the country ceded by France to the United States north of the southern boundary of Missouri slavery should not be permitted. When, in 1854, the people of the Territory which now constitutes the States of Kansas and Nebraska were ready to apply for admission into the Union as States, this Missouri Compromise was abolished by Congress; and a new principle for the settlement of the slavery question was introduced by Senator Stephen A. Douglas, a principle satirically dubbed by its opponents as "squatter sovereignty." This principle was, in brief, that the people of any incoming State should be allowed to determine for themselves whether it should be a free or a slave State.

If Senator Douglas hoped by the adoption of this principle to secure peace between the pro-slavery and the anti-slavery parties in the United States, or to secure enough middlemen from both parties to put a quietus on the slavery question, he miscalculated its effects and was disap-

pointed in the results. The controversy between these two parties, which had been conducted chiefly through political discussions and had extended over the whole country, was now concentrated in the Territory of Kansas. An emigrant aid society was organized in the North to aid Northerners to emigrate to the Territory and by their votes make it a free State. No similar society was organized in the South, but a considerable tide of Southern emigration set toward Kansas from the slave States, and at the successive elections raiding parties poured over the border from Missouri and deposited their votes in the ballot-boxes. The controversy in the State did not long remain purely political. Both parties armed themselves, and collisions frequently took place between them. This was inevitable. The pro-slavery men and the free State men were both propagandists. The pro-slavery men were inspired by the firm conviction that slaves were property and that they had a moral right to take their property with them into any Territory of the United States, a conviction presently strengthened by the famous Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. The anti-slavery men were equally inspired by the conviction that slavery was not National but purely and wholly dependent upon local laws, that slavery and liberty could not live peacefully together within the borders of the same State, and that to make slavery National was to destroy the freedom of the Nation. The Southern faction was determined to open Kansas, and with it all United States territory, and eventually all the States, to slavery; the Northern faction was equally determined to confine slavery to the slave States, hoping thus eventually to destroy it altogether.

Within the Territory of Kansas there soon appeared the same difference between the anti-slavery men and the abolitionists that had appeared before in the Northern States. The anti-slavery men depended on peaceful measures, on filling the State with permanent settlers interested in the maintenance of free institutions, and on making the State a free State by their votes. The abolitionists armed themselves for war, prepared to resist the Missouri invaders by armed forces, and some of them welcomed the opportunity which this so-called "Kansas War" gave for an open and armed conflict with the slave power. To this party John Brown belonged.

From a youth he apparently held the doctrine, which he laid down in terms in 1858, that slavery "is none other than a most barbarous, unprovoked, and unjustifiable war of one portion of its citizens upon another portion." As early as twelve years of age he had sworn "eternal war with slavery," and, although the oath of a boy twelve years of age is not to be taken too seriously, nothing indicates that this purpose ever lessened in its strength or became less militant. When he became a father, his children were called upon to take a similar oath. Four years before going to Kansas he formed a United States League of Gileadites for the purpose of aiding fugitive slaves to escape, and pledged them to defend themselves if attacked in such an endeavor. When in 1851 he made a journey to England, he took the occasion to inspect European fortifications, especially earthwork forts, as a preparation for a mountain warfare against slavery, a plan for which was already taking possession of him. When in 1855 he went to Kansas, following his sons, it was not for the purpose of improving his financial prospects, but for the purpose of taking advantage of conditions there to engage in his long-planned campaign against slavery. Arriving on the field, his military operations began almost immediately. Wherever an armed conflict showed itself, there, if possible, he appeared. When an attack on Lawrence was attempted by an invading force of Missourians, he was on hand with "liberty guards" to defend the city, and was bitterly disappointed when the invaders were turned back without a battle.

Nor was he merely a warrior. He counted himself divinely appointed to execute summary punishment on those whom he adjudged guilty of aiding and abetting in the murderous outrages sometimes perpetrated by the Missouri ruffians who crossed the border of the State on violence intent. Mr. Villard's chapter entitled "Murder on the Pottawatomie" makes unmistakably clear John Brown's responsibility for the cold-blooded murder of five pro-slavery men living on Pottawatomie Creek. The

defense of this action quoted by Mr. Villard from one of John Brown's biographers (he does not say which one) probably accurately interprets John Brown's own view, namely, that he was "God-driven to this dire act because the Deity makes his will known in advance to certain chosen men and women who perform it consciously or unconsciously." He conducted a raid into Missouri and liberated and carried off eleven slaves by force of arms. Nor did he confine himself to the liberation of slaves. He took horses, supplies, and money, the money on the ground that the slaves were entitled to the wages which had been withheld from them by their masters during slavery.

As in the progress of events it became clear that the resident population of Kansas was overwhelmingly a free State population and that Kansas was to be a free State, John Brown's interest in Kansas diminished and eventually disappeared, and his plan for a general campaign against slavery in the South matured. We agree with Mr. Villard that this was not because his fighting had freed Kansas. "The progress to freedom and prosperity of Kansas was due to several causes, but especially to an abandonment of the policy of carrying on an unauthorized war, and of meeting assassination with assassination."

We now come to a period in John Brown's life which it is difficult for the historian to interpret, partly because it is so difficult to reproduce in imagination the social and political conditions existing in 1857, partly because John Brown's course was such an extraordinary mixture of shrewdness and insanity, partly because with a touch of shrewdness he kept his plans to himself, his only confidant being an irresponsible and unscrupulous adventurer by the name of Hugh Forbes, who turned against him, and whose reports respecting Brown's purposes can be taken seriously only as they are confirmed by other witnesses or by the course of events. John Brown first went East to raise funds for his projected campaign. Here he very wisely refused to state what his campaign was. If men chose to trust him with money or arms, they must trust him on the basis of personal confidence in him, not in his scheme. In this collecting tour, however, he can hardly be defended from the charge of unhonesty, if not of dishonesty. Some money was given to him by those who believed that it was to be used simply in defending free State settlers in Kansas from attacks by border ruffians. Their purpose he must have known, while he knew his own purpose to be something quite different. Some contributed to him simply because they liked and believed in the man, who seems to have had a singularly persuasive power over men of very different temperaments. How John Brown could have collected money from such a man as Amos Lawrence is an unsolved enigma to one who knows anything about the two characters. A good many gave to him as did Theodore Parker: "I doubt," he said, "whether things of this kind will succeed, but we shall make a great many failures before we discover the right way of getting at it. This may as well be one of them."

If, however, John Brown was somewhat irresponsible, it must be conceded in his defense that he was backed by some men as irresponsible as himself. The "National Kansas Committee," whatever that title may designate, voted five thousand dollars "in aid of Captain John Brown in any defensive measures that may become necessary." He was authorized to draw five hundred dollars whenever he wished it, but the most he actually received was the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, and that six months after the original appropriation was made.

His next step was to form an organization for the purpose of making permanently effective his Southern campaign. For this purpose he called together a convention in Charlestown, West Virginia, composed of a few radical abolitionists and some freed negroes. Here was adopted a formal Constitution of a new and anti-slavery State, with a President, a Cabinet, a Congress "with not less than five nor more than ten members," a Supreme Court, and four lower courts. Even Von Holst, whose essay on John Brown is not only a defense but a eulogy, pronounces this document to be a confused medley of absurd, because absolutely inapplicable, forms together with measures well calculated for the end in view. The incongruity of this medley is curiously

illustrated by the fact that Article Forty-six of this Constitution provided that "the foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government or of the General Government of the United States; and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal. And our flag shall be the same that our fathers fought under in the Revolution."

The Constitution formed and the money raised, though by this time the small funds in hand had been nearly expended, John Brown, or Shubel Morgan, as he now called himself, started on his campaign. In view of subsequent events, his plan seems like that of an unconfined lunatic, but the facts as we now know them were then little known either in the North or the South. He proposed to take some twenty-five to fifty colored and white men, well armed, and with them a quantity of spare arms, and to enter Virginia at Harper's Ferry, where he would be in the immediate vicinity of a mountain district to which he could easily retreat and from which he could not be easily dislodged. Upon the first intimation of a plan formed for the liberation of the slaves he believed that they would rise all over the Southern States and flock to him in the mountains. He would gradually work southward along the mountain line, and, by sending out his scouts into the plantations on the plains lying on each side of the range of mountains, indefinitely increase his military forces. If attacked either by the militia or by Federal troops, he would defend himself and his company. Otherwise no violence would be used. Acting on the principle which he had acted upon in his Missouri raid, he would take supplies from the plantations and money contributions as equivalent for the withheld wages of the slaves. The free negroes in the Northern States would flock to his standard. The slave negroes in the Southern States would do the same. Enough slaveholders would be taken and held as hostages to prevent injurious treatment to any of his forces which might fall into hostile hands. Industrial schools were to be established in this mountain settlement. The weakness and indefensibleness of slavery being thus established, the North would rise to give this abolition movement its support, and the South would abandon its futile attempt to maintain a decadent institution.

John Brown's scheme all rested upon the fact that he imputed to the slaves the Anglo-Saxon temperament, believed that they were as restless in their slavery as he would have been, and would be as ready to rise and fight for freedom at the first opportunity. The four years of the Civil War proved the folly of what he had imagined. Whether the slaves were as contented as their masters thought they were, or as discontented as the abolitionists thought they were, it is certain that they were not belligerent. John Brown's plan was therefore doomed to failure in its very inception. But had it succeeded, the tragedy of its success would have been infinitely greater than the tragedy of its failure. The history of Hayti indicates what would have been the awful tragedy in the Southern States if the uneducated and unrestrained negroes had responded, as John Brown thought they would respond, to his call.

What happened to change John Brown's plans, or whether they were changed, or whether his plan was never so fully thought out as the above outline, gathered from contemporaneous reports, would indicate, it is difficult to tell. He seized without difficulty the railway bridge of Harper's Ferry, but when a train appeared in the early morning he allowed it to pass. The news of his raid was quickly spread. Militia from Virginia and Maryland and regular troops of the Federal Army surrounded him while he remained motionless at his post with his sixteen white men and five negroes. He made no attempt to retreat to the mountain fastnesses. No negroes rallied to him, and after a brief and ineffective resistance he and his men were captured, and he was presently executed. The story of his capture and his execution is not very creditable. His appeals for time to prepare for his defense, or even to secure a lawyer from the North to act as his counsel, were disregarded. It must be admitted, however, that the only possible defense was that he was mentally irresponsible, and we do not believe that his mental irresponsibility was such as would have sustained this defense before any

jury, however impartial. According to the Constitution of the United States, levying war against the United States is treason, and John Brown had levied war against the United States.

It is very difficult to-day to realize the popular excitement which this foolish feat of John Brown produced throughout the Nation. The South was thrown into a panic of combined fear and rage, which indicated that it did not really think that its slave population was as immune from the possibility of insurrection as the eulogists of slavery had thought the slaves to be. The abolitionists hailed John Brown as a hero, and in his death a martyr to freedom. Their prevalent feeling is expressed by the declaration of a representative writer that "almost immediately from the time of his death he became an ideal character in the thoughts of men, and probably will remain so in spite of all that may be said about him." The anti-slavery men disavowed his philosophy and denied all responsibility for his course. "John Brown," said Abraham Lincoln in his Cooper Union speech, "was no Republican, and he failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise. . . . Republican doctrines and declarations are accompanied with a continual protest against any interference with your slaves or with you about your slaves." The extreme of eulogy was found in Victor Hugo's sentence, "John Brown was an apostle and a hero. The gibbet has only increased his glory and made him a martyr." A far more rational, and also a far more general, interpretation was found in the words of the Cleveland "Daily Herald," "Slavery drives John Brown to madness and then hangs him for that insanity."

There is much in the character of John Brown which the world will always admire, but he will never be an ideal character in the thoughts of sane men. He was possessed of one idea, the wrong of slavery. To the righting of that wrong he gave himself with single-hearted and heroic devotion. So much must be said in his praise. But that one idea so possessed him that he was unable to see the facts as they were, to recognize the simplest moral laws in dealing with the complicated problem of slavery, or to form sane plans for destroying it. He can be acquitted of treason and foul murder only upon the ground that he was unable to think straight. He was an incarnated conscience, but conscience undirected by sound intelligence. He was not without tenderness and affection, but tenderness and affection were never permitted to mitigate the judgments of his conscience. Had he lived in Spain in the seventeenth century, he would have gone to the rack with equal calmness whether it was to lie upon it as a martyr or to operate it as an inquisitor. His heroism was as remorseless toward others as it was unfearing for himself, but it was untainted by any spirit of personal revenge. We may admire his high-mindedness while we abhor his bloody-mindedness, but America will never take him as a leader to be followed, or regard his spirit as one to be revered and coveted. The tragedy of his life illustrates the evil of that revolutionary short cut to ultimate good which disregards alike the counsels of prudence and the restraints of the moral law in its passionate desire to achieve a beneficent end.

NO MORE

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

No more, dear heart—no more I moan
The loss of happiness, your gift alone;
For quiet thoughts I keep;
And in the lengthening, grief-subduing years,
Have lost the trick and sweet distress of tears.
I smile again—again, ah me! I sleep,
And half believe my heart grown cold,
Till other happy lovers I behold.

CONTENTMENT, PSYCHOLOGY, AND SALESMANSHIP

BY ELMER E. FERRIS

IN one of his lectures to students on "Life's Ideals" Professor William James advanced the idea that the real value of any situation in life depends not so much upon its inherent or objective quality as upon the feelings which the thought of that situation arouses within us. "If we were feelingless," said he, "and ideas were the only things our minds could entertain, then no one set of circumstances would possess for us any greater desirability than another." In other words, it is the nature of one's feelings rather than the nature of his circumstances *per se* that makes life significant. Conceding, for the sake of this narrative, the soundness of this proposition, it will doubtless find some points of practical application as we proceed.

I—CONTENTMENT

Song-Lee was the owner and proprietor of a restaurant in the city of Tucson, Arizona. It was a modest affair kept in a one-story shanty upon a side street. There were two rooms in the building, one a dining-room and the other a kitchen. A small sleeping-space was partitioned off at one end of the kitchen by a curtain. Song was not only the proprietor of this place; he was also the cook, cashier, waiter, steward, dish-washer, and scrubber. The only help he employed was a Chinese boy who occasionally assisted in serving meals.

His patronage was quite as modest as his outfit. He served about twelve people at each meal. However, he considered this a good, fair business, which indeed it was, considering the size of his plant. To most people such a sphere in life might seem somewhat undesirable. The daily round of work in this little shack, with all its monotonous details of frying meat, boiling potatoes, washing dishes, and scrubbing floors, would appear to an ambitious mind to be little less than serfdom; but it did not look that way to Song. To him it was an attractive situation, and one which aroused in his mind a constant feeling of the most lively satisfaction.

There were good reasons for this. He had not always been a resident of the United States. He was a coolie from the province of Quantung, China. He was one of a family of fourteen children, and from his earliest recollection his lot had been one of hard toil and scanty subsistence. At about the age of twenty he came in contact with one Hoo-Sam, a laundryman from Tombstone, Arizona, who had returned to China upon a visit to his parents. Hoo-Sam told Song all about America, and in due time, after much persistent effort, Song reached and entered the United States and located at Tucson. His first employment was in a laundry. He saved his money until he had accumulated enough to buy a few tables, chairs, dishes, and kitchen utensils, and also pay a month's rent upon this shanty. His sign was out above the door: "Song-Lee, Chicago Restaurant."

He still worked early and late, as he had been accustomed to do in China; but here it was different. He was working for himself now, and he was slowly gathering a surplus. There was a profit. After deducting all of his expenses, including rent, food, fuel, and supplies of all kinds, there was a net profit of about two and one-half cents per meal, which, at thirty-six meals per day, gave him ninety cents clear. Part of this money he deposited in the bank—but not all. He kept part of it in cash upon his person. While he enjoyed the privilege of drawing checks upon the bank, he also enjoyed the manual possession of a roll of bills. At the time of which we write he had $150 on deposit in the bank and $90 cash in his pocket. A good proportion of this cash consisted of one and two dollar bills. Song preferred it that way. He preferred five one-dollar bills to one five-dollar bill. He knew, of course, that they did not represent any more value, but they increased the size of his roll. To fully appreciate his view-point one should take $90 and convert it into one, two, and five dollar bills—say thirty ones, ten twos,

and eight fives—and arrange them in a roll, mixing the twos and fives at irregular intervals, but placing two fives upon the outside next to a couple of twos. Then place a rubber band around it, and notice the sensation of well-being that suffuses the mind when one holds the roll in his hand.

Possibly it may not affect every one in this way, but that is how it made Song feel.

The matter also had its social aspects. When local merchants presented their bills they regarded Song and his money with a degree of deference that was most gratifying to him, and when they met him on the street they greeted him pleasantly—so inevitably does the reputed possession of worldly goods act as an open-sesame to the good graces and kindly regard of our fellow-citizens. Some people affect stylish clothes in order to excite the admiration and envy of others; some display automobiles, and others fine houses; but Song used cash. There are few things more potent and compelling than a large roll of currency, and thus he had his reward. During his busy hours a sense of increasing opulence filled the background of his consciousness, and in his leisure moments it occupied the foreground of his thoughts, thus shedding a radiance over the details of his business that made him feel good no matter what he might be doing. Even in his sleep it pervaded his subconscious mind, and caused his dreams to be permeated with an atmosphere of complacency and satisfaction.

Upon a certain July day in the year 1906, at about the hour of 11 A.M., Song was seated upon a soap-box in his kitchen paring potatoes for dinner. We must leave him here for a while, which we can do with full assurance that he will not idle any during our absence.

Among his associates he was said to be somewhat cautious, suspicious, and rather indifferent to truth; but no one had ever accused him of being lazy.

II—PSYCHOLOGY

The East-bound passenger train was rumbling its way over the rocky plain toward the city of Tucson. Two passengers in the smoking-apartment of the Pullman were engaged in conversation. They were talking about travel in Arizona. One of them, a college professor, was somewhat caustic in his statements.

"It is hard to travel with any degree of comfort through a country like this," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other. "I go through here every three months, and I find it pretty comfortable."

"Commercial traveler?" inquired the professor.

"Yes, my name is Pete Crowther. I sell coffee from San Francisco."

"Speaking about commercial traveling," said the professor, "I fear that I wouldn't enjoy trying to sell goods. The very thought of traveling about soliciting orders gives me a sensation of dread and fatigue."

"In that case it would be a poor business for you to tackle. It all depends on how it makes a man feel."

"True," laughed the professor. "You are quite in accord with what Professor James says in one of his books."

"Never heard of him," said Pete, "but I'm glad he agrees with me. What did he say?"

"Why, substantially the same as you just said. He takes the position that the real value of a man's situation depends upon the feelings that it excites within him."

"Sure, that's so; but one reason why I like this business is because I can do it. Every man has his particular stunt—his specialty, you understand."

"Yes, you mean his pre-eminent faculty. It was Emerson, I believe, who said that every man has his distinctive contribution to make to society."

"That's it! And every man likes to do his special stunt—isn't that so?"

"Undoubtedly, our chief enjoyment is found in the exercise of our distinctive faculties."

"Sure!" cried Pete. "And when a man has a way of getting people to buy goods, why, every time he tackles a man he is playing his own game, working his specialty. There is just as much enjoyment in that for him as there is for a teacher or preacher or merchant doing what he can do best."

"I dare say you are correct," admitted

the professor, "and I presume that one reason why that kind of work doesn't appeal to me is because it isn't my stunt, as you put it. But here is an interesting question: How far can a man make it his stunt? You know there is much being written these days about the psychology of salesmanship."

"Psychology! I thought that psychology was something they taught in college, like astronomy. What has that got to do with selling goods?"

"It has much to do with it. I have just read a book by one of our psychologists in which he devoted a whole chapter to salesmanship. He contended that any man of ordinary parts could become a salesman if he would follow a certain psychological programme."

"He did, did he? What was his programme?"

"I don't remember all of his points, but they were something like this: First of all, one should fill his mind with confident thoughts concerning the excellence of his company. Cultivate a firm belief in the superiority of his line of goods. Insist constantly to himself that he has the best goods and the best company, and saturate his mind with facts and arguments to that effect."

"Sure," said Pete; "a man would be a chump not to root for his own house. What else did he say?"

"He said to idealize one's work. Insist in his thoughts that his task is important and necessary. Never harbor an apologetic thought about his business. Magnify his occupation."

"That's all right," asserted Pete; "a man couldn't sell goods if he sneaked around like a yellow dog. I don't see what all that has got to do with psychology. That's nothing but common sense. What else did he say?"

"He said that one should train himself into a firm belief in his capacity to perform his task. Let him cultivate a mental attitude of superiority. When he approaches a man, look him squarely in the eye with full confidence in his ability to sell him goods, and let there be a constant mental suggestion emanating from him to that effect."

"In other words," said Pete, "get stuck on yourself. Oh, I guess there is something in that, if a man don't get too conceited. People like to see a man who is sure of himself. Anything else?"

"He said to keep steadily at it all day, holding these thoughts persistently in mind, and success will eventually come. His theory might be summed up in this way: A man's thoughts tend to objectivize themselves, and—"

"Hold on! I've slipped the trolley. What is that objectivize?"

"Why, a man's thoughts tend to produce concrete results in harmony with—"

"Wait! Are concrete results any different from other results?"

The professor laughed good-naturedly.

"No, just call it results. A man's thoughts tend to result as he thinks."

"But supposing a man is no good?" objected Pete. "Take one of these fellows that doesn't know how to do things. Could he sell goods by just jollying himself up like that? Not on your life! Why, I know a fellow—"

"Just a moment, please," interrupted the professor. "What is it that makes a man no good, as you express it? Isn't it, first of all, his own state of mind? He concedes in his own thought that he is a failure. He doesn't believe in himself. You will seldom have occasion to call a man no good who really believes in himself."

"Well, how is a man going to believe in himself when he is no good? He hasn't got anything to believe in. Here is a man who can't sell goods—just simply can't. He hasn't got the way with him—doesn't talk right—can't see the point—makes people tired. Do you mean to say that he could do business if he would only fill his mind with hot air? Nit. Why, he'd have to make himself all over."

"Precisely. And modern psychology tells a man that this can be done. First of all, he must make himself over in his own thought. He must change his mental measurement of himself; then, under the constant stimulus of his new viewpoint, he will begin to develop those dormant faculties that tend to make him what he thinks."

"How is he going to work to do all that?" asked Pete, sarcastically. "Did that writer tell how?"

"Yes, he said it must be done chiefly by auto-suggestion."

"Auto-what?"

"Auto-suggestion. Filling one's own mind with positive thoughts and mental images. Especially flooding the sub-conscious mind with—"

"Wait! I don't catch on. What is that sub-conscious mind?"

"Why, the subliminal region of the mind that lies below the threshold of the consciousness."

"Aw, come off, Professor! You talk like a man with bats in his belfry."

"If you will tell me what you mean by belfry," smiled the professor, "and if by that you mean the mind, then tell me where the mind is located and what its constituent elements are, we may then have a better basis for definition."

"No, I guess I'll pass," said Pete, scratching his head reflectively. "There's no use tackling a man on his specialty. Sub-conscious mind goes. What about it? How does a man get at it?"

"By auto-suggestion; that is, by insisting upon these things in his own thoughts. Flooding the mind with ideas and suggestions to that effect. Picturing one's self in his thought as he wishes to be, and insisting that he is that. A good time to do it is at night just before going to sleep. The sub-conscious mind will finally get saturated with these ideas, and begin to impel one to act accordingly. It will become a positive force in his life, and help him to overcome temperament. That is the theory of that writer, Mr. Crowther."

"Then, if I understand it, he means to say that if a man who is no good—who can't sell goods—will go through all that monkey work, then, after that, he can sell goods!" said Pete in disgust.

"He insists that it would be a positive help in that direction, and a most efficient force in his life."

"Well, I'd rather take my chances batting my ear for a good night's sleep when I go to bed."

"Tucson!" announced the porter. "We are pulling into Tucson. Brush, sir?"

"This is where I get off," said Pete. "Glad I met you, Professor. I'll think about that sub conscious mind."

"And keep on batting your ear, no doubt, when you go to bed," laughed the other.

"Sure," said Pete. "So long."

About half an hour later Pete was standing in front of the leading hotel looking up and down the street with the self-satisfied air of one who is about to exercise his favorite function.

III—SALESMANSHIP

Pete paused at the street-crossing as his eye rested upon a sign down the side street. "Song-Lee, Chicago Restaurant." "I wouldn't wonder if that Chink used considerable coffee," mused he. "I guess I'll go over and chin him a while."

He pushed his way through the dining-room into the kitchen. Song was still seated upon the soap-box paring potatoes for dinner.

"Good-morning," saluted Pete.

"Good-morning."

"Where's the boss?"

"Boss he gone away," lied Song. "What you want?"

"I want to see the boss. Where has he gone?"

"Gone to Tombstone."

"When will he come back?"

"Mebbe two days; mebbe four days. What you want?"

"I want to sell him some coffee."

"Boss he no want coffee."

"How do you know he don't? See here, your name is Song-Lee. You the boss. Eh! what!"

Song grinned placidly. "What kind of coffee you sell?"

"Good coffee, eighteen cents," said Pete, producing a sample.

"Good coffee, eighteen cent?" repeated Song, inquiringly, as he fingered the sample.

"Yes, and we pay the freight."

"You pay flate?"

"Sure, we deliver it. We pay freight."

"Good coffee, eighteen cent, you pay flate," repeated Song again, as if it were too good to be true.

Pete took out his order-book and pencil. "How big a barrel you want?" he asked. "How much; how many pounds?"

"Don't want any," said Song, abruptly, resuming his seat upon the soap-box.

"Don't want any!" cried Pete in amazement. "When you can get good coffee eighteen cent, why you no want any?"

Song shook his head. "Got plenty coffee," said he.

"How much you got?"

"Got four hundred pound."

"Where is it?"

"Some of it there," pointing to a drum in the corner.

Pete went over and shook the drum.

"Why, that's only a fifty-pound drum, and it ain't half full. Where's the rest?"

"Down to depot," smiled Song, blandly.

"What! are you paying the railway company storage on coffee? Nix! that won't work. You only got twenty-five pound coffee. Now, why you no want coffee?"

"Me git good coffee seventeen cent."

"Let's see some of it."

Song dipped up a saucerful and handed it over. Pete examined it carefully, smelled of it, and looked up at Song with a sarcastic grin. "So, that's your good coffee, seventeen cent, is it?"

"Plitty good coffee," asserted Song, uneasily.

"Why, that no coffee at all!" shouted Pete in disgust. "That nothing but peas and chicory! You savvy, Song? No coffee! Nix coffee! That all peas and chicory!"

"All peas and chickly," echoed Song, vaguely.

"Sure! no coffee at all!"

"Make plitty good coffee," insisted Song again.

"Why, if you like that stuff, I sell you all same twelve cents."

"You sell all same twelve cent?" inquired Song, eagerly. "You send me—"

"Say, do you know Chow-Sam?" cut in Pete.

This was a question well calculated to divert the attention of a Tucson Chinaman. Chow-Sam owned two large restaurants and a store. He was the local Chinese standard of sagacity and business ability.

"You know Chow-Sam?" asked Song.

"Sure; I sell Chow-Sam his coffee."

"You sell coffee Chow-Sam?"

Pete nodded. "That's right. Chow-Sam he buy all his coffee of me."

"What kind coffee you sell Chow-Sam?"

"I sell him good coffee, sixteen cent."

"Good coffee, sixteen cent?"

"Sure."

"You pay flate?"

"Yes, we pay freight."

"Good coffee, sixteen cent, you pay flate, all same Chow-Sam," thus reducing the proposition to its ultimate terms.

"That's it."

"You send me two hundred pound all same Chow-Sam."

"All right, Song, you git coffee in about two weeks. Good-by."

"Good-by."

"Now, I suppose," muttered Pete, as he halted upon the sidewalk to light a cigar, "that the professor would have had me go up an alley and auto-suggest a while before I went in to sell that bill. That psychology business is all tommy-rot. The way to do a thing is just go and do it, and if you find that you're no good at it then tackle something else that you can do. That's my philosophy."

As the passenger train pulled out of Tucson the professor fell into a meditation. "That Mr. Crowther," mused he, "is probably a born salesman. From the standpoint of salesmanship his ideas and instincts are automatically sound. He is like one of those robust fellows who know nothing about the laws of physical culture or nutrition, but who eat heartily and digest without difficulty. But how about that poor fellow who is born an undervitalized anæmic? He must work out a new birth. It is so with the fellow whom Mr. Crowther calls 'no good.' The idealism of modern psychology has a message of hope for him. He need not be the victim of his temperament."

In the meantime Song had resumed his seat upon the soap-box and continued to pare potatoes for dinner. It would be somewhat hazardous to attempt to trace a meditation through the devious channels of the Oriental mind, but from the placid and painstaking manner in which he was making the potato-parings thin, it would be safe to infer that somewhere within the purlieus of his consciousness there was lurking the Chinese equivalent of "every little bit helps."

ROSA BONHEUR

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

THE world of art has gone beyond Rosa Bonheur. When we speak of animal painters to-day, we do not think so much of her as of Troyon, for example. But that is not saying that we are forgetting Rosa Bonheur. She was a real force in the domain of animal painting. Yet she was, so it seems, a still greater force as an example of what a woman can do.

One is increasingly conscious of this latter conviction as one turns page after page of Mr. Theodore Stanton's lately published "Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur,"[1] and glances at the book's illustrations. The rise of the Frenchwoman to fame forms a particularly interesting tale, and it is well, although not concisely, told by Mr. Stanton. However, despite considerable "padding" and a lot of "lugging in" of more or less unimportant detail, the central figure stands out in reasonably vivid outline against the Fontainebleau forest, with whose natural beauties and animal life it was in almost daily communion for nearly forty years—Fontainebleau forest, in which and around which were formed the great painters of Rosa Bonheur's time and ours—Millet, Courbet, Corot, Troyon, Rousseau, Daubigny, Diaz.

Yet, as we look at the woman painter's figure, we well-nigh forget how much the Diana of Fontainebleau accomplished in painting animals in our admiration of her spontaneous love of them. She was known as the Diana of Fontainebleau, for she had a passion for hunting and shooting.

During the closing years of the Second Empire she was given a special permit to shoot over a large section of the forest, not far from By, for rabbits. Within a sandy triangle, covered with oaks, pines, and thick heather, and bounded by the Route Ronde, the road from Fontainebleau to Moret, and the Route de Sorgues, with the Croix de Montmorin at one corner, the Croix du Grand Maître at another corner, and the Carrefour des Sentiers d'Avon in the middle, here Rosa Bonheur at a certain period of her life would shoot two or three times a week, from the beginning of September to the end of November. With her dogs—Caressant, the gift of the Count d'Armillé, Ramoneau and Ravaude, the son and daughter of Caressant—Rosa Bonheur would spend hours at a time, generally accompanied by her brother-in-law, both eagerly on the lookout for rabbits. Occasionally a deer or a pheasant would come within range, and it required not a small effort of the will to let them go untouched; for the Imperial permit allowed her to kill rabbits only. She was a good shot, and generally returned to By with a bag of seven or eight rabbits. More than one of the present inhabitants of Thomery and By will tell you that their fathers were the shooting companions of Rosa Bonheur.

Another account, however, says:

> She had her beagles, just as we have our pet dogs, chiefly for amusement. But she really never did much hunting or shooting, for the simple reason that she adored animal life, and the idea of killing anything was repugnant to her very nature. While it is quite true that she enjoyed following the hounds, she never carried sport to an excess. . . . In 1870, however, she was quite ready to shoot a Teuton.

Again:

> Rosa Bonheur rode very well, and always astride. She had a mare that she was very fond of, that was very friendly with her and came to her whenever she called. It would rear up, put its hoofs on her shoulders and actually kiss her. It would take a piece of sugar from her mouth so gently as not to touch her face. When the mistress went to her room, the mare would follow, going upstairs and putting its head through a little window in the dressing-room, and then stand and stare at her with a peculiarly pleased expression in its intelligent face. When the feeling of curiosity and friendship was satisfied, the animal would turn around and walk quietly downstairs again.

Rosa Bonheur's was not merely a love of horses and dogs such as we all have. It was a love of all animals. And apparently she had no fear. She would take a lion in her arms. A lioness would put her paws on Rosa Bonheur's shoulders and kiss her, and all the time the painter showed no sign of fear. Sometimes, when one of these beasts would be lying at her feet and she wanted to get up, she would push him off with a kick exactly as if she had to do with a dog. A touching story is told of two young lions:

> The male died first, quite young, of a disease of the spinal cord. But the female

[1] Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur. Edited by Theodore Stanton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

lived long enough to become attached to her mistress. "She was tender and as faithful as a dog," said Rosa. "Sometimes she would stand on her hind legs and put her front ones on my shoulders in order to caress me more easily. But she fell ill of the same disease as her brother. I nursed her as if she had been a human being, going to see her and to comfort her several times a day. Once I found her so weak that I said to Georges Cain, who was there: 'My poor lioness can't move; she is going to die.' A few moments later I heard a velvet-soft step down in the hall. I went to see what it was, and I found that it was my lioness, who, though dying, had made an effort to see me again for the last time. She knew I had gone upstairs. She heard my voice and had crawled on to the stairs in order to reach me. I went down a little way and she stopped. When I came to her, I took her in my arms and stroked her. She lay back and looked at me like a person who thinks, and died thus, gazing on me. I believe in the good God and in his Paradise for the just, but I do not approve of everything in religion. For instance, I find it monstrous that animals should be said to have no soul. My lioness loved. She, therefore, had more soul than certain people who do not love."

Another story is told by M. Jules Claretie, ex-Director of the Comédie Française:

One day Rosa Bonheur had to be separated from her lion Nero. The horses which were to pull the wagon to Paris trembled with fear at the odor of a carnivorous animal. Nero himself was sad, as if he divined that he was to be separated from his mistress. While his cage was being boarded up he turned an inquiring look with his yellow eyes on Rosa Bonheur, and when the wagon began to roll away, those eyes filled with tears. The poor beast was taken to the Garden of Plants, where an ophthalmia soon set in and he became quite blind. Rosa Bonheur once visited him there in his public cage, and calling out "Nero," the faithful lion recognized her voice, sprang to his feet, and tried to discover his old mistress.

M. Henri Cain says:

I remember seeing in her grounds at By stags, mouflons, wild boars, and other large animals, while among the smaller ones were young lions and lionesses, which finally became pretty large, however, though they continued to be nice and gentle; and they all, great and small, moved about in perfect liberty. I recall how, on one occasion, Rosa doctored an ill lion during a whole month, performing operations of a most intimate character, caring for him just as she would have cared for a child. It was most touching to see the poor animal lick Rosa's hand when she was relieving his pain. She was like a regular hospital nurse at this time, and was deeply afflicted when the poor beast died in her arms, looking tenderly into her face.

In order to paint animals, Rosa Bonheur came little by little to the necessity of wearing masculine attire. Of course when she went to Paris or out in society she always put on woman's clothes. But when engaged in painting animals, with the going to stables and slaughter-houses, her woman's dress was in the way. Her strong face and short hair lent themselves to man's disguise, and its trial proved a success. She did her woman's work in an unfeminine way. When people did not know her, they took her for a man. She obtained a regularly authorized permit to wear male attire, and so constantly did she wear it that when she became an old woman (she lived to the age of seventy-seven, dying in 1899) and would go out for a promenade in the Fontainebleau forest, and, coming back, would saunter about through the fields of By, the persons returning from their day's labor would bow to this little man with his fine white locks who, as Mr. Stanton says, "somewhat resembled, but in miniature, dear old Corot." Sometimes persons foreign to the region who chanced that way would ask, "Who is that little gentleman to whom everybody is bowing?" And the reply would come: "That little gentleman? Why, it is Mademoiselle Bonheur." And, as Mr. Stanton adds, all the country round about adored her.

Her attire emphasized her dominant quality—poise. In American slang, she could not be "fazed." For instance, when she was painting near the Italian border, she was arrested by two artillery soldiers, and, as many Americans are familiar with the configuration of the country, the following incident, related by her, may be of interest:

I had started at seven in the morning in order to go and take some small photographs of mastic trees and other plants, when, on reaching the vineyard belonging to M. Polonnais, I found, by rare good luck, a most picturesque-looking shepherd, keeping a flock of goats each of which seemed handsomer than its neighbor. I halted and was soon engaged in an expressive pantomime with this Italian herdsman, tempting him with a shining franc-piece. He understood me, and, telling him not to budge, as he was in a most charming pose—you know, if one tries to make them pose it's absurd—I hastened to fix up my paraphernalia. After taking two plates, I discovered that the sun had interfered with my lens. So, altering

matters a little, while my shepherd remained motionless, I eagerly operated afresh.

Just then two artillerymen came upon me from behind, and wanted to seize my camera and the plates I had already taken, under pretext that I had been photographing the fortress! In astonishment, I energetically defended my apparatus and frames; and, sticking them into my lunch-bag, I tried to explain that I would not give up my property. "Then show us what is inside," they said. I replied that they would see nothing at all, for, if I did what they asked, I would lose my photographs. But the Tommies did not seem much impressed by this truth. I then got angry, and they insisted that I must go with them to the fortress. Thereupon, my dear Sis, I intimated to them that they might convey me thither by making a palanquin of their arms, but that, climb up there on foot, I would not. Whence, embarrassment of the troops!

At this stage of the conflict I noticed that I luckily had my red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in my buttonhole. [She was the only one of her sex who had the right to display the rosette of the officer of the Legion of Honor.] So I assumed my most important and imposing mien and showed them the decoration, saying that in the presence of a member of that body they ought to make the military salute. The troops were now quite out of countenance, while more than ever I blessed the memory of the Empress Eugénie. "Well," said the sergeant—it appears that my interlocutor had this rank—"if you are in the army, Madame, you will understand that we must obey orders." Then I assumed the air of the Little Corporal before Horace Vernet's sentinel, and said: "My good fellow, I not only esteem you, but I will intrust you with my man-servant, who shall climb up there, which would be painful to me at my age, and one of you will take him prisoner instead of me, and you will tell your superior officer to come and parley with me!"

Thereupon Nathalie wanted to go up and explain everything herself, so that we might not lose our man-servant. This made me waxy again, and I insisted on her returning to the carriage. As for myself, I shouldered my property with the firm intention of holding it tight, while poor Auguste made the ascent with the main body of the army, and we, remaining under guard, were curious to see what effect would be produced. With my camera in one hand and the stand in the other, I marched toward the carriage in spite of the sergeant, who brought up the rear. Then, taking my seat in it at my ease, I began trying to upset the poor non-commissioned officer's mental equilibrium by explaining to him that there were photographic apparatuses with which it was possible to take a portrait of the moon in its minutest details; so that, consequently, I had only to climb up to the top of Mount Boron without coming to Cape Ferrat, if I had wanted to betray my ocuntry; for, commanding the fortress quite well from there, I might, without his suspecting it, have photographed, just as in the case of the moon, all the details of the fortress, and even made the portraits of the good fellows who defended it with such estimable zeal. My keeper had not got over his amazement at my narration when, lo and behold! Auguste returned accompanied, not by an officer, but by the same private soldier—a sign of victory. We were saved! We were free!

A woman of poise, Rose Bonheur seemed a kind of great feminine Pan. Her instinctive love of animal life and of the country was well expressed by her serene yet energetic and debonair manner. Seventy-seven years old, she told Mr. Stanton of her desire to work on, and of the joy that she felt because it was so. "She left me with a gay 'Au revoir.'"

Not the least value of the present volume lies in its record of friendships. They are chiefly disclosed by Rosa Bonheur's correspondence. Her most dashing letters were those to her brother and sister. But her letters to friends are equally worth reading. In particular are those to her friends who were artists or art critics, such as Pierre Jules Mène and his son-in-law, Auguste Cain, both distinguished animal sculptors (several of their works adorn the parks of Paris), and the two sons of the latter—Georges Cain, the painter and writer on art and archæology, and Henri Cain, the painter and dramatist, whose wife, Julia Guiraudon, was a well-known singer of the Opéra Comique; also Madame Consuélo Fould (the art name of the Marquise de Grasse). To the last named Rosa Bonheur sent this characteristic note:

Since you ask me how I am getting on, I may answer you that I am living like my dogs. I am swallowing life as best I can. The days pass quickly. They go by, they go by! And I am not sorry, I can assure you. Only I am a mixture of dog and tortoise. However, on making a closer study of myself, it is the bear, I think, which predominates over the various other animals that I am. Dear Madame Fould, the Creator would really be the devil himself if he made us to live, love, and admire in order to annihilate us afterward like generations of bugs which swarm in the old houses of Nice, Auvergne, Brittany, and the Pyrenees, and which we clean people destroy forever without respite and without mercy.

To the art student Mr. Stanton's biography is disappointing. It is as personal as possible. It is not a critical study from the

standpoint of the history of art. The volume contains few indications of the painter's place in history. Of course it is evident to the tyro, as to the art critic, that pictures like "Plowing in the Nivernais" or "The Horse Fair" were painted only by an ardent lover of animals and of animal life. It is also evident that these pictures are examples of conscientiousness. In "The Horse Fair," for instance, one feels that every horse was studied separately and several times over; that very many drawings had been made for the purpose, that the picture had been studied in groups of animals, and finally as a whole. Such a picture is conscientiously true of animal life. But it lacks something. It lacks atmosphere. It has some, it is true. Rosa Bonheur's pictures in this respect are not like Paul Potter's—that is to say, with no relation to the circumambient atmosphere. Rosa Bonheur's have considerable atmosphere, for she was not unconscious of landscape beauty; quite the contrary, as we see in a letter of hers from Nice:

If I have urged you to come down here, it is because I want you to become acquainted with the finest country that you can see, especially at this time of the year, when Nature is at her best—mountains with a background of snow, and, in addition, the real Virgilian landscape, flocks of sheep and goats, with shepherds in most picturesque costumes. Sea and mountains show up the olive trees with a golden light over all that is superb.

It is well, perhaps, to have Rosa Bonheur as a bridge between Paul Potter, whose pictures had no relation to atmosphere, and Troyon, whose pictures had every relation to atmosphere. The difference between this Frenchman Troyon and this Frenchwoman Rosa Bonheur is that while the latter correctly represents the strength, energy, fatigue, repose, of animals, she does not always unite with these qualities the strength and the repose of *all* nature about the animals. In her pictures one does not have the consciousness, as one does in Troyon's, of the livingness of all nature—grass, plants, trees, clouds—as well as animals.

As is the case with many another artist, Rosa Bonheur's drawings and sketches give a better idea of her particular and individual genius than do her finished pictures. Only in her sketches does one find the original, first-hand, direct expression of her impulse and thought. Only in her sketches is one suddenly conscious of the fact that an instant before she drew the line her eyes had been looking at the sheep, the boar, the bison, the lion, and had immediately transferred to paper her wonderfully vivid impression. There is an impact about the Rosa Bonheur drawings quite absent from her painted pictures.

As a whole, then, Mr. Stanton's book reveals a vivid and picturesque personality, but it helps us hardly at all in giving Rosa Bonheur her exact place in art.

THE NEW BOOKS

The novel-reader who cares chiefly for plot and action would better not attempt the translation by Gilbert Cannan of Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," or rather of part of that work, for here are rendered into English in six hundred pages four out of seven volumes. Furthermore, there are other readers who will find tedious those chapters in which Jean-Christophe's dreams and theories about the philosophy of music are discussed. But there are many other lovers of modern literature who will find here that which is so instinct with life and art that they will agree cordially with the estimate of the French critics. The book is the record of the development of a young man of genius. As it happens, he is a composer, but the interest is not so much in his musical creative power as in the personal drama of his temperament, passion, hopes and hopelessness, ardor and despair, awkwardness and romance. The writing is terse and nervous; the translation evidently exceptionally good. The novel is built, or rather has built itself (for its literary architecture is chaotic), on a large scale, and deals with large things in the world of emotion and character-conflict. In its way it is powerful as well as strange. (Henry Holt & Co, New York. $1.50.)

"Madame de Montespan and Louis XIV," by H. Noel Williams, belongs to the same type of literature as "The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu," recently noticed in these columns. The social corruption of a Court in which the King kept for some years a discarded mistress, who really was devotedly attached to him, and required her to occupy

an apartment adjoining her successor in order that he might the better conceal from the public that he had taken up with the latter, seems to the modern mind incredible. As a psychological study this class of volumes is interesting, since such books show how curiously the most inconsistent motives may co-operate in the same character. As a political study they are valuable, since they show how infinitely worse was moral corruption in the old régime than it has since been in the Republic, and they partly explain the moral defects in the Paris of to-day as an inheritance from the age of the unspeakable Bourbons. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.)

It is a curious and interesting fact that the best three interpretations of America, even to Americans, are furnished by foreigners—de Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," von Holst's "The Constitutional History of the United States," and James Bryce's "The American Commonwealth." The new edition of the latter book, just issued, brings it down to the present day. Thus the chapter on "The Machine" is followed by a note giving recent legislation regarding primaries, and the chapter on Woman Suffrage gives a fair and non-partisan report of the working of woman suffrage in Colorado. Distinct additions to the work are four new chapters: one on the New Transmarine Dominions of the United States; one on the present aspects of the Immigration Problem; one, by Mr. Seth Low, on Municipal Government; and one on the latest phase of the negro problem in the South. The chapter on the New Transmarine Dominions is mainly historical. American readers will be glad to know that this disinterested and scholarly but always sympathetic observer thinks that "in realizing herself as a World Power America has not become more arrogant or more combative." We are inclined to think that she has become less so; that she has been sobered by her responsibilities. The Outlook has recently had occasion to express editorially its appreciation of Mr. Bryce's treatment of our Immigration Problem. Mr. Low's chapter on Municipal Government is written in the spirit of the rest of the volume, and is rather an interpretation than an attempted solution of municipal problems. His large experience, and no less his perfectly frank recognition of existing evils, give value to his conclusion that "it may justly be said, therefore, that the American city, if open to severe blame, is also deserving of much praise." Mr. Bryce's chapter of "Further Reflections on the Negro Problem" we should like to see printed in pamphlet form with the preceding chapter on "The Present and Future of the Negro." The two chapters present, not only an admirable historical summary of present conditions and the evils which have brought those conditions about, but an equally admirable outlook on the future. The negro is not a political danger, because the white population is increasing even in the Southern States more rapidly than the negro population. He is needed as a laborer; therefore to treat him fairly and help him to progress is for the interest of the whites; the two races must remain in the country, but socially distinct, the negro unabsorbed and unabsorbable; and though race antagonism is still a strong sentiment, the same sentiment of a common humanity which destroyed slavery will, it may be hoped, overcome this antagonism, and, at any rate, "it is in that direction that the stream of change is running." (The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.)

In "Memories of Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge, and Elsewhere," by Oscar Browning, the American reader will find much of interest and the American teacher much of instruction. It gives a detailed, gossipy, minute, photographic account of English life at school and university and elsewhere, written by one who was first a pupil, then an assistant master, at Eton, and later senior fellow and tutor at King's College, Cambridge. A few hints taken at random will suffice to suggest the flavor, and so the value, of the book. "I remember my first lesson in Greek at the age of eight, having begun Latin at four." A little later he studied under a tutor who gave him lessons in writing Latin verse. "We did the exercises *viva voce* without writing down, and, child as I was, I could admire the marvelous art by which my teacher made the Latin express with the most perfect fidelity every turn and shade of the original." At Eton at 7 A.M. "we put on a pair of trousers and, otherwise naked, ran upstairs to the washing room. . . . There were two windows in the tower with the panes all broken, so that the wintry air had free circulation. As the first comers had used the water-taps for drenching each other rather than for any other purpose, the towels were wet through. . . . What wonder if little washing was done and less drying, if their hands were begrimed with dirt and seamed with bleeding cracks!" The beds and the food were of like character with the bathing. But the teaching seems, in comparison with that at American schools, remarkably mature. "I went to Eton a fairly good scholar, but we were all good scholars in those days. My first Latin verses were four stanzas of Alcaics on Apollo, composed in my head as I walked up the Slough Road." "I found it excellent practice to translate Thucydides at sight, and Tacitus was full of political lessons." "I was very fond of miscellaneous reading in literature. . . . My favorite authors were Byron and Gibbon." "I should recommend any one who desires to write good, forcible English to give his days and nights to the study of Byron's letters." "I read Gibbon's history through before I left Eton." We wonder how many American boys of seventeen are familiar with Byron and Gibbon or any other English classics of equal distinction. The volume is valuable as a picture

of life in Europe, specifically in England, in the middle of the nineteenth century—the kind of picture which only intimate autobiography gives. (The John Lane Company, New York. $5.)

If it is true that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men," the wise man should find "Uncle Walt," by W. Mason, an appetizing trifle to take between more serious and substantial courses. Poet? Philosopher? Hardly either; yet a little of both. Nonsense? No! more than nonsense. A very good specimen of American humor; satirical, but never bitter; of a kind that makes you laugh with him even when he laughs at you. (George Matthew Adams, Chicago. $1.25.)

Every book that contributes to our knowledge of Indian tribal history, customs, and legends is of permanent value. Mr. Walter McClintock, in his "The Old North Trail," does exactly this, and also presents a readable and animated account of personal adventure and experience among the Blackfeet. These Indians were once the strongest and bravest of the Plains people, the only tribe against whom the Lewis and Clark expedition had to use firearms. Now they are a dying race; only thirty-five hundred full-bloods are to be found where once there were from thirty to forty thousand. Their ceremonials, myths, medicine lodges, dances, hunting methods, ways of life, are here described graphically and with decided story interest. Mr. McClintock's photographs and full-page colored pictures form an exceedingly attractive feature of the work, and some of the latter have art merit also. The volume is handsomely made in every way. The author has succeeded in making a lively narrative of experience as well as a work of ethnological interest. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.)

The larger part of Mr. John K. Turner's "Barbarous Mexico" consists of articles printed in the "American Magazine" last year, but to these has been added a discussion of the political aspects of Diaz's rule and of his personal character and methods. The whole book, it seems to us, fails to gain the influence over the reader desired by the author, and will fail also of doing as much good as it ought to do, because of the sensational, rhetorical, and feverish methods employed. An instance of this is seen in the title itsef, which naturally has aroused great indignation among Mexicans and among those who are friends of Mexican advance. It was obviously chosen in order to attract attention; and in his very preface the author mildly remarks that he applies the word "barbarous," not to the people, but to the form of government. This kind of thing runs all through the book. There is a great deal in Mexico that is, in point of fact, deplorable. The author's statement about the practical enslavement of the Yaqui Indians, his account of the treatment of the working people on some of the plantations, his history of the persecution of enemies of the Government without what we would consider a fair trial or investigation, deal with matters properly open to criticism. There is no doubt also that Diaz is a dictator rather than a President of a democratic people. But it is equally true that Mexico must reach by stages the condition where an entirely democratic government by the people is possible; and in the meantime we must acknowledge the ability and force of Diaz in holding the Government together, in keeping Mexico free from the constant factional and personal feuds and revolutions which mark the history of so many of the Southern republics, and, finally, in establishing business on a sound basis and in encouraging the arts and helping the cause of advancing civilization. Not long ago The Outlook printed an article on the relations between the Mexican people and those of the United States. We cannot too clearly recognize the fact that the two countries are mutually concerned in the welfare of each other, and that wise and statesmanlike dealing with the relations between Mexico and the United States must be planned. As a prerequisite of this, amicable feeling between Americans and Mexicans is indispensable. A book like this does not tend towards such a state of feeling, and is therefore, we judge, injurious rather than helpful; although it does present facts which, if properly verified, ought to have weight. (Charles H. Kerr, Chicago, Illinois. $1.50.)

One of the handsomest volumes of the season is "Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness," by H. Hesketh-Prichard, a record of the adventures, experiences, and observations of an expert hunter and naturalist at the two ends of the continent, British North America and Patagonia. Mr. Hesketh-Prichard is a well-seasoned traveler and hunter and an experienced writer. His former book, "Through the Heart of Patagonia," found many appreciative readers. His specialty is big-game hunting, but he is known also as an ardent all-round sportsman. In the present work he not only gives an account of the background of scenery and impressions of climate of the Far North and the Far South, but reports many thrilling adventures and interesting incidents. The text is reinforced by nearly a hundred illustrations, a number of which are in color. (The Sturgis & Walton Company, New York. $4.)

The careful father or mother on the outlook for something interesting for children will doubtless be attracted by the increasing number of folk-tale books. Among them, Dr. James A. Honey's "South African Folk Tales" deserves prominent place. The well-printed little book will be of value also to those who would know more intimately about South African life. Most of the tales are from the Bushmen, but some

have been taken over by the Hottentots or Zulus, and a few are from the Dutch. The Bushmen tales have a particular interest to those who would penetrate as far back as possible into the dim period antedating actual history. The Bushmen are supposed to have existed in the earliest Egyptian days, and to have been the originals of the dwarfs which are pictured on the tombs of the Kings in Egypt. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.)

A welcome addition to the increasing number of "rug books" is Eliza Dunn's "Rugs in Their Native Land." In truth, we who like Oriental rugs ought to know more about the lands where they are produced, about the life and customs of the peoples of those lands, and about the methods of rug production, before we consider rug collecting. The present volume informs us as to these things. But its charm is due largely to the fact that its author long resided in the interior of Turkey, and thus gives us a first-hand account. The book emphasizes Turkish rather than Persian, Caucasian, Turkoman, or other rugs. Yet enough mention is made of all to enable an intelligent person to identify any particular rug, and certainly to get information regarding a particular variety. The author first describes the weaving and dyeing of *kelims*—the curtains used to divide tents in Turkey; *kelims* were probably the earliest product of the Oriental loom. Then come what we call hearth rugs and prayer rugs and "runners," or the rugs made in pairs for long divans. Incidentally the difference between the creeds of the Turkish and Persian Mohammedans as shown in their respective rugs is accentuated. The text's value is at least doubled by the numerous and excellent color plates and other illustrations. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.)

Most of us used to play the game of "Authors." Who forgets the delight of obtaining "Walter Scott," who was Number 30, or even of Hepworth Dixon, who was not nearly as high? Of the three volumes mentioned under each author, players will recall "Her Majesty's Tower" as the one most distinguishing Hepworth Dixon. That book was long the standard description of the Tower of London, and justly so, for, like Dixon's "Holy Land," it had intrinsic merit. But new facts have come to light. They are woven into Mr. Davey's just-published history of "The Tower of London," especially those in connection with Anne Boleyn, perhaps the most picturesque of the noble ladies imprisoned in the Tower. The new facts also add their weight to Mr. Davey's plea for the enlargement of the Tower and the grounds. He would do this by removing the useless barracks, by having those parts of the Tower now used as dwellings for warders opened to the public, and in especial by restoring the old state apartments, and in particular the Lion's Gate, the original state entry. What a change that would be from the present entry! It is, as Mr. Davey says, a turnstile flanked on one side by a ticket office strongly resembling that of a race-course, and on the other by a typical English refreshment bar, with its appalling collections of fossil sandwiches, gingerbread nuts, Bath buns, and hard biscuits. The changes pertinently suggested by Mr. Davey also suggest, we think, other changes in the environment of the Tower. Should they be carried out, sightseers may ultimately realize something of that old Gothic London when the Tower headed a sumptuous procession of mediæval priories, fortresses, and castles. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.)

The experienced collector may not find as much as he expects in Mr. Dillon's well printed and illustrated "Porcelain and How to Collect It." But the inexperienced collector is very sure to find more than he expects. The book contains much elementary information on that department of porcelain-making which, in variety and technical and artistic merit, surpasses all others—Chinese porcelains. Following this, Japanese, Korean, and Siamese porcelains are treated, and then the various porcelains of Europe. In all this the book is the more desirable to the tyro because Mr. Dillon has kept the technical side of the subject within strict limits. He has doubtless tried to keep the historical side also within such limits. But his language regarding it is so clear that we realize, as not hitherto, the possibility of clinching in the memory the various events, reigns, administrations, and epochs of a country's history by a closer familiarity with its art. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.)

Who ever better united the spiritual and the militant than did Joan of Arc? Biography upon biography has been written, describing her life and exploits. The subject has enlisted the efforts not only of historians, but also of such literary lights as Alexandre Dumas, Anatole France, and Mark Twain. The present season sees the addition of two new biographies to the list—"Joan of Arc," by Grace James (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, $3.50), and "Jeanne d'Arc," by Mary Rogers Bangs (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, $1.25). Both biographies may be said to be dramatically told. Indeed, how could they be otherwise?—one could hardly imagine an undramatic account of Joan of Arc. Both biographies are simply told. Finally, both biographies are balanced; there is an evident attempt on the part of the biographers to avoid extremes of interpretation, and the minor points of Joan's life are not overemphasized as they have sometimes been by more controversial writers. While these are good books for the general reader and especially for the young person, for the student their value would have been heightened by the insertion of year-dates on the margins of the pages.

The Outlook

FEBRUARY 11, 1911

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SENATOR ROOT ON THE LORIMER CASE

In a dispassionate but vigorous and convincing speech Senator Root, of New York, last week placed himself on record as believing that the election of Senator Lorimer was tainted with corruption. Mr. Root went carefully over the evidence, and with his characteristic clearness and simplicity of analysis showed the weakness even from a technical point of view of Mr. Lorimer's defense, which at best is purely technical. But, and this in our judgment is much more important, Senator Root pointed out that the Senate, in forming its judgment in this and similar cases, is bound, not by the technicalities of the law courts, but by the laws of the moral intelligence. In this respect his speech is so important that we quote his words in full:

> We are here not as a court. We are more than a court. There is no power, short of a Constitutional amendment, which limits or controls the evidence we shall take of the grounds upon which we shall act in deciding the qualifications of a member of this body. The sole limit to our power is our own sense of justice and right and the public weal. There are no statutes which bind us. We are not a board of canvassers to count votes. Congress itself cannot control us in the protection of the integrity of this body. We are charged with a duty to determine, on our own consciences, whether the election of William Lorimer was brought about by corruption. It is not a question of the mere counting of votes, but a question of substance.

These words regarding the dignity of the Senate reflect honor both upon the man who uttered them and the body to whom they were addressed. Senator Root's speech was listened to with profound interest in a crowded Senate chamber. We believe his view of the case, which is shared by some of the strongest of his colleagues, will in the end prevail.

TAKING THE TARIFF OUT OF POLITICS

By a vote in which not only partisan but also factional differences were disregarded, the House of Representatives passed last week a bill to establish a permanent non-partisan—or, more strictly, bi-partisan—Tariff Board. The measure as finally adopted is a compound of two bills, one introduced by Mr. Longworth, of Ohio, the other by Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania. It provides that the Tariff Board shall be composed of five members, appointed by the President and removable by him. Their tenure of office is such as to make the Board a continuing body unaffected as a whole by political changes. The function of the Board is to make investigations concerning matters affecting the tariff. Though these investigations are to be with special reference to the cost of production, they are not to be confined to that, for the bill provides that the information that the Board is entitled to secure includes "all other facts which may be necessary or convenient in fixing import duties or in aiding the President and other officers of the Government in the administration of the customs laws;" and the measure furthermore requires that the Board "shall also make investigation of any such subject whenever directed by either House of Congress." It still further requires the Board, under the direction of the President, to report upon the effect of tariff laws or bounty laws as enacted in foreign countries. It safeguards information thus obtained from any individual or company so that it shall not be

available for use by any competitor or rival. The Board has power to subpœna witnesses, administer oaths, and require the production of pertinent documents. The Board thus created is to supersede the present Tariff Board, created by the terms of the Payne-Aldrich Act. If this bill passes the Senate, it will constitute the most momentous change in tariff legislation that has taken place in the United States since the enactment of the first tariff law. It will change tariff legislation from a vast game between commercial contestants to an administrative process based upon knowledge of scientific value. Of course the transition will not be complete. No one whose head is level will expect this to eliminate all the evils that are incident to our tariff policy; but every one has a right to expect that it will vastly minimize those evils. For years the tariff question has been nominally a political question. If the issue between the parties had been a real issue between two distinct principles and policies, there would have been no ground of complaint against the practice of treating the tariff question as political. If one party had consistently advocated protection as the object of tariff legislation, and the other had as consistently urged revenue as the object, a basis for a political contest would have existed. As a matter of fact, this has not been the case. The Democratic party has proved itself as truly as the Republican to be an advocate of protection. The Wilson-Gorman Act was as essentially a protection measure as that which it superseded. The real contest between the parties has in reality been a contest over what industries and what sections of the country shall get the greater benefit from the tariff. Such a contest as that is a scandal. The question as to how the benefits of protection should be apportioned among industries is one that should be determined, not by the pulling and hauling of interests, but by a process that will ascertain what apportionment will result in an equalization of benefit. As it has been followed in this country, the protective policy has been one of the most corrupting influences on public life. If, however, the protective policy is put honestly upon a scientific basis, it might still encounter opposition on economic grounds, but it would cease to raise moral issues. If this measure is enacted, as we hope it will be, lasting credit will be due, first, to President Taft and his Administration, and, secondly, to those members of Congress who by its enactment have risen above party.

THE STRENGTHENING OF OUR STATE EXECUTIVES

Concerning the wisdom of the initiative, referendum, and recall there is wide difference of opinion; of the existence of the evils which they are intended to correct there can be little question. In an address last week at the McKinley Day Banquet of the Tippecanoe Club of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Henry L. Stimson presented a keen analysis of the evils and wise suggestions for their reformation. In Mr. Stimson's view, the cause of these evils is the fact that our State Governments have been conducted on a wrong theory. This theory is that the main danger to be guarded against is the danger of tyranny and oppression from the State executive. Influenced by this fear of tyranny, the framers of these governments "cut the executive down to a term too short to carry through any constructive policy; they took away his chiefs of departments and made them either elective or otherwise independent of him; they separated him as far as possible from the representative law-making body with which he must work." So long as our National conditions were simple and uncomplicated by great industrial and business development, this lack of concentrated responsibility did little harm. But the growth of the power and wealth of business has made a tremendous difference. "One result of it," said Mr. Stimson, "has been a complete change in the attitude of the private citizen towards the executive. Instead of regarding it as a possible tyrant, as Jefferson did, we now look to executive action to protect the individual citizen against the oppression of this unofficial power of business. . . . It is not the people who are in danger from a strong State Government, it is the Government itself that is in danger from private influence." To eliminate the causes of inefficiency Mr. Stimson would advocate "a lengthened term for the Governor, say, four years, with the right to recall at the end of two years,

as now exists in the case of the Mayor of Boston. Give him the same power to select and control his cabinet and the heads of his departments as is possessed by the President of the United States, especially with an absolute and unconditional power of removal. . . . Give him the undisputed right not only to suggest but to frame and introduce his own legislative measures, giving to such measures a right of precedence on the legislative calendar." This enlarged power of the Governor to initiate legislation would in large measure, he believes, do away with any necessity for a popular initiative. If the Governor's power over legislation should prove to be too great, it could always be checked by the use of an optional popular referendum. "We are familiar enough," he said, "with the referendum as a check on the Legislature to be acquainted with its conservative characteristics." Mr. Stimson's analysis and his proposals, in our opinion, go well down to the root of the matter. To strengthen the executive, to enlarge his powers and so increase his responsibility, to free him from checks and limitations, is not to invite despotism, but to erect a barrier against despotism. Our fathers feared the tyranny of men; we suffer from the tyranny of aggregated wealth and political machinery. In a strong executive lies the protection of the people against the oppression of big business and the exploitation of corrupt politics. We shall do much to restore popular rule by exalting the executive, who is the one representative of all the people.

A HUMANE CORPORATION

The great corporations of this country have been subjected, often justly, sometimes unjustly, to severe criticism; it is all the more grateful, from time to time, to record instances of unselfish and humane action by such corporations. A notable instance of this has just occurred. The Diamond Match Company, which, we understand, is the largest manufacturer in the United States in this particular industry, has, of its own accord, abandoned legal patents which enable it exclusively to manufacture a kind of match the making of which is not an injury to the employee. To understand this matter, it should be known that there have been two kinds of phosphorus used in the making of matches. One is harmless; the other is a poison. A Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor gives a really heart-rending account of the evils of white-phosphorus poisoning. In Great Britain and in other countries the subject was thoroughly investigated years ago; in the year 1899 alone there were reported in Great Britain one hundred and two cases of phosphorus poisoning, nineteen of which were known to have terminated fatally. The common term for the unique malady which afflicts men and women engaged in match manufacture is "phossy jaw;" the scientific term is phosphorus necrosis. It is a peculiarly horrible and distressing disease. Other countries have protected their workmen against this danger, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the United States, by prohibiting the use of white phosphorus (as was recommended by President Taft in his last annual Message, and as is proposed in a bill now before Congress), may make this loathsome disease a thing of the past. In the meantime the action of the Diamond Match Company, even although it may be in some measure dictated by enlightened self-interest, is, nevertheless, unselfish and to be praised cordially. The Company held a patent under which an acceptable substitute for the kind of match in which white phosphorus is used could be made. The Company at first assigned the patent to three trustees, empowered to grant licenses to all who wished practical use of it on fair and reasonable terms. The names of these trustees—Professor Seligman, of Columbia; Mr. Neill, the United States Commissioner of Labor; and Mr. Ralston, counsel for the American Federation of Labor—were a guarantee of fair dealing. But later, as this course endangered the bill before Congress, because Congress thought it ought not to compel the use of a privately owned patent (which would follow if the use of white phosphorus was forbidden and the patent for the other method was retained by the Company even nominally), the Company formally renounced the ownership of the patent and dedicated it to the free use of the people of the United States. Thus the

way is made clear for humane legislation by Congress.

MULTIPLEX TELEPHONY

In these days when the Patent Office is accused of being "a mother of trusts," and some patents have brought millions to inventors and have created monopolies for great corporations, it is refreshing to find an inventor so generous and public-spirited that he will give to the world the results of his discovery without money and without price. Such a man is Major George Owen Squier, of the United States Signal Corps, who, having received patents fully protecting him in a valuable discovery in the field of wireless electrical communication, has refused to profit by his invention and has dedicated it freely to the service of his fellow-men. Some years ago the multiplex telegraph was perfected, by means of which a number of telegrams can be sent simultaneously over the same wire. This is effected by the introduction of tuning-forks into the circuit at the sending point, duplicated as to pitch at the receiving end. It is now more or less possible also to "tune" or synchronize the wireless telegraph message so that it will be received only by an instrument in tune with the sending apparatus. It is usually a surprise to the uninitiated to learn how slight need be the current to transmit successfully a message by a submarine cable. The current employed on the Atlantic cables could be generated in batteries the cells of which were not much larger than thimbles, and the current used to transmit speech over a telephone wire is almost equally feeble. This necessarily feeble current must be revivified every few miles to permit of long-distance conversation. On the other hand, the electric energy necessary to send a wireless message is enormous. The earth probably acts as a great electrical dynamo; revolving upon its axis, it generates electrical currents by its revolution. The surrounding atmosphere is thus charged with electricity which is usually in a state of equilibrium. To send through the air an electrical impulse which can be perceived at a distance requires that the generating force shall be so great as to create a disturbance of this equilibrium. Radiating from its point of origin, the impulse proceeds in electrical waves equally in all directions, just as do the ripples when a stone is thrown into a pond. While it has been found possible, as stated above, to arrange so that wireless messages, under favorable conditions, can be received intelligently only through apparatus specially in tune with the sending point, it has not hitherto been possible to prevent the waves from radiating in all directions, and this has been the drawback in wireless telephony. Electrical waves, like those produced in water or in air or in solid matter by a blow or by a sound, are measured by the amplitude of their oscillations and wave-lengths. The oscillations of the air wave produced by a large organ pipe are comparatively large and slow, while those produced by a smaller pipe are comparatively small, rapid, and short. Major Squier's discovery was that by reducing the frequency of oscillation he could direct the electric impulse along a wire which serves as a guide. The current transmitting speech or the impulse of the electric telegraph travels either in or upon the surface of the wire conductor, depending upon the character and strength of the battery or other generator. The impulse carrying abroad the message of wireless transmission travels by wave advancement through the atmosphere. Major Squier found that by limiting the speed or amplitude of oscillation he could impart wireless impulses to the layer of ether immediately surrounding a wire, and by "tuning" them could enable a number of conversations to be carried on at the same time, without interference with each other. The wire is essential, but only to serve as a guide for the wireless form of electrical transmission. It seems probable that the use of the wire guide as a direct conductor of single, or even multiplex, telegraphy, as heretofore, will not interfere with its use for simultaneous multiplex telephony, now rendered possible by this invention. The means by which the inventor accomplishes these results are a little too technical for description in our columns, but it may be said that he employs no new and untried devices; rather a novel juxtaposition and application of well-proven apparatus and methods. This generous gift to the American

people should tend in time greatly to lessen the cost of the telephone and materially to increase its convenience.

THE SEATTLE RECALL

In compliance with a petition signed by eleven thousand voters, the City Council of Seattle recently ordered a special election to be held in February for the recall of the Mayor, Hiram C. Gill. The charges made against him in the petition are the same that were brought in the successful recall of Mayor Harper, of Los Angeles, namely: (1) incompetence and unfitness; (2) abuse of appointive power by selecting, for political and personal reasons, men unfit for office; (3) refusal and neglect to enforce the criminal laws of the city; (4) permitting the city to become a home and refuge for the criminal classes; (5) failure to enforce impartially the laws and ordinances; (6) that his continuance in office is a menace to the business enterprises and moral welfare of the city. A few days after the filing of the petition with the City Comptroller, and before the Council had taken any action, Mayor Gill applied to Judge Albertson, of the Superior Court for King County, asking for an injunction restraining the city officials from proceeding with the recall election. Broadly speaking, the grounds on which the injunction was asked were fraud and forgery in the signatures to the petition, defects in the law providing for the recall, and technical irregularities of various sorts. It was known that the law was loosely drawn, and the friends of the recall were somewhat anxious over the outcome. But Judge Albertson held that there was no good evidence that the number of genuine signatures was not sufficient; and concerning the technicalities he said: "We must not hunt for obscure reasons to thwart the will of the people. . . . This court cannot pass upon all the intricate questions involved, on the spur of the moment. Where there is any doubt in the court's mind as to the charter provisions, it ought to be decided in favor of the free expression of the popular will." The Mayor's attorneys then applied to Judge Hanford, of the United States Circuit Court, in the name of one Scobey, a resident of Illinois, alleged to own property and pay taxes in Seattle, claiming that Scobey's taxes would be increased by reason of the expense of the recall election, and that, the election being illegal, he was entitled to the court's protection. It was estimated that the increase might possibly reach the sum of seven cents, though it would probably be less. Judge Hanford granted an injunction, not restraining the city from holding the election, but restraining the City Comptroller from paying out any moneys or issuing any warrants on account of election expenses. The Corporation Counsel and the attorney for the Public Welfare League—an organization backing the recall campaign—immediately went to Portland, Oregon, and laid the matter before Judge Gilbert, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Judge Gilbert promptly issued a writ of supersedeas overruling Judge Hanford's decision, requiring the city, however, to file a bond of $15,000, and setting an early date for a further hearing. In doing so Judge Gilbert said: "It is a matter of right or wrong between these parties. With the plaintiff, only the payment of his tax is involved. The defendant stands here for the orderly conduct of an election authorized under the laws of the State. It is a matter that affects the whole community. The court should be very slow in tying the hands of the officers of the city in a case of this kind." A few days later Mayor Gill's attorneys appeared before Judge Hanford and consented that the case should be dismissed, thus putting an end to all pending litigation and leaving the city free to proceed with the election. The recall candidate, Mr. George W. Dilling, is a business man of very high standing in the community. The election is made the more interesting by the fact that the State of Washington has very recently granted the suffrage to women, who are registering in large numbers and will take a prominent part at the polls.

A STATE DISCUSSES BUILDING A RAILWAY

Some of the newspaper despatches have announced that Oklahoma is "going" to build, own, and operate a State railway; the fact is that

she is simply thinking about it—a very different thing. Such an undertaking is expressly permitted by the Constitution of Oklahoma, which authorizes the State to engage in private business. It was suspected at the time this provision was placed in the Constitution that its purpose was to allow the State to build and operate oil refineries, should the people believe that by doing this they could curb the Standard Oil Company. No refineries have been built by the State, nor has it engaged in any other form of private business. It appears, however, that the hope of making Oklahoma the pioneer commonwealth in the ownership of all its railways—in time—was behind the request of the Oklahoma State Federation of Labor in 1907 that all candidates for nomination as delegates to the Constitutional Convention should declare whether they were for or against a Constitutional provision that the State should be allowed to engage in private business. The executive officers of the Oklahoma State Federation of Labor are suggesting for present legislation that the State shall build a line from the northwest to the southwest corner of the State, about five hundred miles in length, together with a number of branch lines, one to extend to a satisfactory connection in the State of Texas, to reach the Gulf water-line. Few persons in Oklahoma have had knowledge of the persistence and activity of organized labor in this matter. At its annual meeting last August the Oklahoma State Federation of Labor adopted resolutions indorsing the present undertaking. Politicians and business men in Oklahoma are divided as to the wisdom of State ownership. The Governor of Oklahoma, Mr. Lee Cruce, has carefully refrained from expressing a positive opinion in the matter. Mr. Cruce for many years was a banker. The proposal, briefly, is that the Legislature shall provide for a commission with power to make surveys, locate the permanent lines, and make estimates of the cost of construction, all of which shall be submitted to the State Corporation Commission for its approval. If the latter should be granted, the Governor then shall be required to submit the question to the people at a special election, at which time they would provide for an issue of State bonds sufficient in amount to cover the cost of building and equipping the railway. This cost has been estimated at from $18,000 to $24,000 a mile. The promoters of this railway express the belief that it would enable the State Government to control the railway passenger and freight rate situation, which has been the cause of strenuous litigation between the State and railway companies ever since Oklahoma became a State. It is the purpose of the State Federation of Labor to bring the proposition before the people by employing the initiative if the Legislature, for any reason, should fail to give it consideration. In this initiative the Federation expects to have the help of the Socialist party, now aggressive in Oklahoma. An adequate bond issue would amount to not less than ten or twelve million dollars, and might reach twenty million dollars. The objections, both political and financial, to such a plan appear to us to be very grave. The people of Oklahoma ought to show that they can efficiently operate local and municipal public utilities before trying the experiment on a State-wide scale. Moreover, such a road cannot possibly succeed without inter-State commerce connections which would sooner or later bring about friction and conflict between the State and Federal authorities. The problems of inter-State commerce can never be satisfactorily solved by the separate States.

PRESERVE MOUNT VERNON

The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have proposed to establish a reformatory for criminals in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon. We are glad to report that the House of Representatives has by a substantial majority recorded itself as opposed to the plan. All Virginians in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon are protesting against the project. The New York "Times" has objected to their attitude on the ground that it represents "a purely sentimental opposition which will evoke no sympathy throughout the Nation." The Outlook takes the opposite view. It sympathizes entirely with the Virginians' attitude in this matter, and it feels that all American citizens who take pride in the Nation's past should also sympathize with this attitude. All

the land in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon is fraught with historic associations. This reformatory, if established, would be about midway between Mount Vernon, where Washington lived, and the church which Washington attended. It is not far from Marshall's house—and Marshall should occupy in the American pantheon a place only less prominent than the places of Washington and Lincoln. Probably there is no tract of land in the country upon which it is so desirable not to have a reformatory or any similar building erected. The "Times" also seems to us from another aspect to be in error in its view of Mount Vernon. It says, in speaking of the beautiful situation of Mount Vernon:

> The pity is that it has not more of the dignity that should be associated with a National shrine. It should be reclaimed, and the mass of personal and commercial advertisement associated with it should be removed. A great National monument might be erected there. How long the ancient buildings can stand is a matter of conjecture. The house of Washington certainly cannot be kept open to the public many more years unless it is rebuilt.

We take issue with every sentence of the above statement. No monument of more dignity can possibly be imagined for the National shrine of any nation than Mount Vernon exactly as Mount Vernon now is. It is no more possible to argue about it than to argue with some man who would state that the Parthenon was lacking in dignity and ought to be pulled down and some "great national monument erected in its place." There is no mass of personal and commercial advertisement associated with Mount Vernon. On the contrary, it has been kept singularly free from any such objections. The buildings are in excellent repair. They have been strengthened and can be kept open to the public indefinitely, not only for many more years but for many generations, just as the White House could be kept open, and just as the various historic buildings in Europe, like Shakespeare's house at Stratford, are now being and have long been kept open. We sympathize with the "Times" in its wish to keep Mount Vernon free from any inappropriate surroundings. For this very reason we vigorously oppose the suggestion of building a reformatory in its immediate neighborhood, or of tearing down the house and erecting on its site some kind of modern "National monument."

DEATH BY DYNAMITE

The terrific explosion on Wednesday of last week on a pier belonging to the Central Railway of New Jersey reinforces the lesson of the recent explosion at the Grand Central Station in New York City. Life and property are in constant danger, not so much because the laws dealing with explosives are bad as because they are not enforced. Warrants charging manslaughter have been served on officers of the New Jersey Central Railway, the Du Pont Powder Company, and the owner of one of the lighters destroyed. The investigation of these men may lead to better regulation of the handling of explosives, but inquiry should also be made as to what city, State, or National officials are responsible for allowing recklessness. It is asserted, for instance, that dynamite and fulminate or percussion caps were shipped and handled together. This is contrary to law, and is simply courting disaster. It is asserted also that the New Jersey Central Railway had no license to convey explosives in car-loads, and that the law forbids such carrying without a license. It is stated that in New York City not long ago a great pile of mixed packages of dynamite and fulminate was left unguarded on a dock, and was seized and sold by the city authorities. The statements of the Commissioner of Explosives in New York City and the corresponding officer in New Jersey show plainly that the utmost carelessness has long been tolerated. That men who have become accustomed to explosives are apt to become reckless is an established fact. Rigid inspection, strict laws, instant prosecution for violation of regulations, are the only possible ways of avoiding future tragedies. What violation of law may lead to is seen in the extraordinary effects of the Communipaw explosion: from twenty to thirty laborers at the pier where the dynamite was in process of transfer from car to boat were literally blown to pieces, so that, with a very few exceptions, no bodies or parts of bodies could be

found—and yet a car half full of dynamite a few rods away did not explode; passengers and employees in the ferryboats near by were thrown down, many scores were cut by glass, and some were seriously injured; New York City in its lower section was almost thrown into a panic—hundreds of windows were broken, tall buildings were shaken, and the fire-engines rushed wildly about in the confusion trying to find the cause; the shock was felt even in Brooklyn, across two great rivers and the intervening city, and it was observed by persons in Manhattan Borough as far north as Seventieth Street; at the New Jersey Central ferry in Jersey City the smashing of glass (it is said that 150,000 panes were broken), wrenching of beams, and general wreckage was almost unlimited. The stories of personal experience, escapes, and injuries were strange and varied—one of the oddest was that of a man who was being shaved and had his throat badly cut by the effect of the shock on the barber. The railway people say that an explosion of steam or gasoline on the boat which was receiving the dynamite was the probable first cause, but this is not proven, and the evidence seems to point rather to careless handling of fulminate and dynamite packed in the same car-load. The handling of explosives in transmission by rail and on the rivers and harbor of New York is a matter that Federal as well as State and city authorities should watch and control.

ADMIRAL SPERRY

Admiral Sperry has just died, at the age of seventy-one. When President Roosevelt ordered the battle fleet of sixteen fighting ships to cruise round the world, it left Hampton Roads under Admiral Evans's supreme command. The second squadron of the fleet was commanded by Admiral Charles Stillman Sperry. Arriving at San Francisco, Admiral Evans retired. Admiral Sperry succeeded him, and brought the fleet the rest of the way around the globe to Hampton Roads again, the ships returning in better trim than they were when they assembled for the cruise. Admiral Sperry graduated from Annapolis near the head of his class. While he was the first naval officer to become a fleet commander after the Civil War who had himself not served in the Union navy during that struggle, he was known at first quite as much for his scholarly as for his administrative ability. He was one of the greatest mathematicians ever produced by our service, and his power of imparting knowledge caused him to be sent back again and again to Annapolis as instructor. One of his pupils there was Midshipman Ijuin, now Vice-Admiral of the Japanese navy. Admiral Sperry was also favorably known for his constructive ability, and was among the trusted advisers of the Government after 1890, when we built a new navy; in especial, he helped to make picturesque the cruise of the White Squadron, our first attempt at a modern navy. During the war with Spain Admiral Sperry chafed in the routine duties of ordnance officer at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, but immediately after the war he was given command of the cruiser Yorktown at Manila. In 1899 Aguinaldo's revolution occurred. Admiral Sperry was ordered to take the Yorktown down the eastern coast of Luzon and cut off Aguinaldo's retreat by landing naval forces in the rear of the insurrectionists. The command was executed with great dash. Then he became President of the Naval War College at Newport, where the plans of the navy are worked out and the problems of defense and offense solved. But Admiral Sperry's greatest reputation was doubtless as an authority on international law. He was therefore made Naval Delegate to the Hague Conference of 1907, and did much toward the establishment of the International Court of Prize authorized by that Conference, as also later towards the Declarations of London, by which the principal maritime powers set forth the principles of maritime law. Finally, to his other distinctions Admiral Sperry added that of oratory. His oratory was not of the flamboyant, exuberant kind. He did not allow his personal enthusiasms to get the better of his judgment, hence the Government felt safe not only in intrusting the supreme command of a world cruise to an admiral of the Sperry caliber, but also felt sure that at the various banquets offered to our naval officers the Admiral in command in his after-dinner

speeches would be sure to phrase the appreciation of the American Government in exact language. This characteristic earned for him the sobriquet "the level-headed Admiral." Many a naval man and many a friend will miss the sight of that tall, spare figure, American in every sense of the word.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward died on January 28. In 1868, when her "Gates Ajar" appeared, the whole country was in mourning, for the war had been ended only three years, and in almost countless homes, North and South, there were vacant places. Never in the history of the Nation have so many people realized what death meant, or what immortality means when it is a matter of passionate longing and hope. "The Gates Ajar" attained at once a great circulation, passing through twenty editions in the first year. It was in no sense a speculation, nor was it a discussion of the evidence of immortality; it was a translation of a great hope and faith into terms which were comprehensible in every household. It was a daring attempt to make the life beyond a tangible thing. It shocked many people; it strengthened others; it comforted a host who were unable to grasp personal immortality as a real and tangible thing. Whatever may be said of the literalism of the book and of the wisdom of the attempt to carry the furniture of earth into the "many mansions," its appeal was wide and found instant response. Its author was the daughter of a New England family of religious and scholarly distinction. Miss Phelps had grown up in Andover; her father was a professor of marked individuality, and her grandfather had been for years one of the foremost teachers. Her first story was published in the "Youth's Companion." She entered passionately into the experiences of the war period. At its close she undertook philanthropic work in a little factory village not far from her home. It was during the war that her "A Sacrifice Consumed" was published in "Harper's Magazine." From that time she was an industrious and tireless writer, and the list of books with which her name is connected would fill a good-sized shelf. The best known of them was "The Gates Ajar;" but "The Story of Avis," almost savagely criticised by Gail Hamilton, and open to criticism on the side of excess of sentiment, had a very wide reading. Perhaps "The Madonna of the Tubs," published in 1886, had a wider popular reading than any other book except "The Gates Ajar." In October, 1888, Miss Phelps was married to Mr. Herbert D. Ward, and with him she wrote in collaboration a small group of tales. Mrs. Ward was a woman of excessive sensibility. Her lack of nervous strength did not, however, prevent her from doing an enormous amount of work and from securing a position of very considerable prominence among the fiction writers of her time. Her work was often morbid in tone and over-intense, but her style was vivid and her stories had genuine human interest.

FEDERATION IN FACT

Few people realize that most of the important Protestant denominations in America are united in a federation that is as real as the federation of States. Even the members of those denominations themselves who are aware of that fact are, for the most part, probably unaware of its significance. Nothing has so seriously hampered the Church as a moral force as its sectarian divisions. If the Protestant branch of the Church is undertaking to remove from the field of moral power the hurtful influence of these sectarian differences, its power in shaping the lives of men will be incredibly enhanced. That is just what the Protestant Churches of America are doing. As our readers know, there assembled in Philadelphia two years ago last December, for the first time, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. These churches found their common interest, not in a creed, though they agreed in the assertion of their attitude toward Christ, nor in a common ritual or form of government, but in a common work. On the 24th and 25th of last month, in the city of Washington, the Executive Committee of that Council held their second annual meeting. It is noteworthy that all their discussions pertained to common activities of service. What-

ever discussion there was concerning beliefs was the by-product of the consideration of a practical measure, and it was of no effect upon the final action. In all such organizations the crucial question is the financial one. People are ready to gather together for talk; but when they make appropriations, one may be sure that they are to be reckoned with. The denominations constituting the Federal Council are assessed, and most of them have paid their assessments already. Moreover, out of these assessments the Executive Committee have appropriated funds for defraying the cost of the common work. Under authority of this Executive Committee there has been a careful investigation conducted in cooperation with the chief Home Missionary Societies; and the resulting recommendations have been adopted by nearly five-sixths of the home missionaries west of the Mississippi River. Under the authority of the Committee a branch of the Council, the Commission on the Church and Social Service, has made an important report on the relation of the Church to industrial conditions in a center of steel manufacture. The Executive Committee of the Council at its meeting appropriated $5,000 for the use of the Commission on the Church and Social Service. Compared with the great mass of people composing the constituency of this Council—about fifteen millions—the sum appropriated seems minute. But the size of the sum is of much less significance than the fact that thirty denominations, including virtually all the larger ones, have formed a Federation that is exercising the power of the purse. By disregarding differences in creed, polity, and traditions, and by federating with the object of engaging in a common work that costs, these thirty denominations have, we believe, followed the course that will lead to real Church Union.

THE PIPER

"This is no drama," said a veteran critic the other night at the New Theater, in New York City, "this is only a whim." But what a whim! Six hundred years ago the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin may have been no drama, but a whim too. Like other worth-while German legends, it persisted, and Browning finally gave it poetic form in English. Josephine Preston Peabody has given it poetic form also, and has produced something exquisitely different from anything else. She has written a blank-verse play which won the recent Stratford prize for the best British or American play of the year, and was produced last year, in accordance with the terms of that prize, at the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon in England. Miss Peabody (Mrs. Lionel Marks, the wife of the Professor of Mechanical Engineering at Harvard) has courageously changed the legend itself. According to her interpretation, the story has not a sad, but a glad, ending; for the children come back! Man's inhumanity to man, woman's attention to "what the neighbors say," the Church's intolerance, and the town's sordidness—all these things are hit as hard in the new version of the legend as in the old, and the lessons are as applicable to-day as in A.D. 1284. But it is a comfort to have the children come back. They are the legend's mainspring, and among them the vital source of power is Jan, the lame boy, who loves to sit near the statue of the "Lonely Man," as he calls the Christ. "The Piper" is a symbolic play. But it is not a dream-play, like Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." Certainly it is a noteworthy winter for American children when four such events occur in New York City as the Child's Welfare Exhibit, the production of the opera "Königskinder," and of the plays "The Blue Bird" and "The Piper." The insistence of the child-motive and our enjoyment of it makes us deplore the "sag" after the first part of "The Piper" until the end of the last act. But the "sag" is not alone because we miss the children; it is also because of one unnecessary episode and because of several soliloquies too long for a drama, no matter how readable they may be in a book. As an acting drama "The Piper" can, and doubtless will, be improved. The Outlook said last year that Miss Peabody has given the world something of permanent merit. It is interesting to know that the idea was suggested to her by Mr. Otis Skinner's little daughter, and that the play was, in the first place, written for Mr. Skinner himself, whom Miss Peabody expected

to play the part of the Piper. It was refreshing to note the ready response evoked from the audience by this genuine work of art—another indication that there is even more human sympathy for such pure and lofty motives than for the sordid "problem" plays persistently exploited by theatrical managers. Seldom has a play been better staged than "The Piper," whether in scenery or in the grouping and dressing of the characters; seldom has acting been more exhilarating. Probably a man should play the Piper's part, but only one actor in a thousand could; and in default of the right man it would be difficult to find a woman with more exquisite insight and forceful interpretation than Miss Matthison's. (In private life Miss Matthison is Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy, the wife of the author of "The Servant in the House;" she made her American début in "Everyman," in which she played the title rôle.) As a figure portraying the joy and freedom of beings "not in cages," as the Piper says, our stage has perhaps seen nothing more appealing since Modjeska appeared as Rosalind.

THE DEMOCRATIZATION OF THE LIBRARY

Mr. John Cotton Dana, the librarian of the Newark (New Jersey) Free Library, and one of the foremost men in his profession, contributes to a recent number of the "Independent" an interesting account of what might be called the democratization of the library. Modern library methods, he tells us, began with the meeting of a few librarians at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition in 1876—a new point of departure for all the arts in America. These librarians formed an association and began the publication of a journal, and from that moment the American library began to change from a collection of books for students and experienced readers into an effective instrument not so much for bringing books to the library as for carrying books to the reader. The first step in the onward movement was administration, with its questions of housing, storage, classification, cataloguing, keeping, handling, and indexing. This meant getting the library at the disposal of the librarian and giving the books unity of organization. Then came the building of libraries; town and city, college and university libraries began to multiply. There was great zeal, much money, and little experience, and there were many disastrous mistakes; but there was also a great gain in the housing of books. Then followed the era of publicity, by which the stores in the libraries were brought to the knowledge of readers and all information given about them. The work among children followed next, and was the inauguration of one of the most important functions of the American public library. Thirty years ago children were not desired in libraries, and, if they came, they found very few books for their use. The age limit for admission to libraries was eighteen; it dropped to twelve, then to ten, then to eight, and has now disappeared. No sooner did the children begin to frequent the libraries than a change in the material used in teaching reading in the public schools began. Literature was substituted for all sorts of inferior writing, and this involved the publication of many editions of works of classic quality. Supplementary books came into the market, and the children of the whole country began to read the best English and American writing, with adaptations of myths and classical stories. The boy who went into a library at that time was very apt to enter it with a desire to read Oliver Optic, but he found confronting him and ready to his hand a collection of books of real substance and quality, and he generally became so interested that he forget his Optic. The librarian soon realized that the young children who visited the main library were only a small proportion of the children of the community; so the branch library was established to make the resources of the library accessible at different points. Half the space available to readers was given up to children, and librarians became the advisers of children in the matter of reading. Then it was discovered that a library in a city of 300,000, for example, with ten centers or branches, could not get close to more than from 10,000 to 20,000 of the 60,000 young people in the city. Accordingly the teachers in the public schools and the librarians began to co-operate, the libraries lending to individual teachers, for use

in the class-room, collections of books adapted to the age and studies of the children. These books are lent without restrictions; they are read to the classes, the children read them for themselves, and they are allowed to take them home. This method of what Mr. Dana calls "sowing a library broadcast" is now used in nearly all the large cities and towns of the country, and the best books are going straight to people's doors. A better example of the substitution of the democratic principle and method for the aristocratic principle and method on which the old libraries were conducted could not be given; nor could there be a more interesting analogy to the democratic movement which is taking place in other directions, and which, without lowering the quality of that which it spreads abroad, enormously widens the opportunities of the people as a whole, and increases the educational uses of the best things.

KING GEORGE AND HIS SLANDERERS

King George has acted wisely in putting a final quietus on the report which has been floating about the English-speaking world for years past that he was married at Malta, in 1890, to the daughter of an English Admiral; that children were born of this marriage; that when the Duke of Clarence, then Prince of Wales, died, and the present King became heir to the throne, this marriage was ignored; and that in 1893, disregarding the former marriage, the King married the present Queen, a daughter of the Duke of Teck. This story has been authoritatively denied at various times, once by the Archbishop of Canterbury, but it was not set at rest. It was repeated by "The Liberator," a leaflet published in Paris by an American who deserves the strongest possible condemnation. The author of the article in "The Liberator," Edward Mylius, was last week tried by a special jury sitting under Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, in the King's Bench division of the High Court of Justice, on the charge of the publication and circulation of a defamatory libel. The Attorney-General, in presenting the case, declared that the King's good name and character were entitled to the same protection as is given to other citizens, and that redress was sought, not for the protection of the reputation of the monarchy, which rests on foundations too secure to be undermined by such an attack, but for the King as a man, a husband, and a father. Every living member of the family of the Admiral whose daughter the King was alleged to have married at Malta in 1890, including the daughter herself, went on the stand and testified that no member of the family was at Malta in 1890, and gave other testimony which proved that the charge was utterly groundless. It was shown that the King had not served on any ship which touched at Malta in 1890, that the registration of marriage is compulsory in the island, and that no record of such a marriage appeared. A letter from the King was read, in which he said that he was influenced by Queen Mary in taking legal measures to stop the circulation of the scandalous story; that he had been married only once, and then to Queen Mary; and that he did not appear in person to give evidence because he had been advised by the law officers of the Crown that it would be unconstitutional for him to do so. Mylius offered no evidence in confirmation of his charge, but endeavored to take advantage of the legal point that the proceeding against him was irregular on account of the absence of the King. He asked that the action be dismissed. The Lord Chief Justice ruled against him, and sentenced him to one year's imprisonment, declaring that no sentence that he could impose was adequate for so gross and infamous a libel. The King has rendered a service to society in dealing thus promptly with a shameful story which has been believed by those who are always eager to believe the worst of people in great position. The other story, that the King is addicted to excessive drink, is declared, by those who are in a position to know, to be equally without foundation.

DEFECTIVE SPEECH IN THE SCHOOLS

Doubtless many teachers in New York City are trying to emphasize, in the training of their pupils, the difference between talking and speaking, and there may be several schools where the emphasis is maintained consistently by each teacher in the building; but there

is only one school where, besides this, special classes are being conducted to correct those deficiencies which cannot be benefited by mere insistence upon accurate pronunciation. Some children stammer; some have simply continued to omit from their speech certain syllables which as babies they found difficult; some have malformation which makes necessary the training of entirely new sets of muscles. Any one of these disabilities is, of course, a handicap; the continued lagging soon puts the child in an "over-age" class, where he is considered stupid, treated for stupidity, and soon finds little difficulty in living up to that reputation. When he is old enough to realize his defect, he may go to a school for stammerers, where his infirmity is effectively made concealable—so long as he will beat time for his words with one pocket-inclosed hand. The efficacy or permanence of such a method of cure is beside the point, but the illustration may serve as the antithesis of the treatment of defective speech as applied by Principal Reigart in Public School 166. Mr. Reigart bases his method on a study of methods in use in Vienna and Berlin. He has tried it in two schools in New York, in each of which it was found necessary for two per cent of the pupils. The success is unquestionable. In various rooms in this school one may listen to the recitations of boys who before their term in the "speech class" had been unable to make themselves understood. But the whole method lies in the forming of correct habits, and this includes proper breathing, induced by respiratory exercises. The action of Chicago in this regard is worth noting. A questioning by Mrs. Young soon after she became Superintendent of Schools disclosed the fact that there were 1,287 stammerers in the Chicago schools. She immediately recommended that ten of the students graduating from Chicago Teachers College be given special training, and the Board of Education appropriated $3,000 toward the payment of these students. Superintendent Maxwell, of New York, in his last report recommended an investigation of the number of stutterers and stammerers of the different grades of disability, and, if the situation warranted their special care, that a special class be formed for their instruction in each district; but the Board of Education seems as yet unwilling to increase the scope of a work which is indispensable to the rest of thorough teaching.

DR. YAMEI KIN

Among the most interesting of recent visitors to this country is Dr. Yamei Kin. She is the only Chinese woman physician graduate of an American medical college. She is now at the head of the Woman's Medical Department of North China. Dr. Kin received her medical degree sixteen years ago from the Woman's Medical College in New York City, now a part of the system of Cornell University. Returning to Tientsin, she assumed charge of the Woman's Medical Department of the Chinese Government in North China. It did not take her long to establish a training-school for nurses in Tientsin, a hospital for babies, and several dispensaries. All of these institutions are flourishing; in fact, it has been said of Dr. Kin that she has done more for the advancement of women in China than any other person. With Dr. Kin is Miss Hsui-Lan-Pai, a member of a distinguished Manchu family of China and a graduate from Dr. Kin's Tientsin school. Dr. Kin is bringing her to America further to prepare her for entrance into the Johns Hopkins University medical course. Trained nursing, as we understand it in America, is still almost unknown in China. It is interesting to contrast the two women, one being pure Chinese and the other Manchu. The latter wears the Manchu dress, the former appears in Western costume. In addition to studying American medical courses they are also eager to study American methods of building and heating and sanitation, so that they may be adapted to Chinese conditions in the erection of hospitals, medical schools, and dispensaries. The future of medicine in China is, in Dr. Kin's estimation, to be largely in the hands of the women; it is a mistake to think that the Chinese women are not to be among the most progressive of their sex. Dr. Kin's thirty-six pupil nurses are, she says, proof enough that "we are making of them thinking women with fine minds, and professional women, too, who will be able to hold their own against the college-bred women of America."

NATIONALISM AND THE WORKINGWOMAN

This is the fifth of the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on the general subject of "Nationalism and Progress." —*The Editors.*

Last week I discussed collective action only as shown by the Government or by organized labor. But collective action need not take either form in order to do far-reaching good. Hard-working people who distrust mushy sentimentality as much as they admire a sane and persistent effort to get a square deal for every one, to give every man and woman a fair chance, can accomplish a great deal for the betterment of our industrial conditions. Witness the work done, especially in behalf of workingwomen, by the Consumers' League of New York City, founded under the presidency of Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, and now under the presidency of Mrs. Frederick Nathan; by the National Consumers' League, with Mr. John Graham Brooks as President, and Mrs. Florence Kelley as General Secretary, and by many other State and city leagues of the same type.

In the following statement the Consumers' League enunciates its principles as originally adopted and outlines the progress of the movement:

I. That the interest of the community demands that all workers should receive, not the lowest wage, but fair living wages.

II. That the responsibility for some of the worst evils from which wage-earners suffer rests with the consumers who persist in buying in the cheapest markets regardless of how cheapness is brought about.

III. That it is, therefore, the duty of consumers to find out under what conditions the articles which they purchase are produced, and to insist that these conditions shall be at least decent and consistent with a respectable existence on the part of the workers.

IV. That this duty is especially incumbent upon consumers in relation to the products of women's work, since there is no limit beyond which the wages of women may not be pressed down, unless artificially maintained at a living rate by combinations either of the workers themselves or of consumers.

Recognizing the fact that the majority of employers are virtually helpless to improve conditions as to hours and wages unless sustained by public opinion and by law, and by the action of consumers, the Consumers' League declares its object to be to ameliorate the condition of the women and children employed in New York City by helping to form a public opinion which will lead consumers to recognize their responsibili ies, and by other methods.

The first work of the newly formed League was the drawing up of a list of retail stores to be recommended to its members. Before any house was placed on the "White List" it was tested by "the standard of a fair house," a list of conditions insuring just treatment of employees, drafted by the Workingwomen's Society after consultation with members of certain firms.

This standard was, of course, an elastic one, and has been modified as circumstances directed. In 1908 it stood as follows:

WAGES

A Fair House is one in which equal pay is given for work of equal value, irrespective of sex, and in which no saleswoman who is eighteen years of age or over—and who has had one year's experience as saleswoman—receives less than six dollars per week.

In which wages are paid by the week.

In which the minimum wages of cash-children are three dollars and a half per week, with the same conditions regarding weekly payments.

HOURS

A Fair House is one in which—

The number of working hours constituting a normal working day does not exceed nine.

At least three-quarters of an hour is given for luncheon.

A general half-holiday is given on one day of each week during at least two summer months.

A vacation of not less than one week is given with pay during the summer season.

All overtime is compensated for.

Wages are paid and the premises closed for the seven principal legal holidays, viz., Thanksgiving Day, Christmas and New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, the Fourth of July, Decoration Day, and Labor Day.

PHYSICAL CONDITIONS

A Fair House is one in which work, lunch and retiring rooms are apart from each other, and conform in all respects to the present Sanitary Laws.

In which the present law regarding the providing of seats for saleswomen is observed, and the use of seats permitted.

A Fair House is one in which humane and considerate behavior toward employees is the rule.

In which fidelity and length of service meet with the consideration which is their due.

In which no children under fourteen years of age are employed.

In which no child under the age of sixteen years works for more than nine hours a day.

In which no such child works unless an employment certificate issued by the Board of Health has been first filed with the employer, and the name, etc., of the child has been entered on a register kept by the employer.

In which the ordinances of the city and

the laws of the State are obeyed in all particulars.

The League recognized from the outset the difficulty of ascertaining which houses came up to its standard, and consequently in recommending the White List firms used the guarded recommendation that, "so far as the Board can learn, the following retail houses deal justly by their employees." Only eight stores in New York were at the beginning considered eligible. In 1908 the list had grown to fifty-one.

In view of the oft-repeated assertions that the size of the wage and the length of working time are settled by "economic laws" over which people can exercise no control, it is interesting to observe that these are among the very matters with which the different Consumers' Leagues have dealt, often successfully. But they have done much more. They have grappled with many different problems: overtime work, seats for women workers, laws regulating and providing for official supervision over the employment of women and children in mercantile establishments, early closing (especially at Christmas), the abolition of sweat-shops and of child labor in the tenements.

The effort to regulate the hours of work for women has been only partly successful, and not only all wage-workers but all public-spirited and far-sighted patriots should realize sharply the attitude on this matter taken by some of our public servants.

Both the New York Legislature and the New York municipal authorities have at times shown a disposition to thwart the work of the Consumers' League in behalf of women and children by refusing to appropriate the necessary funds to enable Government inspectors to supervise conditions in stores and shops. If a law is not to be a dead letter, provision must be made for its enforcement; and a particularly discreditable legislative trick is to put a law on the statute-books with a flourish of trumpets, and then make no provision for its effective application. Unless a law against overtime is enforced it is certain that manufacturers and shopkeepers will continue to work their employees extra hours and after six o'clock in the evening. In 1897 the appropriation for special inspectors to enforce the Mercantile Law was abolished, and for the next dozen years women working in stores enjoyed much less protection than those employed in factories and workshops, where the execution of the law was under Government supervision. There is a peculiar baseness in failing to provide for the execution of this particular law, because those affected are women and children, who are much less able to protect themselves than are full-grown men. At last, only two years ago, the New York Legislature did pass a law to remedy the evil, and at present the measure of enforcement of the law is better than ever before. Yet even during this period the utmost effort has been necessary to prevent legislation to legalize a working week of sixty-six hours for women and girls over eighteen years old. We sometimes hear from very respectable people the statement that there is a tendency to do too much in the line of labor legislation. Unquestionably as regards this legislation there is constant need to be on the watch against demagogy. But the experience here recited shows that there is at least equal need for active and vigilant work to counteract the selfishness and shortsightedness of those employers who object to legislative action in the interests of employees.

More serious in its effects even than legislative indifference has been the action of certain State courts in nullifying legislation designed to prevent women from working at night. I do not for a moment question the motives with which the decisions were made; and each particular case may have been clumsily presented, or the particular law drawn in slovenly form; but the net result was the affirmation of an outworn and harmful theory of government economics. The courts in Illinois, Colorado, and New York have all taken action, denying that the working hours of an adult woman engaged in manufacture could be restricted by statute. These decisions are, fortunately, flatly contradicted by the so-called Oregon case decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which emphatically and clearly lays down the law that the Legislature has the right to limit hours of labor as regards women—the decision being of such admirable character as to make a landmark in the legislative efforts of those who seek to better the conditions as regards women and children. In Illinois the State Court has reversed its

former action, a result not only greatly to the credit of the Court, but greatly to the credit of the men and women—Mr. Brandeis, Miss Josephine Goldmark, and others—who secured the reversal.

The proposition that the United States and the several States, alone among civilized commonwealths, are not competent to secure the welfare of future generations by protecting the women and children in this generation is simply intolerable. No other civilized nation would permit a judicial declaration forbidding the Government to act in this matter. It is out of the question that the hands of a free people, bent upon doing justice, can be tied in such manner. If the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness do not include the right to preserve the real liberty and the health and the happiness of the women and the children of the Nation, the enunciation of these rights in the Declaration of Independence, annually read everywhere in this country on the Fourth of July, is farcical. A matter like this cannot be settled aright unless it is accepted as a matter of course that the Legislature has entire power over it; that is, that the representatives of the people are able to respond to the wishes of the people, for the matter dealt with is one vitally affecting their interests and well-being.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

It is generally during a Presidential election that we hear the expression "The writing on the wall." We are now half-way between Presidential elections, but we may appropriately use that expression. The writing on the wall reads: "The Tariff is no longer a Local Issue." In general, the people of this country have now no difficulty in reading the writing. But some politicians have. A blur seems to be over their eyes. What causes the blur? Votes. Not the votes of the people as a whole. Votes of certain special interests. If an expression of the people's opinion were to be taken tomorrow by vote, a result would be, we believe, a large majority in favor of the agreement just entered into by the American and Canadian Governments and now awaiting approval by their respective parliaments.

There are two large National reasons for this agreement.

It promises to lower the price of food products throughout the United States. It is true that this promise does not seem to be quite consistently carried out. For example, The Outlook would like to know why cattle are admitted free and a tariff is retained on meats. There is a general impression that the packing-houses are in a combination which constitutes a practical monopoly; and a general conviction that monopolies need no protection. But even if it were true—which we do not imply—that this concession to the packing interests was made because they were so strong a political force that their opposition would have endangered the agreement, this single and serious defect would not counterbalance the general advantages. It is true, also, that reducing the prices of food products to the consumer will reduce the profits of food products to the seller—that is, either the producer or the middleman. There is no known way by which the purchaser can buy at a low price what the seller sells at a high price. It is reported that when the agreement was announced, the flags at Gloucester, Massachusetts, were put at half-mast, and the symbol was interpreted by Mr. Gardner's declaration that the agreement would be a death-blow to the cod-fishing industry. We think that this is a case of premature burial; that New England fishermen can compete on equal terms with Canadian fishermen; and that an increased supply of fish will be quite likely to create an increased demand. The history of Gloucester appears to justify this belief, for the period 1855–1866, when Canadian fish came in free under the old Reciprocity Treaty, was really the golden era of Gloucester. During that decade it increased by nearly three-quarters in population, whereas during recent years its population has been actually decreasing. Senator Hale's doleful prophecies of evil to the State of Maine from the free admission of Canadian potatoes and other agricultural products is met by a statement from the Portland merchants, who seem to be so pleased with an arrangement

which will doubtless enlarge their business as to cause a resolution to be introduced in the Maine Legislature commending the reciprocity agreement, and asking Congress to pass the legislation necessary to carry it into effect. We have not seen reported any similar movement in the Northwest, where the agricultural interests are supposed to account for the opposition of Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, and the silence of Senators Cummins, of Iowa, and La Follette, of Wisconsin. And yet it is hardly to be questioned that the farmers will, as a class, gain immeasurably more from the general prosperity of the country than the few can lose from the lowered tariff on wheat.

But were the loss to special interests greater than we think it will be, still, the greatest good of the greatest number is the end of democratic government, and lower prices of foodstuffs to all housewives would more than compensate for some loss of profits to some New England fishermen or some Western farmers. No bargain between nations can be made without some disadvantage to some individuals in both nations. The disadvantages to individuals threatened are more than counterbalanced by the advantage of a free food market from the Maine coast and the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. On this subject The Outlook heartily indorses the courageous and wise words of Senator Beveridge: "Some who imagine they may be hurt by certain items of the agreement will find that they are not hurt at all but really helped. The great body of our farmers have nothing to fear, and should not let anybody alarm them. The workingmen and salaried classes will be helped, of course, and so will the manufacturing industries as a whole. . . . Even if a few so-called injustices exist in some items, they are negligible compared with the existing and real injustice which the whole agreement begins to correct."

But even more weighty than the material benefits to the Nation from this agreement are the immaterial but valuable advantages to both the United States and Canada, and incidentally and remotely to the world.

Senator Hale, of Maine, is quoted as saying that "this Reciprocity will set back tariff legislation by fifty years." We hope it will. For just about fifty years ago the last Canadian Reciprocity came to an end, and now an end ought to be put to the hardships which both countries have endured since then because of the tariff wall along the border.

There are some important differences between Canada and the United States. Their problems are different, and neither country understands the problems of the other. Annexation is not desirable for either country. The Outlook hopes to see the British Empire federated, and Canada represented in an Imperial Council or an Imperial Parliament. For that very reason it hopes the more to see Canada and the United States closely united by commercial and social bonds. There is no reason in the philosophy of protection for a tariff between them. For the object of protection is to prevent the lowering of our standard of wages, and consequently of our standard of living. But the standard of wages and the standard of living do not differ materially in these two contiguous countries. There is no reason in their political independence why they should not be commercially interdependent. Absolute free trade between Connecticut and Massachusetts, between Indiana and Illinois, does not impair the political independence of either State. The Outlook would be glad to see absolute free trade between Canada and the United States. Whatever separates these two communities and promotes commercial hostility between them is bad for both. Whatever unites these two communities and promotes commercial fellowship between them is an advantage to both. And in so far as it tends to closer relationship of the United States with the mother country, and so with all English-speaking peoples, the better for the peace and prosperity of the world.

There may be defects in this agreement; there probably are. There are doubtless special interests on both sides of the border which will be injured, or at least will anticipate injury, from it. But to amend it is to reject it. And local and special injuries ought not to be allowed to outweigh the general benefit. Certainly those who have been crying out against high tariffs as the cause of high prices ought, whatever their local constituencies,

to welcome this practical attempt to lower our tariff, and by lowering it to reduce the prices of foodstuffs to every householder in the United States. Certainly, also, those who have been advocating a world peace ought to welcome this attempt to promote closer relations of friendship and freer interchange of life between these two English-speaking peoples who so largely divide the responsibility of this continent between them.

THE SUPERMAN AND OTHERS

Men detest egotists because they are absorbed in themselves, and that particular form of selfishness is not only offensive but ridiculous; it takes a great deal of genius to carry off egotism, and no amount of genius can carry it very far. And men delight in poking fun at conceit, which is a form of self-exaggeration. Unless he has gifts of mind, the conceited man is more or less of a bore, and the contrast between what he is and what he thinks he is forms a standing challenge to tell him the bald truth about himself. Great ability often goes with egotism, but conceit is, as a rule, the besetting sin of the man whose abilities are below the level of his ambitions. Such a man may have good intentions and capacity adequate for good work, but he is rarely taken seriously, and everybody is tempted to puncture his pretensions. Egotism is a fundamental fault of character; conceit is often the superficial weakness of those who lack self-knowledge.

The egotist is always selfish and anti-social; he treats the world as if it belonged to him and fulfilled its ends only as it ministers to his comfort and profit; he is never a lovable man, because he is so much a lover of himself that he bars all the doors and closes all the windows of his soul against the approach of others. The conceited man, on the other hand, is often approachable and friendly in spite of an exaggerated sense of his own importance. It was said of such a man that he not only overrated himself but overrated all his friends; everybody and everything connected with him took on high importance. The egotist lives in one of those galleries of mirrors which multiply the visitor a hundredfold and make a crowd of one man; the conceited man sees everything relating to himself through a magnifying-glass. Neither sees the world as it really is; but one absorbs it into himself, and the other, if he is of the kindly sort, divides it with his friends. The egotist acts as if the world had been made for him; the conceited man as if he had made the world. The first is a miser, the second is often a prodigal; towards the first we feel an instinctive aversion, toward the second we often turn in affection not devoid of amusement.

The Greek maxim, "Know thyself," is a counsel of wisdom, but not a defense against egotism; it must be supplemented by the Christian maxim, "Think not upon your own things, but also upon the things of others." To the conceited man the Greek world preached the doctrine of measure in all things, that fine sense of proportion and restraint which made the Greek not only the earliest but the greatest artist among men; while the Christian world reminded him that he who would be greatest must think, not of honor and high place, but of service and humility. The proud, he would be reminded, will be abased, while for men of the childlike spirit the Kingdom of Heaven is close at hand.

Every fine instinct, noble impulse, and large vision of truth revolts against the Superman, that hideously perverted ideal of greatness which the contemporary pessimists have fashioned out of egotism, conceit, brutality, and greed of power and pleasure; a figure more repulsive than the most revolting image of the evil forces personified by the imagination of the savage. The Superman is the incarnation of ruthless egotism, the personification of the anti-social vices, a nightmare which haunts the dreams of those whose minds tremble on the verge of moral insanity.

The Superman would be the ideal man if the devil were God; in a world in which the Christ has lived the Superman is the devil in human form—a beast of prey clothed like a human being.

THE SPECTATOR

The sun, shining into the little white-washed room, woke the Spectator early. If it had not done so, the crowing of the roosters perched on the blue, high-wheeled Norman carts in the paved court of the inn would have been enough to rouse one of the Seven Sleepers. Normandy has a rural, energetic flavor, and this rambling hostelry, with its irregular one and two story balconied buildings opening on the yard where pigeons cooed, chickens ranged, and carters cracked their whips, was picturesque to a degree, and also delightfully bare and clean. The ruddy-haired, fresh-faced young landlady ruled with authority; one could see that. Also her name was Mathilde—which shows that Bayeux has not forgotten the good Queen to whom it largely owes its fame.

Bayeux Cathedral is the history of the town written in stone. It has been built all along the centuries by all sorts of builders, and yet gathers history all up into one artistic whole, after the astonishing manner of genuine cathedrals. In the first place, St. Exupère, whoever he was, built the beginning of it in Merovingian days, and St. Regnobert made it larger. It was there when Harold was wrecked on the coast of Normandy, and on its altars he took that disastrous oath on the holy relics which lost him his kingdom. After that the cathedral burned down, and nothing was left but the crypt. Some archæologists say that part of this crypt goes back as far as the seventh century. The Spectator is not a connoisseur in crypts, but these rude and impressive pillars look old enough to uphold any theory. On the other hand, it is said that that sturdy fighter Odo the Bishop, half-brother of William the Conqueror, built most, if not all, of the crypt in rebuilding the cathedral in 1077. Either tradition is quite old enough to satisfy anybody, surely. Odo meant to be buried in this crypt, but he thoughtlessly went to the Crusades, for the sake of the good fighting there, and never got back, so he lies buried in Palermo instead. However, the other Bishops of Bayeux have pretty well filled it, not to mention the tomb of the youngest daughter of William and Matilda, poor little Agatha, who did not want to be married to Alfonso of Spain. All the way to her wedding she prayed that she might die a virgin, spending so much time in prayer that "her knees were brawned," says the old chronicler; and her prayers were heard, for she died half-way on her unwilling journey to Spain, and was brought back to lie here at Bayeux. Being a marriageable princess in the Dark Ages had its tragic side.

Bishop Odo built a splendid structure in 1077, and William the Conqueror, fresh from his victory across the Channel, was there at its dedication. The lower part of the two great western towers is the only part left—stern, magnificent architecture; and the Bayeux tapestry which had hung around the nave also survived, in the way that frail things outlast tremendous ones. The rest was all burned under Henry the First, then rebuilt, then reburned, then built again. Out of it all came the marvelous nave, with its incredibly rich carving. "Two thousand nine hundred and seventy-six capitals, no two carved alike, monsieur," the sacristan informed the Spectator, impressively. "There is no such cathedral anywhere in the world as this."

Yet it all looks harmonious, even the central tower, which was built centuries after the western ones, and the two short transepts, which are as freely different as the innumerable capitals. It is a great chronicle in stone, with every page full of beauty and strength. And the other chronicle of Bayeux supplements it, and shows what manner of men those fighting, building Normans were in their heyday of battle and glory. Down a grass-grown street, in a little low building with its wall along one side of a quiet, tree-shaded square, the Spectator found the sign

TAPISSERIE DE LA REINE MATHILDE

and stepped inside, filled with a lively curiosity to see this famous human document. What he saw was not walls hung with arras, as he had vaguely expected, but upright glass cases all around a long room, and a single seamless strip of em-

broidered linen running round the space—a strip two hundred feet long, indeed, but only twenty inches wide, and more resembling an immensely elongated sampler than anything else.

Queen Matilda's sampler, however, did not deal with cross-stitch or maxims. It had a border at top and bottom, where fancy and grotesquerie held as free sway as in the cathedral columns. It had a running inscription, too, in mediæval Latin, meandering irregularly though its varied scenes. But the story that pulsed along that strip of tapestry was a moving picture. Matilda had no camera, no film, no sheet and lantern, but she had the true motion-picture idea. One could make the Bayeux tapestry into a film, and run it to-morrow, and it would be intelligible to any audience. There is a real quality of motion in it, too. Its horses prance, its ships forge forward, its figures rush and poise and fall. One begins by considering them comic, and ends by admiring the epic they convey. Napoleon knew what he was about when he caused this memorial of how France had once conquered England to be brought to Paris and exhibited when he was planning a second invasion of Britain. It is a proud record of conquest, and the fact that it is entirely out of drawing only serves to make it more striking, like a misspelled epic, the more one looks at it.

The stitches, to the Spectator's untutored eye, looked as if anybody could do them. The colors are faded and few, and used without discrimination—a horse may be red, blue, or green, a tree yellow or indigo, at will. The cloth on which the embroidery is done in outline fashion, once white, is now light-brown with age. The scenes begin with Edward the Confessor, all in a heap on his throne, but still wearing his best crown and scepter, and sending Harold, who looks very small and disappointed, to tell Duke William that he is to be his heir. After fighting of all kinds and dire portents, William bestirs himself to invade England and punish Harold. The trees are chopped down to make ships, the tuns of wine are put aboard, the horses and footmen gather, and even the butchers and cooks are shown cutting up the oxen and sheep and serving them to the army. The ships land, Duke William harangues his soldiers, and the battle commences, with a really fine sweep of horses and men forward and forward still. The fancy arabesques on the border, of birds and fish and griffins and monsters, now change to wounded and dying soldiers in every conceivable position. Bishop Odo spurs before his troops; Harold's brothers are slain; William rallies his men; the English are cut to pieces; Harold goes down—and there the strip ends abruptly, and we can believe either of the two stories about it, that some vandal cut off the last half-yard, representing William's coronation as King, or that Queen Matilda died and the tapestry was never finished. Nobody knows, and one person's guess is as good as another's.

Of course there are people who say that Matilda didn't do it, anyway. But the Spectator finds aid and support in Freeman's stanch opinion that it was nearly contemporary with the Conquest. In that case, Matilda is the most probable one to have planned it, and to have made it to fit the nave of Odo's cathedral. It is a queenly performance, and quite in keeping with what we know of her, and of her comradeship of spirit with her great husband. Whoever planned that embroidered Iliad understood and loved Duke William, and managed to get the feeling on the canvas so plainly that to-day, as one keen feminine observer has said, "You may be a devoted adherent of Harold, but, as you examine the tapestry, by the time you reach the Battle of Hastings you are on the side of William; and this seems the strongest evidence that it is the handiwork of Matilda herself." The Spectator believes, and enjoys believing, for his part, that a great love, stronger than death, stronger than the centuries, breathes through the faded colors of "*le tapisserie de la Reine Mathilde.*"

ON SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE OF LINCOLN

BY FREDERICK BURTON EDDY

A little group of merry children played
  Around the statue's base, where, gaunt and tall,
  His image stands—the bronze memorial
Unto his greatness that Saint-Gaudens made—
In thoughtful posture, carelessly arrayed
  In loose, ill-fitting clothes, that somehow fall
In graceful lines,—as one wrapped in a thrall
Of thought, who pauses, sad, yet undismayed.

And on the sad, calm face, where deep lines tell
  His suffering and unimagined woe,
I fancied as their laughter rose and fell
  A smile played round his lips with sad, sweet glow—
A smile like His who in far Galilee
Said, "Let the little children come to me."

A LAW STUDENT'S RECOLLECTION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY JESSE W. WEIK[1]

JONATHAN BIRCH, the author of the narrative which follows, one of my oldest and stanchest friends, was admitted to the bar late in the fifties on an examination by Abraham Lincoln. Having heard his account of the incident, I often urged him to write for publication, but, being averse to appearing in print, he invariably declined. He was a Union soldier for three years, having at the time of his muster-out attained the grade of major in his regiment, the Sixty-third Indiana Infantry, Volunteers. After his war days he was married and settled in my native city, Greencastle, Indiana, where for over forty years he followed his profession, meanwhile filling the offices of city attorney and mayor in succession. A successful lawyer and an eloquent public speaker, he was, withal, one of the most modest men I ever knew, and so reluctant to call attention to himself that scarcely more than a half-dozen of his friends and neighbors knew of his acquaintance or association with the immortal Lincoln. The account which follows was found among his papers after his death in April, 1906:

"There was, indeed, something remarkably strange and unique in the character and personality of Abraham Lincoln. To have known him personally, to have been often in his company, to have been in the same office with him, when, in one of his melancholy moods, he sat for hours with scarcely a word for anybody, then to have seen his countenance light up as his familiar friends gathered about him; to have listened to his stories and reveled in his inexhaustible stores of wit; and, above all, to have seen and heard him as, standing before some vast audience, his soul thrilled with passion and seemingly almost inspired, he discussed some great theme, and, by his irresistible logic and captivating eloquence, swayed the multitude at his will—to have thus seen and known and heard this greatest of Americans, I can but esteem as among the most interesting and fortunate events of my life.

"A student just out of college, I went

[1] It will be remembered that Mr. Weik was joint author with W. H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, of a Life of Abraham Lincoln.

into my brother's office in Bloomington, Illinois, to study law. Mr. Lincoln, as a practicing lawyer, was at that time in regular attendance at all the courts in that county. He frequently dropped into my brother's office, and there it was that I was first introduced to him, and learned to admire him for his singular but sterling traits of character and for his commanding ability. He often talked to me, and, knowing that I was fresh from college, seemed to delight in asking questions which I could not and which I am sure he never expected me to answer, but which, in view of his broad knowledge and practical experience, gave him an excellent opportunity to analyze and explain for my benefit. It generally happened that he made his point clear by the recital of a story which, though sometimes a little *outré*, was invariably so applicable that I never forgot it.

"Having no office of his own, Mr. Lincoln, when not engaged in court, spent a good deal of his time in the clerk's office. Very often he could be seen there, surrounded by a group of lawyers and such persons as are usually found about a court-house, some standing, others seated on chairs or tables, listening intently to one of his characteristic and inimitable stories. His eyes would sparkle with fun, and when he had reached the point in his narrative which invariably evoked the laughter of the crowd, nobody's enjoyment was greater than his. An hour later he might be seen in the same place or in some law office near by, but alas, how different! His chair, no longer in the center of the room, would be leaning back against the wall; his feet drawn up and resting on the front rounds so that his knees and chin were about on a level; his hat tipped slightly forward, as if to shield or hide his face; his eyes no longer sparkling with fun and merriment, but sad and downcast, and his hands clasped around his knees. There, drawn up within himself, as it were, he would sit, the very picture of dejection and gloom. Thus absorbed have I seen him sit for hours at a time, defying the interruption of even his closest friends. No one ever thought of breaking the spell by speech; for, by his moody silence and abstraction, he had thrown about him a barrier so dense and impenetrable that no one dared to break through. It was a strange picture, and one I have never forgotten.

"But there was a tender side to Mr. Lincoln's nature which no one more deeply appreciated than the man who sought his comfort and advice. Somehow—probably because of the recollection of his own early struggles—his heart seemed especially filled with sympathy and concern for the young man whose footsteps took him in the direction of the law, as an incident in which the writer was the beneficiary will fully attest.

"A number of young men—Adlai Stevenson, late Vice-President of the United States, and I among them—had for some time been studying in the various law offices of Bloomington, Illinois, and were anxious for a license, that we might begin practice. No person could practice law in Illinois at that time without a license from the Supreme Court of the State. For the purpose of granting licenses the State was divided into three districts, Bloomington being in the district with headquarters at Chicago, to which place we had to go for examination. About a half-dozen of us went together. On our arrival we found that a rule had been made providing that no person should be examined who had not studied at least two years in some practicing lawyer's office. As most of us—including Stevenson and myself—had not fulfilled this requirement, we were compelled, much to our disappointment and chagrin, to return without the required license. When Mr. Lincoln heard of it, he sent word to me to come to see him. I did so, and he told me that they had no such rule in the Springfield district. He thereupon directed me to go to Springfield, get a certificate of good moral character from that place, and write *from there* to the Supreme Court, asking that a special committee be appointed to make the examination. I did as directed, and in a few days received a letter appointing Mr. Lincoln a member of the committee. I took the letter to him, and he requested me to come to his room at the hotel in Bloomington early the next morning. I went, and he proceeded promptly with the examination. I remember his first question was, 'What books

have you read?' When I had told him, he said, 'Well, that is more than I had read before I was admitted to practice.' Then he paused long enough to tell a story of something that befell him in a county in southern Illinois where he once tried a case in which he was pitted against a college-bred lawyer who apparently had studied all the books and was very proud of the accomplishment. The court and all the lawyers were profoundly impressed by the man's wonderful store of learning, but it was all lost on the jury, 'And they,' said Lincoln, laughingly, 'were the fellows I was aiming at.'

"Then he resumed his examination, but some of the things he asked, though calculated to test one's memory, it appeared to me bore but a faint relation to the practice of law. He fired his questions at me somewhat rapidly, scarcely giving me time to answer properly, and never indicating by look, word, or gesture whether I was right or wrong. Presently, and even before I was prepared for the announcement, he stopped somewhat abruptly, saying, 'Well, I reckon I've asked you enough,' wheeled about in his chair, and proceeded to write out a certificate recommending me for license, meanwhile giving me some kind advice as to my future course of study, which latter, it occurred to me, was about the first thing that had been said to indicate that the entire proceeding was, after all, an examination to test the applicant's ability to practice law. With the certificate he gave me in my pocket, I repaired to Springfield, and there, without further difficulty, received my license.

"In the course of a few years after this incident the war broke out, and Mr. Lincoln was called to assume his great responsibility as President. I entered the army, and during the course of the war my company, after I had been promoted captain, was on detached service at Indianapolis. A recruit was enlisted and mustered into the company by the name of Adam K. Danes. He had been in the company but a short time when he slipped out of camp and deserted. He was soon arrested and tried before a court martial on the charge of desertion and treason, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. Although I had known him but a short time, yet he was a member of my company, and my sympathies were aroused, as I believed the sentence was unnecessarily severe. He was young, without education, and, as I believe, not a bad-hearted boy. An effort was made by some of the military authorities at Indianapolis to secure a modification of the sentence, but without success. It was against the rules for any officer in the army to address the President upon any matter connected with the military service except through the regular military channels. But as I had known the President personally, I concluded to take my chances, and wrote a personal note to him telling him that the boy was sentenced to be shot on the charge of desertion and treason; that for desertion alone the death penalty had not yet been inflicted in that department, and that the treason consisted in being found in a saloon with others cheering for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy. I said that, while prominent men in a State as peaceful and loyal as Indiana were allowed to make speeches denouncing the Government and encouraging a spirit of disloyalty, I did not believe it right that the illiterate boy should be executed. I received no answer to my letter, but on the morning of the day fixed for the execution a despatch was received from Washington in these words:

"Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C., September 29, 1863.

Officer in Command at Indianapolis, Ind.:
Please suspend execution of Adam Danes till further order from me. A. LINCOLN.

Nothing more was heard from Mr. Lincoln on the subject for two years. Then Danes was sent to the Dry Tortugas for a short period, and later discharged.

"In his physical make-up Mr. Lincoln could not be said to be a man of prepossessing personal appearance; but his splendid head and intellectual face made up in large measure for all his physical defects, if such they might be called. When intellectually aroused, he forgot his embarrassment, his eyes kindled, and even in his manner he was irresistible. It is well known that he was more or less careless of his personal attire, and that he usually wore, in his great canvass with Douglas, a linen coat, generally without any vest, a hat much the worse for wear,

and carried with him a faded cotton umbrella which became almost as famous in the canvass as Lincoln himself. Late one afternoon during this canvass I boarded the train at Bloomington, soon after which Mr. Lincoln himself entered the same car in which I was seated, wearing this same linen coat and carrying the inevitable umbrella. On his arm was the cloak that he was said to have worn when he was in Congress nine years before. He greeted and talked freely with me and several other persons whom he happened to know, but as night drew on he withdrew to another part of the car where he could occupy a seat by himself. Presently he arose, spread the cloak over the seat, lay down, somehow folded himself up till his long legs and arms were no longer in view, then drew the cloak about him and went to sleep. Beyond what I have mentioned he had no baggage, no secretary, no companion even. At the same time his opponent, Judge Douglas, was traveling over the State in his private car, surrounded by a retinue of followers and enjoying all the luxuries of the period.

"Lincoln entered the canvass with Douglas feeling that it was no mere question of party politics, but that it was, as he himself expressed it, the old eternal question of right and wrong. It was during this canvass that I heard him in one of his great speeches, when, with every fiber of his being tremulous with emotion and his eyes melting with tenderness, he passionately exclaimed: 'Judge Douglas is nothing and I am nothing, but these principles about which we contend here to-day will live to affect the people long after Judge Douglas and I shall have been buried and forgotten.' The melting pathos with which Mr. Lincoln said this, and its effect upon his audience, cannot be described."

TYPHOID AND TUBERCULOSIS—THE PUBLIC'S RESPONSIBILITY

BY EARL MAYO

This is the third article in the series "Big Battles Against Disease," in the preparation of which the author has had the assistance of eminent physicians, surgeons, laboratory workers, and scientific experimenters in the field of medicine and surgery.—THE EDITORS.

A FEW months ago there appeared in different parts of New York City a number of cases of typhoid fever. The outbreak was not sufficiently widespread to be called an epidemic, but the number of cases was large enough to attract the attention of the health authorities of the city, who are ever on the alert to investigate any unusual manifestation of this disease. The cases reported were so scattered that they obviously did not all arise from a source of infection local to any one point in the city, nor were they numerous enough to be attributed to any general cause applying to the whole city. This fact suggested an examination of the milk supply of the households in which the disease made its appearance. Investigation revealed the fact that all the families in which typhoid fever had appeared purchased their milk from one company.

Following the trail back through the milk company, it was found that the particular consignments of infected milk were shipped from a certain town in the northern part of the State of New York. Local investigation in this town revealed the fact that for many years previous cases of fever had been so prevalent that the name of this town was applied to the disease, although in reality it was typhoid fever and nothing else.

One of the residents of the town was the proprietor of a dairy farm who sold milk locally, and irregularly shipped to New York the oversupply not required for local use. It was found that the farmer himself was the source of the

typhoid bacilli that had given rise to the many cases of fever in the vicinity and also to a smaller number in New York City, more than three hundred miles away. The farmer had had an attack of typhoid *forty-seven years before.* During all of the intervening period the bacilli probably had been present in his system and he had been spreading the disease, unconsciously of course, but none the less disastrously.

This case was fully investigated by officials of the Department of Health of New York City, and is classed by them as one of the most remarkable cases on record of a "typhoid carrier." The term itself is one of only recent use in the history of the fight against typhoid fever. It was not until a few years ago that the discovery was made that about four per cent of those who undergo attacks of this disease continue to carry typhoid bacilli in their systems for long periods after their recovery, and thus become sources of more or less widespread infection. Records of many cases have been made of late. One that attracted much popular attention was that of a cook in New York whose course for fifteen years had been marked by outbreaks of typhoid in every household in which she was employed. In some instances typhoid bacilli have been found in the intestinal passages of persons who never have had the disease, or at least never in a form serious enough to bring them under the care of a physician. In such cases the infection usually can be traced to some member of the household who has had typhoid.

The discovery of the existence of typhoid carriers is a most important step in the progress toward the control and prevention of typhoid fever. It directs attention to the most subtle mode by which the disease travels, and enables steps to be taken to put an end to outbreaks which otherwise never would be traced to their true source. The discovery by which it was made possible to gain this knowledge is worth referring to briefly because it had an important bearing upon a number of maladies. Like most of the important discoveries in reference to infectious diseases, it was made as a result of experiments on animals.

In the early nineties a German scientist named Pfeiffer found that by inoculating guinea-pigs with gradually increasing doses of the germs of various diseases, among them typhoid fever, the animals ultimately were able to resist the toxic action of these germs, so that the injection of vast numbers of the microbes was attended by no ill effects. Through the development of some undefined resisting or overpowering force in their systems the animals had acquired immunity from this particular form of toxic infection.

In further observations made for the purpose of determining what happened to the microbes in the bodies of these immunized animals Pfeiffer discovered that, instead of multiplying and spreading, as they do under favorable conditions, the bacteria became clumped together and gradually dissolved. By some process not fully understood the circulatory fluids of the body had learned how to attack the disease-bearing micro-organisms, to rob them of their poisonous quality, and to destroy them. It was found also that the blood serum from an artificially immunized animal exercised the same effect on the bacteria, causing them to come together in masses and to dissolve.

The result of this discovery was far-reaching, for it furnished a means of determining with almost infallible accuracy the existence or non-existence of the bacteria of a certain disease in a suspected case, and is therefore of great value in diagnosis. Obviously, it is inconvenient to observe the action of bacteria in the presence of immunized blood serum in the peritoneal cavity of a human being. The same result can be accomplished in another way, for the same action will take place if the bacteria and the serum are brought together in a test tube, the bacteria grouping and falling to the bottom of the tube. This is known as the agglutination test. It was applied by Widal to typhoid, and in this connection it is referred to as the Widal test.

It is by means of this test that the presence of the toxic bacilli in the systems of typhoid carriers is determined, and it is of decided value in determining the character of many cases of illness which are not wholly clear. By testing a drop of the blood serum of a person suspected of having typhoid with a laboratory culture

of typhoid bacilli the presence of the disease, if it actually exists, can be determined by the clumping of the cultured bacilli. The importance of this, not only in enabling the proper method of treatment to be applied, but also in making it possible to take precautions against the spread of the disease, can hardly be overestimated.

As in the case of some of the infectious diseases referred to in the article on "The Conquest of Germ Diseases,"[1] attempts have been made to confer on human beings immunity from typhoid fever by inoculation with the dead bacilli of typhoid. These attempts have been attended by a great degree of success. The plan has been tried more extensively among soldiers than elsewhere, since there is particular danger of typhoid epidemics in army camps. One case is on record in the British army of a regiment a majority of the members of which were inoculated twice just before their departure for India. Immediately on their arrival in India they encountered an epidemic of the fever. Sixty-three cases of the disease occurred in this regiment. Of these, sixty-two were of men who had not been inoculated. Only one case occurred among the men who had been inoculated, and that one was a soldier who had received the treatment only once, instead of twice. Very encouraging results have been obtained elsewhere among British troops as well as in the German army and among American soldiers in the Philippines.

In the Spanish-American War, out of a little more than 100,000 United States troops, more than 20,000, or about one in five, underwent attacks of typhoid, and over 1,500 died of the disease. According to the results obtained elsewhere by inoculation, the adoption of this practice in the war between the United States and Spain would have saved hundreds of lives and would have prevented thousands of cases of the disease among the American troops.

The one doubtful point in connection with the use of inoculation as a protection against typhoid fever seems to be the length of the period for which immunity is conferred. The tests made thus far indicate that this period is relatively a brief one. For this reason more attention has been given to the control of the disease and the removal of its causes than to prevention by inoculation.

Typhoid fever was unknown a century ago. That does not mean that it did not exist, but only that it was not distinguished from typhus fever as a separate disease. Its rapid increase during the middle period of the nineteenth century, however, attracted greater attention to it, and the occurrence of serious epidemics led physicians and scientists to study its causes and the methods of its transmission. The bacillus of the disease was discovered by Eberth, a German investigator, in 1880, and additional knowledge concerning it was contributed by Koch and others. For thirty years, therefore, it has been known that every case of typhoid, or enteric fever, as it sometimes is called, is due to the invasion of the system by the bacteria of the disease passing from some other case of the same ailment. It has been learned that the bacilli are given off principally with the bodily wastes, that they are hardy enough to withstand long periods of exposure and freezing cold, that they travel long distances in water, milk, and other media, and that they are introduced into the body in the great majority of cases through the mouth in liquids or solid foods. It follows that in every instance where typhoid manifests itself in sufficient volume to be dignified by the name of an epidemic, it is due to ignorance or carelessness in the failure to destroy the bacteria that arise from every case of the disease. The exercise of thorough care in destroying the typhoid bacilli at their source would mean that the disease soon would be entirely eliminated.

Since many cases of typhoid are not promptly diagnosed or reported, however, and some are so mild that physicians are not called in, it becomes important to guard the chief sources of infection by provision of a pure water supply inspection of milk, vegetables, and shellfish, by keeping flies out of the house and away from food, and by insisting upon thorough cleanliness and sanitation in and about living and eating quarters. If the community and the household give attention to these elementary precautions, they are

[1] In The Outlook for January 28 last.

unlikely to be invaded by the disease. An illustration of this truth may be found in the fact that, unlike many other infectious diseases, typhoid is more generally and more constantly prevalent in rural than in urban communities. In the city the disposal of sewage and garbage is attended to by the municipality, and outbreaks of typhoid are due usually to the contamination of water or milk supplies, or to some such general infection. In the country these matters are left to the individual. The provisions made to prevent infection are often woefully inadequate, if not absolutely lacking, and scattered cases of the disease are found to exist year after year.

The main cause of typhoid epidemics in cities is contamination of the water supply. An authority on the disease estimates that this accounts for about forty per cent of the city cases.[1] A physician who has had much experience with typhoid believes that twenty-five per cent of the cases in the country as a whole are due to the infection of drinking-water. The greater prevalence of the disease in cities of the United States than in those of western Europe may be attributed to the fact that precautions for the purification of the water supply are less general in this country.

The arrangement of the water supply in many American cities suggests that it was designed primarily to promote the distribution of typhoid and kindred diseases. Water is taken from streams that receive the wastes of many communities in their upper courses, and is served to the citizens without any attempt at purification, or else it is drawn from a lake into which the sewage of the city itself is dumped at points close to the intake of the water system. This latter condition is true of many of the cities situated on the Great Lakes. In Chicago, before the opening of the drainage canal, it was possible on many occasions visibly to trace the course of sewage emptied into Lake Michigan from the outlets of sewers and of the Chicago River to the mouths of the cribs that supplied the city with water. The discoloration of the surface showed the route followed. The opening of the drainage canal, by carrying the greater part of the city sewage away from the water supply, caused an immediate fall in the number of cases of typhoid, although the contaminating material that still invades the water along the ake front probably is responsible for a considerable number of cases. In Cleveland, another lake city, it was possible before the improvement of the water system to trace increases of typhoid at certain times directly to the action of winds from certain quarters, which carried the sewage emptied into Lake Erie towards the points in the lake where the intakes of the water supply were located, and at other times to heavy rains, which caused unusual scouring of the Cuyahoga River and carried extraordinary quantities of the accumulated mud and filth from the bed of the stream into the lake. The typhoid problem in cities which draw their water supply from the same bodies of water into which they pour their sewage is likely to be solved only by the adoption of effective filtration methods or by strict Federal regulation of the location of sewage outlets and water intakes in navigable waters. One of the discouraging features encountered in fighting typhoid epidemics in such cities is that each outbreak feeds itself, more typhoid bacilli entering the sewage when the disease is prevalent, with correspondingly greater chances of increased infection of the water supply.

In the cases of cities obtaining their water from running streams the criminal carelessness is often committed of using water which is extensively contaminated by communities or manufacturing plants farther upstream. A theory frequently expounded in defense of this practice is the mischievous one that running water purifies itself. While this is true in a measure, it has been demonstrated that in reality it purifies itself less rapidly than standing water, or at least that the strong current of a stream will carry infectious bacteria farther than the changing currents of a large lake. Lowell and Lawrence, Massachusetts, are examples of cities that suffered for many years from frequent typhoid outbreaks, traceable directly to the sewage emptied into the upper reaches of the Merrimac River from the cities and mills along its banks. So serious did conditions become that Lowell abandoned the river as the source of its

[1] "Typhoid Fever," by George C. Whipple.

supply, while Lawrence met the situation by installing a filtration plant. In both cases these actions were followed by an immediate and permanent decrease of typhoid. Pittsburgh, which long enjoyed the unenviable distinction of having the highest death rate from typhoid of all of the larger cities of the country, derives its water supply from the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, both of which are bordered by many towns and cities, making the infection of these streams practically inevitable even if they were not used as sewage repositories. Many hundreds and probably thousands of lives have been sacrificed to typhoid in Pittsburgh since the lesson of its high death rate became clearly evident and during the slow progress of work on the filtration plant recently completed by the city.

The clearness of water used for drinking purposes is no guarantee of its freedom from typhoid bacilli, as was demonstrated by the experience of Plymouth, Pennsylvania, in the middle eighties. The water supply for this town was drawn from mountain streams flowing through a territory almost uninhabited. A single house was located on a bank high above one of the smaller supply streams. In this house occurred a case of typhoid fever, and the slops from the sick-room were thrown upon the frozen ground sloping down to the stream. A thaw occurred, accompanied by rain, which washed this accumulated supply of bacteria into the stream, and ten days later a typhoid outbreak in the town betrayed the promptness with which the bacilli had been carried into the homes of the unsuspecting citizens.

Next to contaminated water, the most prolific source of typhoid fever in American cities is infected milk. This is responsible for perhaps one-fifth to one-quarter of the cases. The long and devious course which the bacilli of the disease may follow in the milk supply to reach their victims was shown by the incident related at the beginning of this article. Oysters fattened in waters which receive the discharge of sewers and green vegetables raised in gardens fertilized with the contents of closet vaults are recognized as other agencies for the spread of the disease. In recent years it has come to be realized that common house-flies passing from manure piles and cesspools to kitchens and dining-rooms play an important part in spreading typhoid. An instance of this kind occurred a few years ago among the prisoners of the county jail at New Haven, Connecticut. Tests of the water and the milk used showed that these were not at fault. Near the kitchen of the jail were a number of old houses with unscreened closets behind them. The food prepared for prisoners at the jail was exposed on long tables behind open windows to which swarms of flies had access, and the method by which these flies had conveyed the disease germs was at once evident.

While the guarding of water, milk, oysters, vegetables, and fruits, and the rigid exclusion of flies, are important precautions against typhoid fever at the present time, the only way in which the disease can be stamped out is by preventing its spread beyond the home of the individual sufferer from the disease. To accomplish this a thorough understanding is demanded, on the part of those in charge of the invalid, of the importance of destroying all bacteria from the case. Even more important is a strong public sentiment which shall demand the prompt reporting of cases by the physicians in attendance, the exercise of thorough precautions to guard each case, and investigation by the health authorities to determine and remove the cause of every outbreak. With such provisions, particularly in the rural sections of those States between the Great Lakes and the Gulf, a decided decrease in the number of cases of typhoid fever would result.

As a consequence of the efforts that have been made to bring about improved sanitary conditions there has been a marked decrease of typhoid fever in the United States. Forty years ago the chance of contracting the disease at some period of one's life was one out of five; to-day it is less than one out of ten. The death rate from the disease was decreased 60 per cent in the twenty-five years between 1880 and 1905. There are very wide fluctuations in different cities and communities, however, many of them having typhoid death rates five or six times as high as the average for the whole country. With a better appreciation of the

vital importance of preventing the spread of infection from each case that develops, the mortality can easily be reduced to one-tenth of what it now is, and this would make the disease one of negligible importance.

It was the dictum of Pasteur that "it is within the power of man to banish all germ diseases from the earth." This statement of course assumes an ideal state of affairs not likely to be realized soon. Its truth, however, is demonstrated by what already has been accomplished in dealing with certain afflictions of this kind. In some diseases the matter of treatment and possible cure may be left to the individual and to his physician. In others, however, including those of an infectious nature, the careful are powerless against the careless and the intelligent are at the mercy of the ignorant. Public action is necessary, therefore, in order to prevent or even to restrict such diseases. The extent to which the public consciousness is aroused to the necessity of such united action for the common protection and the common good measures the degree of control exercised over these disease plagues. Typhoid fever and tuberculosis are perhaps as widespread and as typical of this class of diseases as any that can be mentioned. This is the only reason for considering both of them in the same article, for they have nothing in common except that both are highly communicable, and so require united action, backed either by the force of law or of united public opinion, to prevent their spread and ultimately to eliminate them entirely.

Cases of typhoid fever ordinarily come under the doctor's care almost at their inception, and the use of strong disinfectants in and about the sick-room to destroy the germs and prevent the spread of the disease is, in the majority of cases, enforced. With tuberculosis, however, the task of limiting the disease is much more difficult. Using the word tuberculosis in its popular sense, to indicate pulmonary tuberculosis, it is an affection of slow development, and so may not come under the observation of a physician until it is well advanced. Even when cases have reached a severe stage, it is often found among the uneducated classes that persons will not consult a physician because of their terror of having the disease officially pronounced tuberculosis and because they fear that they will be separated from their families and homes. Although such cases are encountered, the general attitude toward the disease is much more enlightened than it formerly was. Probably no other disease ever caused more acute mental suffering than did tuberculosis in the days when it was believed that it was hereditary and that every person who contracted it was doomed to inevitable death. Now, thanks to the experiments performed on many animals by Klencke, Villemin, and others, and to Dr. Koch's identification of the tubercle bacillus by this means in 1882, the outlook as regards tuberculosis is far more hopeful. We know that it is not inherited, that it is communicable and therefore preventable, and that it can be arrested, especially if it is taken in its early stages. This knowledge has not only given hope to those afflicted with the disease and has encouraged them to exert themselves to shake it off by proper measures, but it has also lifted a pall of fear from the minds of many who lived in daily dread of the manifestation of the disease in themselves because some member of their family had had it.

So much has been written and said about tuberculosis during the past few years that almost every one is familiar with its main features. We know that its spread is attributed to tubercle bacilli freed from the sputum of tuberculous persons, floating in the air or clinging to the furnishings of rooms, and to a less degree to tiny bubbles expelled in coughing and sneezing. We know that the treatment accorded to persons suffering from tuberculosis includes, rather than drugs or medicines, plenty of outdoor air and a diet calculated to build up strength and tissue. Most of us know among our own circle of acquaintance of persons who have recovered from the disease.

The modern method of treating tuberculosis was originated by Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, who went to Saranac Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains of northern New York, in 1873, with what was pronounced an incurable case of tuberculosis. By open-air living in the high altitude of the Adirondacks he restored himself to health and

founded the cottage sanatorium method of treating the disease, which has resulted in the saving of many hundreds of lives and has shaped the methods now generally followed in the treatment of tuberculosis. Before Trudeau's work and personal experience demonstrated the soundness of these methods the usual procedure in treating tuberculous persons was one suited chiefly to aggravating the disease and hastening its course. It included the rigid exclusion of fresh air from the invalid's room to avoid draughts, the maintenance of a high temperature, and the administration of drugs in an effort to relieve the strain of coughing. The mere enumeration of these measures, the very antithesis of those now relied upon, indicates the debt which sufferers from this disease owe to Dr. Trudeau for the improved conditions and the more hopeful outlook which he has given them.

The remarkable fact about tuberculosis to-day is not so much the increased knowledge of the disease which the medical profession, and even the members of the lay public, have gained, as the awakening of the public consciousness to the importance of fighting this disease and to the possibility of putting an end to it. This has come about as the result of a world-wide campaign. The social aspects of the tuberculosis problem are almost as important as its medical features, and consequently there is a field for the layman in supplanting the activities of the medical profession and the health authorities in the struggle against this disease.

From local bodies up to the great International Congress which met in Washington two years ago and brought together those who are fighting against this disease in every part of the world, a vast army is enlisted in the war upon tuberculosis. In the United States an active campaign is being waged by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, through its press bureau and through public speakers and meetings. This movement is reinforced by the action of a great number of public and private agencies, and it is estimated that $8,000,000 a year is being expended in the United States in combating this one disease. In a number of the States there are well-organized campaigns, and a brief description of the methods by which this campaign is being carried on in New York may serve to illustrate the methods relied upon to restrict the spread of tuberculosis.

Under the direction of the State Charities Aid Association and the State Department of Health the knowledge of the methods by which tuberculosis is spread, the dangers of careless expectoration, and the measures to be employed to ward off the disease are being brought home to every person in the State, in a variety of ways. Newspaper articles and advertisements, street-car signs and billboard displays, cards to be placed in the pay envelopes of workingmen and to be distributed in schools and churches, contain concise and valuable information to be applied by the individual. Tuberculosis exhibits are displayed at county fairs and in the various towns and cities, and week-long meetings characterized by something of the methods of the old-fashioned religious revival are held in the larger places. These meetings are addressed by speakers who drive home salient facts about tuberculosis. Smaller traveling exhibits with phonograph records of lectures are sent to the lesser towns. City, village, and county organizations are formed in different parts of the State to co-operate in the work, and are supplied with material for use in local exhibits, lectures, and meetings. The slogan adopted for this crusade is, "No uncared-for tuberculosis in 1915." To this end a special campaign is being conducted to bring about the erection of hospitals and sanatoria in every county in the State. Already nine counties have established such hospitals, and many others are considering the matter. The city of New York maintains a large sanatorium for tuberculosis at Otisville, New York. Buffalo, the second city of the State, is building one as a memorial to a former mayor, and several other New York cities are taking measures for the care of cases of the disease among their citizens. Labor organizations, fraternal societies, and large corporations are being interested in providing for the care of their members and their employees afflicted with the disease. One of the large insurance companies is erecting a sanatorium for those of its assured who may contract tuberculosis, believing that

the saving which it will effect thereby will more than justify the expense.

Under the influence of these activities the death rate from tuberculosis is already declining in New York, although most of the measures are of too recent inception to have made their influence greatly felt as yet. In New York City the death rate from the disease among those under adult age, on whom the effect of improved conditions naturally would be earliest manifested, is only about fifty per cent of what it formerly was, and the best authorities on the disease agree that with the provision of care for all cases throughout the State a further reduction of fifty per cent will be made within the next decade.

The plans that are being followed in New York, though more elaborate than have yet been adopted in most parts of the Union, are typical of the means that are relied upon to check the spread of the disease and to reduce the mortality from existing cases.

The prompt recognition of the disease and the provision of adequate care and safeguards for all cases are essential to the stamping out or even to the limitation of tuberculosis. For this reason it is important that there should be in every community some health authority vested with power to order the prompt examination of all suspected cases. The exercise of such authority would lead to the recognition by all members of the medical profession of the necessity of promptly reporting all cases that come under their attention. It has been demonstrated that adequate care and precautions against the communication of the disease can best be obtained in institutions, and for this reason the building of sanatoria for the counties and for all the larger cities is important. For cases which cannot readily be transferred to such institutions a visiting nurse who can call upon tuberculous persons in their homes and exercise supervision over their cases is a needed supplementary measure. With these provisions, which include nothing impossible or difficult, nor even a very heavy expense, tuberculosis can be eradicated, perhaps not in ten years or twenty, but certainly within the next two generations; for it is demonstrated, in the cases of adults at least, that tuberculosis is conveyed to one human being only from another human being suffering from the disease. The proper care of all existing cases of tuberculosis, as of typhoid, would mean that no new cases could develop.

The responsibility for the continuance of tuberculosis as the worst scourge of mankind, and of typhoid fever as an affliction only less widespread, is squarely upon the public—not upon a vague, hazy, indefinite public upon which it is convenient to unload all our shortcomings, but upon each individual member of each community. If all men and women of intelligence will do their share in view of the enlightenment which science and experimental investigation have placed in their hands, tuberculosis and typhoid fever can be eradicated, and Pasteur's vision of a world freed from the horrors of infectious disease will be brought far nearer realization.

THE PLAN

BY FLORENCE D. SNELLING

To build the year with all things beautiful,
Then bid them by strange ways to cease to be;
To smite the land with whirlwind and with frost;
To lay earth's loveliness as low as earth;
To blur all color and to mar all form;
To still the song; at last to seal with snow;
Thus to undo the perfect work of life,—
And then to build anew, by blade and leaf,
Blossom and fruit and scent and sound and song,
Another year for self-same harvesting;—
This is the Plan by which are magnified
The Wisdom and the Power of the Lord.

THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY[1]

BY THOMAS KIRKUP

IT will be remembered how the Labor party of Great Britain appeared with dramatic suddenness in the life of the country at the beginning of 1906. This party has now taken its place among British institutions. It marks an epoch in British history.

For some centuries the barons, including the bishops and abbots (who, by virtue of their landed possessions, had the rank of barons) dominated the English Parliament. The middle class had no great weight till the seventeenth century; the day of their ascendency did not come till the middle of the nineteenth century. During this long period the working class had no voice either in national or local government. There was indeed much legislation about labor, but little regard was paid to the wishes or interests of the laboring man or woman.

We need not wonder, therefore, that the time had at last come when the working class desired to form an independent party of its own; and let us not forget that under the mere party spirit there lay a human significance far deeper than class ambition or sectional prejudice. Whether we look to the past or the present, we may see, if we consider it rightly, a situation full of pathos. The matters involved in it are ultimately concerned with daily bread and a decent standard of life for the worker and his wife and children.

Let us take a few examples of his life in the past. Macaulay concludes that "in the reign of Charles the Second the ordinary wages of the peasant did not exceed four shillings [one dollar] a week." This was at a time when the average price of a bushel of wheat was a dollar and a half. The statisticians of the period estimated that one-fourth of the population of England was then in receipt of poor relief.

During the great French war of 1793–1815 the price of wheat sometimes rose to four, and in 1801 even to five and a half, dollars a bushel. At the large Government establishments the laborer's wage was under four dollars a week, while the four-pound loaf cost nearly half a dollar. In those days we may reckon the wage of the peasant in most districts of England at something like two dollars a week.

We are told on good authority that in 1842 five-sixths of the population of Rochdale had scarcely a blanket among them. In Paisley fifteen thousand persons were in a state of starvation, with little or no clothing and no bedding on which to lie. In one parish of Dorsetshire thirty-six persons, on an average, dwelt in each house.

There were periods in English history when labor fared better. The early half of the eighteenth century was marked by good harvests, just as the French Revolutionary wars saw a remarkable succession of very bad ones. The position of English labor has greatly improved since 1850. But the present writer, who was himself the son of a workingman, and who has therefore had an inside knowledge of labor all his life, can testify that the permanent feeling of the laborer is one of wrong and privation. It is this underlying feeling of wrong and privation which has accounted for much of the emigration to America and the colonies. The emigrant carries to his new home a sense of wrong and privation, which explains a good deal of what is unfortunate and regrettable in the relations of the new lands to the old country.

In such circumstances it is the more honorable to the new Labor party that it has shown so little rancor and bitterness in its relations to the old parties. I can testify from personal knowledge that the members of the Labor party are as good-humored as they are manly and disinterested. There has been a saying that every country gets the Jew that it deserves. We may likewise say that every country is likely to get the Labor party that it deserves. We might almost go on to say that Great Britain has got a better Labor party than it deserves.

This is a hopeful sign. We may see a

[1] In connection with this article by Mr. Kirkup, an English author and scholar, who has written extensively on educational, labor, and social topics, reference is made to an article by Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, which appeared in The Outlook for last week.—THE EDITORS.

no less hopeful sign in the courteous and sympathetic reception which the old parties in the House of Commons have accorded to the new. Though the House to such a large extent consists of the landed and well-to-do classes, men claim for it a notable freedom from all forms of snobbery, condescension, and arrogance. It is an assembly which values its members on their intrinsic merits, and not according to an external standard of wealth or consideration. We may also claim for English political life generally a habit of fair play and good humor.

This spirit of conciliation, of compromise and good-humored give-and-take, explains many things in English life that would otherwise be unintelligible. When strikes and political crises appear to be taking a dangerous and tempestuous course, there still exists the habitual feeling, which many generations of storm successfully weathered have produced, that things will not be urged to a fatal extremity. Thus do we stop short of violence and of incurable disaster. Amid so much that is doubtful and ominous in our social politics, we may be allowed to claim the saving virtues of fair-mindedness and moderation.

While the Labor party appeared as a fully formed organization in 1906, steps had been taken towards the making of it so early as 1900. It was the outcome of a combination of two Socialist bodies (the Fabian Society and the Independent Labor party) with trade unions. The trade unions supply most of the funds and an overwhelming majority of the membership. The present Labor party may be regarded as the culmination of a very long and troubled process of trade union activity. In the ranks of the Labor party we may expect to find, and we do find, representative men from a wide variety of trades. We have railway men, gas workers, textile workers, seamen, and agricultural laborers. But the greatest number come from the miners, engineers, and workers in metal.

Mr. Keir Hardie, who may be accounted the founder of the Labor party, worked in the mines from the age of seven to twenty-four. He is one of the most revolutionary of his party, and uses very plain language. He is an advocate, under certain circumstances, of the general strike, which is universally admitted to be the last and most desperate resort of the agitator. Among his ancestors he reckons a Jacobite who was "out" in the Stuart Rebellion of 1745; but he reminds one much more of the Covenanters who took to the hills in resistance to the religious tyranny of the Stuarts in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Mr. Hardie belongs to the southwest of Scotland, the home of the Covenanters. He is still almost a young man, being only fifty-six, with fair hair turning white, and a look of wistful pathos, which probably tells of early hardship as well as of habitual sympathy with the hard lot of the worker. He seems to disdain the arts which are usually comprehended under the name of tact; but he has the pithy language which finds its way to the hearts of the people, and he is gifted with a poetic vein which was nourished in tender years by the songs of his mother and the tales and romances of his grandmother.

Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, Secretary of the Labor party, is a much younger man than Mr. Hardie, though his once jet-black hair is rapidly growing white. He was a clerk before he gave up all his time to labor politics. He is tactful, shrewd, and even subtle. While he can be critical enough on occasion, his book on "The Awakening of India," just published, shows a remarkable quickness of perception, width of sympathy, and open-mindedness. Mr. MacDonald has entered with notable facility into the British methods of Parliamentary life. He may be expected to go far before he has done with it.

Mr. Philip Snowden, another able and prominent member of the party, is quite a young man, with, we may believe, a long and interesting future before him. He started life as a civil servant. He, too, has tact and the open mind, and the power of moving large audiences of workingmen. Both Mr. Snowden and Mr. MacDonald receive much help in their public careers from their wives, who are very capable and attractive on the platform and in organizing work.

The three men we have named can hardly be called representative. Mr. Hardie, as we have said, is in opinion and

in outspoken utterance akin to the revolutionary Socialist of the European Continent. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden sat at the desk before they became Labor members. Men like Mr. Arthur Henderson, who was an iron founder, and Mr. Hudson, who was a railway guard for twenty-six years, stand more truly for the great body of Labor members. Nearly all of them began to work at a trade at a very early age, and have grown up amid the struggles and aspirations of the trade union life. It has been their mission to train the turbulent forces of militant labor in methods of organized peaceful and effective action. Their work as we now see it imperfectly realized is the result of nearly a century of hard and strenuous action, of trial and failure, of insight slowly forced on them through much adverse experience followed at last by comparative success.

All the members of the party may be described as self-educated. After a very short time at school they formed their minds by reading the Bible and "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," Shakespeare, and Charles Dickens. Among the books that influenced them in their own special field of thought, Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," Carlyle's "Past and Present," and Ruskin's social-economic works appear to have had the first place. It is interesting to compare the results at which labor has now arrived with the vaticinations of Carlyle and Ruskin. These two prophets forecast an organization of labor, but under a semi-feudal system, in which captains of industry and a landed aristocracy have the leading part. In the actual course of events we see a striking contrast to these prophecies. Labor has been organized from within by the workers themselves, with no help from captains of industry or the landed aristocracy. Legislation has done some good. Enlightened members of the middle class have at certain stages given real furtherance to the trade union and co-operative movements; but the success of both is mainly due to the working class itself. This success is great and ever growing. The Labor party now represents nearly two millions of organized workingmen. The co-operative movement now numbers about 2,700,000 members; and as each member stands for a family, it may be taken to include a public equal to one-fourth of the population of the British Isles. These great forces have been organized since Carlyle published his "Past and Present," in 1843. It would be easy to point out defects in the two movements; but they are achievements which are marvelous in their present form and full of promise and of good example for the future. They are the result of a very varied experience extending over two generations.

We should recognize, however, that the moral earnestness and the high ideals of Carlyle and Ruskin must have done much to mold the mind and character of the Labor leaders. They are men in earnest. They have had tasks to perform which have impressed on them a very serious sense of responsibility. To an outside observer a strike may look merely like a hard and bitter struggle for mastery between opposing forces. The inside observer knows that it will mean privation and may mean starvation for women and children. The issues which a responsible Labor leader has to face make him an earnest man.

The striking words of Mr. E. R. Pease, Secretary of the Fabian Society, should be pondered: "It must be remembered that the trade union leader is the very reverse of a dangerous demagogue. He is, of necessity, a man of affairs, with an almost unique experience of men. On the one hand, he has to rule the somewhat turbulent democracy who are his paymasters; on the other, he has to deal with the employers, the captains of industry, the great capitalists of our staple trades. The men who control the big unions, who by a false move may precipitate a strike involving hundreds of thousands of families and hundreds of millions of capital, have learned caution in a hard school, and are not going to jeopardize the prosperity of the Empire by rash attempts at innovation or premature proposals for confiscation. If it were necessary to intrust the control of the country to a single class of men, I think the best class to select would be the trade union secretaries."

One cannot entirely agree with Mr. Pease. The trade union leaders must, of necessity, have a special and rather narrow

outlook on the world and on human society; but Mr. Pease's statements bring out very clearly the hard and varied experience and the very serious feeling of responsibility which belong to their position. There can be no doubt that the members of the Labor party are men of high character. Most of them are sincerely religious men. Not a few of them have been Methodist lay preachers, and in that capacity have been trained to public speaking and to the knowledge and leadership of men. In such a strange way John Wesley continues from his grave to shape the lives of men even in the realm of politics.

To afford a glimpse of the physiognomy of English labor and its leaders we can hardly do better than give a brief account of a miners' gala in the county of Durham. It was held in brilliant weather at the historic city of Durham on Saturday, August 13, 1910, and was a complete success. The Durham Miners' Association has a membership of 117,000, with funds amounting to $2,300,000. During the year the chief items of expenditure were $410,000 for sickness and accidents, and $165,000 for men out of employment.

The gala was addressed by three leading members of the Labor party. Mr. G. N. Barnes, Chairman of the party, said that trade-unionism did not go so far as some of them could wish, but it must lie at the back of all other activities on behalf of the great laboring classes. It had found the workers of this country poor and dependent, and it had given them a hope and faith in themselves while improving their general condition. Mr. Philip Snowden warned the Durham miners against a growing tendency in the rank and file to disregard authority and discipline and to override and defy the calmly considered decisions of their accredited leaders. Such a condition of irresponsibility and anarchy, if allowed to spread in the trade union movement, would destroy it.

Mr. Keir Hardie, referring to the Miners' International Congress at Brussels, said that to-day the miners of Europe were, for all practical purposes, one organization. There was a power gathering that would be more effectual in maintaining peace than all other powers put together. He was there that day in the presence of a greater power than all the kings and emperors that ever lived, and he hoped to see the time when an organized working class would take its place in the politics of the world by declaring that on the day on which a war was declared tools would be dropped and every wheel stopped in every country affected by the war.

As we have seen, the British Labor party is a combination of trade unions with Socialist bodies, in which the former have an overwhelming majority of numbers. Events have shown that Socialist opinion is, on the whole, prevalent even among the trade unions. But it would be entirely wrong to conclude that the Labor party as such is Socialistic. The party, in fact, has not a definite programme, and it has not attempted to formulate one. It is partly Socialistic and partly radical, and the two sides have not yet come to terms with each other. The party does not definitely know its own mind; its theories and principles are still in the process of making.

There are some points, however, on which its views may be regarded as clear and definite. It lives and works to promote the rights and interests of labor. It is strongly opposed to war and militarism. It is also opposed to protection, though it does not regard free trade as a cure for industrial evils. It strongly supports temperance reform; the majority of its members are total abstainers. It also supports secular education as the best solution of a long and tedious controversy. It advocates Home Rule for Ireland, and is in most questions on friendly terms with the Irish National party. Land reform, both as regards town and country, is an important item in the vague creed of the Labor members, but it would not be easy to say what shape they would give to it if they had their way. On taxation, too, they have strong views. They would curtail or abolish the indirect taxes, which press so hard on the poor, and instead would heavily tax land values as well as large incomes and inheritances. Thus in legislation and administration alike the Labor party aims at the advancement of the class which it represents.

It is on the question of unemployment that the convictions of the Labor party have been most strongly and passionately expressed. Politicians and social reform-

ers find this a problem of surpassing gravity. No country, unless it be Belgium, has, in proportion to its area, so large a population dependent on weekly wages as Great Britain. Among its many trades there are always some which suffer from irregular employment even in the best of times. One of the worst is the building trade, which, after a time of overproduction, has been passing through a long period of depression.

The Labor party has made what may be called a frontal attack on this great problem. It contends that local bodies should provide work, and, failing work, maintenance, for the unemployed. This is not so revolutionary a proposal as it may appear at first sight. These alternatives, work or maintenance, were the leading principles of the Elizabethan Poor Law of 1601, the basis of all subsequent legislation in England regarding the poor. The same principles of providing work or maintenance were part of the old law of Prussia. But it will be obvious that what was practicable in simple agricultural communities like Elizabethan England or Prussia of the eighteenth century may be extremely difficult and risky in the very complex conditions of a modern industrial and commercial state. Leaders of the Liberal party were able to show that in the England of to-day such measures would have the most unsettling and disastrous consequences. The problem of the unemployed is still unsolved, and remains a dark and sinister feature in modern industrial life.

That the unemployed should have work or maintenance is to be regarded as an ideal rather than a proposal to be embodied in an Act of Parliament. It is a subject that should be approached from many sides. Insurance against unemployment to which workmen, employers, and the State should all contribute will do much to cure the evil. State and municipalities can to some degree correct the irregularities of a competitive industry by wisely starting or accelerating needful and profitable public works in times of depression. It would be a progressive and humanizing course to use such times of depression to lower the average working day nearer to eight hours, and thus raise the whole standard of life, physical, intellectual, and moral, of the working classes. In this way a great evil might be made an occasion for attaining the highest good of mankind.

In Great Britain and most other countries the question of the unemployed is made specially difficult by the fact that it is to a very large degree an obscure problem as to its extent, causes, and consequences. The unemployed are, unfortunately, a mixed multitude, in which from honest and efficient workmen we pass, by many insensible gradations, to the unemployable. Many of the unemployed have not the moral and physical stamina to do a decent day's work. We can tell how they have come to such a condition only by investigating each individual case. The causes of it may be constitutional, or it may simply be due to long habits of loafing and shirking of work, or it may be due to the most grievous of misfortunes. Let us take a simple case. If a laborer has had an attack of rheumatic fever, how can he regain the physical energy to perform a hard day's work? It is possible that he may, with nourishing food and long rest, but the difficulties are obvious.

Labor colonies appear to have been a total failure in Great Britain. In view of the fact that they have, in some cases at least, produced the most encouraging results on the European Continent, we should like to know the reasons of our failure. The present writer would suggest that we have not yet discovered the suitable men and the suitable methods. We need men who know how to exercise a firm, discriminating, and sympathetic discipline over the wreck and wastage of our social and industrial system. Unfortunately, the very name of discipline seems to be foreign to our methods of social reform. I cannot recollect a single occasion on which a Labor member, in book, pamphlet, or speech, has referred to the need of discipline for the restoration of the unemployed to their fitting place in the industrial society. The idea of discipline is not a favorite one in the English-speaking world. Yet it would be well to remember that John Milton, one of the foremost champions of modern freedom, has said:

> "Who would be free must first be wise and good."

Shall we always need to purchase freedom at so enormous a cost as we do now?

It will be obvious that the British Labor party is not free from crudity and one-sidedness. It is a party, and we have never heard and never read in history of a sect or party that possessed the whole truth.

But we may be assured that, as a result of the coming of the new party, British politics and British history will never again be the same. Events like the Osborne judgment will only serve to call forth and confirm its power. It will make problems, which are most serious and continually growing, present and ever visible to the eyes of men. And though the problems are hard and urgent, their solution is hopeful. We have good will and we are gaining insight every day. Good will, guided by insight, will go far and do much.

BUSINESS ENERGY[1]

BY HERBERT G. STOCKWELL

TWO days prior to that on which a large note of his company would fall due the treasurer applied to the bank for a renewal. He was reminded by the cashier that the company had been "carried for some time." The cashier then suggested that serious efforts be made by the treasurer to reduce the amount of money borrowed at the bank. "We are now making arrangements with a capitalist to *energize* our plant, and we expect during the next month to be in a position to take up all of our loans," replied the treasurer,

This treasurer uttered a thought which finds a lodging-place in the minds of many manufacturers. Is it not natural for business men to regard the ability to command capital as the prime requisite to a successful business operation? "Give us plenty of the 'sinews of war,' and we will do the rest," they feel like saying, when hampered in their operations, apparently, for lack of capital.

Of course all business operations require capital, and in every case sufficient funds must somehow be provided if the operation is to continue. It is not intended to suggest anything contrary to this well-established principle. No one doubts that money will do almost anything, but without trained judgment and experienced management it will run a factory so long only as it can be poured into the treasurer's office. In the process of operating the plant by means of large capital the works may even take on an appearance of being energized; but when the easy funds have been exhausted, the former dead-and-alive condition inevitably returns.

Absence of real power in an organization cannot be concealed, any more than sterling gold can be substituted for sterling ability.

What is this real power, this energy? Go into that factory across the street and look about. You will not need to have the answer to the inquiry written in set words and phrases. Interested activity is written on every face seen, from the office boy who meets you at the door to the president who greets you in his private office. The hum of the swiftly moving machinery is but a tame representation of the moving force everywhere manifested. You do not have to be told that business is being successfully conducted in *that* establishment. The president himself appears to you as the incarnation of business. In him you sense the source of a potent force enlivening and enthusing all with whom he comes directly or indirectly in contact. Yet how calm and deliberate are his acts—his directions to those about him! Does this man lean upon money as an energizer? Most assuredly not. *He* can get anything he wants, including sufficient capital for his purposes.

Now go down the street to that other mill and see whether you can detect the difference in the atmosphere between the two. Yes, you feel the difference even

[1] The second of a series of five articles by Mr. Stockwell. The first appeared in The Outlook for January 14 last.—THE EDITORS.

before you can accustom your mental vision to the lesser light. In place of the attentive office boy you first see upon coming in the office a young woman with a pencil in her mouth trying to operate the telephone with one hand while adjusting her hair with the other. All of the clerks are either absorbed in their work or idly standing about talking. After what seems a long time to you before attention is finally given, you get into the president's room, and there you find your friend at a desk heaped with a confusion of letters and papers of all sizes and shapes, trying to dictate to a stenographer at his side, while two clerks are standing before his desk seeking attention. One of these desires to ask whether an order amounting to an insignificantly small sum shall be shipped without more credit information concerning the buyer; while the other clerk brings a message from the superintendent of the mill to the effect that more coal must soon be obtained or the mill will have to slow down.

While you are standing there the telephone on the president's desk rings, and his utterances of welcome to you are broken off as he puts his mouth to the transmitter. His remarks indicate that a customer of the company is complaining about some delayed shipment of goods.

Here again you find concentrated, forceful energy, but of what a different quality! This man possesses and shows energy in every inch of him. It sticks out in every word, act, and motion; but from the impressions you receive regarding his assistants, this energy, this force, apparently *exists in him alone.* There is no doubt that he has plenty of it, but the difference between him and your other friend is that this man cannot communicate his force to others. It is bottled up in him! His personal push keeps things moving, but at what cost, what waste of power!

You feel like saying to him: "You human dynamo, how many times during the day do you feel like kicking the whole outfit about you into the street? Hanging about, as they do, dependent upon you, receiving continuously, but giving back no real help, you feel that nobody in the establishment takes any real interest in the work. Nobody tries to take some of the pack off your shoulders."

Does not a comparison of these two men disclose the main secret of successful operation? Is it not true that no one man can carry the whole burden forever on his shoulders? No amount of money will permanently *energize* such a plant.

Unless a manager can awaken in each and all of his assistants a sufficient amount of dynamic force to set them going of themselves, he will always have before him a huge and well-nigh hopeless task. This initiative must come from within. It cannot be hammered in from without. Push and pull as much as we like, we cannot force unwilling human beings into a proper performance of their several functions. While movements produced by them upon application of outside force may give an *appearance* of effective labor, such is merely a surface appearance. If you examine well the conduct of those who patiently suffer themselves to be pushed and pulled, you will find wasted power in every act, in every thought, in every word.

Employers of men and women know better than any one can tell them that the product of unwilling service cannot be compared with that of willing service. Those who have tried many ways and means fully comprehend that in *energizing* an organization something vastly more important than money must be acquired. Indeed, it is one of the very virtues of a rounded-out and efficient self-moving organization that less money is required, because less useless money is passed through the hopper and lost in wasted energy.

It is very hard to describe the *esprit de corps* of a military company in action, yet the presence of this unified spirit is so obvious that we see it in the very expression on the faces of the men. Men experienced in handling bodies or companies or societies of men and women know that the ability to impart to others the impulse to be useful is the most valuable asset the executive head of any organization can possess. When he succeeds in getting everybody all the way down the line pushing and pulling together, he has accomplished the one great essential thing.

Business ought not to be a source of worriment, a continual hourly harassment, a lifelong burden and care. If it is per-

formed properly and easily, it ought to be a source of pleasure to the man engaged in its daily acts. Much of this real pleasure is missed by those who are unable to surround themselves with willing assistants.

Some of our friends will say that all this sounds very delightful, and that they would enjoy it very much if business could be carried on in that way—the way we suggest—but it is absolutely impracticable because we cannot get the kind of men described as necessary for our assistants. In reply, we are led to ask our friends whether they have ever really tried to readjust the various duties that must be performed by some one.

It may be that lying dormant in the people about us there is just the ability needed. Let us study the men and women in our employ carefully and sincerely with but one-tenth of the concentration applied in the effort to understand our customers. The needed faculties may all be there, undiscovered, because unsearched for. In the heart of every one of them, from our brother officers down to the porter, there is, or surely ought to be, in existence a germ of a desire to perform useful work for you. It may lie buried too deeply to show on the surface; but, depend upon it, somewhere in pretty nearly every human being is the seed of use, perhaps awaiting only a touch to begin an active development.

It does not necessarily follow that the best service which those about us can render is the best of the particular kind that we require. Where hundreds of misfits in life are recorded among the notables, many thousands exist unknown among the common people. Roughly classed into "laborers," "mechanics," "clerks," "professional men," and "bankers," there may be thrown people who exist in those groups without possessing an adequate understanding of the nature of their real calling, or why they are there. If this is true generally, it may be particularly true of our plant. Consequently many adjustments may have to be made in the men and women connected with our concern before we can get the machine properly geared up. We may have to take and give more or less severe doses of physic; but be assured that even heroic measures, if found necessary, will be worth while.

The human body is an organization, a machine. The head may retain full possession of its faculties—in other words, remain thoroughly alive—after the entire body is paralyzed. How earnestly such a man desires to get his arms and legs working—to be alive all over and in every part! What a difference there is between a completely alive business organization and a partially paralyzed one!

When men leave their homes in the morning and go to their business, they find themselves in surroundings so different, and sometimes so much less enjoyable, that they grow in time to think of business as an abstract thing, separate and apart from their home life, their real life. Some even distinguish business from the men engaged in conducting it. Can we separate an act from the actor so that the act may perform itself? If it were possible to accomplish such a feat of legerdemain, we might by another turn of the wrist construct a species of business that would run alone, that would continue to operate without the supposedly necessary dynamic force. But the idea that business is anything different from what our thoughts, words, and actions make it would not, after due thought, be received seriously by many.

The intimate relation between life and business seems to lead us to a consideration and conviction that the right thing to do with our business is to *energize the people connected with it.*

Perhaps it may have appeared from these simple suggestions that the arousing of the dormant energy in our organization is not a hard thing to do. It *is* hard in the sense that it is always hard to break up settled habits. It *is* hard to make up our minds to do something different from that to which we are daily accustomed. It *is* hard because we hate even to consider the *giving up of control;* but when our resolution is once firmly fixed, perhaps the major portion of our particular problem is already solved.

It is suggested that one of the practical things to do in the beginning is to arrange that all possible details, now binding our hands and feet like shackles, be delegated to our assistants. It seems necessary to

do this in the beginning in order that we may find time to perfect our more elaborate plans; but at once fears arise that no one can be found in the organization who can attend to these details in the efficient way in which we have been accustomed to handle them. Immediately pictures of hundreds of disastrous situations flash before the mind as the president sees the amateurish bungling by others of those details so familiar to him. It is hard to contemplate the mistakes that inevitably follow the shifting of responsibility to another's shoulders.

Unless we can look beyond the immediate consequences of those possible errors and see in the loss a larger gain, it will not be easy for us to favor any slackening of our attention of the smaller matters, the aggregate of which drives us like daily slaves. On the other hand, if we can catch a glimpse of the larger opportunities afforded by a fully organized energy, we may become convinced that nothing should prevent us from making a beginning, from inaugurating earnest effort to get everybody, from top to bottom, pushing and pulling together.

THE NEW BOOKS

The "Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens" consists of a brief biographical introduction by the editor, Myrta Lockett Avary, and Mr. Stephens's "diary kept when a prisoner at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, 1865, giving incidents and reflections of his prison life and some letters and reminiscences." It is a valuable addition to American history. It is not altogether pleasant reading to a Northern man, but we wish that it could be not only read but carefully digested by that happily decreasing number of men who keep alive their hostility to the South as a section lately in rebellion, and regard as traitors all Southerners who took part, either as soldiers or statesmen, in the Confederacy. Probably, however, it would do them no good. Could they, for example, understand the following sentence? "I told them that if, in solemn convention, the State should determine to resume her delegated powers, and assert her sovereign and independent rights, I should be bound to go with her; to her I owed ultimate allegiance; her cause would be my cause, her destiny mine. I thought the step a wrong one—it might be fatal; and exerted my utmost power to prevent it; but when it was taken, though against my judgment and counsel, I, as a good citizen, could but share the common fate, whatever it might be." We do not envy the man who can read that sentence and not realize that the act of Mr. Stephens (and this is equally true of thousands whom he represented) was that of a man absolutely loyal to his own convictions and to the government to which he believed his allegiance was primarily due. As in the American Revolution the Tory was loyal to the mother country and the revolutionist to the Colonial Government, so in the secession movement General Lee and Mr. Stephens were loyal to the State Government and General Grant and General Sherman were loyal to the Federal Government. The question at issue between them was, to which Government was the loyalty primarily due? Even he who cannot understand this simple principle can hardly fail, in reading this diary, to realize that he is listening to a soul at once devout and conscientious, who may be criticised, if you will, for an error of judgment, but cannot be condemned for a moral obliquity. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.)

There are few, if any, in our country better qualified than Professor Frederic J. Stimson to make, as he says, "some suggestions to my readers which will awaken their interest to the importance" of modern statute-making. The business man, the student of government or sociology, the lawyer, have long been painfully conscious of the prevalent tendency to secure a statute on every known subject; nevertheless, we think even they will be surprised to learn from "Popular Law-Making" that our forty-six States and two Territories enact on an average twenty-five thousand laws annually—monuments to industry, if not, in every instance, to wisdom. Professor Stimson calls to his readers' attention how modern is the notion, at least to the Anglo-Saxon mind, that any legislature can *make* laws, for centuries its only province having been deemed to *declare* them. The first five chapters of his book concern themselves largely with the early English attempts to legislate on subjects which seem to most of us peculiar to this and the last century, such as regulating the price of commodities, wages, etc., and against monopolies. The remaining chapters of the book place before his readers the present state of legislation in this country regarding "Property Rights," "Regulation of Rates and Prices," "Trusts and Monopolies," "Corporations," "Labor Laws," "Combinations in Labor Matters," "Military and Mob Law and the Right to

Arms," "Marital Relations," "Marriage and Divorce," "Women's Rights." The mere enumeration of the titles discloses how vital are his themes. Professor Stimson modestly disclaims any attempt to instruct those who have already made a study of legislation, but addresses himself to the business man, the journalist, or the political student, seeking to indicate "what has been accomplished by law-making in the past, and what is now being adopted or even proposed; the history of statutes of legislation by the people as distinct from 'judge made' law; how far legislatures can cure the evils that confront the State or the individual, and what the future of American legislation is likely to be." We think he should be congratulated upon so successfully accomplishing his endeavor. His facts, we believe, are placed before his readers with accuracy and dispassionately, though all will not agree with his deductions from those facts. His point of view is that of the friend of the common law and the rather strict constructionist, but any intelligent man will find the book stimulating, and even the specialist who has not easy access to the various State laws will find the book a valuable résumé of legislation up to the year 1909. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.)

Lovers of Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell would do well to buy L. B. Walford's "Recollections of a Scottish Novelist." The book continues the same worth-while atmosphere of British domestic life. In truth, we in America know all too little about that life; the present volume describes it interestingly and restfully. And not only do the characters in the book become very real and distinct, they stand alongside the characters in Mrs. Walford's novels "Mr. Smith" and "The Baby's Grandmother." Mrs. Walford's father was a naturalist and sportsman, and it is interesting in the present volume to read of his strenuous endeavors as an angler and a hunter, and yet observe that he did not transgress certain Scottish proprieties. While the book introduces us to this and other attractive characters, its chief merit will, we think, be as a picture of general society in Edinburgh half a century ago. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.)

A second edition has been published of "Black's Law Dictionary," a work of positive value not only to the law student and practicing attorney but to every reference library, and most of all, perhaps, to a newspaper reference library. Without attempting to discuss technically or in detail the definitions and references in this volume, it may be said, in the first place, that its arrangement, division of titles, and typographical form are excellent. Its definitions and discussion of cases are not as extensive as that of the well-known older work by Bouvier; but in other respects it is perhaps more explicit, and certainly more concise. The first edition was published about ten years ago, and the present edition has been enlarged, and, in particular, has received valuable additions in the department of medical jurisprudence and that of legal maxims. Altogether, as a single-volume law dictionary the work is thorough and valuable. (The West Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minnesota. $6.)

The recent attitude of the Roman Catholic clergy in Spain regarding the Government's attempted reforms gives some color to the oft-repeated statement that, for the most part, the Spanish clergy are pro-Carlist in their sympathies. These sympathies are doubtless not so much awakened by the character of the present Carlist pretender to the throne of Spain, or that of his father, who recently died, as by the radically progressive character and tendencies of the Spanish Government. In contradistinction, Carlism stands for reaction and for the confirmation of priests and bishops, and especially of monks and nuns, in their privileges. Carlism has thus been a bane to Spain. It arose with the succession of Ferdinand VII. Ferdinand married Maria Cristina of Naples and the Two Sicilies. Their child became Isabella II. But Isabella did not become queen without a conflict with her father's brother, Don Carlos. He maintained that the Salic Law, excluding females from the throne, obtained in Spain. A reminder of that conflict is at hand in the just-published biography by Mr. Edmond B. d'Auvergne, entitled "A Queen at Bay." It describes the struggle between Cristina and Carlos. Cristina's mission was apparently to preserve her daughter's throne. But really Cristina's work in life became far more important. Out of the conflict the Spanish people got a Constitution. In this connection it should be said to Cristina's credit that, however little she may have been moved primarily by a desire to help the people, she did emphatically protest against any attempt to revoke the liberties once granted. She thus not only instituted but preserved the constitutional monarchy of Spain. The present volume has interest, therefore, both as a dramatically told biography and as a contribution to the better understanding of whatever there is in Spanish constitutional history. (The John Lane Company, New York. $5.)

The late Dr. Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, had nearly made ready for the press a group of sermons when he was suddenly removed by death last April. These, entitled "The Essence of Religion," are now given to the public, with a preface by his widow. As The Outlook said soon after his decease, "he was one of those rare teachers who vitalize whatever topic they take up." Spiritually quickening and illuminating, these discourses, touching life at many points, must be reckoned among the more important religious books of the year. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.)

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

TRADE UNIONS ONCE UNLAWFUL

In connection with the article by Mr. Samuel Gompers which appeared in The Outlook last week, Mr. John Mitchell, writing to The Outlook, says that, prior to 1824, both by Acts of Parliament and by decisions of the courts under the Common Law, trade unions were declared to be unlawful. In "The History of Trade-Unionism," by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, will be found information concerning the combination law in force in Great Britain prior to 1824. This is also confirmed by Mr. F. A. Acland, Deputy Minister of Labor in the Dominion Cabinet, who writes as follows:

Prior to 1824 there were numerous Acts in force in England directed against labor organizations. Thirty-four were repealed by the "Combinations of Workmen Act" (5 Geo. IV, Chap. 95), beginning with the Conspiracy-Criminal Law of Edward I, about 1304–5, and ending with 57 Geo. III, Chap. 122, in 1817. The provisions in force from 1800 to 1824 forbade, under pain of fine, imprisonment, the pillory, or mutilation, any workmen from conspiring, etc., that they would not work but at a certain rate or price, or would not enterprise to finish that which another had begun, or would do but a certain work in a day, or would not work but at certain hours or times. All contracts and agreements for obtaining an advance in wages, etc., entered into between any journeymen, manufacturers, or others, are declared null and void. There were also other laws, mainly directed against political associations and movements, which were invoked against labor organizations. These were laws against conspiracy, seditious assemblies, illegal societies, etc., including an Act of 1799 suppressing all corresponding societies. ("Labor Legislation, Labor Movements, Labor Leaders," by George Howell, Vol. I, Chaps. III and IV.)

The right of workingmen to organize was denied in England by the laws against combination and conspiracy in force prior to 1824. An Act of 1825 (6 Geo. IV, Chap. 129) stated in the preamble that combinations among workmen for fixing the wages of labor, etc., "are injurious to trade and commerce, dangerous to the tranquillity of the country, and especially prejudicial to the interests of all who are concerned in them." This Act is chiefly directed against violence, molestation, and threats, and allows meetings for settling rates of wages, etc. It was in force until 1871. Mr. D. M. Parry, in his Annual Report as President of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States of America, in April, 1903, urged that "employers' associations set about the task of pulling up, root and branch, the un-American institution of trade-unionism as at present conducted." He goes on to say that the attack should be made not against "unions in themselves" but against modern trade-unionism. (Quoted in "Organized Labor," by John Mitchell, page 189.)

CRIMINAL LIBEL

I read with astonishment your editorial comment on the United States Supreme Court decision on the criminal libel prosecution of the New York "World." What you state is all true enough; the astonishment is at the airy manner in which you wave aside the whole matter of the Federal jurisdiction as a mere trivial detail, of no significance to the public, and (such at least seems to be the suppressed implication) not regarded as of any particular importance by the Federal authorities for the prosecution either. As though it were the merest "happenstance" that the Attorney-General venued his case in Federal Court! And yet this single point of the Federal jurisdiction in the case is what the whole furor was about from the beginning. That point, and that alone, was the basis for all attack against the proceedings as an infringement of the freedom of the press. No one has ever contended that the libel laws themselves are any infringement of the proper liberty of the press, or that the New York "World" ought to go unpunished if it committed criminal libel. But it is contended vigorously that to subject any newspaper to the jurisdiction of the Federal Court and a jury in Washington, D. C., if a single copy of the paper was sold in the District of Columbia, would be a serious infringement of Constitutional guarantees. I know that this precise phase of the question was involved in the Indianapolis "News" case rather than in the "World's" case. Is it your opinion that this question is of no proper interest to the public generally, or that it is of no importance in relation to the proper freedom of the press? The signers of the Declaration of Independence did not so regard it. They objected to being dragged to England, to be there tried for offenses committed in the colonies.

And why did the Attorney-General start his proceedings in Federal Court? There were old precedents throwing grave doubt, to say the least, upon the Federal jurisdiction; this was pointed out as soon as the proceedings were launched. If it was a matter of no importance what court tried these newspapers, if the only significant question was their guilt or innocence, and one court was as good as another, why did the Government choose a court of doubtful jurisdiction, and fight stubbornly to retain the cases there, instead of saving time and money by prosecuting in State Court, whose jurisdiction could not have been questioned? Are these not pertinent inquiries, and of public interest? GEORGE C. ROSS.

Duluth, Minnesota.

[We do not know why the Attorney-General brought this criminal prosecution before the Federal courts; possibly because he thought the power of the press in New York City would prevent a fair trial. We think that ordinarily criminal prosecutions for libel should be brought in the locality in which the libel is primarily published. But we should be glad to see well-considered legislation giving to the Federal courts jurisdiction over all criminal offenses committed against the persons of the President of the United States and of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and against aliens. Whether

this should include offenses against their reputation is doubtful.—THE EDITORS.]

A MAN WHO KNOWS

I have received your circular letter of the 16th inst. soliciting a renewal of my subscription to The Outlook for 1911. This necessarily brings me to a consideration of your attitude upon the vaccination question as set forth in your editorial in the November, 1910, issue. The importance of this question to the people of this country is greater than "The Conservation of Our Natural Resources," "The Tariff," "Currency," and "Freight Rate" questions, all combined, and yet you assumed in your editorial to settle it all, in favor of vaccination, by a series of glaringly untruthful and wholly unsupported assertions, foreclosing all discussion upon the subject so far as the use of the columns of The Outlook is concerned.

I have carefully studied the vaccination question for several years, and am thoroughly conversant with the expressed views of many of the most prominent advocates and opponents of the practice in the world, and I assert, knowing absolutely that I cannot be intelligently and successfully contradicted, that there is now nowhere to be found a man of *proven competency* and well-established reputation for truth and probity either in or out of the medical profession who advocates vaccination.

The chief asset of a good magazine is its editorials. If I should read any Outlook editorials in the future, I would be bound, as a matter of common sense, to view them in the light of the one referred to, which has destroyed my confidence in you as a man of probity and reliability.

I do not want The Outlook for 1911.

Omaha, Nebraska. H. E. COCHRAN.

THE CONDITIONS IN MAINE

As President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union and Vice-President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I respectfully ask the privilege of making a statement in The Outlook relative to the conditions in Maine, in which State my home has always been. For thirty years I have been actively and officially connected with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the work of which has called me into every State in the Union, and oftentimes over the sea. I refer to this fact simply to show that my opportunities to study the great problem, "What shall be done with the liquor traffic?" have not been confined to my own State, and hence I should be the better able to judge concerning the relative values of laws enacted to apply to the liquor traffic.

As is well known, Maine longer than any other State has maintained a State-wide prohibitory law. Previous to the enactment of this law Maine was one of the poorest States in the Union, but for many years Maine has been classed among the most prosperous States. The amount of money in the savings institutions of the State constantly increases, and the late report shows the per capita deposit to be $181.15. Since the enactment of the prohibitory law Maine has more than multiplied its valuation by five, while neighboring States have not multiplied theirs by three, and the last year in Maine has shown its greatest advance in this line.

The home lovers of Maine may well be proud to live in a State of which its Governor can say, as Governor Fernald said a few months ago: "There are more than 212,000 school-children in the State of Maine. Not one of this great army of healthy, happy, rugged boys and girls has ever seen, emblazoned over a store front, a sign advertising the sale of intoxicating liquors. They have walked the hundreds of miles of business streets of our twenty cities and four hundred and fifty-four towns, on their way to and from their schools, they have seen the names of their fathers shining in letters of gold as sellers of all the wholesome and necessary articles of trade, as lawyers and doctors and printers, but never as poisoners of the human system and wreckers of homes."

Colonel Fred N. Dow, a prominent citizen of Portland, and president of one of the leading banks, has recently said: "I happen to know the opinions upon this subject of many of the presidents and vice-presidents of our various financial institutions. And of those with whose opinion I am acquainted—a large majority of all—more than eighty-five per cent are favorable to prohibition. These men have come to see that under prohibition the power of the liquor traffic to sap the very foundation of business is much curtailed; they have come to believe in that policy as tributary to a sound business condition."

Mr. J. R. Libby, a prosperous and influential business man, recently stated over his own signature: "I regard the prohibitory law of Maine as much a success as is any law of the State—against crime. We have no open saloons in our city, and liquor-selling in Portland is limited to kitchen barrooms and blind tigers. No hotel in our city has any open bars, and I am sure that the laboring people of our State are to-day in much better financial condition than they would have been if we had the open saloon."

It is true that efforts for resubmission of the prohibitory amendment have often been made during the past twenty years, but have always been unsuccessful. Last September the party which has stood for resubmission elected its Governor and the majority of the legislative candidates. Resubmission was not the issue in the campaign. The Chairman of the National Committee of this party, in his comment on the Maine election, giving the reasons why the party won, made no allusion whatever to the question of temperance or prohibition. It is well known that this party came into power in Maine for the first time in thirty years on the same

political wave that later swept the States of New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, and several Congressional districts in other States. The subject of campaign speeches in Maine was invariably the high cost of living under the existing Administration and the insurgent tariff ideas so prevalent in other parts of the country; hence the voters of the State were not tested last September on the question of resubmission. The Governor of Maine, in his inaugural address on January 5, recommended resubmission, and the Legislature may vote accordingly. Even then this will not mean that all who favor resubmission are opposed to prohibition, for some strong advocates of prohibition are in favor of giving the men an opportunity to vote on the question.

The Maine Woman's Christian Temperance Union, representing thousands of Maine homes, the Maine Sunday-School Association, with one hundred thousand members, and the church organizations which have met since the September election have all declared against resubmission. We believe that since the beast of the legalized liquor traffic is caged, it is better to keep him so and not to let him out to catch him again. If resubmission comes, we shall have the greatest prohibition battle the world has ever known. On the one hand will be the mighty monopoly of the liquor trade with millions to spend for the overthrow of the prohibitory law; on the other hand will be the forces of the home and all that is good and pure and holy. I do not hesitate to predict that the law which has brought manifold blessings to Maine will be upheld and retained.

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS,
President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Portland, Maine.

A RECORD OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

In these days when many women are demanding "rights" that shall widen their field of influence, it is good to review a half-century of marvelous accomplishment by woman in her own sphere. The Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, pioneer of all our organized boards for work among heathen women, has just observed its "Golden Anniversary" at its annual meeting in New York.

This Society, born of much faith and prayer, began its work under circumstances of peculiar difficulty; it had no strong church or organization at its back, no predecessors or forerunners to blaze a track into the unknown field, no tried plans or policies upon which to model its own. The Society has always been interdenominational, its officers and constituency being women of many religious names and creeds working with one mind and heart for the Name that is above every name. Its officers are unsalaried, and its work is carried on along simple and direct lines. The Society has never been in debt.

It has schools, orphanages, and women's hospitals in India and China, and an army of trained Bible women and educated Christian teachers as helpers. In Shanghai the success of the Margaret Williamson Hospital for Women, with its eight hundred thousand patients in twenty-five years, has been phenomenal. Its school in Japan was the first girls' boarding-school in the Empire; its Bible Woman's Training-School is the largest in the country, yet not half large enough to supply the demand for workers in the needy and often still unevangelized fields.

And this is but the beginning, for at the close of this first half-century the Society is looking forward to greater things in the Master's name. Here is a field for women where laborers are still few, where a white harvest-field stands waiting to be reaped, where countless sad women of the East still sit in chains and darkness, waiting for the opening of their prison doors.

Geneva, New York. JULIA H. BRONSON.

A TRUE DISTINCTION

An article appeared in The Outlook of December 31, 1910, on "The Proposal to Increase Postage Rates," the writer taking the ground that it would be improper for the Government to tax the advertising matter in magazines while exempting those in the newspapers.

Your position in this respect seems to me to be entirely correct, but it is not consistent with your attitude with reference to the corporation tax. Some months ago your arguments in this direction were directly opposite to the views now expressed, so far as discrimination is involved. The latter method of taxation is as much discriminatory in its character as is the former. There is no just reason for taxing incorporated companies when partnerships in the same lines of business are exempted. This tax was formulated more for its publicity feature than to obtain an income, and it failed in that respect owing to the lack of sufficient appropriation. Where corporations are required to pay a tax, all individuals in the same character of manufacturing should be likewise taxed.

I think a more equitable plan for obtaining revenue by the Government would be through a stamp tax, which would be shared proportionately by every one and yet not be found burdensome to any. G. A. F.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

[We think there is a perfectly clear line of demarcation between the corporation and partnership. The corporation has some advantages over the partnership, given by law, for which it may be asked to pay. It is given continuity to live which is unaffected by the death of the individuals in it. This single feature is what makes the corporation so advantageous an institution in modern industry. There is no such distinction between newspapers and magazines.—THE EDITORS.]

The Outlook

FEBRUARY 18, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

THE INSURRECTION IN MEXICO

War is going on within sight of the United States border line—not on a large scale, to be sure, but still war. The town of Ciudad Juarez, which has been the bone of contention between the Mexican insurrectos and Federal troops, is just across the Rio Grande River from El Paso, a well-known Texan town, so that the residents of El Paso have been able to see skirmishing and maneuvering from day to day, and their usual close relations with their Mexican neighbors have been broken off. It is even reported that automobile "sight-seeing parties to the battlefield" are doing a fine business. Aviators giving an exhibition in El Paso were warned not to cross the Mexican line. When it is remembered that Juarez is at least fifteen hundred miles from Mexico City, and that it is only one of the points where insurrection has come to a head in a country of immense extent and very poor railway communications, the difficulty of dealing with the present kind of rebellion is apparent. Nowhere do the disaffected element, of which General Madero is the head, bring into the field a formidable force as compared with Mexico's military resources, but the insurrectos appear in widely separated districts, seize some place of moderate importance, and when the Federal troops are brought to bear on them, take to the hill country. What effect such a desultory and guerrilla-like rebellion will have on President Diaz's political strength it is hard to say. At present the rebellious movement is rather troublesome than formidable. A correspondent in Mexico gives The Outlook the following statement of the causes of the insurrection: "The opposition to President Diaz is due to the fact that he has not recognized the younger and more progressive men in Mexico. A chief cause of complaint is that the elections are shams; that both the legislative and judicial officers are really designated by the President rather than elected; and that the Supreme Court is not in fact a judicial body, but is dominated by Executive influence. It is a feeling among some business men, both Mexicans and foreigners, that a few rich men, Mexicans, control in a large measure the granting of privileges and concessions, and that such grants have been made more for the benefit of the private interests than the public welfare. The immediate cause of the present revolution was the treatment accorded Madero and those with him who opposed Diaz's election." Last week it was thought that General Orozco, commander of the insurrectos, might easily have captured Juarez, but he evidently was not anxious to put his little army in a position where retreat to the north would be impossible because of the United States border, while on other sides there was danger of being cut off from the hill country by the arrival of Federal troops. Both sides have been expecting reinforcements, and apparently each has hoped to attack the other's reinforcements before a junction should be formed. Meanwhile there have been a little fighting and a few casualties.

THE OPENING OF A MOMENTOUS PARLIAMENT

The first Parliament of the reign of King George the Fifth was opened with elaborate ceremony by the King on Monday of last week. The King and Queen proceeded in state from Buckingham Palace to

Westminster, and in the "gilded chamber" of the House of Lords the King read the Speech from the Throne. The Speech was brief and formal, and contained references to but two proposals for legislation. One is the Government's bill for disposing of the veto of the House of Lords, the other legislation to provide insurance for workingmen against illness and unemployment. Of these proposals the first is of course immensely the more important. It involves the issue upon which the last general election was directly fought, and upon which, in conjunction with the famous Lloyd-George Budget, the previous election was contested. At both those elections the Progressive coalition, composed of Liberals, Laborites, and Irish Nationalists, won a decisive victory. Each time the coalition secured a majority over the Unionists of 124—a majority composed of dissimilar elements, but a unit on the question of the Lords' veto. The Government will proceed at once with the Parliament Bill, introduced in the last Parliament, and practically rejected by the Lords. The Government, the Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons, will monopolize the time of the House until Easter with the purpose of getting the veto question settled before the coronation, which takes place in June. Apparently, with his united majority at his back and with the prestige of two successful elections, Mr. Asquith will be able to write the Government's veto measure into the British Constitution without delay. The Lords will doubtless continue to balk at being deprived of so much of their power, but even they must yield to the final weapon available to a Prime Minister who is unmistakably supported by the country. The Crown can overcome a hostile majority in the House of Lords by "swamping" it with newly created peers of the minority party, and apparently, in the circumstances, the Crown *must* "swamp" the House if the Lords will not surrender and the Government insists. Doubtless the Veto Bill will become a law, but doubtless not without fireworks and sounds of battle. But it is always dangerous to predict in clean-cut terms just how the British will settle any controversy. One thing only is generally sure. To use the words of an English visitor to this country, "whatever the result, it won't be as bad as anybody expects." The British have an ineradicable propensity for what they picturesquely call "muddling through," otherwise solving problems by compromise, and by adopting a mutually not too disagreeable third best in place of a philosophic best. Whatever is the final adjustment of the relations of the two houses of the British Parliament will probably be "by consent," for no other adjustment could long remain undisturbed. The process of arriving at that ultimate solution will be an interesting one to watch.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND RECIPROCITY

The appointment of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General of Canada, to succeed Earl Grey, is officially announced. The Duke will enter upon his office next September, and is to hold the appointment, not for the usual five-year term, but for two years, subject, however, to further extension. Doubtless some glamour will now be added to social and official life at Ottawa; doubtless stricter etiquette will obtain there; but the appointment is, of course, chiefly significant as marking the final step in the Dominion's evolution from a colony into a nation of practically equal status with Great Britain. For in this appointment Canada advances more definitely than ever to the first place among the component parts of the British Empire. No other part of that Empire ever had a royal prince at its head. The Duke of Connaught is King George's uncle and Queen Victoria's only surviving son. He is sixty-one years old. His wife is the daughter of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, who won distinction by his gallantry in the Franco-German War. The Duke and Duchess have three children. The eldest is the beautiful Princess Margaret Victoria, now Crown Princess of Sweden; the second is Prince Arthur, already a useful member of the royal family; the third is the sprightly and popular Princess Victoria Patricia. As the Duke of Connaught was selected for the Canadian post during the lifetime of his brother Edward VII, the assumption seems somewhat gratuitous that the appointment was

designed, in the words of the London "Standard," "to counteract the possible injurious effect of Dominion loyalty as seen in the commercial approximation of Canada and the United States." "Has Canada," the London "Daily Mail" inquires, "in growing nearer to the United States, set her foot on the road of separation from Great Britain?" As might be expected, the ultra-Conservative London "Morning Post" declares that Canada, in drawing closer commercially to the United States, diminishes her loyalty to the Empire's "defense interests and moral interests." Does she? Not if history is any guide. Little more than half a century ago Lord Elgin negotiated a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States. The consequent trade relations, lasting from 1855 to 1866, so far from swinging Canada's "defense interests and moral interests" away from Great Britain, only emphasized them as essentially British. Before 1855 there had been considerable talk in Canada of annexation to the United States, but after that date the agitation was lulled. The reciprocity relations gave to Canada the chance to feel herself a nation, but the commercial independence did not jar the political independence. Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, the English Conservative leaders, know this, and yet the one declares that the proposed reciprocity would be "an Imperial disaster," and the other says that the history of the Empire will be altered if the Dominion develops "not on national and Imperial lines, but according to geographic conditions." In other words, the Dominion should be developed, not through the channels opened by nature, but through artificial channels! Fortunately, the Government at London is under the control of the Liberals, and they are in hearty agreement with the Canadian Government in its negotiation of the reciprocity agreement. In this the Liberal Government has been confirmed by the House of Commons. Last week, by a majority of 102, an amendment to the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, practically expressing disapproval of the reciprocity agreement, was rejected. Moreover, the Liberal Government was in existence at the time when King Edward agreed to send his brother as Governor-General to Canada. Indeed, the appointment is due to the suggestion of the Liberals themselves, who foresaw that, while the Duke of Connaught could exercise no political influence as Governor-General, he could and would exercise a notable moral influence in strengthening Canadian loyalty to the Throne and the Empire.

COUNT APPONYI

To many Americans Hungary is a mere geographical expression. When we think of it at all, we are apt to imagine the land a kind of Austrian appendage. But, as a matter of fact, Hungary is no appendage, but Austria's partner in a dual Empire. Moreover, commercially and in some other directions Hungary has become the predominant partner. To reach this status Hungarian statesmen have labored for many years. The names of Kossuth and even of Deák are well known; less well known are the names of the Hungarians of to-day. Among them no one stands for greater purity of motive or for more genuine achievement than does Count Albert Apponyi, who is now visiting America. He belongs to the oldest Hungarian nobility, yet many years ago he relinquished his seat, his by right, in the House of Magnates, the upper chamber of the Hungarian Parliament, in order to sit in the lower house. Now sixty-five years old, he is working as indefatigably as ever in the direction of democracy. Ten years ago Count Apponyi became Speaker of the Hungarian House of Representatives; and his non-partisan spirit gained the confidence of all parties. But a greater distinction was to come to him during his four years' tenure of office as Minister of Education. He secured legislation providing for free primary education in Hungary, and thus stands, alongside Jules Ferry, who did the same thing in France, among the latter-day constructive patriots of Europe. First of all a Nationalist, Count Apponyi is also prominent as an Internationalist. He may be seen at all the yearly meetings of the International Parliamentary Union, whether held at Brussels, Christiania, Paris, London, or St. Louis. His over six-foot height, his long "spade" beard, prominent nose, and deep-set eyes, above all his resonant voice

and military bearing, instantly distinguish him from the less militant appearance of the other parliamentarians present. Yet none of them espouse the cause of international righteousness and peace with more fervor than does he. Indeed, his primary purpose in this visit to America is to address the New York Civic Forum and the New York Peace Society, though he will doubtless be heard in other places as well. Count Apponyi has already received the unusual distinction of addressing by invitation the United States House of Representatives from the Speaker's rostrum. In introducing Count Apponyi Mr. Cannon referred to his many years of service in the Hungarian House of Representatives and his efforts for education and democracy.

THE STARVING CHINESE

There is famine in China. It covers the northern portions of the Provinces of Kiangsu and Anhwei—an area half again as large as the State of Massachusetts. But in China the people are packed together more closely than in America. Hence the famine stares several million people in the face. They should be quickly aided, for let it not be forgotten that in China *one cent a day* will sustain an individual life! Three years ago there was famine in this self-same region and from the same cause—the failure of crops. The famine was relieved somewhat by the Chinese Government, but chiefly by foreigners, and in particular by Americans. It is a satisfaction to note that in this respect Americans are again taking the lead, and are thereby adding another proof to the fact, as The Outlook has repeatedly maintained, that America is China's best friend. Already the American Red Cross has forwarded ten thousand dollars to the sufferers, and will send them more if funds are forwarded to its office in the War Department. The Red Cross is co-operating with the Seattle Commercial Club of Seattle, Washington (the nearest American port to the Orient), which is also prepared to receive and distribute money and supplies with all possible despatch; the Club is sending a thousand barrels of flour on its own account, and Congress has granted an army transport to the Red Cross for forwarding this and other supplies, such as rice, dried fish and meat, also coarse cotton cloth and cotton wadding out of which to make quilted garments. In Shanghai foreigners representing not only all creeds and nationalities but also all the various interests, both Chinese and foreign, have organized themselves into a committee, and guarantee that all funds sent to the committee's secretary, Mr. S. K. Suzuki, at the Yokohama Specie Bank, Shanghai, will be wisely expended.

CHINA'S DUTY

With these and other humane agencies at work, foreigners are, we think, justified in asking the Chinese officials to change their proverbial slowness both in realizing the gravity of the situation and in moving when they realize it. A special reason exists for believing that this request will not be in vain, for China possesses to-day an expression of the popular will not in existence three years ago—the National Assembly, the beginning of the Chinese Parliament. It will, we are confident, operate as an agency to stir lymphatic officials who hitherto have been little stirred; for, much as the afflicted Chinese need material help, the Chinese Government and the Chinese officials equally need moral stimulus. This should not indicate that the Imperial Government and the officials are not ultimately to be reached by the cry of the suffering. Three years ago the Government showed that it was to be reached, and undertook a number of intelligent measures of relief, including the dredging of the Grand Canal. We hope to see it move with equal intelligence, but we wish we could see it move more quickly. From the rest of China it should have long since rushed forward surplus food supplies to the stricken region. It should have decreed the waiving of provincial and municipal taxation on such foodstuffs; it should have afforded its own security to such foodstuffs; and, finally, it should now be removing as many as possible of the starving men to other provinces where work is to be had. If the Imperial Government will but do one of these four things *now*, foreign aid would, we believe, be greatly stimulated,

on the principle that men, like God, help those who help themselves.

POSTAL BANKS A SUCCESS

"If the necessary appropriations were available, I would establish postal savings depositories to-morrow in five hundred additional cities and towns in the United States," stated Postmaster-General Hitchcock last week—a statement made in view of the reports thus far received from the first month's operation of the postal savings system. The reports show that the new system has already passed the experimental stage, for in the forty-eight postal depositories—one second class post-office in each State—established at the beginning of the year the total deposits for the month of January were over sixty thousand dollars. Thus the average amount—about twelve hundred and fifty dollars—received at each office is larger than the corresponding average for the British system of postal savings depositories in 1908, the most successful year in the history of that system. Assuming that this average will be maintained during the current year, the aggregate of the first annual deposit in the American postal depositories at forty-eight post-offices should reach nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. But we may also assume, we think, that, based on this success, there will very shortly be a marked extension of the system. As this will doubtless include larger communities than the minor towns where the postal depositories have so far been established, the deposits should be correspondingly greater, especially if the system should include the first-class post-offices found in the larger cities. The patrons of a great number of post-offices are now clamoring for the new banks, and, in consequence, the trustees of the system—the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Attorney-General—have recommended to Congress the appropriation of half a million dollars to be immediately available for the extension of the postal savings system. The Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads has now added its own recommendation. We hope that Congress will heed the request. Should there be objection on the ground that appropriations have already reached their proper limit, a half million dollars taken from the River and Harbor Bill, for instance, would, we believe, be better spent for the country's good by handing it to the postal savings banks' trustees.

NEW YORK AFTER ELECTION

The situation in the politics of New York State is both comic and pathetic to those who supported Mr. Roosevelt in his vigorous campaign last autumn to prevent the State from falling into the hands of what he designated as an alliance between corrupt financial interests and corrupt political interests. Mr. Roosevelt's opposition to Mr. Dix as the Democratic nominee for Governor, an opposition in which The Outlook joined, was based on the ground that Mr. Dix, while a man of personal integrity, was the choice of those elements in Tammany and in Wall Street which chiefly stand for the prostitution of politics to personal ends. It was asserted that Mr. Roosevelt, in denouncing the corrupt "interests," used exaggerated language. Mr. Dix's election was hailed as a triumph of common sense over hysterical and visionary idealism. And yet what is the situation to-day? The New York "Evening Post," the New York "World," and the New York "Times," all of which opposed the election of Mr. Stimson and a Republican Legislature, are denouncing the combination of Tammany and the "special interests" in terms which for invective far surpass those of Mr. Roosevelt. The New York "Times" sees in Governor Dix's proposed abolition of the Highways Commission an attempt on the part of Tammany to get control of the road-building of the State for its favorite contractors; the "World" thinks, in double-leaded editorials, that Tammany must be smashed; the "Evening Post" appears to be of the opinion that no decent man can continue to live in New York State if Mr. Sheehan is elected. The Outlook hopes as strongly as it did last autumn that the New York Legislature will elect a Senator who stands for the integrity of popular government, and that, therefore, Mr. Sheehan will be defeated; it hopes that Mr. Dix will resist the terrible press-

ure which is brought upon any Governor in his position by the corrupt influence within Tammany Hall; but at the same time we ask those who are now clamoring against the debasing work of Mr. Murphy and the "special interests" to consider whether, after all, the position which Mr. Roosevelt took in the last campaign was not the effective and genuine one to have espoused in behalf of good government. It may be interesting to our readers to have a Western view of this curious situation, and we therefore quote from a very clearly put editorial about it in the Louisville "Post:"

The New York "Evening Post" says, after a review of the situation at Albany, that the paramount and pressing duty resting upon every citizen in New York is to destroy the Murphy machine. That was as clear last summer as it is to-day. The Murphy machine, in combination with the Republican machine, had thwarted the purposes of Governor Hughes, had prostituted legislative power to the promotion of graft and privilege, had offended the moral sense of the whole country. At the solicitation of Governor Hughes and President Taft, Mr. Roosevelt made his fight within the Republican party against the Barnes machine, against bossism, against all of the influences that run counter to the principles of free government. But the very entrance of Mr. Roosevelt into this contest aroused the indignation of the New York "Evening Post," the New York "World," the "Sun" and the "Times" and Wall Street, and Tammany Hall took advantage of this opportunity; it named its ticket; it drew its platform, and by the support of the very men that are now calling for its destruction Tammany Hall was able to defeat the reformed Republican party. Never was there greater blindness on the part of so-called political leaders. Never did a press show itself so unworthy of popular confidence as did the press of New York City in the last campaign. Never was the intelligence of journalism so discredited. It was known that Mr. Murphy was Boss, obstinate, resourceful, unyielding. He bossed the Convention. He bossed the ticket. He bossed the campaign. Now that he proposes to boss the Legislature and put a Tammany man in the United States Senate, the New York "Post" cries out against his ascendency, and says it is the paramount duty of every citizen to destroy Murphy and Tammany Hall.

THE SELDEN PATENT

Those of our readers who are the owners of automobiles have known that the manufacturers were divided into two groups—those who were licensed under the Selden patent, and the so-called "independents." The United States Circuit Court of Appeals has recently rendered a decision in regard to this patent which reverses the decree of the lower court and probably ends a long-drawn-out lawsuit, confirming the position of the independents. It has perhaps seemed to a good many that the independents had simply been endeavoring, by the strength of combination and the employment of eminent legal talent, to get rid of paying a justifiable royalty, but the decision of the Court of Appeals indicates that the legal right was with the protestants. The history of this patent is a commentary on some of the weak points of our United States patent laws, under which a patent application can be kept alive for years, and the final issue when granted is not dated from the time of application. George B. Selden is a patent attorney, and he filed an application as far back as 1879, keeping the application alive in the Patent Office, by methods which the attorneys understand and which were perfectly legal, until 1895, when the patent was granted. In 1879 the automobile was practically unknown to the general public, but by the time the patent was issued everybody was familiar with these self-propelling vehicles, and many were surprised to learn that real inventions of others long after 1879, and which they supposed were original with them, were covered by an application made years before and concerning which they could have no possible knowledge. In the lower courts the inventor's contention was sustained, for it seemed that he had strictly followed the requirements of the law, although the judges recognized the hardship to other inventors and manufacturers. In one decision the presiding judge said:

> No litigation closely resembling these cases has been shown to the court, and no instances known to me of an idea being buried in the Patent Office, while the world caught up to and passed it, and then embodied in a patent only useful for tribute.

The application for this patent stated its object to be "the production of a safe, simple, and cheap road locomotive, light in weight, easy to control, possessed of sufficient power to overcome any ordinary inclination." The specific claims were

divided into six groups, and it is doubtful whether any one of them by itself was an absolutely new idea even in 1879, but the Patent Office allowed a *combination* of the idea in these six groups, and issued a so-called "combination patent," deciding that the combination (*a*) of a carriage with its body, machinery, and steering-wheel, with the (*b*) propelling mechanism, clutch, and gear, and finally (*c*) the engine, made a patent valid. The decision of the final court admits that the Selden patent is valid as a patent, and that perhaps the combination above referred to represented a novelty entitled to the protection of the Patent Office, but that the specific type of engine which Selden evidently had in mind was so different from those now universally used that this element in the combination of the three claims which were the basis of the patent is not present in modern automobiles; and hence that, if one element in the combination patent fails, the whole patent must fail. In other words, if any one were to use the form of engine employed by Selden, he might be an infringer of the patent; not so any one using the present type of power generator. If any of our readers desires to go more fully into the technical points raised in the decision, a discussion of them will be found in the "Scientific American" for January 21, as well as in the publications more specifically devoted to the automobile industry.

A GREAT AMERICAN PAINTER

In the current issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" an accomplished English critic, Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, expresses his belief that America must patiently wait for the future to develop an art and a literature characteristic of her spirit and soil. His argument is very simple. She must wait because art is a product of tradition and nurture, and America has not yet had time enough to form traditions or to devote to nurture. The Outlook does not undervalue the influence of tradition, but Mr. Benson, like many others of his well-intentioned countrymen, is unaware of the fact that for the past two hundred years we have been forming some traditions. One is that the best art of any people is a product of its own life and soil. In accordance with this truth America is already producing, in architecture, in literature, and in pictorial art and sculpture, works of beauty that are indigenous to its soil. As a confirmation of this assertion we refer to the memorial exhibition of paintings by Winslow Homer which may be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. For Winslow Homer was not only distinctly an American personality and received his inspiration and education in this country, but he painted pictures which are peculiarly American in their atmosphere and character; that is to say, they could not have been painted by any artist of any other nationality on any other soil. The Outlook has already said on another occasion that, in its judgment, a consensus of opinion from American artists and art critics would rank Winslow Homer, taking all his qualities into consideration, as probably the greatest painter that America has so far produced. There have been greater landscapists, greater figure painters, men who were greater in composition and technique, but no one who had a greater conception of the power and majesty of Nature and a greater skill in depicting it. The memorial exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, although small, admirably displays this quality, as, for example, in the "Banks Fishermen," "The Coming Storm," and "Eight Bells." This phase of Homer's genius is perhaps better disclosed in three pictures presented to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. George A. Hearn, which, however, are not in the memorial group, but are found in another part of the building, namely, "Cannon Rock," "The Searchlight," and "The Northeaster." Even in his remarkable water-colors of Bermuda and Nassau the thing that strikes the observer most forcibly is not the wonderful color and the luxuriant growth of the tropics, but the eternal vitality which is behind all natural phenomena. Winslow Homer did not depict Nature in her graceful and charming moods. To do that is the work of the lyrical and not the epic artist. But there are in his work occasional disclosures of his love for Nature in her more intimate relationships. Where can one find a more delightful por-

trayal of the summer breeze and the summer blossom, together with human enjoyment of it all, than in the water-color entitled "The Berry-Pickers"? No art can claim commendation merely because it is national. But when it is intrinsically noble and beautiful and is also intrinsically national, it is quite justifiable for the nation which produces it to take some pride in the fact. It should be added that the Metropolitan Museum deserves much praise for arranging this and similar exhibitions for the benefit of the general public.

DR. JOWETT COMING TO NEW YORK

Another distinguished English preacher is coming to New York; this time to the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, which has long been vacant. Dr. J. H. Jowett, preacher of the Carrs Lane Congregational Church, Birmingham, England, has accepted a call from the church and ended a three years' persistent endeavor on the part of the church to secure his services. When it was known that he had received an invitation from the New York congregation, great efforts were made to keep him in England; the city magistrates of Birmingham appealed to him to remain in that city, and it is reported that bishops of the Church of England expressed a very strong desire that he should continue his work in that country. He is said to be one of the most effective preachers in the English pulpit, the special characteristic of his sermons being their impassioned eloquence. Two years ago Dr. Jowett visited this country, preached in the church to which he has now been called, and made a deep impression upon the congregation. In fact, wherever he spoke during his American visit he proved an eminently acceptable preacher. Last year he was elected President of the Free Church Council, one of the most important positions open to a Nonconformist minister in England. He was born in Yorkshire, and educated at the University of Edinburgh and at Mansfield College, Oxford, a Congregational institution of which Dr. Fairbairn is the eminent President. He has had only two pastorates. In a letter written to the congregation to which he will minister in the future Dr. Jowett says that he declined the first call of the church as the result of the very strong claims to duty in England which were pressed upon him; that he declined a second call in June last; that the renewal of the call for the third time has given him the feeling that his duty in the future lies in this country. He adds that he is sure he will not need the large salary offered him, and that when he meets the officers of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church he intends to ask their judgment as to the equivalent of his present salary as his stipend for the future, thus silencing at once those critics, of whom there are always many, who have not been slow to suggest that he was yielding to the temptation of a larger salary. In justice to Dr. Jowett, the officers of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church will no doubt explain to him the difference in the cost of living between Birmingham and New York.

THE CHILD WELFARE EXHIBIT

The Child Welfare Exhibit, which has just been concluded in New York City, is an extraordinary manifestation of the constant work of practical altruism which is going on in this community. The Exhibit covered a field which is almost as unbounded as life itself, because the welfare of the child touches every phase of life. Domestic science, pictorial art, music, the drama, clothing, food, education, the care of delinquents, and the protection of waifs and strays from criminal association are some of the departments of this Exhibit which come at random to the mind of one who has visited it. The Outlook has already given considerable space to a report of this remarkable study of child life, and will in the future have still more to say about it. At this time we wish to call attention to one particular phase of altruistic work for children which has been brought to the attention of the public at the Exhibit, namely, the care by municipal and private agencies of delinquents and deficient children. An article on another page of this issue by Mr. Coulter, of the New York Children's Court, tells an intensely interesting human story of the work of the city in this regard. Last week, at one of the many conferences at

the Welfare Exhibit, Judge Franklin C. Hoyt, who has done fine work sitting upon the bench of the Children's Court, read a paper in which he outlined the spirit and methods that should characterize a well-conducted Children's Court. In our judgment, the striking portion of Judge Hoyt's address was that in which he differentiated idealism and sentiment from sentimentalism:

I have also referred to the tendency of sentimentalism to weaken the authority of the Court. By this I mean the efforts, on the part of some theorists, towards eliminating all dignity and show of discipline from the Court procedure, and reducing to a minimum the power of the judge (or, as they would prefer calling him, perhaps, the children's disciplinarian). I do not mean the enlightened policy of seeking to eliminate as far as possible the idea of a criminal court, and of doing all to bring the child in closer contact with the judge himself. With these latter tendencies I am in the fullest accord. The Children's Court must not be regarded as a criminal one. I venture to say that here in New York over one-half of the serious cases with which we have to deal are those of the neglected, not delinquent, child, and even a case of delinquency must not be treated as a criminal prosecution. The Court, in a large measure, properly belongs among those which have ever been the most efficient in English jurisprudence—the Courts of Equity. But call it what you will, a quasi-criminal court, a court of equity, or a court of chancery, it should ever remain a solemn tribunal—a tribunal, it is true, of infinite tenderness and patience, but nevertheless an institution of great dignity, of great power, and of great capacity for good. It should rank here, as it does in many other places, second to none as a court of original jurisdiction. I look forward to the time when, instead of having its authority lessened, it shall be endowed in New York with the larger power it possesses in other States to try, not only the children's cases themselves, but all cases involving children. There is no need, either, to lay down any rules restricting the judge in his method of dealing with his cases; rather should he be permitted to suit his procedure to the special need of each individual case. I speak, of course, not of legal procedure, but of the court's surroundings and the judge's method of conducting his hearings. At times, in the simplest manner possible, he must act as the guide, counselor, and friend of the erring child that may be brought before him; at others he must impress an offender with the authority of the law. At times he must act as a sympathetic adviser to an unfortunate parent, at others he must deal severely and sternly with a neglectful one. Surely the judge can be trusted to suit his procedure and his methods according to the facts of each case, for in no other way, so far as I can see, can we hope to achieve the best results.

What Judge Hoyt here says contains doctrine which is worth considering, not only by courts and court officers, but by fathers and mothers in every family—for every family in which there are children is a sort of court of education, correction, discipline, and encouragement, and the father and mother are the judges.

THE NEEDS OF JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

The trustees of Johns Hopkins University have recently issued an appeal for a special "endowment and extension fund" of $2,000,000. The citizens of Baltimore—who had already contributed to the support of the University more than $3,500,000—have given a fresh evidence of their civic pride by subscribing almost half the entire amount. This generous response has secured a further sum of $250,000 which had been conditionally offered by the General Education Board; and the trustees now propose to ask for the remainder of the fund from the friends of higher education in other cities. As a pioneer in post-graduate work and in systematic research, Johns Hopkins has always occupied a unique position among the American universities; and its record of the past thirty-five years is the best justification of a wider appeal for assistance in the extension of its work. It has done much for American scholarship and education, and it is entitled to the support of the whole country. The purpose of this new fund is partly to transfer the University to its new site at "Homewood," and partly to provide for the extension of its activity into several new departments of study. These new departments are to be: A School of Applied Science, in which advanced students will be taught methods of scientific investigation applicable to existing industrial pursuits; a School of Jurisprudence, not merely vocational or professional in character, but a place for the scientific study of laws and their effect upon communities; and a Department of Preventive Medicine, in connection with the Johns Hopkins Medical School, which will apply scientific methods to the study of problems concerning the public health.

A NOTEWORTHY PROJECT IN HIGHER EDUCATION

A real democracy must see that the chance for an elementary education is open to every man and woman. This is the first essential. But it is also essential that there should be the amplest opportunity for every kind of higher education. The education of the mass, while the most important problem in democratic education, is in no way or shape by and of itself sufficient. Democracy comes short of what it should be just to the extent that it fails to provide for the exceptional individual the highest kind of exceptional training; for democracy as a permanent world force must mean not only the raising of the general level but also the raising of the standards of excellence to which only exceptional individuals can attain. The table-land must be raised, but the high peaks must not be leveled down; on the contrary, they too must be raised. Highly important though it is that the masons and bricklayers should be excellent, it is nevertheless a grave mistake to suppose that any excellence in the bricklayers will enable us to dispense with architects.

In this country we have met better than in other countries the demand for general education, and there is now on foot a widespread and most useful and important agitation to better this type of general education by making it more practical, by making it more a training of the average boy and girl for what that average boy or girl must do in after life. The higher technical schools carry out the same purpose on a more advanced scale. Law schools, medical schools, agricultural institutes, engineering schools, and all similar schools for technical training are being improved and are increasing in numbers. The average State university takes its students as soon as they leave the high schools and gives them a technical training as a preparation for some professional or commercial career, and it does this on so large a scale and so successfully that the small, privately endowed college of the old type cannot in this field compete successfully with its great State-aided rival. The large private universities, especially in the East, which have no State support, have been forced to meet this rivalry, and have been enabled to do so only by the extraordinary gifts which they have received from friends and alumni. Through these endowments new technical schools and professional and post-graduate courses have been established in profusion, and it is this fact that enables Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, and certain other similar private institutions to perform the work which the State universities also perform, by taking students from high schools and graduating them equipped to pursue a technical occupation.

It is to meet the state of affairs thus created that Messrs. E. Parmalee Prentice, Ellsworth G. Lancaster, and William G. Thayer, of the class of 1885 at Amherst, have as a committee prepared a plan which they have submitted to the trustees of that college. Their report is one of the most noteworthy of recent educational documents. In their opinion, Amherst at present has no place such as that which it filled fifty or even twenty-five years ago, when education was not of so technical a character, and when a college man was more representative of individual training and general culture than at present. As things are now, the high school fits for the university, and the university for the selected calling. Amherst, on the other hand, demands a preparation not within the tendencies of the high school, and gives a course of training which does not specially fit a man for any particular calling. Moreover, Amherst has not the means which will enable it much longer to compete on their own terms against the State universities and huge privately endowed universities. Either Amherst must be content to occupy an entirely secondary position in the educational field, or else it ought to occupy a no less entirely separate and distinctive portion of that field.

The three men who have signed the address then proceed to give the reasons why they believe that there is a distinctive field of the highest value which Amherst both can and ought to occupy. With equal boldness and wisdom, they advocate Amherst's frankly taking the position that it does not intend to have anything to do with that type of education—necessarily, much the most popular type—the appraisal of which is purely commercial, the

value of the training being measured by the income it returns. They insist that, in addition to this more ordinary and usually more necessary form of training, there is another which should be undergone simply for the sake of learning and for the benefit of the State; the kind of training which will help in giving to the State the incalculable benefits of a literature of the first rank and statesmanship of the first rank. For this purpose they believe that Amherst, so far from diminishing the attention given to classical training, should greatly increase it, modifying it from time to time, of course, to meet the demands of modern scholarship; and that for this purpose Amherst's aim should be to get the best teachers of the country in its own chosen field of work, and the ablest and most serious of the young men who desire to profit by such a course of teaching. They propose that Amherst shall frankly abandon the purely scientific part of collegiate work and stand for a liberal classical education, an education along the old lines, but better than could be obtained by the old methods; an education which will make Amherst of high value to the public by training statesmen and leaders of public thought in civics, in the history of government, in the development and significance of institutions, in the meaning of civilization. This education is, in Amherst, to be the substitute for the effort personally to equip a man for a trade.

The committee is careful to explain that it does not advocate the elimination of the sciences nor advocate the unchanged classical course of fifty years ago. A knowledge of science is part of a liberal education; but the science is to be taught so as to turn out, not an engineer, a chemist, an electrician, a biologist, but a man of broad general scientific as well as of broad general classical training. The committee also expressly disclaims any kind of criticism upon what is done by the average big university of to-day, and especially by the average State university. On the contrary, it explicitly recognizes the fact that technical education and trade education are essential to the work of the world, and that the vast development of the schools and universities in technical lines has been a public and urgent necessity. But it insists, and quite rightly, that this does not meet all the demands of the world, and that different institutions can with profit to the public turn their attention in different directions. Its theory is that Amherst should stand for a cultural education, for one which will give breadth of view, which will fit a man not so much to be a leader in any one special calling as to be a leader of public thought; that the graduate of Amherst shall not be specially fitted for one vocation, but that his training shall have been such as to stand outside the straight line to pecuniary reward. There is room in our country for institutions of every kind, and the need for highly efficient technical schools does not imply that there is any less need than formerly for the highest and best type of classical education.

Accordingly the committee states that, in its judgment, Amherst should now completely cease the effort to compete in technical education with other institutions, and devote itself to the classical field of education—to what were once called the "humanities"—and that in this field it should endeavor to take a position as a leader. To accomplish this end, it advocates, first, that the faculty should be composed of the best teachers in the country for their chosen courses, and, second, that the body of students and the purpose and life of the college should be directed toward excellence in scholarship. The most fundamentally important part of the proposition is the proposal to stop all effort to increase the material equipment of the College, and, instead, to endeavor to increase the infinitely more important intellectual equipment by very largely raising the salaries of the instructors. Not only is the committee absolutely right in this proposition as regards Amherst, but what it says applies in only a less degree just as much to other institutions of learning. Altogether too much money has been put into bricks and mortar in our colleges compared to the amount that has been put into the salaries of the men who are to give the instruction. A really good university should have among its professors not only good teachers, but men of creative and productive scholarship. There are many such now. But

there ought to be many more. It is not necessary that teaching be made a conspicuously lucrative profession, but it is necessary that the compensation be not conspicuously low. A young man of ability with high ideals ought not to make money-making his first preoccupation. But he certainly and emphatically ought to insist upon an adequate salary, one sufficient to support his family and to enable him to associate with his equals on equal terms. A successful professor in a prominent college should occupy a position that will compare well in dignity with the position achieved by success in other occupations. The very low salaries of our college instructors and professors represent a fundamental National evil. There should be a fundamental change, and, as the committee says, in order to bring about this fundamental change what is needed is not a slight increase but a radically new standard of compensation. If Amherst would take the lead and in striking fashion inaugurate this new standard, that mere fact would at once give the College a commanding position of a unique kind.

In conclusion, the committee urges, to carry out its policy:

(1) That the instruction given at Amherst College be a modified classical course.

(2) That the degree of Bachelor of Science be abolished.

(3) That the College adopt the deliberate policy of devoting all its means to the indefinite increase of teachers' salaries.

(4) That the number of students attending the College be limited.

(5) That entrance be permitted only by competitive examination.

I am by no means sure that this fifth provision is wise; and, in my judgment, the "classical course" should include also a wide sweep of general history and literature. But the propositions, taken together, represent a proposal which, though radical and startling in its novelty and in its utter divergence from the ordinary type of educational proposal, nevertheless, if put into effect, will mean far-reaching benefit to our National life. If Amherst College is willing and able substantially to adopt the suggestion of the committee, a great good will have been accomplished; and in any event the committee is to be congratulated for having so clearly set forth the principle which it is more essential for America than for any other nation effectually to realize.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE PLATFORM

The National Progressive Republican League, as reported in The Outlook for February 4, indorses five proposed reforms. They are not properly party measures, and are both supported and opposed alike by Republicans and Democrats. They are these:

Direct primaries.

Popular election of delegates to the National Convention.

Election of United States Senators by the people.

The referendum, initiative, and recall.

An effective corrupt practices act.

To these we add a sixth—the short ballot.

Under the convention system the party leaders select the candidates; the people choose between the candidates presented to them. Under the direct primary the voters in the respective parties select the candidates. In the latter case the electors choose between the candidates selected by the leaders, in the other case between the candidates selected by the parties. The direct primary is democracy carried into party organization.

The short ballot enables the people to know the man they are voting for and to hold him responsible for the results of the election. We have the short ballot in the Federal election. We elect a President, and he appoints the heads of Departments. In most of the States we have a long ballot, and elect the heads of Departments—in New York State a Secretary of State, a Comptroller, a State Treasurer, a State Engineer, and an Attorney-General. The voter hardly knows their duties; he does not know at all their capabilities. He votes the party ticket; that is, he votes for the men who have been selected for him by the party leaders. This is not democracy; it is oligarchy. It is not rule by the many; under guise of rule by the many, it is rule by the few.

By a different process, but with a simi-

lar result, the United States Senator is selected for the people, not by the people. This is strikingly illustrated by the play going on at Albany to-day. It is the duty of the Legislature to elect a United States Senator. Governor Dix, who was elected by the people of the State, and who represents officially the Democratic party which elected him, thinks he has no right to interfere, and will exert no influence. Mr. Murphy, who holds no office and has no constituency, is troubled by no such scruples, but attends the Legislature as punctually as if he were a member of it. If Mr. Sheehan is elected, it will be because Mr. Murphy selected him—unless the report of the New York "Times" Albany correspondent is correct—and the New York "Times" was, in the last election, a Democratic organ. Its correspondent reports that Mr. Murphy would withdraw Mr. Sheehan and substitute another candidate, but that certain Wall Street interests which he serves refuse their permission. So we have in this State this spectacle: The people elect a Legislature to elect a Senator, and an unknown financial boss selects the Senator whom the political boss requires the Legislature to select. The remedy is a direct primary for the nomination of Senators, and a popular election to choose between the nominees.

Into the details of a corrupt practices act we do not enter. It ought to include prohibition of corporation contributions, official accounting for all receipts and expenditures by or on behalf of the candidate and of the campaign committee, disfranchisement of any man convicted of offering bribes, permanent disqualification for office of any man proved to have been elected or appointed to office as a result of bribery of which he had knowledge.

These four measures to protect the people from the cunning devices of astute politicians combined to defeat the popular will and to promote the special interests ought to have the support of the honest men of all parties. And if the honest and earnest defenders of popular government against the oligarchy doubt the wisdom of these measures or any of them, they should at least recognize the evil and propose some other and better remedy.

The Outlook cannot declare itself with equal explicitness on the referendum, the initiative, and the recall. They are still in the experimental stage. The results in Switzerland, where they have had a considerable trial, and in Oregon, where the referendum and the initiative have apparently worked well in a rural community, are not so conclusive as to prepare us to urge their universal and unqualified acceptance. The same thing may be said as to the successful application of the recall in Los Angeles. It is true, however, that they are not doctrinaire proposals; they have produced some good results where tried, and deserve serious consideration.

All three may be roughly described as devices to make the machinery of popular government more immediately responsive to the popular will. The effect of all three is to remove some of the brakes and hindrances which our fathers thought necessary to prevent the hasty errors which might be produced by popular prejudice and popular passion. The political history of America indicates that democracy is less liable to sudden gusts of passion and prejudice than our fathers anticipated.

Practically all Americans are agreed that the referendum can be properly and successfully employed in certain cases. It is almost universally used in the case of Constitutional amendments in the States, and is extensively used in the adoption of municipal charters and bond issues. Amendments to the Federal Constitution are not referred to the people; but there is no reason why they should not be so referred; why, for example, the *people* of the States instead of the *Legislatures* of the States should not vote directly on such a measure as the proposed Income Tax Amendment. The referendum may also be gradually extended to other matters of public importance and public interest with probable advantage, provided great pains are taken to secure an adequate presentation of the issue to the people and an adequate public discussion of it. The existence of such provision has done much to make the referendum in Oregon a success; the absence of such provision has made the vote in New York State on Constitutional amendments very light and frequently not very intelligent. In France the question whether the people would have an imperial form

of government and Louis Napoleon for Emperor was referred to them; but no alternative was presented, and the people chose imperialism rather than anarchy—an illustration of the fact that the value of a referendum depends largely on the manner in which the issue referred to the people is framed.

The initiative is a process by which laws are proposed, on the petition of a certain specified proportion of the voters, for action either by the Legislature or by the direct vote of the people through a referendum. What we have said concerning the referendum applies equally to the initiative. The numerously signed petition for the pardon of Charles W. Morse, the convicted banker, illustrates the fact that it is easy to get many signatures to a petition if a few men are in earnest to get them. The numerously signed petition for the abolition of the canteen illustrates the fact that it is easy to get a superficial sentiment, not made deliberate by any broad discussion or any public sense of responsibility, to overrule the expert judgment of those who know conditions. We believe that a simple provision enabling a minority of a House, say a fourth of its members, to compel any committee to report to the House any measure committed to it, would be more practically effective than the initiative in securing public consideration and final adoption of desirable legislation now shelved by secret influences. But the two reforms are not inconsistent. The initiative, wherever adopted, should be accompanied by some adequate provision for the expert drafting of proposed measures.

The recall enables the people by a special election, ordered on the petition of a specified proportion of the voters, to remove from office an elective officer before his term expires. The arguments for the recall are two: First, the people may elect for a longer term, and so avoid frequent elections. Thus they may, as in Boston, elect a mayor for four years and provide that he *can* be recalled after two years, instead of electing him for two years and requiring him to go before the people for a reelection at the end of that time. Second, the people, if they have made a mistake in electing an officer and are convinced of their mistake by his course in office, can correct it by recalling him. The recall should, in our judgment, be confined to administrative officers, and to municipal, town, and village communities. It should not be extended to legislative or judicial officers nor to the chief executive of the State until it has been fairly tried in the municipalities; and it should be exercised only for serious malfeasance or neglect in office, not for mere difference of opinion.

To sum up: The Outlook regards the referendum, the initiative, and the recall as promising experiments, but as yet only experiments, which are to be measured by their results. The direct primary, the popular election of United States Senators, an effective corrupt practices act, and the short ballot we regard as already demonstrated. The necessity of the direct primary and the popular election of United States Senators has been demonstrated by the failure of the present method to give the results the Nation needs. The value of an effective corrupt practices act has been demonstrated by the results of such an act in England; the value of the short ballot by the results of the short ballot in our Federal elections.

GREELEY, SUMNER, AND MORTON

The centenaries of the birth of both Horace Greeley and Charles Sumner have recently been celebrated. It is a good thing for us in America, who particularly need a historical perspective, to keep alive the memory of the men who rendered real service to the Nation in the past. Both Horace Greeley and Charles Sumner were among these men.

Horace Greeley was by far the most influential newspaper editor this country ever possessed. In the fundamentals his example is one which present-day editors can well afford to imitate so far as their powers permit. No other paper, before or since, has occupied the position which the "Tribune" held during so much of the period when Horace Greeley was its editor. Means of communication then were nothing like what they are now, and yet the weekly "Tribune" was read

from Maine to Iowa, and exerted a really extraordinary influence upon the thought of the country. It never professed to be, and indeed would not have cared to be, a paper merely for the cultivated classes. But its homely shrewdness and burly good sense and patriotism made it a fit exponent of the ideals of those Americans who made up the really essential part of our population and who finally realized their highest ideal in the person of Abraham Lincoln. The "Tribune" rendered its greatest service in the years immediately preceding the Civil War. Horace Greeley stood high among the men who trained the best people of the North to realize that slavery was a National curse. He was one of the most potent influences in strengthening the minds and hearts of that generation which needed all its strength in order that it might stand the strain of the Civil War.

Before the struggle actually began Greeley loomed large as one of the leaders in the work of preparation. After the struggle had begun, while the part that he still played was important and useful, it was less important and less useful than that which he had formerly played, or than that which others were then playing. He had in him a vein of the erratic which rendered it impossible for him to adhere to one course with the unfaltering steadfastness which marked Lincoln. Moreover, he, like Sumner (although to a much less degree than the abolitionists who followed Garrison and Phillips), suffered from the defects which marred so much of the otherwise very lofty work done by the men who first taught our countrymen keenly to realize the meaning of liberty. In their zeal for all the virtues, the special apostles of liberty often preached other doctrines utterly incompatible with it. Greeley and Sumner and their fellows, of course, were never guilty of the absurdities into which Phillips and Garrison fell—such an absurdity, for instance, as, in the name of hostility to slavery, proposing to break up the Union and thereby absolutely to destroy the power to deal with slavery; but both Greeley and Sumner had, incongruously enough, praised peace, not as a means, but as an end, at the very time that they insisted upon a course of conduct which probably meant war and which could be justified only by willingness to resort to arms if the provocation became sufficient. This fundamental incongruity in their principles was lastingly mischievous in its effects. Unquestionably, Greeley's occasional wavering in his support of Lincoln and the policies which triumphed in the spring of 1865 was largely due to his never having effectively realized the fact that stern willingness to appeal to arms and unfaltering resolution in carrying a contest to a successful conclusion may at any time in a nation's history become the one vital and all-important trait in that nation's character.

Sumner's activity covered about the same period as Greeley's. Like Greeley, he showed himself to be a great National worthy. He was one of those men to whom this Nation owes much. Again like Greeley, his period of greatest usefulness was in the dozen years preceding the outbreak of the war—not either during the war itself or during the immediately succeeding period.

Sumner's audience was different from Greeley's. Greeley was as much a man of the plain people as Lincoln himself, and he was known quite as well in the West as in New York, and almost as well in rural New England. Sumner's popular audience was much smaller, but the effect of his words and actions among the highest thinkers of New England and their fellows elsewhere was very marked. His voice rang like a trumpet in the ears of our people as he bade them realize their sin, and his ardent championship of the great, immutable principles of righteousness and liberty and justice sent a thrill through the hearts of the young men and caused a stir in the blood of even the most callous worshipers of Mammon. There is in his life ample opportunity for criticism. His vituperation of his political opponents was not only unseemly, but was of such a character as to render it discreditable to him to use such language unless he was prepared to defend himself. Nor was his course during and after the war on a level with his course in the years preceding. Nevertheless, as with Greeley, the fact remains that the Nation is his debtor, that he rendered a great service

to all the people, and left behind him a fine record of disinterested devotion to high causes.

The National recognition which Greeley and Sumner have won for themselves should be kept alive; but we should remember that it was due in part to the fact that, rendering their service by tongue and pen, they were constantly before the public. Many, too, of their contemporaries, men like Seward, Stanton, and Chase, were where all men could see them, and were only less conspicuous than the great commanders in the field. The Nation should not forget such men as these; but it should remember others who rendered a service no less great but less conspicuous. Among those none deserves higher recognition than the great war Governor of Indiana, Oliver P. Morton. For the most part the biographers and historians of the period of struggle which culminated in the Civil War came from the Northeast. As a consequence of that fact a man who, like Morton, did his work in civilian capacity west of the Alleghanies was less likely to receive his share of attention and praise. Even among war Governors the one who figures most largely in writings about the war is Andrew, of Massachusetts. No one should undervalue the great services of Andrew; but Massachusetts was without reservation loyal to the Union, while Indiana was nearly evenly divided. The task that fell to the Governor of Massachusetts was not to be compared in difficulty and importance with that which fell upon the Governor of Indiana.

Indiana was the most doubtful State in the North, the State in which the Confederate sympathizers formed themselves into secret organizations, such as the Knights of the Golden Circle, and were bent upon accomplishing their purpose by violence. A vivid picture of just what the Southern Indiana secessionists really were is given in Phœbe Brown's "Knights in Fustian." There was nothing, from armed revolution to assassination, which they did not seriously threaten. They were frankly disloyal to the Union and frank in their advocacy of the success of the Confederacy. Indiana's geographical position was such that secessionist control of the State would have split the Union, from the Canadian border to the edge of the Confederacy, nearly in two.

In 1862, in the time of general depression and reaction, the Democrats, under the most extreme and violent secession leadership, carried Indiana and controlled both houses of the Legislature. Governor Morton had charge of the armed forces of the State. The Legislature resolved to take from him this power and vest it in itself, with the avowed purpose of recalling the Indiana troops from the front. As it could not pass such a measure over Morton's veto, the Legislature appended it as a rider to the appropriation bill, announcing that no money to run the government would be appropriated unless the Governor yielded in the matter of the troops. To yield would have been very possibly fatal to the Union cause. Morton refused to yield. Taking advantage of the provisions of the Indiana law, he allowed the legislative session to lapse and declined to call the Legislature together. He had not a penny with which to run the State, but he never flinched, never faltered for one moment. He came on to Washington and got some money from Stanton, and in New York, by his personal pledge, he secured the remaining funds necessary from the great patriotic banking house of the Laniers. Then for two years, with iron will and iron hand, he ran the government on the money which he had thus borrowed on his own responsibility, met all the demands made by the National authorities for troops, kept his troops thoroughly equipped and supplied at the front, put down every attempt at insurrection at home, and, by the mere force of his tremendous personality, thus kept Indiana in the Union and very possibly saved the Union from complete disaster. With heart and nerves of steel, he laughed at the incessant plots to assassinate him, met attempted violence by the instant, unsparing, and effective use of force, and opposed to the political cunning and desperate demagogy of his enemies his own masterly proficiency in the field of practical politics. For two years he thus held up the hands of Lincoln and of the great generals in the field, utterly heedless of the terrible personal menace which defeat in the struggle held for him. Then, after these years of black strain, victory

came, and in Indiana, as elsewhere, the efforts of the Union and of liberty triumphed.

Like Greeley and Sumner, after the war Morton did not stay on the level to which he had risen. Unlike Greeley and Sumner, he had no share of prominence in public life before the war. But his services during the war itself were of incalculable value. Sumner and Greeley have received their reward in fame, and they deserved the high praise that they have received for the way in which they roused the conscience of our people and called them to do their duty in the struggle for the right; but Morton, comparatively neglected as a National figure, stands as typical of the men to whose iron strength we owe it that in the struggle itself the right won.

The position of Lincoln is solitary. That of no other man approaches it. Aside, however, from him and from the great commanders in the field, to no leader in the Civil War does this country owe more than to Morton of Indiana.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS

The legislative deadlock which is obstructing the election of a United States Senator from New York, the debates in the Senate regarding the notorious Lorimer case, and the joint resolution which has been introduced into Congress with a view to establishing popular election of Senators, have combined to direct public attention in an unusual and acute degree toward the United States Senate, its members, and the question of how they shall be chosen.

First, the case of Mr. Sheehan, of New York State, is of National interest, because it is clarifying public opinion with regard to one fundamentally important point. Does a United States Senator represent his State, his party, or a faction of his party? The makers of the Constitution clearly believed that a Senator should represent his State. It was for that reason that they determined that he should be chosen by the vote of the Legislature representing the whole State. A majority of the Legislature elects a Senator; not a majority of a faction or of a legislative caucus. The supporters of Mr. Sheehan are crying out that representative government is being undermined in New York State because a minority of the Democratic members of the Legislature are valiantly opposing Mr. Sheehan's election. These supporters say that the well-established principle of American government is that the majority shall rule. This is quite true, but in the case of the election of a Senator it means a majority of the Legislature, and Mr. Sheehan and his supporters are the real minority obstructionists. In party government, of course, a United States Senator will, on fundamental political principles, represent, or ought to represent, the beliefs and doctrines of the majority of individual voters who have elected the Legislature—that is to say, his party. But in the largest and best sense he is a representative of the whole State, and it is clear that in New York the great majority of the whole State is unalterably opposed to Mr. Sheehan. Like the late Senator Hill, whose disciple Mr. Sheehan claims to be, he asserts, in season and out of season, that he is "a Democrat." His course in obstructing the present election shows conclusively that he is not truly a democrat, but an oligarchist.

Second, The Outlook favors the election of Senators by popular vote, and it is in sympathy with the attempt which has been made to place the Congress of the United States on record as favoring popular Senatorial elections. But The Outlook does not favor that portion of the proposed amendment to the Constitution, introduced into Congress in behalf of popular Senatorial elections, which takes away from the Nation and gives to the States the power of providing for the circumstances under which those elections shall take place. It is absolutely necessary that the Congress of the United States in both branches shall have full control over its own members. The Constitution provides that the elections of United States Senators and Representatives shall be regulated by the State Legislatures, "but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations." The amendment introduced in behalf of popular Senatorial elections takes away the power of Congress to supervise such elections, and vests the entire power in the individual States. Perhaps this was done

to obtain the vote of the ultra "States' rights" Senators and Representatives. If so, it was both an essential and a tactical error. If the joint resolution is adopted as it stands, each State can provide for the time and manner of electing a Senator according to its own desires. All uniformity of time, manner, and certification will disappear, which would tend of itself to cause great confusion. It might, and perhaps would, in certain States result in unjust disfranchisement laws. To take the supervising power from the United States and pass it absolutely over to the individual States in Senatorial elections would, in our judgment, be a great disaster. We think it would be far better for the country to postpone action on popular Senatorial elections, much as we advocate them, than to secure them by a method which is destructive of National authority in those elections.

Third, more important than the question of the method of electing Senators, which is illustrated in Mr. Sheehan's case and the introduction of the above-mentioned resolution in Congress, is the vital question of honesty in applying that method. For this reason The Outlook regards the attitude of the Senate in the Lorimer case, and therefore the attitude of individual Senators in the Lorimer case, as of far greater consequence than the attitude they take on the question of electing the Senators. An election tainted as the election of Senator Lorimer was tainted, whether by a Legislature or by a popular vote, creates a condition which must be vigorously dealt with, and the spirit and action of a public man in dealing with it affords the best possible test of worth as a public servant. Whether the corruption is in the people at large, as was so lamentably shown to be the case in connection with one of the Ohio counties at the recent election, or whether it is shown in the Legislature, as in the Lorimer case, is of little consequence. The prime thing is in each case to punish the culprit, and at least to deprive the beneficiary of the corruption of all benefit from that corruption. Corruption of the people themselves, as in the Ohio county in question, is even more melancholy than corruption of the people's representatives; but it must be remembered that the guilt is greater in the representative, because to his personal wrong-doing is added betrayal of trust given him by others. Senators Frazier, Beveridge, Crawford, Brown, and Root, and those who have stood with them in their demand that Senator Lorimer be deprived of his seat, have rendered one of the greatest public services which can be rendered. How these men differ among themselves on the question of the method of electing United States Senators is of small importance compared to the importance of their agreement on the fundamental proposition that Senatorial elections shall be untainted by fraud.

AN IMPORTANT LITERARY BIOGRAPHY

The two bulky volumes in which the life of Edmund Clarence Stedman [1] is told, with the help of Dr. Gould, by his granddaughter, who was during his closing years his affectionate and helpful secretary, is in effect an autobiography. If the text had been confined to Mr. Stedman's letters, the story would have been fairly complete; supplemented by a great mass of correspondence with his friends, by a minute record of his books, and by the filling in of the lacunæ left by his letters, the biography becomes an important contribution to the history of American literature during the last half-century.

Mr. Stedman was a conscientious and brilliant critic and a poet of feeling and vigorous thought and phrase; he was also a representative man of letters. Among his contemporaries and friends there were more original and charming writers than he, but not even Lowell surpassed him in knowledge of his art and in skill in stating its principles and illustrating their application from the poetry of the English-speaking peoples. His "Victorian Poets," "Poets of America," and Johns Hopkins lectures on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" form a body of literary exposition more complete, in their field, than any other in the two literatures with which they deal. When one remembers the conditions under which they were prepared, the pluck, patience, and gallantry

[1] Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman. By Laura Stedman and George M. Gould, M.D. Illustrated. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

of a high-spirited nature subjecting itself to exacting tasks, stealing from rest hours and years which later revenged themselves, they form an inspiring chapter in American biography.

Literature was always Mr. Stedman's first interest, but his writing was, in a sense, the by-product of his active life:

> It is simply what I've been able to do, under the most baffling circumstances—the result of odd hours, filched from sleep or business, in fifteen years of struggling, ill health, anxiety and—but no matter! Instead of having been written with consecutive industry, by a man who is at ease, it is the scattered lyrics of a man who has led, during this time, the most unliterary life of all American authors.

To those who knew him vitality was his most obvious quality; it was the source of his courage under great and sore trials, of his vivacity of speech and manner, of his resolute persistence in his task. His youth was overflowing with the spirit of gay mischief; it brought his college career to a premature close; and to the very end he was mentally and physically alive in every fiber. It was in Northampton in 1851, while he was in banishment from college, that he finally fell from academic grace by appearing in a series of "Dramatic Rehearsals" as "Agnes Willoughby," the sister of the "well-known tragedian, Alfred Willoughby," announced as having just returned from a brilliant "professional tour in Europe." They were welcomed by a small but enthusiastic audience, and announced a second performance at a reduced price; it somehow became known that the actors were two talented boys bent on amusing themselves, and the second performance never came off. This bit of fun ended Stedman's career at Yale; but Dr. Woolsey wrote him that it would "not be considered contrary to the comity of colleges that any other institution should receive you." The banished sophomore said in later years that this was the first time he had ever seen the word "comity," and that it "left a lasting impress on his memory." Twenty years later, by way of answer to a manly letter of regret for this amusing escapade, Yale restored Stedman to his class with the degree of B.A., and threw in an M.A. for good measure. The reinstated prodigal said, "It has taken me twenty-two years to get through college."

In the same year, by way of bringing forth fruit meet for repentance, he published in the "Atlantic" his delightful essay on "Tennyson and Theocritus," in which knowledge and literary feeling are blended with a skill rarely found among scholars. His interest in the Greek idylists would have made him a chosen translator if time had permitted him to carry out a cherished hope. He made a study of the text of Theocritus. He deeply regretted the interruption of his college course, and more than once expressed his sorrow that he had not had a deeper rootage in the knowledge of Greek and other subjects in which he was interested; but he made marvelously good use of his time, and in getting at the essential things in his own field he showed not only the accuracy but the research of the scholar.

Mr. Stedman was not only a representative man of letters, but he was an inspiring example of fidelity to the ideals of his profession. He was free from the idea of the amateur that the professional writer must deal only with great themes in a wholly detached and disinterested spirit, and that any honest work of simple usefulness is beneath the dignity of letters. The real writers have never concerned themselves with these anxieties with regard to the dignity of particular kinds of work; they have been concerned only with their own dignity and purity of purpose. Mr. Stedman was deeply interested in making Americans familiar with their own literature, and put into "A Library of American Literature," which he edited in collaboration with Mrs. Cortissoz, as much thoroughness and intelligence as he put into his Johns Hopkins lectures; and the work had as much essential dignity; it was a worthy service worthily rendered to the whole Nation. He was not afraid of the terrifying word "popular," which is a term of reproach to one type of academic mind, when he undertook the preparation of a "History of Wall Street." It cannot be said too often that commercialism in the arts lies in the spirit in which a work is conceived and executed, not in the price paid for it nor in the disposition made of it. The method of work of the foremost artists in the creative ages

of art makes short shrift of the artificial limits sometimes set to the legitimate work of the artists; they were unpurchasable, but they used the freedom of original men in the direction and disposition of the products of their genius. In work of immediate usefulness Mr. Stedman was as definitely the high-minded and conscientious artist as in shaping a poem or framing a criticism.

His loyalty to his art was expressed also in his deep and abiding faith in the indissoluble marriage of genius and hard work, of the poetic impulse and thorough craftsmanship. With the short and easy approach to art he had no sympathy. He believed devoutly in genius and he was an indefatigable and exacting workman:

> For the man who hath the most genius hath the most of God immanent in him—the most inspiration, insight, intuition, through which things "flash into his brain." . . . To stand up for genius, then, is to recognize the fact that all essential things are revealed through those most gifted with the "inward light"—all things of imagination, beauty, truth.
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> What does me the most good is your belief in the care and sincerity of my effort, your assurance that I have not neglected those minor matters of the law which are incumbent upon drudges and geniuses alike—for the neglect of which no amount of cleverness should be permitted to make amends. The gift of writing, the graces of wit, fancy, imagination—these come by nature and are the good fortune, not the honest earnings, of an essayist or poet. But commend him justly for a scholar's accuracy, for conviction and honest purpose, and you pay him a tribute of which he has some right to be proud.
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> What I prize in you, and in your poems, is not your immediate propagandism—good as that may be—but your purity, your *aspiration*, your *poetic gift*, and (I believe) your capacity for *growth* and *change*. My heart warms to these things, which I read in your face and between your lines. Now I have discovered one thing about art. It is not so much the material used, or the mission, as the *quality* of the workman and the gift perfected in his work. Only a poor artist, a false workman, blames his tools, or his subject, or his material. Another thing. An artist must lay hold of the universal mind—the cultured *and* the commoners.

These massive volumes could not have been written if Mr. Stedman had lacked the gift for friendship and that sense of responsibility to his art and to its younger practitioners which makes a man accessible to all appeals for help. The report of his readiness to serve young writers laid a great burden on him, against which he often protested with picturesque intensity; but he never ceased to be kind, at a great expense of time and strength. He did not sufficiently protect himself from unjustifiable intrusions, and often gave of his insight and experience to people who were unworthy. His interest in his art brought him into friendly relations with men of his own profession at home and abroad, and the breadth and interest of his correspondence may be pleaded in mitigation of sentence on the magnitude of this biography. It is far too long as a biography; it is out of perspective, so to speak, and its length will repel many readers who cared greatly for its subject. As a contribution to the history of literature in this country during the past fifty years these volumes will be of deep interest to students and to future historians. As the biography of a gifted, spirited, and influential writer they are too voluminous; they present the picture of a period rather than the portrait of a man.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM

We publish on another page four letters on the immigration problem called out by our recent editorials; one is from an American, one from a Negro, one from a Japanese, one from a Jew. Thus representatives of four races contribute to the discussion of this problem. Without answering these correspondents in detail, The Outlook here restates its positions, re-explaining them in relation to these opposing views.

I. The North American Indians never possessed this continent. Five hundred thousand men roaming over a country, who neither navigate the rivers, nor harness the water powers, nor cultivate the soil, nor open the mines, do not possess the land. A united people of ninety millions who are using the resources for the world's benefit, and have cities, railways, schools, churches, colleges, and a stable government, do possess the land.

II. Our first duty is so to direct the destiny of the Nation as to hand down to our posterity the blessings which we

have obtained. Putting our own house in order is also the first service, perhaps the greatest service, we can render to oppressed peoples in other lands. This is not only as an example to them. It is idle to open our gates to Italians and let the Black Hand follow them here, or to the Hungarians and allow them to fall into industrial conditions but little above those of slavery. To protect our own citizens from the evils produced by our unregulated immigration is not to act selfishly; it is to act justly and intelligently. If, as has been said, he that provides not for his own family is worse than an infidel, a nation which provides not for its own children is not a Christian nation. To enact that the man with a contagious disease should be welcomed to our shores would abolish the quarantine and open New Orleans to the yellow fever, San Francisco to the bubonic plague, and New York City to the cholera. We have no more right to admit to the country criminals and diseased who imperil its safety than to our homes criminal and diseased whose presence threatens the lives of our children. The tragedies in the deportation of some unfortunates at Ellis Island are more than matched by the tragedies in some of the cities, perpetrated by the Black Hand, whose agents we have admitted.

III. This guardianship of our country is rendered the more necessary and the more difficult because of the means sometimes taken by the unscrupulous to evade it. It is a customary device of immigration agents of some of the steamship companies to forward the well members of a family by one vessel and the sick members in a following vessel. When the latter are refused admission, the public are appealed to through the press in pathetic pictures of the suffering involved. Nor is it only against criminals and contagious diseases that we are to guard. We are to protect the country against any form or amount of immigration which threatens the integrity and perpetuity of American democracy. Mr. Theodore Marburg has put the issue well in a single sentence: "If shutting out immigrants seems unfair, it is unfair in a bigger way to permit the overcrowding which will place a strain upon our institutions."

IV. The exclusion of an alien race because it is alien is not so clear. And yet we believe that our statement respecting this question is fundamentally correct. But our correspondents make it clear that this statement needs further elucidation.

"It is an old adage that no house is large enough for two families. No nation is large enough for two races." That statement we reaffirm. It is true that sometimes two families succeed in keeping house together; so perhaps may two races. But the difficulties and perplexities in the double housekeeping are greater in the case of the races than in that of the families. The experiment is one not to be welcomed, certainly not to be invited. The cases of England, France, and Germany, to which Professor Kelly Miller refers, do not negative, they confirm, our position. Egypt and India are parts of the British Empire, but the Egyptians and Indians are not members of the British nation, they are subjects of the British nation. The Porto Ricans and Filipinos are not members of the American Nation, they are subjects of the American Nation. Surely Professor Miller does not desire to see on this continent and in this Nation two races living together, one subject to the other as the East Indians are subject to the British in India. All statesmen agree that at the earliest possible moment Porto Rico and the Philippines should be left to conduct their own housekeeping; the only difference between American thinkers on that point is that some of us think that they will always both need and desire an American protectorate and others do not. The conditions in Hawaii emphasize the peril which follows inviting an alien race to people American soil.

In the history of the past, whenever two races have occupied the same territory, one of four things has generally happened: one race has exterminated the other, as the Israelites are reported to have exterminated the Canaanites; one race has enslaved the other, as the Anglo-Saxons enslaved the Africans; the two races have intermarried and produced a third race, as the Normans and Anglo-Saxons did in England; or the hostility between the races has made the community an easy prey to an alien despotism, as in the Balkan Provinces. In America

neither extermination, subjugation, nor intermarriage affords a solution of the race problem, whether between the Anglo-Saxon and the African or the Anglo-Saxon and the Mongolian.

America has to-day no more difficult question to answer than this: How can two so widely dissimilar races as the Anglo-Saxon and the African race live peaceably, prosperously, and happily together, in a self-governing republic, and preserve unimpaired the purity of both races? That problem has never been solved by any people in the past. It has not yet been solved by us. It would be disastrous to complicate that problem by adding to our population another alien race. Present experience demonstrates that the existence of unassimilable races within the Nation's borders is a handicap to its development, and it is conceivable that it might become an invitation to invasion by a hostile power.

One thing is certain: our race problem cannot be solved until the different races understand each other and respect each other. Such spirit of mutual understanding and mutual respect should precede the attempt to unite them in one nationality. It will not be promoted by compelling them to live under the same flag and share in the same government before they understand each other. We object to inviting the Japanese to come to our country in large numbers to share in our Government, for the same reason that would lead the Japanese, if they are as wise as we think they are, to object to the immigration of Americans in large numbers into Japan to share with the Japanese in the control of that country.

V. The problem presented by the Russian Jews is still more perplexing. The emigrants from Germany, Austria, Italy, are no longer driven here by foreign oppression. Life, property, and liberty are safe in those countries. The emigrants from those lands come here now for economic reasons; for good wages, not for succor from oppression. Many of them come without their families, and for a brief sojourn only, expecting to return when they have accumulated a little money. In dealing with this immigrant population America now allows the steamship lines to scour Europe and to bring over every one they can persuade to risk his passage money, and trusts to excluding the incompetent and undesirable by a sieve at this end of the line.

The Outlook believes this method to be unsatisfactory and inadequate. It advocates the establishment of a quasi-passport system, and the exclusion of the immigrant who cannot bring from his own country a passport certifying to his character, indorsed and approved by some American official abroad. It would be difficult to apply this principle in dealing with Russia. It might be difficult, but we do not think it would be impossible, to apply it to all other lands and not apply it to Russia. What we affirmed, and what we now reaffirm, is that if these difficulties cannot be overcome, we ought not to let our sympathy for the persecuted Jews, great as it is, to compel us to abandon this policy of self-preservation. If the case of the Russian Jew is exceptional, an exception to the general policy of the Nation should be made to fit the case; but the general policy of this Nation should not be determined by exceptional conditions.

And the case of the Russian Jew is exceptional. He is fleeing from oppression—oppression the most brutal now existing anywhere in a country that is called civilized. America ought not to shut its doors to the Russian Jew unless imperative necessity requires it to do so. We do not believe that such imperative necessity exists. We believe that America would be justified in calling for the certification by other countries to the character of their emigrants, because other countries are free and civilized, and in refusing to call for such certificates from Russia, because Russia is not free, and covers a sixteenth-century barbarism with a veneer of twentieth-century civilization. And we further believe that Americans can, by the creation of a public opinion, do something to secure a nearer approximation to just treatment of the Jews by the Russian Government within the Russian domain. Whether the American Government can do anything by official action we do not here consider.

With this presentation of various views on the immigration question, our own and our correspondents', we commend the whole problem to the considerate reflection of thoughtful readers.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM[1]

FOUR CRITICISMS

I—A WESTERN AMERICAN VIEW

I HAVE read with great regret your two editorials favoring the restriction of immigration. The trouble is that you look upon the matter from a selfish standpoint. You say what "we want" and "the needs of this country." You do not look upon the wants and needs of others. Your proposal amounts to monopolizing the good things we have in this country. So long as others have not the comforts we have, it is our duty to share with them. You say this land belong to "its citizens." If so, it belonged to the Indians before we came here. As they had no right to keep our fathers out, we have no right to keep out others. You might as well say the first prospectors in Alaska had a right to keep out everybody else and claim the untold wealth of gold for themselves because, forsooth, they were first there. The dwellers west of the Mississippi River have, on your theory, a right to forbid any more settlers coming into their country and taking up the fertile lands yet unoccupied. What moral right have we in this country to say to those in other countries less favored than we are that because we were here first they cannot come to share our prosperity? Is not that selfish, monopolistic? This country is not, indeed, a "county farm;" it is God's rich farm for the world's paupers.

You say our land should no longer be a "refuge for the oppressed," because the oppression in western Europe is not as great as it was. Are mercy and sympathy and justice a matter of arithmetic? So long as there is one oppressed soul, or so long as one man can improve his condition by coming here, he has a right to come.

You say we do not need "cheap labor." The question is not what we need, but what others less fortunate need. You suggest that, to be consistent, our tariff should be applied to men as well as goods. You have always held in a half-hearted way that our so-called protective tariff is wrong. Why not, then, save our consistency by doing right and abolishing the tariff rather than by extending the tariff evil?

The first proposition to exclude immigrants was raised by laborers who feared competition. How unjust that a man from abroad who got here first should forbid anybody else coming here to share his prosperity! The law forbidding a man coming to this country if he has made any arrangement for employment is a monument to our moral and intellectual stupidity.

You say that we should "select the immigrants we want." What moral right have we to raise a moral test as to who shall come here and who not? We send men abroad in the attempt to have one missionary convert twenty-five thousand heathen. Is our Christian religion so delicate that it cannot stand the introduction of one heathen among fifty Christians in this country? Shall we say that we are righteous and that others must not come to a land which God has prepared for his children because they are not as good as we are? Who gave us a title deed to every foot of land in this hemisphere, with charge to keep everybody else out whom, forsooth, we dislike?

The only reason by which we can claim a right to forbid criminals and diseased is that of self-protection. So long as we have laws to punish the criminals and medical science to cure the diseased, further steps to isolate ourselves show our selfishness and admit a fear of the inadequacy of our legal system and the inferiority of our medical skill. If a man with a contagious disease can recover quicker in America than he can elsewhere, he should be allowed to come here. It is wicked to tell a man who has suffered the penalty of his crime that he must not come to this country, wipe out the past, and take a new start. His punishment was sufficient under the laws of his own country. Must we add to it by denying him his right to come here? Why should we forbid people to come to this country if thereby they can get help? Has

[1] See on editorial page comment on these four criticisms of The Outlook's position.—THE EDITORS.

Colorado a right to forbid consumptives to breathe its purer air?

The Christian spirit which The Outlook usually shows would remove almost all the restrictions upon coming to this country, for there is hardly a single one which can be defended by the principles which Jesus promulgated. So long as there is a single soul on the face of the globe who is not as prosperous as we are, we have no right to refuse to share our prosperity with him.

Chicago, Illinois F. H. TUTHILL.

II—AN AFRO-AMERICAN VIEW

I have just read your striking editorial on "Oriental Immigration" in The Outlook for January 14, and was greatly surprised at the sweeping character of your conclusion. "No nation is large enough for two races" represents a dogmatic finality that is strangely out of consonance with your usual reasoned and seasoned editorial utterances. The term "nation" in this sentence is used in a loose and uncertain sense. According to the best lexical usage, a nation consists of peoples who are held together (*a*) by bonds of blood, (*b*) by common language, customs, or religion, and (*c*) by governmental or territorial ties. If you intend the word in the first sense, your statement is clearly meaningless; if in the second, it is contradicted by history and observation, as the Mohammedan situation will show; if the third, it is at variance with contemporaneous judgment and policy of the great nations of the present time. If peoples of different blood cannot be held together by a common political government, then England, France, Germany, and the United States, in their colonial policy, are merely fighting against nature, after the manner of the ancient giants. If your doctrine be sound, then Hawaii is not large enough for native and American occupants; the various South American states are not large enough for the Indian, Latin, and Spanish components of their population; and the United States is too small for the European and the African. What is to be the outcome of the race problem if this doctrine is to prevail?

Have American institutions lost the great assimilative power at one time attributed to them? Do you mean to infer that Christianity has lost its proclaimed power to allay the frictional strife among men, and thus usher in the reign of peace and good will on earth? Is this a concession that Christianity is inferior to Mohammedanism in enforcing the concrete brotherhood of man? Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale, in his recent book "The Conflict of Color," declares that Christianity has no influence or effect upon the race question. It is certainly disappointing, not to say surprising, to find that The Outlook, with its religious traditions, has shifted to this unsympathetic position.

I am sure it will not be considered unmannerly to call attention to the inconsistency of your position. It is universally understood that The Outlook is a firm and enthusiastic supporter of Dr. Booker T. Washington, whose policy is based upon the harmonious adjustment of the races in the United States, each maintaining its separate and distinct racial identity. How can this be hoped for, if "no nation is large enough for two races"?

Those who profess to deal with questions from a moral point of view may expect to be held to a line of moral consistency. The moral influence of The Outlook, as is well understood, has been on the side of those who are heavy laden and overborne. Your latest utterance, however, gives aid and encouragement to those who breathe out hatred and slaughter against the weak and the defenseless. Your dogmatic dictum will doubtless be widely quoted by the rabid race agitators in the United States, who will be glad enough to shelter their propaganda of race hatred under the shadow of the authority of so influential a journal as The Outlook.

It may, indeed, be advisable in the particular case under consideration to have the birds of a feather flock together; it may be well that the Oriental and the Occidental should forever remain each on his own side of the Pacific; but this by no means justifies the sweeping judgment that "no nation is large enough for two races." (Professor) KELLY MILLER.

Howard University, Washington, D. C.

III—A JAPANESE VIEW

Until to-day I have been paying a great deal of respect to The Outlook, as one of the leading magazines of the American

continent. If I am correct in thinking that the people of this country place much reliance on this journal, naturally its influence must be great, and for that reason its statements should be carefully weighed. Unfortunately the article in question was written without this consideration. If The Outlook is moved by the obsolete truisms of Spencer and Kipling, and it misinterprets Hearn's observation, how can this journal discuss the world's problem in a way to lead the people to judge rightly?

(1) If the Kipling principle is true, why should America send American missionaries to China and Japan in order to promulgate the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Oriental? Why did the European races come to the American Indian's continent for their convenience' sake? Why did America bring the Negro race from Africa to this continent against their will, and thus perpetrate a hideous outrage? These historical phenomena show how human beings are inevitably brought into intercourse, even though the motive be selfish. America brought a number of Chinese to this country to be employed as railway laborers where wild beasts used to live, but afterwards excluded them. Was it not unreasonable and impertinent?

If these tendencies of the modern American, who wants ease, fears competition, and turns to indulgence, are spreading more and more, where is the spirit—of temperance, patience, and prudence—that the Nation used to have? If Kipling's principle is an immovable truism, the European races should be keeping their dominion in their own continents, without going anywhere else; but the twentieth century is the epoch of international intermingling. Where were Christ, Buddha, Socrates, Mohammed, Confucius, born? They were all Orientals, and the so-called Occidentals are worshiping and obeying their theories and doctrines. They never promulgated the principle of human prejudice and racial exclusion. If Kipling's principle is true, the principles of these men would vanish away from the earth.

(2) Again, the twentieth century is the epoch of the intermingling of races. The United States has a great opportunity to mix races up and amalgamate them in one melting-pot. The American Indian excluded the European previously, and, without knowing them, older people always hate newcomers. If Americans of to-day show the same tendency, the leading journals should teach them not to do this. If this is a creed of the so-called civilized nation, the civilization of this nation is one century behind, and is worse than that of the old Indian. In this connection some foolish individuals of America are hungry for war, led by the yellow journals. The idea will cause unrest. Where is the leader of the Nation?

(3) Chinese immigration is strictly prohibited. The Japanese Government restricts her own emigration to this country; in fact, her statistics show that the number of Japanese coming in is less than those going back. This is not the time to waste much energy in excluding Oriental immigration.

The subject of immigration is promulgated generally among the people. The article in The Outlook will be translated into the Japanese language within a month, and it will stir up among the masses in Japan a good deal of excitement and possibly cause ill feeling. If so, the blame will be at the door of The Outlook. SEUCHI TAKEUCHI.

Los Angeles, California.

IV—A JEWISH VIEW

I am a constant and eager reader of your publication. I peruse every issue with an intense interest, not only because of the unexcelled literary merit of the material therein contained, but because of the liberality of your views on questions of vital import. This broad-mindedness has repeatedly manifested itself in your writings, and in the utterances of Dr. Abbott and your contributing editor, Mr. Roosevelt. The latter has always displayed a friendliness towards the foreign element in this country, especially Jews. And the Jews of America are his friends. They believe he is sincere. Likewise, Dr. Abbott has espoused liberalism. Although a member of the Jewish faith, I always attended Dr. Abbott's sermons at my Alma Mater, Yale, where he was one of the regular University preachers,

because his sermons were not of the dogma type. And so it was not at all startling to find in this week's issue of The Outlook a powerful editorial indorsing the article of Mr. Herman Rosenthal in the same number. In this editorial considerable sympathy is extended to the distressed and oppressed Jews in Russia. In speaking of what America can do to relieve these victims of persecution you make the emphatic assertion, "We can do much." Again: "Dr. Wise was right in saying that the Jewish question in Russia has ceased to be a Jewish or Russian question, and has become a question of humanity."

I cite these several instances to contrast more forcibly the above utterances with your views on the report of the Immigration Commission. In a recent number of The Outlook, commenting on the report, you say:

> Nor is there any adequate reason why it [the United States] should any longer be a refuge for the oppressed of other lands. In western Europe there is not now any such political oppression as drove out refugees from Ireland and Germany and Italy in the first half of the nineteenth century. In every country of western Europe the theory is entertained, as in America, that governments exist for the benefit of the governed, and life and property are as well safeguarded as in America, in many countries better safeguarded. There is no such wholesale violation of liberty as obliges us to open our doors to all exiles. Metternich and King Bomba have left no successors. The Armenian is relatively safe even in Turkey. It is only in Russia that military despotism still rules; it is only the Russian Jew that needs a refuge. And it is not our duty, nor even our right, to allow our whole international policy to be determined by sympathy for him.

What a change of heart! Acrobatic feats of the feelings!

Now, I am not good at solving word puzzles, and I appeal to you to reconcile your views on the Immigration Commission's report with those expressed in your editorial on Mr. Rosenthal's article. If "the Jewish question in Russia has ceased to be a Jewish or Russian question, and has become a question of humanity," I want to know if you deem it humane for this country to adopt the restrictive policy towards these oppressed people? Is that your version of humanity? You wear the badge of Christianity, and I want to know if it is a principle of Christianity to shut your door in the face of an oppressed brother? Are you practicing Christianity when you turn a deaf ear to anarchy, despotism, debauchery, and slaughter?

Recall your speech, Dr. Abbott, "The Religion of Service," delivered at the Ethical Culture Hall second dedication, in October last, in which you quoted your "Leader and Master" as follows:

> The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.

I want to know whether these words of your "Leader and Master" are reconcilable with your views on the Commission's report? Are you preaching "deliverance to the captives"? What are you doing "to set at liberty them that are bruised"? Advocating the shut door?

In closing the Dodge Lectures at Yale you declared that the object of life should not be "acquisition and self-aggrandizement, but mutual service and social welfare." What is the latitude of this "mutual service and social welfare"?

In a word, I want you, "as a Christian minister, as a disciple and follower of Him whom" you recognize as your "Leader and Master," to define your exact attitude on the immigration question, and then reconcile that attitude with the teachings of your "Leader and Master" which you profess to preach.

Until you do this the Jews of America cannot comprehend your position on a question which has become "a question of humanity."

You will render a service to Jews by giving this letter space in The Outlook.

ISADORE SHAPIRO.

Birmingham, Alabama.

A CHILD-SAVING STATION[1]

HOW ECONOMY AND HUMANITY MAY BE PROMOTED BY THE STATE IN ITS CARE OF DEFECTIVE JUVENILE LAWBREAKERS

BY ERNEST K. COULTER

CLERK OF THE CHILDREN'S COURT OF NEW YORK COUNTY

THE stirring of men from centuries of slothful sleep to a recognition of even the most fundamental of the child's rights has been a slow process. It has ever been the story of property rights above human rights. A half-century ago we were still hanging children; a little more than thirty-five years ago we protected the dog and the horse from cruelty, but not the child. It is only within the past decade that we have ceased arraigning child victims of bad environment in company with the city's thugs. Being the weakest member of the community, the child is the last to come into its own.

But to-day we are experiencing the strange sensation of a quickening altruism. On the property side, too, we are just beginning to recognize the potentialities of the child of to-day in the affairs of to-morrow. The establishment of Children's Courts is one of the signs of an awakening public conscience. These institutions, already taking rank as the Nation's biggest life-saving stations, are throwing a flood of light on much that is still barbaric in the community's treatment of its weaker members. One of their lessons is that the municipality itself is responsible for the environment that brings thousands of its children each year into conflict with the law.

The particular, glaring sin of the State against its children to be dealt with here, however, is that which thrusts delinquents of tender years who are mentally irresponsible into ordinary reformatory institutions. These unfortunates can be classed as neither imbecile nor insane, but are those exceptional children, victims of environmental or congenital causes which irresistibly predispose them to crime. In forcing the commitment of the defective child into the ordinary reformatory institution, the State is blind to its cruelty to the child, the injustice to the institution, and the menace to the community. In this blindness and parsimony the State is thus sowing a continuous crop for its prisons and almshouses. If the public cannot be aroused to the human rights violated by this course, perhaps the money cost will one day stir it from its lethargy.

The defective, or exceptional, class of children, it is important to remember, includes not only those whose minds are stupid and who are at the mercy of their lowest instincts, but also some of those abnormally bright and unbalanced children who, unchecked, develop into criminal geniuses before they are out of their teens. The rescue of one such child and the turning of his exceptional capabilities into useful directions might mean more to the community than the saving of an institution full of ordinary children.

Now, the intention is not to make it appear here that a large proportion of the children who get into the Juvenile Courts are mentally deficient. After a near view of about eighty thousand cases of children under the age of sixteen who have been brought before a single tribunal with which it is my privilege to be connected, I assert positively that the vast majority who are charged with conflict with the law are absolutely normal from the standpoint of their surroundings. That is, these children are no different from others who have grown up in the same kind of environment.

There are a lot of sentimentalists who would have it appear that every other child arraigned for juvenile delinquency, or because of improper guardianship, is abnormal. They are doing much harm. They are charging up and down the land in their efforts to find children with criminal bumps to prove their sentimental

[1] Physicians and surgeons consider the question of how to prevent defective delinquent children from growing into hardened criminals so important that a meeting of the neurological section of the New York Academy of Medicine, held on January 19 last, was devoted to its discussion. Mr. Coulter was asked to read this paper on that occasion as one of three formal addresses from experts.—THE EDITORS.

theories. They would pounce on every child who has happened to be arrested, whether for playing "shinny" or for homicide, and search his person for the stigmata of degeneration. If the boy stole a pie, then some place on his head they, by the grace of their imaginations, a pair of calipers, and perhaps a spirit-level, will find a pie bump. Did he hit another boy in a stone fight? Then some place in his brain convolutions they will find a kink productive of cruelty. They would promptly jimmy into the head of every boy who got before the Court, tamp out the supposed twists in his brain lobes, tack up the crevices, and turn him back to his parents a paragon of virtue.

But, approaching the subject from the standpoint of common sense, there are certain well-defined cases of mental deficiency among juvenile delinquents which even the layman can recognize. It would be rash for me to set an exact percentage of the mentally defective children who get into conflict with the law. This could be determined with anything like accuracy only by specially qualified experts in psychopathology. A conference of a committee to bring about some recognized and established help for those delinquents, juvenile and adult, who are mentally defective, of which committee I am a member, has been held recently. Figures were presented by men connected with various institutions which show in a startling manner the need for the special treatment of these unfortunates, and particularly in the period leading to and during adolescence, if we are to cope successfully with the growing army of criminals and paupers. The Superintendent of the Bedford Reformatory for Women, for instance, reported that an examination of thirty-five of the inmates of that institution showed that thirteen were sub-normal. This examination was conducted by experts and covered a period of three months. The declaration was made without hesitation that thirty-three per cent of the inmates of that reformatory were mentally defective. It was further reported that thirty-nine per cent of the inmates of the Elmira Reformatory were mentally defective, and seventy per cent were physically defective. If while these defectives were still children the causes of the abnormal mental condition which predisposed them to prey on society could have been removed, many of them would have been saved to useful citizenship. With such cases the time for relief, if curative or ameliorating remedies are possible, is in youth and at the first indication of criminal tendencies. One advantageous opportunity, therefore, would be through our Children's Courts, whereto such unfortunates will naturally drift after open manifestations of criminal tendencies. The Children's Court of New York County alone handles about ten thousand cases each year. It is a great clearing-house for juvenile troubles, big and little. Practically one-half of the children are taken into custody because of alleged trivial offenses, acts growing out of the child's normal instinct for play. I am so glad that it was not a crime to play ball in the street when I was a youngster, otherwise I would have been regarded as an habitual criminal. We would no more expect to find a great percentage of mentally defective children arraigned for such offenses than we would among a crowd of boys and girls that we corralled haphazard on the street.

Those children whose mental deficiencies, however, lead them irresistibly to steal, to commit assaults, to torture, to burn, are certain to come at one time or another to the bar of the children's tribunal. The causes of the overwhelming tendencies that array them against society may often be determined by pathological and psychological examination. Such causes, for instance, may be the existence of adenoids, which retard normal development, render the child irritable and mentally lazy; they may be the absence of thyroid glands, which brings about cretinism; they may be due to hereditary syphilis, which often results in a lesion of the brain. The children of this class are not responsible for the acts that lead to their commitment to reformatories. Taken in childhood, these causes may often be removed and the victim restored to society a normal being. A correct diagnosis is absolutely essential. Without a correct diagnosis no rational treatment is possible.

The superintendent of an orphanage at Hastings was present at the recent con-

ference already mentioned. He is recognized as a sane and most capable man in his field. The statement was made by him that six per cent of the children in his institution were mentally defective. As I have stated, I would not venture to give the exact percentage of mental defectives arraigned for conflict with the law. For sake of argument let us say it is two—I believe more will be accomplished by a conservative estimate than by a sensational figure that will not prove in the final analysis.

State and private charity does not hesitate to establish institutions for groups of two hundred ordinary children who have been found without proper guardianship or are juvenile delinquents. Yet with this conservative estimate of two per cent of mental defectives there are two hundred of these unfortunates coming into the Children's Court of New York County alone each year, not to mention the three other Children's Courts in the Greater City. While there are more than thirty institutions to which the Court in New York County can commit children, there is not one where those of the mentally defective type can be sent on legal commitments.

There is no adequate provision for even the discovery of such deficiencies among those children who are taken into custody, and none for their treatment. Dr. M. G. Schlapp, who is so well known to the Academy of Medicine by his splendid work in this field, has been good enough to give a portion of his time to the Court and to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, without compensation and without assistance. But with the present inadequate arrangement Dr. Schlapp can examine only those isolated cases that are occasionally brought to his attention by laymen connected with the Court or the Society. There is absolutely no sifting out in a reasonable or scientific way, and where a case of out-and-out mental deficiency is discovered in a juvenile delinquent there is no place where that child can receive proper treatment. The result is that such of these children as are committed to ordinary institutions are being made into habitual criminals and paupers, each too an agent for the reproduction of his kind in later years.

To show what actually happens in the Children's Courts in these cases I am going to visualize. I am purposely omitting the names, but the details of every case that I describe here can be verified.

A lad with keel-shaped head, wandering eyes set close together, and a scant upper lip, is arraigned for stealing.

"He's been here five times and he has been committed twice," despairingly declares the representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The Court studies the forlorn and anæmic figure before him. Nature and the world have combined against that boy. His equipment at the start has been deficient, and because of a conventional order of things with which he has been constantly in conflict he has never had anything like a chance to get himself into proper adjustment with his surroundings. The Superintendent of the House of Refuge, where the boy spent more than eighteen months on his last commitment, has sent word to the Court that he does not want the lad there; he can do nothing with him, as he is a total misfit in his institution. "What am I to do?" asks the Judge. "To send him back to the Refuge is to make him forever a criminal; to release him is to work an injustice to society."

Here is a small cog that will not fit in the machinery of a single existing reformatory. If the cog is driven in, it is irreparably damaged, and the machinery is thrown out of gear.

But it all ends in this case, as it does in the cases of other defective delinquents, with the boy being led back, rebellious and bitter, to the very reformatory that struggled vainly over him—this because there is no other place to send him. He will be put to the same tasks and in the same classes with normal boys. Whether set to manual work or study, tasks set him may be willed, even commenced, but never performed. There is an excellent school system in this institution, but it has been discovered in the Court that this boy, after all his instruction, cannot spell the words "cat" or "the." To enable him to make any progress in the most rudimentary branches the constant individual attention of one teacher and endless patience would be required. Even

in one of the more modern reformatory institutions for ordinary delinquents conducted on the cottage plan there could be no adequate care or treatment for such a boy. What was needed here was medical and mental treatment by experts in a special institution.

There are two institutions in New York State where this lad could have received something approaching the needed treatment. But these hospitals are not open to court commitments, and, aside from that, they are constantly overcrowded and have long waiting lists.

But to illustrate further. Jacob, fifteen years old, is arraigned in the Children's Court for the sixth time. He has twice been in reformatory institutions, once for larceny and again for robbery. Rather, that is what his offenses would have amounted to had he been over the age of sixteen years. The Children's Courts of New York do not find children guilty of crime, but of juvenile delinquency only. Jacob's sixth arraignment had been for stabbing another boy. He had apparently been making fine progress under the supervision of his lawyer uncle after his last release from a reformatory. He seemed to possess more than ordinary intelligence for a boy of his years. He had frequently gone to court for the lawyer uncle to answer the call of the calendar. But children who lived near Jacob knew he had been in the House of Refuge, and, in the thoughtless cruelty of which childhood is often guilty, they sometimes taunted him. He was on his way home one evening when a boy rode up on a bicycle and called teasingly:

"When did you beat the Ref.?"

Jacob flew into an old-time rage and kicked the bicycle, upsetting the rider. His tormentor scrambled to his feet and struck him. Jacob then drew a knife and repeatedly stabbed the other.

When brought to the Children's Court, Jacob tried to dash his brains out against the wall.

"I don't want to go back to the Island," he begged, and it required three attendants to hold him.

It had developed, shortly after this boy had been committed the first time, that he was a defective. Without provocation he had suddenly attacked another boy in the institution and almost chewed off one of his ears. He subsequently attempted to kill an officer of the institution while he was in the "meditation division," where he was to stand in isolated confinement as a punishment for his first outbreak. The Superintendent of the institution then sent Jacob to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital for observation. The resident alienist, after careful study of the case, went on record as follows:

"We are of the opinion that this is not a proper case for care in one of our institutions [State insane asylums] within the meaning of the statute. However, the boy shows evidences of constitutional mental defects due to lack of development. From your history as well as our examination of the boy it appears that he suffers from attacks, probably of the nature of epilepsy. In these attacks these patients are not responsible; do not know what they are doing. Although there is no doubt of his lack of mental stability and of his defective development, he is not a proper case for care and custody within the meaning of the statute."

With all these facts before it, there was nothing for the Court to do but send Jacob back for the third time to a reformatory that could only make him irredeemably a confirmed criminal and whose discipline would be upset by his presence.

Another recent case to show how the Children's Courts are handicapped by a lack of proper hospitals: Within three months after his last release a boy who had twice been in a protectory was twice arrested for stealing. His last offense had been the larceny of $20 from his mother. He rallied a band of younger boys about him, bought pistols, and, far from his home in the Bronx, with the help of his companions, he dug a cave. Here he and his band had their abode for several days until a policeman lassoed a disappearing leg of the chief as he dived into his hole after he had ventured forth to reconnoiter. It developed at the hearing in the Children's Court that the boy had in him a strange strain of cruelty. He had taken particular delight at one time in hacking off a dog's tail. Several times he had chopped off the legs of live chickens. His appearance indicated mental

deficiency, and the Court sent him to Dr. Schlapp for examination. The physician's report declared that the boy was a moral imbecile. Again there was no proper institution available.

It sometimes happens that these defectives know that their afflictions render them irresponsible. A boy whose fiendish outbreaks of temper made it impossible for his parents to manage him was committed recently to a protectory. On having a task assigned him there, he balked and finally fought with his teachers, declaring: "I didn't come here to work, but to get my nose cured. I'd be all right if they'd only cure my nose." It was then discovered that he had growths in his nose and trouble with his throat that created nervousness and a mental condition that incapacitated him from work or study.

The abnormally bright delinquents, those with astute minds but without equilibrium, offer an even more interesting study. The record of a genius, even though he be a criminal, is naturally more attractive than that of a low order of defective. The diverting of this genius from criminal into useful ways might be of inestimable value to the State even in a single case.

A frank-faced youngster of fourteen, apparently a junior Chesterfield, was arraigned in the Children's Court a few years ago, charged with having stolen a large amount of money from a department store by a series of clever forgeries. His attractive face, polite speech, and quiet reserve, set off by his patent ties, immaculate turn-down collar, and neat knickerbockers, marked him in strange contrast to the motley throng of boys that usually face the judge. It seemed incongruous that such a lad could be charged with swindling. Even the detective who had taken him into custody was half inclined to ask that the complaint be dismissed—he feared he had made a mistake. But to the fatherly, keen-minded judge, who had a long talk with the boy, he finally confessed that he had forged the checks on which the complaint was based. This boy, who had come out of the West, had, when he was eleven years of age, edited a newspaper of which he was the founder. His father was a poor printer. With no collateral other than his unmitigated nerve he had traveled through the country and had stopped at the best hotels. He was living at the Waldorf-Astoria when arrested. He had an interesting interview with Russell Sage, and I am told that he even induced the late financier to invest in one of his Western schemes. This perhaps speaks more for the boy's persuasive powers than anything I could say.

Following the announcement of the boy's arraignment in the Children's Court here there came a stream of letters from men and women who had met him in parlor cars, in hotel lobbies, in restaurants, East and West. One level-headed priest wrote that he had spent the greater part of a day in conversation with the lad on a railway train. He declared that, although he was quiet in demeanor, the boy was chronically in a state of mental exaltation.

When this young marvel was committed to a reformatory, the officers of the institution were urged, for the boy's own good, to keep him in the background and away from visitors. About three months later, when I was one of five hundred or more guests at a Washington's Birthday celebration at this same institution, what was my amazement to see in the spot-light, holding the center of the stage, in powdered queue and cocked hat, this very lad as George Washington himself. The Court's commitment had been indeterminate, and in an ordinary case the shortest time in which he would have been released was a year and a half; he, however, in a few months more, had talked himself out of the institution and into a Washington bank. His shrewd mind quickly grasped enough important details of that business to enable him to disappear soon with a considerable sum of the bank's money. He was arrested later in a Western State and sent to a reformatory. He declared later that he would never again commit a criminal act. On his release he obtained employment as a traveling salesman.

Between midnight and dawn one morning, in a Kansas City hotel, he turned on both jets of gas in his room, and was dead when discovered. Beside the body of this boy, who was then only eighteen years old, was found this note: "Worry,

unhappiness, undeserved condemnation, and hatred of doing wrong are the cause."

The note told the truth. He realized his own mental irresponsibility. The strain had been too much for him. Could this boy's marvelous abilities have been properly guided, could he have received the right treatment under the direction of expert neurologists at the first indication of his criminal tendencies, could he have been subjected to the needed supervision and control during the period of adolescence, another name would have been added to the roll of the country's great financiers.

Within the past few weeks a boy of seventeen, whom the writer has been watching for months, has been declared by a commission to be irresponsible, and has been sent to the prison for criminally insane at Matteawan. This lad, apparently a splendid specimen of budding physical manhood, and coming from a refined home, has never had proper treatment. Could he have been examined by experts at the first indication of criminal bent, and could he have been sent to a proper institution, the story to-day would be very different. His parents, unable to keep him at home, had sent him to one private school and military academy after another. He was dismissed from all. Finally his parents, broken-hearted over his misdeeds, had him committed to a semi-private reformatory. He twice made his escape. He had quite as agreeable a personality as did the criminal genius who committed suicide in the Kansas City hotel. But he did not hesitate to prey on his friends. After his last larceny the commission appointed to inquire into his mental condition found that he had degenerated into a moral imbecile. But now it is too late to save him, and, as there is no other place to send him, it is likely that he will spend most of the balance of his days in company with the out-and-out criminal insane, many of them convicts who have been transferred from State's prisons. One of the greatest alienists has declared that this boy could have been saved had he been taken in time. An accident at the time of his birth is thought to have had much to do with his trouble.

There have been the exceptional children, usually girls, who, because of fancied grievances, have attempted suicide. One sensitive boy, whose mental deficiency and stuttering were related, lately attempted suicide because his teacher in a moment of petty temper mimicked him—an act which should have barred her forever from the schools. But she is still teaching. Some boys of the exceptional class show morbid cravings for sympathy and marvelous genius for evolving out of thin air stories of mothers murdered by fathers, of escapes from atrocious cruelties at home, of strange travels and adventures. One of these lads, who had never been off Manhattan Island, told of the slaughter of his parents in South Africa, of wanderings from port to port, with such cunningly devised detail and plausibility that he kept the Court guessing for a week. Another boy, who had feigned blindness and had been picked up on a charge of having no proper guardianship, deceived for eight days with his upturned eyeballs and helpless gropings the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in whose custody he was during all that time.

The number of children in the public schools of New York City whose mental defectiveness is recognized is seven thousand, or about one per cent of the total school attendance. If expert neurologists examined all the children, the number would probably reach ten thousand. Naturally, the number of mental defectives who come into the Children's Courts would form a higher percentage than would be shown in the schools. And while in the schools a certain small number is pressed into the ungraded classes established for children unable to make normal progress, where they are provided with special instruction, there is, nevertheless, no real sifting-out process. Even if there were, the city at present has no adequate provision for the proper treatment of such mental defectives.

The New York Children's Courts, on rare occasions, resort to a sort of legal subterfuge and commit defective delinquents to the Department of Charities, trusting that they will be sent to the Children's Hospital on Randall's Island. The same situation as to the lack of the special type of institution required exists in practically all parts of the country.

There, is indeed, need of a general awakening to the fact that a number of

mentally defective and exceptional children are arraigned in the Children's Courts each year, and, although they are not responsible for their acts, they are being thrust, as we have seen, into ordinary reformatory institutions. Here there is nothing for them but acute suffering and, in the end, habitual criminality. One exceptional child with criminal tendencies—and it is to be remembered that he may be a genius or near-idiot—is often a potentiality for tremendous evil. In its gradual abandonment of antiquated and barbarous methods of treating child offenders the State must recognize that the mentally defective and exceptional child requires a special process of training. The State, in fact, can ill afford to hesitate longer in taking this step in line with humanitarian progress.

BUSINESS SENTIMENT[1]

BY HERBERT G. STOCKWELL

ON a suburban train homeward bound at the end of the day sat, with a friend, the proprietor of a large paint factory. Immediately behind was the president of an important warehouse company, who leaned forward with a hearty "How are you?" to his friends in front.

An interchange of pleasantries followed this greeting. A compliment from one of those on the front seat to the warehouse man elicited the response, "I tell you that a glad hand-clasp and a hearty greeting go a long way even in business." The conversation drifted into a friendly discussion of

SENTIMENT IN BUSINESS

The warehouse man related that while yet a boy in a glass manufacturer's office the proprietor had once said to him, "John, I want to impress you with the thought that if we can get our customers to *give us the preference* we shall do well." The warehouse man, now successful, added: "What a tremendous thought lies in that simple expression! All other things being equal, if business men will give any man a preference over others in his line, he will get all the business he can handle."

This thought embodies one of the forms in which sentimentality expresses itself in business. What is sentiment? What is business? Those who estimate business to be the abstract incarnation of all that is grasping and greedy can scarcely appreciate the indescribable effect of subtle influences passing back and forth between men, prompting acts not directly urged by thoughts of gain. Men who entertain such opinions will spontaneously spurn the idea that so weak a characteristic as sentiment exists in business transactions. Yet the day in the life of any business man during which he has not been guided by other than absolutely sordid calculations is rare indeed. What is sentiment? When we seek to frame the question in a way to call for a business answer, we are almost compelled to inquire concerning the effect upon business of the elimination of sentiment. What is business *without* sentiment? seems as intelligent a question to put as to ask, "What is sentiment *in* business?"

WHAT IS BUSINESS?

What an inclusive word is business! Your business! My business! Business consists of anything that occupies our time and attention. We may be concerned in manufacturing, mercantile, or professional pursuits, or engaged in the study of religion, art, or literature; so long as whatever we do occupies our time and attention, we are in business. If we are *busy* at anything, we are in business; if *idle*, whatever we call our nominal occupation, we are not in business. Now, it can be seen that business is nothing but an expression indicating purposeful activity.

[1] The third of a series of five articles by Mr. Stockwell. Other articles will be found in The Outlook for January 14 and February 11.—THE EDITORS.

Any transaction involving the thing that we are especially interested in doing constitutes business. Acts, not facts, make business.

We can no more dissociate the act of a man from the man himself than we can think of a man without form. Our acts are the fruits of thought and desire. Mind and will! What else is there to a man? His brains and heart are constantly influenced by and influencing those surrounding him. One could with difficulty imagine a man cold-blooded enough to go through one short business day immune from environing atmospheres.

RESISTANCE TO GOOD INFLUENCES WELL-NIGH IMPOSSIBLE

No, much as we might resolve, we cannot escape the influences going forth from our associates. Affection will manifest itself everywhere. Few cold-blooded business propositions are ever carried through to a conclusion with entire absence of feeling. The reason is obvious. Action never occurs until the will is set in motion. What is *will* but a bundle of desires, and what are desires but a bundle of passions more or less acute, more or less noble?

Thus we see that business acts are always accompanied by feelings of some sort. This feeling may not always belong to the highest class. Sometimes it may not be properly described as sentiment. Some motives in business transactions may be of the baser sort; and it is to the occasional exhibitions of this class of wrong passions that the negative expression "No sentiment exists in business" may be charged. What we really mean to say is that no purely unselfish motives are to be found in the ordinary course of business transactions. I am ready to combat even this restated proposition. So far from being a true statement of the case, it is contrary to the experience of all thoughtful observers. Take salesmanship, for example. One of the most prominent characteristics of the successful salesman consists in his ability to obtain an order through *friendship*. He seeks and obtains a *preference* over his fellows who have merchandise to offer of equal texture and price. Note the disappointment creeping through us when an order or commission or prospective fee, thought to be on its way to us, has been directed to other channels. Somebody else obtained the preference, to our undoing.

FRIENDLY FEELINGS MUST BE RECIPROCAL

Theoretically we place our wares on the market without plea for favors—but only theoretically. We consciously or unconsciously seek the preference of every one who will grant it. The foundation for the success of a business man is friendship, and he must cultivate it to get far on in the world.

This friendship must be reciprocal. No man can long stand the drain of one-sided favors. The bitter experience of those who have attempted to "hog it" attests the truth of this observation.

Some years ago a soap manufacturer became suddenly prosperous. Fortunate advertisements created a demand for his soap to such an extent that he became autocratic in his dealings with merchants who sent orders to him. It is said that so exaggerated was his idea of his importance that prominent wholesale houses of unquestioned financial standing were compelled by this soap manufacturer to send the actual cash with each order. He would not even accept their checks. This irritating rule was complied with under strong protest. While the fad for his soap lasted the king held fearful sway, but when his meteor began to fall and his soap ceased to be deemed an absolute necessity by the people, did the merchants experience feelings of regret? Did they come forward and offer to bolster up the shrinking king? You can depend upon it, his fall was short and hard. He had robbed himself of the most precious thing a man can have in business—his friends.

Sometimes the effects of preference in business are obvious; in other cases the recipient of the favor never knows to whom or what he is indebted. A friendly act or charitable deed by a merchant may be recalled by a purchaser in time to effect his choice as between several merchants otherwise equal in his eyes.

In directors' meetings it frequently happens that when the letting of contracts is being considered, there are two or more bidders so nearly equal in price and responsibility that there is little opportu-

nity for the exercise of business judgment. More often than not one of the directors will suggest that one of the bidders be given the contract because he knows of some worthy act or good trait of character possessed by the man whose name he mentions. What motive prompted the decision? Nothing but friendly feeling—sentiment.

Perhaps the most striking example of deliberate and premeditated preference is shown in an incident that occurred a short time ago in Chicago.

A retail shoe man, a druggist, and a young lawyer sat at lunch together one stormy day. Business conditions were discussed and frank confessions by each as to the amount of his own business came without hesitation. The lawyer felt somewhat discouraged in having to report very little work to do. It was noticed that he had eaten sparingly. He left the restaurant before the others had finished. No sooner had he proceeded beyond hearing distance than the shoe dealer said to the other:

"It's a shame that Jim can't get more business. He has more brains than any other fellow I know. I wonder whether we can help him in any way."

"I've just been thinking the same thing," replied his friend. "What do you say to 'boosting' him among our friends? I don't mean just the ordinary glad word when somebody asks us about him. What I mean is this: You and I will make a business of bringing his name up every time we meet anybody likely to have any law business to give out."

After some further planning the two friends separated. Thereafter they sought every opportunity to bring the lawyer to the notice of their business friends, with the result that within six months the lawyer reported a very busy practice. Of course he learned to whom he was indebted, and he gladly vouches for the truth of the story.

TRY IT YOURSELF

If any man or woman in business doubts the prevalence of this sentiment in business, let him or her review the things heard, seen, and done during the course of any selected day. Those who, in checking off the occurrences passing before their memories, fail to find stirring examples of friendship may assure themselves, not that such things have not taken place, but rather that they have not been heeded.

Preferences may be given and not appreciated. Pure motives prompting helpful assistance may be misinterpreted and the good deed turned into evil in the sight of the recipient; nevertheless, the good deed is there, although the perception is deficient.

The successful business man who has risen head and shoulders above the men of ordinary ability is quick to recognize *preferences* and to return the favors. He *remembers* his friends, knowing that forgotten kindness cools the ardor of even the warmest heart.

Moreover, he does not await the first offerings from his friends. He is ready to *create* evidences of his big way of doing business. He extends preferences to others in advance of any foreseen opportunity for the return to him.

Be ready to give something not "nominated in the bond," and you will surely find responsive hearts. There is no secret of success more pronounced in its effectiveness than the proper exercise of good sentiment in business.

But let us not forget that we must first earn a deserved reputation for square dealings before we are rightfully entitled to seek preferment. Our goods or services must be at least equal to the best, and our contracts must be faithfully executed, before we can hope to cultivate successfully that preferred friendship which forms the crowning triumph of an honorable business career.

BIRDS OF THE SOUTHERN WINTER

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

TO the blizzard-bound Northerner there is no more fascinating form of imagination than to picture to himself the sunny homes that have been found by his bird friends that have migrated southward. Yet few bird lovers can have an accurate idea of the winter surroundings of their summer favorites unless they have observed them in the South.[1] This brief paper will therefore set forth the environment and the manner of life of some of the best-known Northern birds as they are found in their winter haunts; and since the robin usually begins the springtime, it may be well to mention him first.

It is a well-known fact that the robin changes his disposition with his location; when on the lawn he may be the most confiding and friendly companion, but at any distance from a house he is apt to develop traits of wildness and suspicion. The characteristic of wariness is always found among robins in the South. In general, the robin is songless in his winter quarters, his only notes being his liquid word of alarm and his shrill flight call. Occasionally, however, a flock will give voice to a subdued chorus, audible at a considerable distance through the hollow-echoing "piny woods." These great pineries of the Southland, together with the swamps that drain—or more often do not drain—them, harbor robins in vast numbers. Near the mouth of the Santee River in southeastern South Carolina the writer recently tried to estimate the number of robins in a flight that was "changing swamps." How wide the flight was is not known, but the portion upon which the estimate was based passed over an open field (completely surrounded by tall pines) a quarter of a mile long by a half-mile wide. Over this space the robins flew from noon until dusk—about five hours. At any fixed period there must have been a thousand robins in sight; so, estimating that it took a robin a minute and a half to fly across the field, the total number seen could not run far short of two hundred thousand. Probably the number was much greater. During this hurried passage the birds were silent except for an occasional flight call, which would be answered by a score of similar cries.

In the liberal semi-tropical woods of the South the robins have a "continual feast of nectared sweets." They feed chiefly on the black berries of the gum tree, on those of the tupelo, on the scarlet ones of the holly, the cassena, and the bay brier, and on those of that peculiar hybrid the wild orange. They are also very fond of the faintly sweet crumpled yellow berries of the Pride-of-India tree. The swamps and thickets are full of berry-laden vines, while every watercourse is lined with growths bearing succulent fruits. It is a fact not generally known that the fruit of the wild orange—a semi-domesticated evergreen, bearing small black berries, not edible, about the size of gooseberries—contains an acid that is intoxicant; and the writer has seen robins, gorged on this rich food, become silly and dazed, and actually fall to the ground in what was apparently a drunken stupor. It has been suggested that this unfortunate state was brought about by the birds' gluttony; and while this theory may be correct, the other seems nearer right, since robins are not known to suffer ill effects from overeating other kinds of food. One of the most beautiful sights in all the pine woods of the South is that of a flock of robins feasting in a holly tree. The bark of the tree is grayish white, and the leaves, of course, are those of a typical evergreen. The holly often attains (especially near water) a height of fifty or sixty feet, and is usually cone-shaped, like many varieties of cedar; and when its glossy foliage is starred with myriads of twinkling scarlet berries, its beauty is supreme. It looks as, perhaps, a Christmas tree would look in paradise. When the redbreasts, roaming the wide woods, come upon such a glorious find, they are as happy as little children are over the beneficence of Santa Claus. They crowd into the green foliage, their bright breasts flashing back and forth against the dark green of the leaves and the shadowy snow

[1] These observations were made near Charleston, South Carolina.

of the trunk and branches, or blending in glistening beauty with the color of the berries. In the delight of such feasting a robin will occasionally resort to a shady alcove in the tree or on some retired limb near by, there to give rather droll and thoughtful utterance to some half-forgotten notes of spring song. Other robins, on near-by perches, will preen their feathers until their turn for berries comes, when they will fly into the tree, whence will instantly emerge those that have had their share of feasting. There seems always to be much good-fellowship manifest, and there is little quarreling except on the part of a few male birds that doubtless have begun to feel the significance of crabbed age. The belief of those who hold that a flock of robins in a berry tree is continually "scrapping" doubtless arises from the habit that the birds have of fluttering before the fruit they intend taking; and when flocks do this, and myriads flutter about a tree, calling in delight and excitement, the casual impression given is one of woodland warfare. As the winter advances, robins draw in from the pine woods and the swamps to cities, villages, and plantations, where they find winter-mellowed fruit awaiting them. In such environments the robins lose much of their wild and wary nature, and become the friendly, confiding birds of the Northern spring and early summer.

Among the sweet-voiced lurkers in thickets and in coverts that Milton has called "bosky bournes" the catbird and the brown thrasher are worthy of most notice. The veery, that superb mysterious voice of the woodland, winters in South America, as does the wood-thrush, else these had glorified the winter in the Southern States, would they indeed deign to sing at such a season. When the first breath of autumn tinges the Southern woods, the catbirds arrive, and immediately begin their foraging for pokeberries. This luscious bird fruit is commonly found along fence-rows, in grown-up cleared ground, and on the borders of thickets; and there our querulous arrival is to be seen whisking from pokeberry bush to rail fence, where he will fluff up his feathers, then smooth them—actually flatten them—and, flirting his red-tinged tail, will peer inquisitively from side to side, giving his cautious, questioning call. It may be a fancy, or it may be that this is true only of certain birds that have been observed, but the catbird in the South appears to have more red in his plumage than the same bird in the North; but he has little enough in either home. All winter long catbirds are to be found in thickety growths that afford them shelter and food. The brown thrashers, as a rule, inhabit the denser copses, where their favorite occupation seems to be scratching—literally shuffling—among the dead leaves for whatever gain such capers afford. They are more frequent singers during the winter than catbirds, though their exquisite lyrics of the dawn and the twilight are heard only with the coming of love in the springtime.

Cedar waxwings are welcome visitors to the South in the winter, for, while they are shy and silent, their manners are attractively demure and their plumage rivals in delicate tints the exquisite blending of shades usually found only on game birds. They are late nesters in the North, being, in fact, rather negligent about the performance of this essential duty; for it is often as late as August before a brood is reared. When their scattered bands wander southward, they unite; so frequently they may be observed in flocks of several hundred. The food they enjoy most is the waxen berry of the mistletoe, though in general they eat just what robins eat, and the two species are often found associated together.

Mourning-doves range from Cuba to Ontario, and nest almost throughout their range, though most of them are migrants. Their movements, however, are slow, and are regulated chiefly by the amount of grain that can be gleaned from the stubble fields. By the first of September they are well in flight, and by November the South is overrun with them. There they are to be differentiated from the little rosy-breasted ground-dove (known locally as the "mourning-dove"), whose note is as crooning as that of its soberer-hued relative is grieving. Doves in the South during the winter feed in open fields much as they do in the North, and roost in great numbers in pine or myrtle thickets, sheltered from the wind. In the daytime, during their resting or siesta periods they resort to cypress or willow

bordered streams, and to the murmuring spires of lofty pines, where they sun themselves and drowse in the high aromatic air. In pea or cotton fields of any size it is no unusual thing to flush a thousand doves or more; and birds disturbed in this manner invariably fly toward the nearest dry-topped tree. This habit has well-nigh proved fatal to the species, for, by posting themselves under such trees and by sending out riders over the fields, hunters can kill incredible numbers of doves. A recent report from a branch of the Audubon Society in Alabama stated that a half-dozen hunters in a single day had killed several thousand doves in one cotton-field by the method just described. Fortunately the Southern States have awakened to the importance of protecting their birds, and wise laws have put a stop to such slaughter.

It was while pursuing a flock of doves in a Southern corn-field that the writer proved the excellent saying of John Burroughs, that in bird study "what no man ever saw before may at any moment be revealed."

Hampton Plantation is one of those vast old rice estates along the lower Santee River in South Carolina. It has always been remarkably rich in bird life. One eventful day in November, 1896, while in a field adjacent to the river, my attention was attracted by the sight of a dove twice the size of those in the flock; its tail was longer and more pointed, and the sheen on its neck glistened and gleamed in the soft autumn sunlight. The difference in its plumage from that of the ordinary dove was visible at a considerable distance. The bird was excessively wary, and, though it was difficult to approach, it would not fly far. It seemed tired, as if it had just completed a long migratory flight. After following it for more than an hour, I succeeded in shooting it. Upon close examination it proved to be a genuine passenger pigeon. This conclusion was confirmed by my father, who, as a boy, had seen many thousands of these beautiful birds feeding in the oak trees on the slopes of the mountains in North Carolina. This was the last wild pigeon ever taken in South Carolina, and one of the last observed in America. Arthur Wayne, the well-known Southern ornithologist, the author of "The Birds of South Carolina," saw a pair of wild pigeons in Greenville County of that State in 1886; but, expert as he is in observation, and tireless as he is in pursuit, he has since that time seen no member of this splendid species. And that excellent bird lover Frank M. Chapman reports that in eighteen years of field work he has seen but two specimens of the passenger pigeon.

Among the bird sights that have the power to impress through sheer wonder and astonishment none is greater or more beautiful than a vast concourse of red-winged blackbirds, either covering long aisles of cypresses as with a sable mantle or balling in inky clouds over the rice stubble. It is estimated that in such flocks the number runs close on half a million. Sometimes they light in some favorite feeding-place (as where a stack of rice has stood) in such countless numbers that they actually swarm on one another's backs, seeming to be two or three tiers deep. The record shot for such a target is one hundred and sixty-eight birds with two barrels. Blackbirds in the winter resort to the river marshes and the waste thickets of delta lands both to feed and to roost. In company with the red-wings there are often boat-tailed grackles, Florida grackles, and rusty blackbirds. Occasionally, too, there will be seen an albino of one of these species, and a most odd and surprising sight it is.

Blackbirds are very destructive to rice, both while it is in the field and after it has been stacked. The tops of the stacks are soon shredded of their grain; but birds forage along the sides all winter. Some kinds of birds, particularly blackbirds and several varieties of the sparrow family, beleaguer the rice all day; but it is at dawn or at twilight that the stacks are gathering-places for all the birds on the plantation. There flames the cardinal, his haughty crest rising and falling with every change in his subtle and various emotions; there the blue jay, ceasing his endless pranks and his noisy clamoring in the live-oaks, will sail out of the top of a tall tree to find his supper at a common table among humbler companions; sometimes the tufted titmouse will feed on rice, as also will flickers; most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the appearance of a hermit

thrush among the motley concourse of birds.

In general, the birds of the Southern winter are not singers; and the absence of the lyric strain is a serious defect in a character whose chief charm, as in the case of song birds, is romantic. But probably we should not love their songs half so well if we could hear them all the time. During the winter months even the glorious mocking-bird is a harsh-mannered, harsh-voiced neighbor, though a balmy, bright hour is apt to melt his heart and to lure him into song. Probably the cheeriest, bonniest, of all the winter birds is the intrepid, the dauntless, the deliciously pert and inquisitive Carolina wren, whose carol rings merrily from the faded garden or from the wind-swept wood-pile. During all the months of bare trees and north winds he is caroling jauntily, investigating outhouses and cellars, always with his busy air of absurd importance.

No migrant changes its nature so completely during different periods of the year as does the bobolink. In the North, where this sportive songster is found in grassy meadows and along reed-grown streams in the summer, he is the personification of blithe joy and abandon. Bryant's poem to him is an excellently accurate description of his summer nature; but during his stay in the South he is an entirely different creature. While he is not really a resident of the Southern States during the winter (he winters as far south as Paraguay and southern Brazil), his stay at the end of the summer is often six weeks in length—ample time in which to study a bird in a "stop-over" environment. In the rice-fields of the South he is a most interesting (as well as a most destructive) bird, and his presence adds to the picturesqueness of the great rice harvest. The bobolinks arrive about August 20, and sometimes linger, if there is good feeding in grassy corn-fields, until the first of October. When the birds first come, they are rather thin and shy, and their only note is a metallic monotonous "pink pank." But as the season progresses they become very fat and very tame, often sitting on the coffee-grass that lines the margins of the rice-field banks until the observer can almost catch them. The plumage of both sexes at the time is softly ocherous, with tints of brown and black on the back and wings.

To the rice-planter these "rice-birds" are a veritable plague, so much so that one of the regular expenses of the plantation is that occasioned by "bird-minding." There are various ways in which to combat these pests. One is by posting Negroes on platforms along the banks, from which eminences they bawl their long, hand-woven "wahwoo" lashes. The crack of these whips sounds like the report of a gun, and early in the season is rather effective in keeping the birds restless. But after a while they become used to the harmless din, and more strenuous methods have to be resorted to. On a heavy charge of coarse-grained powder a flattened buckshot is rammed tightly. When this shot leaves a musket, it sings above the feeding birds, and its sound is said to resemble the rush of the wings of a sharp-shinned hawk, a dread enemy of rice-birds. At any rate, it has a wonderful effect in making the feeding hosts rise and scatter far. But the only real way to keep birds from ruining a crop is to send Negro bird-hunters into the rice after them. The fields at this stage of growth are flooded, and the water is about two feet deep. It is stagnant, muddy, and infested with all manner of water-loving insects and reptiles. Yet the Negro hunter, slouching his battered cap over his eyes, will sink out of sight under the golden canopy of the rice, appearing next far out in the field, enveloped in smoke and shadowed by myriads of birds that he has roused from their banquet. In order to make a telling shot, the gunner is obliged to keep below the level of the rice; and the distance of the stalk is sometimes half a mile. Through tangled growths of saw-grass, over blind ditches and bog-holes, always up to his knees in water and always under the rice, the bird-minder creeps warily. Nor is his anxiety confined to a fear that he may flush the birds out of range; for in the water through which he crawls there lurk the deadly cottonmouth moccasin, the water-rattler, and even the alligator, though an alligator very seldom attacks man, unless he mistakes him for some defenseless and legitimate object of prey. When the Negro comes upon the birds, he makes sure of their

exact location (which is not an easy matter because of the bewildering sound made by the chirring of thousands of bills on the rough rice hulls), levels his musket over the drooping heads of the grain, and utters a long, rolling whoop. As the feasters clear the level his musket roars out; and, if conditions be favorable, the gunner frequently picks up more than a hundred birds. Other hunters prefer to go into the field and wait until a great cloud of birds, disturbed, yet seeking a place to light, "balls" near enough to shoot.

But while the chief interest occasioned by this late summer visitor is rather expensive and rather unpleasant, there are at such a time observations possible which to the student of bird life are highly valuable. Undoubtedly the most impressive of these is the fact of the rice-bird's gluttony. He grows so corpulent that he grows unwary, he loses his grace of flight, his voice changes from a tenor to a lugubrious bass, and he is actually so fat that if when shot he falls on a hard rice-field bank he will literally burst open. Rice-birds roost in the marshes that border the rivers and in tall reeds that have taken possession of waste rice-lands. Even there they are pursued by hunters, who, blinding them with a lightwood torch, pick them off their perches. And, even though the birds are a nuisance to the South, for the sake of others who love them for their songs of the summer, laws should be passed forbidding the capture of birds at night.

The bobolinks pay the South another visit in the spring, when they are known as May-birds. At that time they feed on the rice that is being sown. The males are then in full summer plumage and in full song. They precede the females in migration by a week or more, and appear far more joyous than their soberer-hued helpmates. This spring visit to the South is very short, and the true bobolink as he is at this time is not so well known there as the rice-bird is in the late summer.

A drive through the Southern woods in winter is a source of great delight to the bird lover. The level roads, smooth as white sand can make them and fragrantly carpeted with pine-needles, lead from dewy swamps to airy ridges, and by tiny farms of Negroes and poor whites—farms that have been desperately wrested from the engulfing growth of the monstrous woods. In the native growths of pine and tupelo the birds most frequently met (and seldom found anywhere else) are the pine-warbler, the brown-headed nuthatch, and the downy woodpecker. Occasionally, swinging far through the tinted vistas of the purple forest, there will be seen the magnificent black pileated woodpecker, which, with his flaming scarlet cockade, looks at a distance much as the lost ivory-billed woodpecker must have looked before the encroachments of men drove him out of his native haunts. From the grassy roadside flickers bound up startlingly, hurtle to near-by trees, and there hang, with their heads peering over their shoulders. On passing through gallberry thickets or along watercourses with heavy undergrowth, jolly towhees, with their striking red and black plumage, will rustle in the dead leaves or startle one by their abrupt "fluff-fluff" rise out of the brush. Perched on a dry twig, they will eye the intruder amiably, though they sometimes seem to express a personal opinion in their baffling incredulous whistle. Or, again, from the depths of some shadowy thicket their clear call, comparable in resonance to that of the bob-white, will sound far through the woods, "Towhee! Towhee!" In sunny spaces along the road small flocks of doves will be seen, and frequently brown covies of quail will troop gracefully over the sandy driveway or will huddle together until one passes. Through the sunlit woods large flocks of bluebirds can be seen, warbling that delightful note that in the North heralds the spring. Meadow-larks, while usually found in grain and cotton fields, are often met with in the pine woods, where they find excellent cover in the tall yellow broom-sedge. Traveling together in small flocks, the Carolina chickadee and the tufted titmouse are frequently seen, as are also goldfinches, brown creepers, ruby-crowned kinglets, and blue-gray gnatcatchers. If the observer be fortunate, it is quite likely that he may catch a glimpse of a blue-headed or a white-eyed vireo, an orange-crowned, a yellow-throated, or a palm warbler, or even a Southern yellowthroat or a golden-crowned thrush. Most of the members of the sparrow family winter in fields rather than in woods; and so, if the road

leads through cultivated lands, one may see vesper sparrows, savannah sparrows (along ditch banks), chipping sparrows, white-throated sparrows, and, most welcome of all, song sparrows, that sing throughout the entire winter.

TWENTY YEARS IN HULL HOUSE

BY ELIZABETH WALLACE

IN the early days of the Consumers' League a woman from New England, eager and intelligent, went to Washington to consult Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor. After listening attentively to the plan and object of the organization as developed by his visitor, Mr. Wright commended it, but added, "Do you realize that you have entered upon a hundred years' job?" "We do," was the instant response, "and so we haven't an hour to lose."

It is exactly this intelligent, comprehensive view of the future, combined with a patience almost superhuman, that animates the group of workers portrayed by Miss Addams in her recent book.[1] The opening chapters of the autobiography reveal the child who was the mother of the woman. Miss Addams gave her supreme affection to her father, and he first drew her into the moral concerns of life and later afforded a clue there, "to which," she says, "I somewhat wistfully clung in the intricacy of its mazes." Many women will read the exquisite story of father and daughter with deep emotion, recalling girlhood days steadied, illuminated, and inspired by just this strong and perfect understanding. This wise father listened quietly to the "cheap arguments" of the young girl upon many subjects that appealed to her ardent youthfulness. For instance, when she tried to prove him wrong for mourning the death of Joseph Mazzini "because he was not an American," she gained from her father's attitude a sense of the genuine relationship that exists between men who share large hopes and like desires, even though they differ in nationality language, and creed. She was ashamed of her meager patriotism, proud of her father, and took to her heart Mrs. Browning's lines in which she describes a like relationship.

> "He wrapt me in his large
> Man's doublet, careless did it fit or no."

The understanding between the grave man of few words and the ardent little girl was perfect. She was not five years old when Lincoln died, and, for the first time, she knew that grown people wept, for she found her father in tears. In a chapter upon the influence of Lincoln the depths of patriotism are stirred, and we thrill with a sense of comradeship with our devoted fathers and mothers who lived through the Civil War and gave of their best to the saving of the Union. Mr. Lincoln wrote several letters to Mr. Addams (kept with sacred care by the recipient), whom he addressed as "My dear Double-D'ed Addams." He consulted him as to certain measures then before the Illinois Legislature, of which Mr. Addams was long an influential member. Through her father's love for the martyred President the young girl stored up in her heart a lifelong devotion to that honored name, which came to be, as she says, "an invigorating and clarifying power." "Abraham Lincoln cleared the title to our democracy," and proved that democratic government, with all its shortcomings, "still remains the most valuable contribution America has made to the moral life of the world."

A telling chapter is given to what Miss Addams calls, in Tolstoy's phrase, "The Snare of Preparation." It should be read by every young man or woman aiming to be useful in this active world, yet often "smothered and sickened with advantages" and unfortunately free from happy industry or from "extenuating obstacles."

[1] Twenty Years in Hull House. By Jane Addams. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Aroused from a period of absorption and theorizing, Miss Addams and her friend Miss Starr began the search for a suitable place in Chicago where they might try the settlement experiment, not yet fully outlined in their own thought.

How they found Hull House and how the work grew under their willing hands has often been told, but never without effect. Their purpose was afterward stated in these words: "To provide a center for a higher civic and social life; to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts of Chicago." In view of this clear statement, the criticisms that have been made upon the work done, because it was not something quite different, are hardly to be regarded as reasonable.

Perhaps the strongest impression left on the mind after reading this book is the remarkable poise of Miss Addams's character. She held herself open to suggestions, made tentative plans, listened to advice from many sources, yet kept firm hold upon essential principles. In a chapter on "Economic Discussion" there are several keen bits of analysis regarding the attitude of those who espoused the different activities of so-called social science. They had to be put into partisan groups because their feelings were apt to be hurt when their especial cause did not receive due recognition. All this inner friction Miss Addams seems to have escaped, though of outward tangles and insoluble problems her days were full. As is well known, she took an active and influential part in labor legislation in Illinois, keeping in close touch with every detail of the puzzling industrial problems. Her School Board experiences and her efforts for civic co-operation in Chicago revealed to her clear vision much of the under side of party politics. The book is packed full of information, suggestion, encouragement, and most complete comprehension of the overwhelming difficulties in the path of the reformer. Too many of us are acquainted with the sort of persons Miss Addams describes as putting forth thorns in their eagerness to bear grapes, pursuing ends which they consider of overwhelming importance and becoming thin and impoverished in spirit and temper, developing "a dark mistaken eagerness alternating with fatigue, which supersedes 'the great and gracious ways' so much more congruous with worthy aims." Such are the antipodes of Miss Addams. For such will this book be a guide-post to a better road. For others, not yet impressed by the tremendous need and by their own great privileges, the book will prove an inspiration, a call to happy, patient, intelligent toil.

Miss Addams has recently given to large audiences the fruits of her experience in addresses before the meetings in connection with the Child Welfare Exhibit in New York.

THE NEW BOOKS

The author of "We of the Never Never Land," Mrs. Æneas Gunn, writes of a remote district of Australia. The book shows descriptive power of rather unusual ability, and is vivacious throughout. Sometimes, indeed, one wishes that the author would be a little less sprightly and a little more definite; that she would explain to the uninitiated reader some of the Australian terms used, and tell a little more in detail just what was done on this enormous stock-farm. "The Never Never Land," as we understand it, is the more remote part of the northern Australian country. It is reached by telegraph and by mail-riders "once in a while;" but the "stations," or ranches, are many miles apart, and the people in one place have to depend upon themselves for social pleasure as well as for actual needs. Mrs. Gunn evidently proved resourceful; and one sees that she was the spirit of cheerfulness which animated this little spot of English life set down in the midst of grinning natives, enormous stretches of wild country, and so remote from contact with the world at large that a woman could expect to get her household provisions and packages sent her from a distance only two or three times a year. Mrs. Gunn and her husband made the best of things, and really passed an enjoyable and even jolly life. The little pen sketches of their faithful but rough associates and of their native servants are decidedly amusing—in particular, the fat Chinese cook is so well presented that he is

a more enjoyable character than most to be found in humorous novels. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

"Islam Lands" is a worthy successor to Mr. Shoemaker's books about Ireland, Scotland, France, Russia, Persia, India, Burma, the Philippines, New Zealand, and Tasmania. The present volume seems to us noteworthy chiefly because of two things. First, because of its information concerning the Sudanese Mr. Shoemaker finds them superior to the Egyptians, and describes their progress as guided by the English, particularly at Gordon College and at the Wellcome Laboratory. The latter institution has not only carried on remarkable investigations into the causes of the numerous diseases found in tropical climates, but, as showing the changes brought about by the new régime, the chief Laboratory attendant —a man trusted to make blood fibers for microscopic examination—was once a fighting dervish in Kordofan! The Laboratory's work is broad enough even to be concerned with the construction of houses, and its report points out the importance to the white race of shade and the harmfulness to it of the excess of tropical sunlight—indeed, the main use of the pigment in the Negro skin is to keep out the light rays. The second particularly striking feature of the present volume, so it seems to us, is Mr. Shoemaker's description of Tunisia, especially of Carthage and Timgad (the ancient Thamagudi). The author even claims that the Timgad ruins are more magnificent and extensive than anything that Rome can show, the Coliseum excepted. Many illustrations add to the value of Mr. Shoemaker's book. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.)

Will the white race continue to control the black, yellow, and brown races? We frequently hear that query from people who have lived in the Far East. One among them, an Englishman, still hiding his personality under the pseudonym of B. L. Putnam Weale, attempts to elucidate the question in his latest book, "The Conflict of Color." Unless the question is answered quickly and definitely, he says, there may be a revolution, world-wide in its extent. By his "Manchu and Muscovite," his "Reshaping of the Far East," his "Truce in the East," and his "Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia" this author has prepared us for the opinions he now expresses. His observations are interesting to all the colonial Powers. But they are chiefly so to Great Britain and the United States. With regard to the United States the volume contains some particularly pregnant hints and conclusions, we think. As might be anticipated, they have to do with our relations with China and Japan. Suppose China one day makes common cause with Japan. What will result? Eastern Asia, with a population of six hundred millions, will be controlled from Tokyo. But, what is of more moment, a closed sea might extend from Saghalien to Siam. For our "pernicious doctrine of Protection having given to all modern states a pseudo-scientific weapon, . . . it is not a very far cry from tariffs on goods to tariffs and restrictions on foreign shipping, on foreign merchants, on everything foreign." Such a policy, it is claimed, has already been begun by Japan in Formosa and Korea and South Manchuria. How shall we meet this policy? The author has two answers ready: Secure China's complete independence, and then make China ultimately stronger than Japan. If we Americans do not do this, he adds, we may expect to lose the Philippines, and that "in less than two decades." But we must not only build up China, we must restrain Japan. In this, as the author truly thinks, neither England nor Russia can do as much as America. For, as The Outlook has often said, no nation enjoys the liberty of action conferred on us by our geographical situation, detaching us as it does from European rivalries. It is certainly no wonder that we have come to be known as the only truly disinterested party in foreign politics. Hence we can count, not only upon the public opinion of other countries, but actually, thinks our author, on the active support of a majority of European Powers, in case of need; and even more emphatically upon the support of the great English-speaking democracies—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa—which, the author well says, though English in political organization, are decidedly American in sentiment. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.)

Napoleon the Great "antithetically mixt" is a riddle which students of human nature are never weary of studying. Every year brings some new addition to the already enormous library of Napoleonic literature. "Napoleon in His Own Defence," edited by Clement Shorter (Cassell & Co., New York, $4), is a reprint of the "Las Cases Letters" and a reply by Theodore Hook. The Las Cases "Letters from the Cape," the editor declares, were "undoubtedly by Napoleon." When letters are dictated to a secretary by so rapid a thinker as Napoleon, it is always a little hazardous to determine how much the language is that of the dictator and how much that of the secretary. "Letters from the Cape" (of Good Hope), to which point Las Cases had been sent from St. Helena, where he had previously been Napoleon's companion, are so entitled because sent from the Cape to Lady Clavering in England, in defense of Napoleon from an anti-Napoleonic publication by a Mr. Warden. The reprinted pamphlet by Theodore Hook, the popular but unscrupulous English author and practical joker, is valuable rather as a resurrected curiosity than as a historical document. The man who characterized the greatest commander of his age, if not of the ages, by the phrase, "a more ungraceful, thick-legged, fat little fellow never existed on the face of the earth," is not to be taken seriously, even if we were not told by Mr.

Shorter that when this pamphlet was written Mr. Hook was under official charges of public peculation and had very good reason for attempting to curry favor with the Government by defending it from charges of mistreatment of a fallen foe. "The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in His Own Words" (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, $1.75), though not, strictly speaking, a diary, is both interesting and valuable. "The matter, with the exception of the few bracketed passages, is derived entirely from Napoleon's own words written and spoken." It is a remarkable compilation, and to the student of Napoleon, and also to the student of human nature, is of unique interest. That interest is not abated by the fact that nothing that Napoleon ever said or wrote can be taken at its face value, without inquiry. For he was always a *poseur*. He posed before Europe, before his people, before his army, before his wife, before his valet, and, when there was no one else present, before his looking-glass. Mr. Gladstone declared, Mr. Shorter tells us, that Napoleon was the greatest man, both as a soldier and an administrator, that the world has ever seen. With that judgment we agree. But he was also perhaps the vainest and the most self-conceited man the world has ever thought worth its study. He never forgot himself. One of his companions in his exile, M. Gounard, the author of "The Exile of St. Helena," has said of him that "on his lonely rock he had not lost the art of managing men," that "his work was meted out exactly to suit the French mind, the requirements of the time, the intelligence and the sentiments of the people." He always wrote and spoke for effect, and one can never tell when he was sincere, or whether, indeed, he was ever absolutely himself. Even when he is quite frank in his self-revelation one is quite sure that he is so for a purpose. For example: "Campo Formio. Count Cobenzl and I met for our concluding session in a room where, according to Austrian custom, a dais had been installed with a chair of state representing that of the Austrian Emperor. On entering I asked what this meant, and (on being told) I said to the Austrian Ministers: 'Come, before we begin you had better have that chair taken away, because I have never yet seen a chair set higher than others without immediately wanting to get into it.'" That was evidently said for a purpose, but it is nevertheless a real self-revelation, and explains the alliance of all Europe against him, and his ultimate downfall. Again, in a single sentence he interprets the failure of the French Revolution: "We have not yet defined what we mean by the executive, legislative, and judicial powers." French failure to do this, American success in doing this, marks the radical difference between the French and the American revolutions. On the other hand, no one can take seriously the statement to the Archduke Charles, "If the overture I have the honor of making can save the life of one single individual, I shall be more proud of the civic crown I shall earn than of the sad glory that comes of military success;" nor can we reconcile his complimentary letter to the President of the National Institute, "The real conquests, those that leave no regrets behind, are those made over ignorance," with the sentiment attributed to him by history when he declined to receive Pestalozzi, "I have no time for A B C." This necessity of reading between the lines and endeavoring to see the real man behind his mask of words adds fascination to this Diary.

"Christianity and the Modern Mind," by Dr. Samuel McComb, author of "Religion and Medicine" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, $1.50), and "Missions and Modern Thought," by Professor William Owen Carver, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary (The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.50), are wholly independent and yet complementary to each other. The concluding chapter of the former introduces the theme of the latter. Each complete in itself, they reinforce each other, and constitute in combination a more massive argument than that of either separately. Dr. McComb's volume vindicates the claim of Christianity to leadership of the modern mind that often antagonizes it. His reasoning with objectors covers all the moot points of current difficulty, and draws effectively on the helpful suggestions supplied by recent scientific research, especially in psychology. He does well in insisting that Christianity, in fidelity to its essential spirit, has yet to complete the demonstration of its claim to allegiance by effectively coping with the sorest evils of the world, its social inhumanities, most apparent in the grim facts of poverty and crime. On its fidelity to the altruistic missionary spirit, which impels it to impart its best to mankind, the future of Christianity in its claim to leadership of the world is staked. From this view-point Professor Carver's volume proceeds to show that Christian missions, as now conceived and conducted with the encouragement and the correction of a century's experience, are meeting the demands of the best thought of our time. His argument draws especially upon the facts and lessons of history in general, and of the history of Christianity and of Christian missions in particular. Through its foreign mission work, says Professor Carver, "Christianity has come very much better to understand itself." "The function of Christian missions is to put a higher type of man in the midst of lower types." One can agree with him that "we find our missions saving our theology at home," if not to the extreme extent of his claim. Both writers are constructive and positive, practical rather than critical, and find the convincing evidences of Christianity in what it can do. Both insist on a deep passion for humanity and human brotherhood as the essential note of a world-winning religion. Both utter an assured expectation of the new Christian era that is to realize this.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

THE FORTIFICATION OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL

The question of fortifying the Isthmian Canal is now before us and is likely to have a strong bearing upon international affairs. If we feel that it is necessary to fortify this Canal in order to protect ourselves from encroachment, it will show to the whole world a distrust of others that they do not show towards us. Can we, one of the most powerful nations on the globe, afford to put ourselves in such a position? I do not deprecate so much the fifteen, or fifty, million dollars that will be worse than wasted in such fortifications, or the expense of keeping them up, as showing in such a pronounced way our distrust of other nations. Would it not be well at this time to consider carefully the necessity for any fortification of the Canal, to consider the security of its position three to five thousand miles away from any force that could seriously menace it, to consider the peaceful relations existing between ourselves and others, and the very strong desire of all nations to maintain these relations—the necessity, in fact, for retaining them for the self-interest of all; and, in addition to this situation, to consider our natural advantages and power; to consider also the general sentiment of the world in favor of unfortified highways of commerce, and the almost certain establishment at The Hague of a judicial court for settling the difficulties that may arise between the nations, which will practically remove the dangers of collision between them? Now, what would be the effect of our fortifying this Isthmian Canal? Would it interfere with the growing good will and trust between the nations? Suppose that this good will should result in the near future in the Governments of the world establishing a small international army and navy that could safeguard the interests of all, what would be the value of the money spent on this Canal in comparison with the great saving that would result to us in such an establishment? Are not the risks of fortifying this Canal greater to us and to the other nations than the risk of its destruction?

Boston, Massachusetts. EDWIN GINN.

[The Outlook has already pointed out that the question of fortifying the Canal is entirely different from that of neutralizing the Canal. The Outlook believes, not only that the United States has the right, under its treaties and under international law, to fortify the Canal, but that its plain duty is to fortify the Canal. The history of this question was discussed at some length in an editorial in The Outlook of October 1 last. We repeat the conclusion reached: "The Canal Zone is United States territory. The Canal itself is, to all intents, a part of the coast line of the United States. We may well agree that all nations may use it for peaceful transit on equal terms; but we have no right to agree that a nation at war with us may use it in attacking us; and, if such an agreement were made, no Administration could or would keep the agreement. . . . Nor has the Nation any right, by a policy of fatuous optimism, to prohibit itself from preventing the use of the Canal by a foreign Power, if the attempt should ever be made so to use it with hostile intent."—THE EDITORS.]

THE PASSION PLAY

[The Outlook, believing that many readers would be interested in the points suggested by Mr. Reid's letter below, asked Professor Sloane for a reply, which is appended.—THE EDITORS.]

I have been reading with much interest the article on "The Passion Play," by William M. Sloane, which appeared in the number for December 31. In some important particulars this article differs in its statement of fact from the little book on "Oberammergau and Its Passion Play," prepared by Monsignor Joseph Schroeder, chief priest of the little town. In regard to the usual statement that this play is given by peasants, the author of this little book says: "There is no greater mistake than to think the inhabitants of Oberammergau are mere peasants and do not go beyond the narrow view of country folk in general. Certainly they were peasants once upon a time, but they are so no longer, though there may be some who still regard them as such. Their way of living and the many years' intercourse with strangers have brought them into close contact with townspeople, though themselves dwelling in a small village in the heart of the mountains. The lifelong sedentary occupation of wood-carving, combined with the air of small, low, and consequently musty rooms, has not specially contributed to the physical development of the inhabitants. The erect and proud bearing of other Bavarian highlanders will be found among the men just as seldom as among the women that healthy freshness which characterizes their sisters elsewhere."

Mr. Sloane says that the total number engaged in the play as actors, managers, ushers, musicians, etc., is "about six hundred, all told," but the priest of the town says that the number so engaged is one thousand, and for the larger scenes more than five hundred persons appear upon the stage at a time. Mr. Sloane says that there are fifteen hundred beds in the little town to assign to visitors. The priest says that there are four th usand f r visitors (*i. e.*, accommodations which insure tickets for the performance). Mr. Sloane says that the middle tier of seats at the theater only are numbered, reserved, and high-priced. As a matter of fact, all the seats at the theater are numbered and reserved, and have been so since the 1890 performance, according to the same high authority whom I have been quoting, and there is a scale of five prices (six, including the royal boxes when they are available), from

two marks to ten marks. The price is printed plainly on each ticket, and the speculator is almost absolutely eliminated. The ten-mark ticket is hardly exorbitant from an American point of view, and certainly compared most favorably with the charges for grand opera at Munich during the festival last summer. Mr. Sloane says that there were two regular performances weekly from June to September, but, according to the official announcements, the regular performances began in May and were given every Sunday, with only occasional performances on Wednesday—in all, thirty regular performances in twenty-one weeks, which is hardly twice a week.

One other discrepancy between Mr. Sloane and the parish priest of Oberammergau may be of interest. Mr. Sloane says that Dedler's music is for the most part low-pitched throughout; but Monsignor Schroeder says that "the music has been set too high on the whole, and therefore gradually jars on the ears." Most of those who attended the play last summer will agree with the prelate's judgment, and will sympathize with his further statement that the music is difficult of performance and taxes the powers of those who render it, especially toward the end of the eight hours of the play.

There is such a high finish to the play as it is given to-day, so many of the old objectionable features have been eliminated, so much recourse is had to the modern mechanism of the stage, that the impression upon the spectator is hardly that of a mediæval survival; but one readily agrees with Mr. Sloane that to narrate the features of scenes rare and unique must be with mingled feelings and inadequate word.

(Rev.) JOHN REID.

Franklin, Massachusetts.

The editors of The Outlook have forwarded your letter of the 19th to me, and I hasten to thank you for the careful attention you have given to my article on Oberammergau. That paper is based on my own impressions received during two fairly long visits in the Bavarian Alps, on information gathered in Oberammergau by myself and a trusted friend, and on the report of the authorities for the season just closed as published in the newspapers. It stands, I think, as printed, before The Outlook readers in just this light, with no pretension to critical accuracy—a sort of impressionist view of a casual visitor. Nevertheless, I believe my statements to be accurate; there is wide room for difference between the native and the visitor in matters of definition and statement. Monsignor Schroeder would naturally have one view of the *Bauer* in his parish, and intelligent visitors another; that there are well-bred dwellers in Oberammergau no one would deny; that the natives are "peasants" in the accurate sense of that word is equally certain. As to the numbers engaged, mine refer to those regularly attached to the organization of the play, and salaried from the receipts; that others are engaged for this or that temporary service or for several performances may be true. Several persons have counted the largest number visible on the stage at one time in the most thronged pictures, and their count so substantially agreed with mine that I adopted it; a census might, of course, reveal a number that were not easily seen. As to the number of performances given, thirty were advertised for the season of 1911; eighteen—no, nineteen (132 days)—weeks, from May 16 to September 25. During the three weeks I was in Bavaria last year the advertised Sunday and Wednesday performances were, to the best of my belief, repeated every Monday and Thursday—I went on a Monday. Here are thirty-six performances, and the report (which unfortunately I did not keep), as my memory serves, showed more. As to the music, not being expert, I think I used the wrong designation—"low-pitched" for soft or soft-pitched, if this last be not too barbarous. Furthermore, there are beds and beds: I penetrated into the lodging-places provided for other "peasants" who walked many, many miles, and after a talk with a very intelligent Oberammergauer fixed the number for tourists at a maximum of 1,500; that 2,500 more of a certain sort could sleep and feed in the village is very probable—such as are immune to crowding and smells. The tourist agencies, I think, advertised about my number. On the Monday of my attendance the ushers gave themselves no trouble except about the middle tiers of seats, and I fell into the mistake you point out. No doubt the other seats had numbers on them.

As to whether the Passion Play is a historic survival or a finished modern production, I cannot quite accept the view of Monsignor Schroeder. To me, as my paper indicates, it has no value or interest except as a "mystery" play. It is neither a modern drama, a morality, nor a miracle play. Many men have many minds. I stated mine as modestly as I could.

About the charges there are also two opinions: It was a Bavarian friend of the upper class who stigmatized the cost of lodging and seats as "*die reine Geldprellereir*," and my impression is strong that other unbiased Bavarians were of the same mind. What you refer to in connection with the performances in the Prince Regent Theater certainly is *Geldprellereir*; of that there can be no doubt. Extortion is a vice easily acquired.

WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

New York City

THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM IN SWITZERLAND

Having read with great benefit Mr. Roosevelt's recent article, I am moved to write you a few lines on the initiative and referendum as they work in Switzerland. First, as responsibility is, by these so-called improvements, taken away from the elected legislators, the character and ability of the legislative bodies are correspondingly lowered;

and, second, the measures placed before the people for their suffrage are framed in more or less complicated manner, so that often undesirable legislation is effected through the voters' attempt to secure the desirable. The proposition very often will contain a bait so desired by the people that they vote "yes" to the whole, and there is no redress except to go through the entire thing again, with perhaps no better result. For instance, to secure the nucleus of the standing army (up to then unconstitutional in Switzerland) the proposition had, as a part of it, the bait of decreased field service in the Reserves for three years. The measure passed, of course, but even then only by a slight majority. The proposition is very seldom a simple one, requiring a yes or no vote, but is put in such a way as to invite the greater evil to secure the smaller good.

Therefore I thoroughly believe in the election of representatives on whose shoulders rest, and weigh heavily, the responsibility of passing the most desirable laws, and they to stand or fall on their records, we, the common people, thus getting the full benefit of the ablest minds among us.

J. W. KELLEY.

Framingham Center, Massachusetts.

[The use of the initiative and referendum is not at all inconsistent, if properly guarded, with a strong representative system. It should, as Mr. Roosevelt pointed out, be employed only in cases of emergency where the representative legislature fails to do its manifest duty. While the principle is borrowed from Switzerland, all the Swiss details do not have to be adopted. In fact, one advantage of the example of Switzerland is that it affords us the best possible opportunity of avoiding her errors or failures in applying the principle to our own conditions and needs.—THE EDITORS.]

EAGER TO READ

Two years ago, at the Lake Mohonk Conference, I made an appeal to the delegates present for contributions of books, that a system of public school libraries might be established in the island of Porto Rico.

At that time there was but one school library in the island, and not more than half a dozen public libraries of any sort. There were *barrios* and rural villages with scarcely a book to be found except the text-books of the pupils in the public schools; and these, being the property of the Government, could only be used by the children during their school life. As a result of the scarcity of books, the twenty thousand or more children who left the public schools each year with no more than a fair reading knowledge found themselves with nothing to read, with no means of practicing, and so retaining, their ability to read. In fact, their "little learning" bade fair to become a useless, if not a dangerous, thing.

The response to my appeals exceeded my most sanguine expectations. Books came from all sections—through the kindness of the Red "D" and the New York and Porto Rico Steamship Company, transported free from New York when addressed to me and marked "Donation to School Libraries." One publishing house sent nearly five thousand volumes, and cases containing one hundred or more were not uncommon. Some of the books thus received were not wholly appropriate for children—volumes of history, biography, travel, or bound volumes of the illustrated magazines are particularly desirable—though nearly all have found a place.

As a result of the movement no less than 233 school libraries, containing 34,643 volumes, have been established in Porto Rico, and are now in active operation. One cannot appreciate what this means to the people without visiting the island. In practically all the cities and towns such a library is maintained, and in nearly one-fourth of the little *barrios*, or hamlets. These libraries vary greatly in their character and pretentiousness. In no instance is an entire building devoted to library purposes, but in a number of towns a sizable room, either in the *alcaldia* or in some school building, is set aside for such use. But by far the vast majority of school libraries are in the school-room, presided over by the teacher. Through the generosity of a friend I was enabled to purchase at an army auction nearly three hundred discarded soldiers' kits—strong iron-bound boxes of a suitable size, each with lock—and these are the bookcases. Books may be drawn by the pupils—and ex-pupils—usually at the close of the session, and it is an inspiration to see the little folks cluster about the teacher with the books they have selected, to have them properly charged. In some instances the school-room is open in the evening, with the teacher in attendance as librarian. Not long since I found myself in one of the smaller interior towns of the island in the evening, and stopped at the school-house to visit the night school. Finding two rooms of the building lighted and both crowded with pupils—in some instances two in a seat—I expressed surprise that the attendance should be so large. In reply the principal informed me that one of the rooms was open as the school library, and that those I saw were its patrons. I counted seventy-two, among them many adults. We need have no fear for the future of Porto Rico when such things can be found.

But there are nearly twelve hundred thousand people in the island, and, with all that has been done, there are more than seven hundred school buildings without school libraries. This means that one-half of the population is not in touch with a library. And every one wants to be. The school boards and public-spirited persons throughout the island are behind the library movement, and are working hard for it, for they see what it means.

But I am renewing my appeal to the

people of the United States. Send us some more books. Each will be stamped with the name of the donor. Or, if you prefer, twenty-five dollars will fill one of our boxes with a carefully selected list of books, bought at publishers' prices. The incidental expenses, too, of local transportation, etc., have to be met by contributions, as I have no special appropriation for library purposes. Porto Rico is generous to her schools, spending $1,200,000 annually for their support, and I have not cared to ask such a special appropriation. I shall be glad to answer any questions. E. G. DEXTER,
Commissioner of Education.

San Juan, Porto Rico.

THE GOVERNMENT CLERK

Washington is going through its periodical discussion of the Government clerk. Is he underpaid, adequately paid, or overpaid? Should he have a retirement pension, paid by the Government or by himself? All sorts of conceivable and some inconceivable arguments on every side of these questions are advanced, by Washington business men who thrive on the trade of these clerks, editors who want to sell their papers, Congressmen who want a reputation as far-seeing, economical, shrewd legislators. Each will have his say, and in all probability the whole matter will quietly drop out of sight, as it has already done many times. In fact, the problem is not as simple as it appears to many. Of the whole force of clerks in the Government employ, a very small percentage, judged by the work they do, are overpaid; a larger proportion, perhaps half, are adequately paid; and the remainder are underpaid. The difficulty arises in giving adequate salaries to those who earn them. Under civil service rules clerks are divided into classes, each class receiving a certain salary. Then Congress limits the number of clerks in any one department who may be included in the higher classes. Those classes are always full, and there is practically no chance for a clerk, whatever his ability, to get promoted except as somebody in one of those classes drops out or resigns or is demoted. Furthermore, the protection of civil service, of which so much is made, is absolutely worthless for these higher classes. It makes it difficult for their superiors to dismiss them, but does not hinder in the slightest their demotion. The result is that practically all clerks above the $1,000 or $1,200 class are at the mercy of their immediate chief of division or the bureau chief, while he is bound to consult the wishes —sometimes the whims—of the head of the department, and he again is subject to pressure from some Senator or Representative in Congress. In the last analysis, it is this political interference which is the most serious disturbing element. If any method can be devised of eliminating that, of removing the hard and fast lines between the classes, so that one man's advance shall not necessarily depend upon another man's loss, it will do much to remove the present unsatisfactory condition. Then it will be possible for a man with a family to live with reasonable comfort within the limits of the classified service. To-day that is impossible except in some of the more highly paid bureaus where expert work is essential, and where the salaries simply must be paid or the work cannot be done. D. U. L.

Washington, D. C.

TO CHEER BABUSHKA'S EXILE

Wishing to know whether her friends might send literature to Madame Catherine Breshkovsky, and, if so, how to address it, I wrote to Mr. Khrouleff, with whom I have personal acquaintance, asking him these questions. He replied with promptness. I hope many will send her books and magazines and picture postal cards. The books must have no writing in them, nor may they refer to political subjects. She loves books of travel and serious novels if they end well. She specially likes illustrated books and magazines. Care must be taken to obey the restrictions imposed by the Russian Government or this privilege might be withdrawn. Mr. Khrouleff says:

> In reply to your request concerning your sending books to Katharine Breshkowsky, I hasten to inform you that all our exiled enjoy the rights of free citizens in respect to correspondence, and in consequence may receive any amount of books that are not excluded by competent authorities from the usage. With regard to that circumstance, nothing can prevent you from sending as many volumes as you like to Katharine Breshkowsky, and in that case I should advise you to address your postage in the name of the Governor of Yenesei. from whom it will depend to forward it to the present address of the mentioned exiled.
>
> Hoping that this letter will find you quite well, I am Yours sincerely,
> (Signed) E. KHROULEFF,
> Chief of the General Prison Administration in Russia.

ISABEL C. BARROWS.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST

In The Outlook for December 31 Mr. Jacob Riis tells us how it might be of advantage to this country to introduce from Denmark a bird called the starling, as it might help to destroy the seventeen-year locust that is expected this year.

Mr. Riis does not seem to know that the so-called seventeen-year locust is not a locust at all, but a cicada, an insect not in the slightest degree related to the family of locusts, and not in any way injurious to vegetation of any kind.

In fact, after its seventeen years of subterranean abode there is no evidence that it takes any food when it reaches the surface of the earth and puts on its wings; indeed, the structure of its mouth parts is such that it can only suck the juices of plants through a minute tube not much larger than that possessed by a mosquito or horsefly, so there is no cause for alarm about any injury to vegetation by the prevalence of the seventeen-year locust. J. D. HYATT.

New Rochelle, New York.

The Outlook

FEBRUARY 25, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

CONGRESSIONAL SILLINESS

Foreign nations do not understand certain kinds of American humor; it is so intensely local that some Americans find it difficult to understand. There were several exhibitions of this kind of humor in Congress last week. Mr. Champ Clark, who has been in public life long enough to have some sense of the responsibilities of a public man, amused himself, and seems to have amused the House of Representatives, by expressing himself as favoring "taking Canada into the Union to become a part of the United States," and, as a means to that end, favoring the adoption of the Reciprocity Agreement. These remarks appear to have entertained the House; they certainly have not entertained the country. Foreign nations are accustomed to grave discussion of international matters. They do not expect responsible public men to joke about such matters; and Mr. Clark has had the satisfaction of furnishing effective material for the opponents of reciprocity both in England and in Canada. Of course Canadians and Englishmen who understand the various aspects of American public life know that such remarks mean nothing, as expressions either of public policy or of public opinion. They understand that they are only individual attempts at a very infantile kind of humor. They know that Americans understand that it is as absurd to talk about the United States annexing Canada as it would be to talk about Canada annexing the United States, to recall Earl Grey's New York speech. Then comes Mr. Bennet, an estimable gentleman of many attractive qualities, but very deficient in the sense of humor, and introduces a resolution requesting the President to inaugurate such negotiations as he may deem expedient for the annexation of the Dominion of Canada. At a time when the State of New York is rejoicing that it is at last represented by a Senator who can speak with the authority and dignity of a statesman on great public questions, this little play of petty politics touching a great international question, to say nothing of a great principle of public welfare, is extremely distasteful; and Mr. Bennet ought to have noticed that the State of New York is in no mood to stand such silliness on the part of its representatives. And it ought to be added in all frankness that a man who is capable of using such language in the House of Representatives as Mr. Macon, of Arkansas, used in discussing the Congressional recognition of Commander Peary's achievements in discovering the North Pole ought to be sent home to be educated. He evidently needs instruction in the habits of gentlemen and in the use of the English language in responsible public bodies.

THE PROPOSED INCREASE IN POSTAGE ON MAGAZINES

Legislation is under consideration in Congress to increase the rate of postage on second-class mail matter—that is, on periodicals mailed by publishers to their subscribers. The provision to increase the rate is made, not in a bill by itself, but in a "rider" attached to the Post-Office Appropriation Bill. The "rider" was attached while the appropriation bill was in the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, without notice to the publishers or opportunity for a hearing. The "rider" provides that the rate of postage on the reading pages of periodicals shall continue to be one cent a pound, while in the case of any periodical, *except newspapers*, the rate on "sheets . . . containing, in whole

or part, any advertisement with a display descriptive or textual," shall be four cents a pound. A further exception is made in the case of publications mailing less than four thousand pounds of each issue, which shall not be liable to the increased rate. Postage is paid by publishers on copies of their magazines mailed to subscribers, not one by one, as is done by individuals mailing a magazine, who put a stamp on each one to pay the postage, but in bulk, as the phrase is. The wrapped and addressed magazines are delivered by the publishers to the Post-Office in sacks. The sacks with their contents are weighed and postage is paid by the publishers on the total weight at a regular rate of one cent a pound. At the present time this rate is paid by all periodicals except local newspapers mailed to points within the county of publication. If the proposed legislation is enacted, there will be three classes of periodicals, each paying a different rate of postage:

I. Local newspapers mailed to points within the county of publication, on which no postage whatever is paid.

II. Newspapers mailed otherwise and periodicals which mail less than four thousand pounds of each issue, on which the rate will be one cent a pound.

III. Other periodical publications, on which the rate will be one cent a pound on that portion of the periodical containing reading matter, and four cents a pound on that portion of the periodical containing advertising matter.

Just what the limits of this third class will be and just what publications will be included within it is not perfectly clear. Apparently the determination of these points will lie in the discretion of the Postmaster-General. But it is evident that this class, which is discriminated against, will include practically all of the great periodicals of National circulation. The effect which the proposed change would have upon the finances of the magazines, and hence upon their possibilities of service and usefulness to their readers, may be illustrated by figures prepared by the Postal Committee of the Periodical Publishers' Association. One large publisher would be compelled to pay nearly $1,000,000 in increased postage each year; one small Western farm paper, making $10,000 a year, would be taxed $15,000 a year in increased postage. The postage bills of five leading monthly magazines during the year 1909 would, if this legislation had been in effect, have been increased by an amount equal to 81.8 per cent of their entire net income. The periodical publishers are naturally concerned about an increase in their expenses which would amount to so large a proportion of their net profits; but they are more aroused over the injustice of the proposed increase. In an editorial on another page we discuss the principles involved.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY WOULD HELP OUR FARMERS

Canadian reciprocity was commended last week in notable speeches from both President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt. The House of Representatives passed the Reciprocity Bill a few days later. This event is doubly remarkable. First, under the new rules of the House, this is the only notable example of the passage of a measure to which the Speaker has been not only opposed but the very consideration of which he has publicly deprecated. Secondly, the bill's passage registers some change in public sentiment towards fairer trade relations, and this means the substitution of National for local interests. Though some fifty cowards took to the cloak-room rather than openly favor the bill, it was passed by a vote of about two to one. Nearly every Democrat voted for it, and thus saved the day for President Taft, who was not even supported by a majority of his own party in the House. More Republicans actually voted against the measure than for it, and those voting against were in the proportion of two Regulars to one Insurgent. The Insurgents from Wisconsin and Minnesota divided about equally, but those of Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas voted solidly against the bill. As a slight offset, we note with satisfaction that Representative Poindexter, perhaps the most radical of all the Insurgents, cast his vote for the bill. That most of the Progressive Republicans should find their places with the "stand-patters" seems disconcerting. It is due, however, to a misconception on the part of many farmers of the Middle States and their representatives in Congress as to the

present protection afforded them. The proposed reciprocity would remove that protection. Hence the farmers declare that they are being discriminated against. Are they? Take the effect on corn. As President Taft has pointed out, our production last year exceeded three billion bushels; we exported forty-four million, and used the rest in domestic consumption, chiefly in raising cattle; in consequence, of live cattle and packing-house products we exported no less than a hundred and thirty-five million dollars' worth. On the other hand, the Canadian production was only six-tenths of one per cent of ours. Moreover, we exported six million bushels of corn to Canada. So far as corn is concerned, therefore, the American farmer will remain king, reciprocity or no reciprocity. Second, how would the agreement affect wheat? The price of our wheat, as the President says, like that of Canada, Russia, Argentina, and every other wheat-exporting country, is fixed at Liverpool, the greatest wheat emporium, and is a result of competition there of all the exporting countries. Hence our tariff duty makes no difference in the price of wheat in the United States, and the sending of any part of Canada's surplus through our country instead of through Canada, to be milled or exported, would not affect the price of wheat for our farmers. But what would favorably affect them would be the result of giving to Canadian wheat transportation, warehousing, and milling facilities at a less cost, for any increased trade for our elevators, mills, and railways must inevitably react favorably on the farmers themselves. Third, how does the agreement affect barley? By the mutual withdrawal of duties more barley would doubtless come into New York from Ontario, but at least as much of ours would cross the line at Wisconsin and Minnesota, thus preventing the useless hauling of Ontario barley to western Canada, and of our Western barley to New York. On farm products in general, we would add, the tariff cannot be compared to the tariff on manufactures. The first does not protect; the second does. The prices of our manufactures are not fixed in free competition with all the world, as are the prices of our farm products. As a net result, our farmers have not only got no increase of price by the tariff on agricultural products; they have actually had to pay more for what they buy of manufactured products because of the protection on those products.

CATTLE AND LUMBER

Concerning grains in general, Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, declares that the United States with profit could take all the grains Canada has to sell, and devote its own lands to less exhaustive crops. Whether we realize it or not, growing wheat for sale from our farms can be only temporary. After a few years the land refuses to yield profitable crops. Recuperative farming must be resorted to in order to build up a soil robbed by grain-growing. For this reason the older prairie State farmers turned to grass, corn, and domestic animals as soon as they could bring about the change. They buy their flour, and thereby keep up the fertility of the soil. The new departure has been so profitable that lands have risen in value from $100 to $200 an acre. But how, then, by admitting cattle free, does the agreement help our farmers? In this way: Canada cannot turn to the production of beef and pork as we can, because the more northerly climate prevents a large corn crop from being grown there. But, with cattle entering the United States duty free, the American farmer will be able to fatten them on his corn and sell them at a profit. At present, owing to the tendency to split the ranches into homesteads, there is a dearth of such cattle in this country. The rumor that our Meat Trust has had anything to do with the framing of the Canadian tariff may be dismissed. The very thing it wishes would be the reciprocal admission of free fresh and cured meat. This, with its resultant domination of the Canadian market by our packing interests, the Dominion Government would not permit. The agreement further affects the farmer favorably by securing, as the President points out, the free-listing of such important agricultural products as cottonseed oil, all kinds of fruits and vegetables, seeds, eggs, butter, and numerous other items, in which the movement to Canada from

the United States is much greater than from Canada to the United States. Finally, as to lumber, the agreement is also in the interest of the farmer—that is to say, the remission of $1,300,000 in duties on rough lumber imported into the United States by free-listing it along with pickets and palings, and a heavy reduction on dressed lumber, laths, and shingles. Briefly stated, the economic advantages proposed by the agreement are: (1) a regulation of the prices of very many necessary articles generally consumed by our people; (2) in times of scarcity, a tendency to keep prices down on particular articles: (3) by augmenting prosperity, an increase of purchasing power, and hence an increase of trade.

AT LAST AN APPALACHIAN NATIONAL FOREST

After years of waiting the White Mountain Appalachian National Forest is apparently at last secured. That the Weeks Bill has passed Congress seems almost too good to be true. Last June the workers for a decade towards that end felt the end measurably near when the House passed the bill; but filibustering prevented its passage in the Senate. However, that body agreed to a date—February 15—for voting on the measure, and on that date the bill was called up, debated for five hours, and passed by a vote of 57 to 9. This result rewards those who have long labored for the legislation, believing that it would be one of the most important enactments to be placed on our statute-books. Its advocates include Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, all the States concerned, and scientific, engineering, economic, and commercial organizations throughout the country. The bill's primary purpose is protection of forested watersheds on navigable streams. It authorizes each of the States to enter into agreements with other States to conserve water and forest supplies within their own borders in two ways. First, the forests and watersheds are to be protected from fire. An appropriation will enable the Secretary of Agriculture to co-operate with any State or group of States to afford such protection, the States to contribute equally with the Federal Government to maintain fire control. Secondly, for conservation purposes lands may be acquired, and the bill appropriates a million dollars for the next fiscal year, and provides that for each succeeding fiscal year until 1915 a sum not in excess of two million dollars may be appropriated to examine and acquire lands located on the head-waters of navigable streams. The Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to recommend such lands to a commission to be created and known as the National Forest Reservation Commission, its members to be the Secretaries of Agriculture, the Interior, and War, two Senators to be named either by the President or the Senate, and two Representatives to be named by the Speaker of the House. Authority is conferrred upon this Commission to pass upon lands recommended; indeed, no lands may be bought unless approved by the Commission. Lands are to be purchased by the Secretary of Agriculture after he has secured the consent of the State in which such lands are located, and, when once acquired, the lands are to be permanently reserved and administered as National forest lands. Out of the revenue from any forest created under the Act, five per cent shall be turned over to the State in which the forest is located for public schools and public roads. Thus the bill does not saddle the whole undertaking upon the United States, but leaves the bulk with the States themselves, giving them nevertheless the needed authority for effective co-operation and providing for Federal participation to the extent made necessary by the inter-State nature of the work. Though the bill does not mention the White Mountain or Appalachian regions specifically, it provides authority for the acquisition of the land necessary to create National forests in those regions, and in passing the bill this specific object was in mind. Most of our watersheds in the West have already been otherwise provided for, and of those in the East none are more important to the people than are those formed by the mountains of New Hampshire and the Appalachian country.

ART IN THE NORTHWEST

The æsthetic development of the Northwest is increasingly evident; it is not of such recent growth, however, as is generally supposed. A generation ago a group

of pioneers of Minneapolis, Minnesota, organized under a State charter the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts. Soon afterwards some generous people arranged a guaranty fund so that the Minneapolitans could secure Mr. Douglas Volk as Director of their proposed art school. Ever since that time the Society has maintained a school of fine arts, and its work has frequently received hearty praise from leading art schools in the East. From time to time it has also arranged exhibitions and lecture courses. As years have gone by, however, the need of a permanent art museum has been more and more evident. The prospect for its realization suddenly brightened when public-spirited citizens of Minneapolis organized a symphony society and subscribed a guaranty fund of no less than fifty-five thousand dollars a year! One of the leading spirits in this work was Mr. Elbert Carpenter. His brother, Mr. Eugene Carpenter, is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Society of Fine Arts. During the past month Mr. Eugene Carpenter has had a leading part in developing a special interest in the movement to erect a museum. This movement came to a head when Mr. Clinton Morrison, a well-known citizen, offered to give his own residence as a site, the property being well situated for the purpose. Following this munificent gift came one of a hundred thousand dollars from Mr. Dunwoody. One after another the wealthy men of Minneapolis joined in the subscription, until a total of nearly half a million dollars has now been raised, and already architectural plans have been elaborated for the proposed building.

A TRUE BUILDER

Fortunately, at the right moment, an architect of exceptional ability began the practice of his profession in Minneapolis. Mr. Edwin H. Hewitt, a native of Minnesota, spent two years at Hobart College, a delightful college in central New York, was graduated from the University of Minnesota, studied architecture in the Massachusetts School of Technology, and spent four or five years at the Beaux-Arts in Paris, where he added to a thorough knowledge of the technicalities of his profession a training of the artistic sense with which he is endowed. When he returned to this country, he was in serious doubt whether to settle on the Atlantic seaboard or to return to Minneapolis; fortunately, he decided to take the fresher field. For five years he has been associated with the Board of Directors of the Society of Fine Arts, and has been most influential in forwarding the plan for building a museum. Last year, during his absence in Europe, he was elected President of the Society; and if local feeling is consulted and general capability, the working of the plan of the museum will be put in his hands. Mr. Hewitt has already given striking evidence of his possession, not only of technical skill of a high order as an architect, but of that artistic sense which is so often lacking. St. Mark's Church, recently dedicated in Minneapolis, has taken its place as one of the most beautiful Gothic edifices in the country, and, like Calvary Church in Pittsburgh, deserves careful study by all those who are planning church buildings. Mr. Hewitt was the architect of this beautiful structure. He has a still greater task on his hands as the architectural adviser of the Regents of the University of Minnesota, who are planning to rebuild that institution entirely and to house it as a university which represents a great State and has command of unprecedentedly large resources.

THE RECALL IN SEATTLE

In an election which, though the most exciting the city has known for many years, was quiet and orderly, the people of Seattle, on February 7, displaced Mayor Hiram C. Gill and put in his place Mr. George W. Dilling. The issues of the election were stated at some length in The Outlook for February 11. In brief, they centered about charges of corruption, particularly in the police department, and of mismanagement of the lighting department. This was what is known as a recall election. In accordance with the law of the State, a petition was filed requiring the voters of the city to decide whether they were dissatisfied with Mayor Gill, and, if so, whom they should put in his place. The result was a victory for decency and good government. This is the second time that the recall has been put into operation in a

large American city. In the other case, that of Los Angeles, the Mayor withdrew before the ballots were cast, and even fled from the city. In this case the Mayor made great exertions to prevent the recall election from taking place. Like Los Angeles, Seattle indicates that it requires great provocation to render the recall efficacious, and tends to disprove the statement that it provides an easy way for temporary passion to work injustice. It took a great deal of patient effort to bring this result about. What effect the votes of women, who cast their ballots for the first time by virtue of the recently adopted suffrage amendment to the State Constitution, had upon the election is the subject of much surmise. Without their votes the election would have been very close. With them, the victory for good government was a certainty. The vote for Mr. Dilling was nearly 32,000, as against less than 26,000 for Mr. Gill. The Socialists swelled the vote against Mr. Gill, but not for Mr. Dilling. The total majority for a change in the city government exceeded ten thousand. The new Mayor, who at once took office, is regarded as a man of strong and upright character. His reputation is confirmed by a good record in business. He is not without public experience, as he has been a member of the State Legislature.

THE CHICAGO GARMENT WORKERS' STRIKE

The strike of the Chicago garment workers has come to an end. Approximately thirty-five thousand wage-earners, with one hundred thousand people dependent upon their earnings, have remained idle for nineteen weeks in the hope of forcing their employers to remedy certain conditions in the workshops which seemed to them intolerable. The situation was investigated by a Citizens' Committee early in the controversy, and a public statement was formulated by Professor George H. Mead and Miss S. P. Breckinridge of the University of Chicago, and Miss Annie Nicholes of the Neighborhood House. The grievances were summed up under the headings overwork, underpay, and unfair exactions, and it was pointed out that these grievances, popularly supposed to be confined to the sweat-shop, were prevalent in the highly organized factories maintained by the merchant tailors. The foreman is under compulsion to make a good showing in quantity and quality of output—is, indeed, paid a bonus for every hundred garments produced in excess of the prescribed stint—and rivals the boss contractor in the pressure he brings to bear upon his operatives. Since the industry is still in the main carried on by hand work, this means the speeding up of muscles and nerves to the limit of human endurance. The girls were the first to strike, but they were soon joined by the only organized branch of the force, the cutters and trimmers, who are, without exception, men. Among so large a number of strikers, divided into more or less antagonistic groups by differences of language, race, and religion, some confusion as to means to be used and aims to be attained was inevitable; but the Chicago Federation of Labor, the Woman's Trade Union League, and the United Garment Workers put their best organizers into the field, and the people were welded into a harmonious body, conscious of common interests and common aims, with astonishing success. At the outset there was much talk of the closed shop, but to the wiser leaders this seemed unattainable, and the rank and file were gradually educated to arbitration as a just and practicable method of settling industrial disputes. Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the firm in whose shops the strike originated, agreed in the early weeks of the strike to arbitrate the grievances complained of by their employees; but they expressly ruled out of consideration the recognition of a labor union or even of a shop committee. This proposition the workers rejected unanimously, saying that without such a guarantee of future adjustment the same desperate battle would have to be fought over again in the near future. A month later a Council Committee, appointed at the instance of Alderman Merriam, requested the employers concerned to meet in conference the representatives of the garment workers. Hart, Schaffner & Marx alone complied, and under this influence they again agreed to arbitrate the questions in dispute; but this time they stipulated that any employee accused of violence should be cleared to

the satisfaction of the arbitration committee before being reinstated. This proposal was indorsed by the strike committee, the Chicago Federation of Labor, and the Woman's Trade Union League, but it was impossible to secure its adoption in the halls where the strikers were assembled. Finally, on the 14th of January, this leading firm agreed with the strikers upon the arbitration of all questions in dispute without any reservations, and the open shop. Meantime, the two employers' organizations, the Wholesale Clothiers' Association and the National Tailors' Association, refused to treat with their employees except as individuals. Even when the committee appointed by the State Senate to investigate the causes of the strike and devise some means of bringing it to a close secured evidence of the maintenance of a blacklist by the employment bureau patronized by the Association houses, and made clear that the primary object of their organization was to control the labor supply, these organized employers insisted that nothing would induce them to have any dealings with organized labor. Then the courage of the strikers broke. They were at the end of their resources, and could endure hunger and privation no longer. They went back to work, but with the full determination to renew the fight when their union has accumulated sufficient funds. It is to be hoped that the results of the arbitration compact entered into by Hart, Schaffner & Marx for the settlement of present and future grievances may prove so satisfactory to both parties that the associated houses will be forced to accept this solution of labor disputes before such action, in order to avoid involving the trade and the city of Chicago in another disastrous strike. Far more drastic remedies are being discussed—compulsory arbitration, the minimum wage, and the revision of the law against boycott and blacklist so as to make verbal evidence adequate to conviction.

THE BLACK DEATH IN THE FAR EAST

The bubonic plague, which first made its appearance in northern Manchuria in the closing months of last year, has spread with great rapidity along the principal lines of transportation and travel, and is now becoming a serious menace not only to China but to Russia, Japan, and all the countries of the Far East. In the expropriation zone of the North Manchurian Railway, which is controlled partly by the Russians and partly by the Chinese, there are said to have been six thousand deaths, and the area of infection now extends from the valley of the Amur to the coast of the Yellow Sea. The disease has also invaded Mongolia and southern Siberia, and has appeared in the territory of the Japanese at Dairen (Dalny), as well as at many stations along the South Manchurian Railway between Dairen and Mukden. The malady everywhere seems to be of an exceptionally virulent type. Of 856 cases recorded by the Russians at Harbin, 845, or nearly ninety-nine per cent, terminated fatally. The period of sickness was generally short—often only a few hours—and in one case death came in ninety minutes after the appearance of the first recognizable symptoms. The center of the greatest mortality thus far is the Russo-Chinese city of Harbin, where, up to February 1, there had been 4,378 deaths, most of them in the Chinese quarter known as Futsiadian. Twenty-five thousand Chinese had fled from the city in a panic, carrying the germs of the disease to many parts of Manchuria not previously infected. The difficulty of combating an epidemic of this kind is greatly increased by the habits of the Chinese, and by their attitude toward European—and especially Russian—physicians. A report is in circulation among the lower-class Chinese that the Russians deliberately and intentionally introduced the plague into Manchuria, with a view to depopulating the country so that they could more easily invade and occupy it. This story is generally believed by the ignorant and suspicious coolies, and naturally they conceal their sick from the Russian doctors and resist as far as possible the carrying out of sanitary measures. They are very reluctant also to bury or burn the bodies of their dead, and make a practice of depositing them in out-of-the-way fields or leaving them on the ice of the rivers to be eaten by half-famished dogs. Mr. N. S. Arevief, who was commissioned by the City Council of Harbin to make a study

of plague conditions along the river Sungari, has written a letter of warning to the Russian people, which is published in the St. Petersburg "Reitch," and which is in part as follows:

To you, gentlemen, who are living in tranquil security in the far distance, I feel impelled to cry out, "Be on your guard!" The black death is at your door as well as at ours. Give attention to the things that are happening in Manchuria, even though they are beyond the limits of your actual vision. The streets, the fields, and the ice of the rivers here are strewn with plague-infected corpses. The ignorant Chinese, who are incapable of understanding the nature of the disease or the danger attending it, conceal their sick, and either hide the bodies of their dead or throw them out to be eaten by dogs in the fields or on the ice of the rivers. In the spring these dead bodies will be carried down to the Amur and thence to the ocean. The whole civilized world has commercial relations with Manchuria, and it is in duty bound to join in the fight against this terrible epidemic. With the beans or the wheat that foreigners import from here they may receive death. There should be international action now, in winter, before the rivers open and spread the disease by carrying down-stream the infected bodies of the dead.

THE DANGER TO EUROPE

Dr. Burnet, of the medical faculty of the University of Paris, who has made a special study of the bubonic plague, says that "Europe can become infected only through criminal carelessness;" but administrative inefficiency is as much to be apprehended, perhaps, as criminal carelessness. The Russian Government has never shown ability to cope successfully with infectious or contagious diseases. Cholera has been endemic in the Empire for a period of four years, and the numbers of cases and deaths have steadily increased from 12,717 and 6,428 in 1907 to 216,091 and 101,002 in 1910. Typhus, too, has long been endemic, and in the three years from 1907 to 1909, inclusive, there were 11,629 cases in St. Petersburg alone. Bubonic plague has existed for a year or more in various parts of the Empire, including the cities of Odessa, Batum, and Baku, the Kirghis steppes, the government of Astrakhan, the territory of Semiretchinsk, the territory of the Transbaikal, and the expropriation zone of the Eastern Chinese Railway. In most of these places it has been kept under control, but in none of them has it been permanently and certainly stamped out. In northern Manchuria the progress of the disease has not even been checked. The Russians have concentrated there a force of three hundred and seventy-five medical officers, hospital stewards, nurses, and sanitarians, and have erected at Harbin plague barracks and isolation stations where they keep from fifteen hundred to two thousand suspects constantly under observation; but, in the opinion of the Vladivostok Medical Society, the resources and methods of the railway administration, which is directing the anti-plague campaign, are, as yet, wholly inadequate. The energetic measures of the Japanese, on the other hand, show full appreciation of the danger and great practical sagacity in dealing with it. Up to the 20th of January the Russians had spent only $42,000 in fighting the plague, while the Japanese had made a first appropriation of $500,000. The Russians, with mistaken judgment, tried to prevent the spread of the plague by refusing to carry third and fourth class Chinese passengers on their railway trains. The Japanese, foreseeing that the Chinese coolies would walk if they could not ride, and that as pedestrians they would be wholly out of control, continued to carry them in their trains, but erected along the line of the road huge barracks, where they temporarily detained such passengers, disinfected their baggage, and kept them under medical observation long enough to make sure that they were in a state of health. The Russians allowed themselves to be hampered and obstructed by agreements and treaties with the Chinese Government which prevented them from enforcing sanitary regulations, even in Futsiadian—the Chinese quarter of Harbin. The Japanese promptly notified the Chinese Government that if certain administrative measures required by the emergency were not immediately and energetically carried into effect, they (the Japanese) would regard themselves as justified in acting independently and with full freedom. The Japanese have had a great deal of experience in fighting the plague, and if they were in the place of the Russians Europe would have nothing to fear. It is impossible, however, to

rely implicitly upon the preventive measures of a Government which has allowed cholera to increase from an annual total of 12,000 cases to an annual total of 216,000 cases in four years, and which has permitted its territory to become—as Representative Shingaref recently said in the Duma, "a nursery of infectious diseases for western Europe."

THE CONSUMERS' LEAGUE

The large attendance at the recent annual meeting of the Consumers' League of the city of New York indicated the influence which this body has with the shopping public. That this influence has made itself widely felt in the betterment of mercantile conditions was shown by two specific statements in the annual report of the President, Mrs. Frederick Nathan. First, that a careful investigation of the New York department stores during the last Christmas season revealed the fact that the ten years' campaign for early Christmas shopping had taken effect to such an extent that there was a marked decrease in the number of shoppers in the evenings of the week before Christmas. Secondly, that the principle of the consumer's responsibility for, and interest in, the conditions under which merchandise is made and sold has become so firmly established that during the past year New York firms, in order to draw shoppers to their stores, have been advertising in one case that no sweatshop-made goods or products of child labor were sold in the store; and in another, that the firm's interest in the welfare of its employees was so great that, when obliged to keep open evenings before Christmas, two shifts of workers were employed. In view of the fact that investigators have found inadequate arrangements for fire-escapes in many department stores, the League in New York is interesting itself in this phase of the protection of working-women. The President's report pointed out forcefully the necessity for legislation providing for a limited working week of six days for women in mercantile establishments. The common occurrence of Sunday work during the Christmas season, during stock-taking and bargain seasons, and in the auditing department at all seasons, has led the League to a realization of the need of securing one day of rest and leisure to department store women. An incident of the meeting was Mrs. Nathan's frank announcement that actual violations of the labor law were common in many of the best-known department stores, and that the Department of Labor had found it necessary to bring prosecutions against one-half of the members of so respectable a body as the New York Retail Dry Goods Association. The prejudiced treatment often received by such cases in the magistrates' courts was roundly condemned by Mrs. Nathan, who gave publicity to a remark recently made by the chief magistrate of Kings County, advising an inspector of the Department of Labor that he "might have closed one eye only two days before Christmas." But the League reports that, in spite of violations of the law in many stores, there are a number of New York firms who not only obey the law but who conduct their business in accordance with the principles of the Consumers' League. Dr. Stephen S. Wise and Miss Jane Addams both laid emphasis on the part which the Consumers' League should play in the solution of labor problems and disputes in the future.

A MORE SELF-RESPECTING DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

Recently, after repeated failures at former sessions to obtain legislation authorizing the acquirement of buildings for our diplomatic and consular establishments abroad, the House of Representatives passed the bill by a vote of more than four to one. The bill authorizes the Secretary of State, during the next ten years, to purchase or erect buildings for the use of our diplomatic and consular representatives, not more than half a million dollars to be spent in any one year for such purpose, and limiting the cost for any one residence, including site, construction, and furnishing, to $150,000. In the Senate the bill will probably be opposed by Senators whose attitude was expressed in the House by an able Democratic statesman, Judge Underwood, of Georgia. He would abolish the entire diplomatic service! Nor is he alone in the assumption that the quickened means of communication make it possible for all ordinary

business between any two countries to be transacted by mail or by telegraph as well as by personal representatives. He was careful to add that, if extraordinary necessity arose, special envoys could be sent. Hence the opposition of some to the proposed expenditure on the ground that it is pure extravagance. They may be reminded, however, that the bill has the indorsement of popular leaders like Mr. Bryan and Mr. Gompers, who have always shown themselves sensitive to any expenditure which does not benefit the people, and yet are convinced, as is The Outlook, that we must maintain a diplomatic service in addition to mail and telegraph facilities, for there are daily services to be rendered only by personal contact and by creating an atmosphere. But our Ambassadors' and Ministers' inevitable expenses are far greater than the salaries they receive. In hundreds of instances the Government has considered the nomination of men of ability for foreign posts, but has had to drop them because they were not rich enough to accept appointment. As Congress has been unwilling to increase salaries, we are glad that there is now some prospect of making an Ambassador's expenses less by relieving him of the large item of rent. The dignity of the country and the importance of interpreting its ideals and principles to other peoples make this measure one of prime importance, and the Senate will show its grasp of the world-wide relations of the United States by promptly passing it.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN When Archbishop P. J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, whose death took place in his eightieth year, February 11, came to his see in 1884, he was fifty-three. He had been priest for thirty years and coadjutor bishop for twelve years in St. Louis. His probable career and influence seemed decided by the pulpit reputation he had won, which made him in demand on the stately occasions of his Church all over the country. Born in Ireland, early a professor of English literature, always interested in style as such, and widely read, no less in Latin letters—as is often the case with a Roman ecclesiastic—than in English, he had the gift of his race for diction, for emotional appeal, and for elevated and effective utterance; none met him personally without carrying away some neat phrase, as when he said of the present Pope, on the eve of his election, that a man high in the Church was "often spoken of as a religious; the Patriarch of Venice is religious—two different things." Archbishop Ryan had not been in Philadelphia a fortnight before the town was talking of apt replies which showed him a ready-witted, agreeable Irishman, who was equal to any challenge of the dinner-table or public meeting, and was not a man to be suddenly waked up by those who, with ill taste, bait the clergy. No man did it twice with him. But his post trained him. The Archbishop of Philadelphia—in a State which has no such statute as New York, requiring ecclesiastical corporations to include laymen—owns in fee and leaves by will to his successor $200,000,000 of real property. Every responsibility is directly forced on the head of this great diocese, as nowhere else. Its Archbishop supervises colleges, high schools, and elementary schools, the last with 60,000 attending, and a seat for every pupil. He has the whole circle of Church charities to watch. With Uniate Catholics, having married priests, he had this thorny problem, which he touched with Irish humor. He was benignant to all, and no holder of a Roman see had wider social relation with those outside of his communion. Many a man and woman not in his fold found their faith and practice strengthened by his deep spiritual life and utterance. He spoke at meetings of charities which had none of his people on their boards, and blessed their work. He noiselessly and efficiently settled labor disputes before the public had heard of them. He was in a very real sense the Archbishop of a great city, not only ruling his diocese with a firm, wise hand, but leading all men to know better his Master.

A VETERAN EDUCATOR The oldest member of the faculty of Amherst College, Dr. Edward Hitchcock, professor of hygiene and physical education for fifty years, died at his home in Amherst last week. Dr. Hitchcock was eighty-two years of age. He was the

founder of the system of physical education which has been adopted in the colleges and universities of America. He has thus rendered a service to American education and to American college men all over the country. But to a generation and a half of Amherst men the service he has given has been a more intimate and personal one. In an article in The Outlook for April 27, 1907, one of his "boys" wrote as follows:

> Forty-nine successive classes of Amherst students have "sat under" Dr. Hitchcock—nearly five thousand of his "boys," graduate and non-graduate, of whom forty-one hundred are living to-day in every part of the world. Every one of them he has known by name; more than that, he has known each man's chest expansion, and his "pull-up," and some other forty listed and intimate physical details, and has rejoiced with him over every least showing of gain; but, more than that, through all these years he has believed that he held retainer as personal counsel for every troubled student before the high court of college government. Many cases has he pleaded there, while many seemingly hopeless ones never got to court as a result of a shrewd, searching, kindly talk in that little office in the "gym." . . . Physician of soul as well as of body he has been, yet any measure here of the value of his stated work can never take into full account that other side. Dr. Edward Hitchcock, of the college catalogue, may be appreciated to some extent; "Old Doc," who heads the faculty list in the hearts of thousands of living, working citizens, is beyond any possible appraisal.

This tribute The Outlook is glad to repeat now in memory of one of the best-known and most valued educators of his day and generation.

NIAGARA FALLS AGAIN

Niagara is once more in danger. At present the diversion of water from the Niagara River is limited by the provisions of the Burton Act, which restricts the diversion to 15,600 cubic feet per second, and also restricts the importation from Canada of electric power generated by water diverted from the river. The Burton Act, however, expires by limitation on June 29 of the present year. In 1909 the Chief of Engineers of the United States army, as a result of long-continued and exhaustive gaugings and study by the Lake Survey engineers, reported that "the combined lowering tends to uncover shallow portions of the crest line of the American Falls. It is further accompanied by . . . harmful effects both in the American rapids and at the easterly or Terrapin Point end of the Horseshoe Fall. . . . As a whole, the falls have unquestionably been seriously injured by the diversions already made. Additional diversions, now under way, will add to the damage." A bill has been introduced into the House, known as the Alexander Bill, authorizing the immediate diversion of a much larger amount of water than is permitted by the Burton Act and placing no restriction on importation into the United States of power generated in Canada. At a hearing last month on this bill the American Civic Association and the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society made a strong protest against the passage of the bill. Senator Burton has offered in the Senate a joint resolution (Senate Resolution 143) continuing the limits of the Burton Act during the life of the treaty with Great Britain (known as the Canadian Waterways Treaty) in which the two countries agree to limit the diversion of waters from the Falls. In view of the opinion of the Chief of Engineers that any further diversion will seriously injure the Falls, and in view of the fact that the maintenance of the *status quo* works no injury whatever to existing enterprises, we regard it as of the greatest importance that this resolution should be passed and the provisions of the Burton Act extended. We urge the friends of Niagara to use their influence with Senators and Representatives to that end, and to use it promptly. If action is not taken at this session, the Burton Act will have expired and the limitations which it imposes will have been removed before Congress meets again.

AN OPERA OF CHILDHOOD

The number of dramas and operas now on the stage in which children play a great part is significant. Managers have been giving us the Superman, the woman of "The Easiest Way," and dramatic careers worked out in the region "beyond good and evil," on the ground that these forms of human experience are the only forms in which people are interested. The crowds which throng the opera-house

when Humperdinck's operas are presented, the delight caused by Mrs. Riggs's "Rebecca" and Mrs. Marks's "The Piper," refute the idea that "Salome" and "Thais" typify the women in whom the emancipated theater and opera goer is exclusively interested. Humperdinck's new opera, "Königskinder," is an illustration also of that beautiful childlike quality deep in the German nature which has made Germany the mother of the folk and fairy story, of the kindergarten, of organized recreation for children; for "Königskinder" is a beautiful and pathetic fairy tale in which two unworldly children—the disguised king's son who has given up his heritage in order to be free of the world, and the goose-girl, who personifies the innocence and beauty of unspoiled girlhood with no other tutor than nature and the instincts of her own heart—lose their way in the world and perish in the purity of awakening love. The play appeals to the primal instincts of the human heart; and when the curtain falls, the hush with which the audience leaves the opera-house is noticeable. The music has throughout a moving quality, expressing both innocence and experience, the joy of childhood and the tragedy of unworldliness. The jaded victim of sophistication, facing ethical and personal problems which he does not understand, presented by playwrights who have neither solution nor seriousness of mood in dealing with them, still finds that there is a bit of the old humanity left in him, and a touch of the old human feeling for childhood and purity and the healthful life, when he listens to "Königskinder" or sees "Rebecca" and "The Piper" on the stage.

THE TEN "DEAREST" HYMNS

The judgment of a single congregation in the matter of hymns is to be taken with many qualifications, so great are the differences between congregations in the matter of familiarity with the best hymnology, training, and general education. The Rev. Frank B. Upham submitted to a Methodist congregation the question of the ten "dearest" hymns, and he reports in the New York "Christian Advocate" the result of a canvass, putting the reader on guard by stating that he had presented to each member of the congregation a list of "the fifty in our hymnal that he would retain most heartily if compelled to part with the others." Each member was asked to select from this list the ten which were "dearest" to him. It will be seen, therefore, that the field from which the selection was made was a restricted one, and that the aim of Mr. Upham was not to select a list of the best, but of the "dearest," which is obviously a very different matter. The result of the voting, however, is interesting. One is not surprised to learn that the most popular hymn was "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which is both intensely personal and intensely devotional. Out of a total vote of 185 this hymn received 112 votes. "Abide with Me" took the second place, and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," third, choices easily explicable considering the basis on which the selection was made. Then came "I Love to Tell the Story," which is a curious descent, but was immediately followed by a great ascent, "Lead, Kindly Light." Following closely after, "Rescue the Perishing," which in the judgment of most students of hymnology would hardly find consideration, was preferred to "Rock of Ages" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers." It is intimated that the preference for "Rescue the Perishing" was due to the personal interest aroused by a captivating young singer who had recently interpreted this song, among others; for it is a song rather than a hymn. It is noted that the ten hymns selected contain the first personal pronoun in the first line; and this reminds Mr. Upham that Dr. Holmes said that the author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" showed his genius by beginning with "My" and not "Our." Another interesting point brought out in this selection is the preference of Henry Francis Lyte to Charles Wesley, and of Miss Hankey to Cardinal Newman. A Methodist church, in other words, selects as its "dearest" hymn one written by a Unitarian, and puts among the foremost of its selections a hymn written by a Roman Catholic. There ought to be neither theology nor ecclesiasticism in hymns; their place ought to be taken by a depth and beauty of religious feeling which rises into the region of poetry.

NATIONALISM AND THE JUDICIARY

This is the sixth of the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on "Nationalism and Progress." This discussion of "Nationalism and the Judiciary" will be continued in following articles in the series. —*The Editors.*

An even more appropriate heading for this article would be "Nationalism; and Law, Order, and Justice." The first requisite for the welfare of any community is justice; not merely legal justice, but ethical justice, moral justice, the kind of justice meant by the ordinary man when he says that he wishes fair play or a square deal. In order to get this justice it is absolutely necessary that there should be order; and there can be no order unless there is law, and unless the law is rigidly and honestly enforced. Crimes of greed and violence and crimes of greed and cunning must alike be repressed, for it makes no difference what form wrong-doing takes so long as it is wrong-doing; and important though it is to have good legislative and executive officers, it is even more important to have an upright, fearless, and independent judiciary, bent with whole-hearted and intelligent zeal upon serving the interests of all the people.

Justice is based upon law and order, and without law and order there can be no justice. The triumph of disorder and lawlessness is certain in the end to mean not only the undoing of the reputable rich but the undoing of the reputable poor; and indeed the undoing of everybody, reputable or disreputable, for not even scoundrels can permanently flourish in a society in which the conditions have passed a certain degree of anarchy. But it must never be forgotten that law and order are not in themselves ends, but means toward obtaining justice. When order reigned in Warsaw, it meant not justice but the negation of justice. The terrible atrocities of Kishenev were due, primarily, not to lawlessness, but to the fact that those who had the power used it for the destruction of the helpless. The Jew in Russia and the Armenian in Turkey have had to dread cruel oppression at the hands of the exponents of the law quite as much as from violent lawbreakers. Without law and order there can be no permanent justice; but law and order are good only when used to bring about such justice.

Now, the above is an elementary proposition. It is so elementary that it is difficult to controvert. Nevertheless, in practice here in our own country there are multitudes of men who wholly ignore it, and who persist in making a fetish of the instrumentalities for obtaining justice through law and order, instead of treating them on their merits as instruments of greater or less worth. For instance, when a big corporation gets involved in a strike with a big labor union, the corporation at once demands that order be maintained, while the union is apt to protest against any practical steps to maintain order. As a matter of fact, the duty of the Government is clear. It should first restore order. So far, the corporation is heartily in favor of Government interference, of the use of the collective power of the people. But as soon as order has been restored—that is, as soon as the collective power of the people has been exerted to suppress violence directed against the property or persons of certain members of the community—the heads of the corporation are apt to insist (as in the 1902 coal strike, for instance) that the whole duty of the Government is at an end, and that any inquiry into the rights and wrongs of the controversy is an outrage on private initiative, private right and judgment. As a matter of fact, in many such cases the duty of the Government has only begun. It should not refrain from restoring and enforcing order because of any protest of the labor people, but neither should it refrain from full inquiry into the facts, and from acting so as to bring about justice, because of any protest on the part of the capitalists. In every such conflict of labor and capital there is a third party in interest, the public; and when the public, through the Governmental authorities, has to use the collective power of the people to restore order, that fact is of itself full and complete proof that, even if only for preventing recurrence of disorder, it is its further duty to use the collective power of the people for the purpose of finding out the facts and enforcing justice. Yet the very

men who, when the general proposition is enunciated as above, say that it is a mere truism, a mere platitude, violently oppose its application in concrete instances, such as that of the coal strike in 1902.

So it is with the judiciary. In the abstract, very few people will deny that the judge should be the servant of the people, and that in order to be a good servant of the people he must be wise, upright, and independent. But in practice, and when concrete instances are involved, the proposition is apt to be indignantly repudiated, now by people actuated by one set of reasons, now by people actuated by a directly opposite set of reasons; and, moreover, the same men sometimes on successive occasions take both of these two diametrically opposed positions. A judge cannot be a good judge, and therefore he cannot be a good public servant, if he is required to render every decision in accordance with what popular opinion at the moment, with or without reason, may desire. Too often the very men who most loudly praise a judge for being independent so far as pressure by the great special interests is concerned are furious in their denunciation of him when he shows the slightest independence in the face of a gust of mob feeling, or of popular feeling which, though it does not take the mob form, is equally unwise and unjust. And the converse is no less true. That portion of the daily press which is controlled by the special interests, and particularly that portion of the New York City daily press which is responsive to Wall Street sentiment, has come to regard the judiciary as in a special sense the bulwark of property; and inasmuch as the special interests naturally put property rights above popular rights, their representatives in the press make it their particular concern to extol those judges who take the same view. They are therefore very severe in their denunciations of any man who has anything to say in criticism of a judicial decision which favors property rights and is against popular rights. But if the decision is the other way, the same papers and individuals immediately reverse their former attitude and themselves become the most violent and bitter critics of the judge. The very New York papers, for instance, which on most occasions when they treat of this subject insist that any criticism of a judicial decision is subversive of the foundations of law and order and destructive of republican institutions, were the most violent critics of Judge Landis when he inflicted what they regarded as an excessive fine on the Standard Oil Company, and of Judge (now Mayor) Gaynor when they disapproved of his attitude on the five-cent fare bill. Criticism, entirely temperate, of a decision which deprived the United States Government of its Constitutional right to control and regulate inter-State commerce, or which deprived the people of the State of New York of the right to regulate the hours of workingmen engaged in unhygienic occupations, was treated as an assault on the foundations of the Republic by the same men who exhausted the resources of vituperation in assailing Judges Landis and Gaynor.

These same men and papers are always prompt to speak with horror of the utterances of labor leaders against the courts. As to certain tirades of labor leaders against the courts, I most cordially agree with them. But the worth of their protests from the standpoint of principle may be gauged by the fact that they pass over in silence utterances such as that of a great railway president, one of the half-dozen biggest financial men in this country, when, a few years ago, in speaking of a court decision, he said: "Decision or no decision, the men who own this stock will do with it as they please. The courts decide a great many things about which they know nothing. This is one of them. No court can run our property." Now capitalist and labor leader alike should be held to the same course of conduct. Both must obey the law; and, on the other hand, each has the right temperately and truthfully to point out where a given interpretation of the law by a given man works injustice.

Of course the trouble in these cases is not in securing theoretical acquiescence in statements of general principles of morality, but in securing practical acquiescence in the attempt to apply these principles to concrete cases. Very few politicians or business men, very few newspaper or magazine editors, would publicly announce their disbelief in the Decalogue; and yet,

while it is undoubtedly true that there are plenty of politicians, business men, and newspaper and magazine editors who try their honest best to live up to the Decalogue, it is equally true that there are plenty of all classes who treat either the Eighth or the Ninth Commandments, or both of them, as having no practical application to the facts of daily life. So it is when we come to deal with law, order, and justice. So it is when we come to deal with our judicial system and with the judges themselves. On the one hand, the very men who by their actions seek to degrade the judiciary into the position of a servile register of the popular whim of the moment will cheerfully render lip loyalty to the theory that a judge should be upright and independent. On the other hand, the very men who strive hardest to prevent the judge from being a real popular servant, and who wish, on the contrary, to make him an instrument for defeating the popular will in the interests of a special class, are always loudest in their assertion that they are really championing the cause of popular rights. The men whose patriotism is really rational and sincere, the men who really believe in the just rule of the people, and neither in the selfish rule of a plutocracy nor the selfish rule of a mob, stand as equally opposed to the extremists of both classes. Here, again, the wise men to-day are those who on this question stood as Lincoln stood toward the questions of his day. It is simple and easy to take a place among extreme fanatics, either of radical reaction or of radical advance, just as it was easy enough in Lincoln's day to be either a Copperhead who demanded that slavery should not be disturbed and declared the war a failure, or an Abolitionist who took the view that John Brown was morally justified in endeavoring to start a slave insurrection and that Lincoln was a time-server whose timidity and indecision were ruining the cause of freedom. But it was an immensely difficult thing actually to work as Lincoln worked, as Oliver P. Morton worked, as the Union men in Kentucky worked, so as ultimately to bring about both the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery. We who believe in popular rule, who hold that this Government has no justification for its existence unless the well-considered and deliberate purpose of the people is ultimately to prevail, are no less bound to insist that unless the people themselves in the long run desire justice and act with wisdom and self-restraint and self-mastery they will bring themselves to ruin; and therefore we feel that, so far as the wisdom of man can avail, the system should be such as to make the judge ever keep in mind his duty to the public, his duty to act as a representative of the permanent popular will; while it is even more important that the public in its turn should realize that it cannot in the long run receive the highest service unless its servants are independent and fearless and deeply conscientious, no less than possessed of understanding of and sympathy with popular needs and desires.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE POST-OFFICE AND THE PERIODICALS

On another page we give the history and the facts of the controversy between the publishers of the weekly periodicals and monthly magazines on the one hand, and President Taft and Postmaster-General Hitchcock on the other, with regard to the proposed radical change in the second-class postage rate. The Outlook has said before, and now takes occasion to say again, that if the common welfare of the country demands an increased rate of second-class postage, so far as it is concerned, it will cheerfully pay the increase and try to adapt its business to the additional cost thus imposed. But in order that the common welfare of all the citizens shall be preserved, no such increase should be made without a careful observance of three fundamental principles:

First, no radical change of postage should be made unless it is based upon a thoroughgoing, businesslike, and untrammeled investigation of the entire business of the Post-Office.

Second, if such an investigation demonstrates the need of increasing the rate of second-class postage, the increase should be applied to all newspapers and periodi-

cals alike, without exemptions and discriminations.

Third, radical and far-reaching legislation affecting a great industry of the country should be enacted by the regular procedure of introducing a bill in the House and the Senate, where it can be fairly and publicly discussed and where an open vote can be taken upon its merits.

The proposed amendment to the Postal Appropriation Bill increasing the rate of second-class postage is directly antagonistic to these three principles.

The charge that the Government is carrying second-class matter at a great loss is based chiefly upon the assertion of the Postmaster-General, and not at all upon a scientific examination of the facts. Such an examination ought to be provided by some such measure as the Carter Bill, the intent of which is "to systematize and to modernize the entire postal system." No radical change of postal rates can be made properly or efficiently without such a reorganization of the postal system. It is clear that the postal legislation now before Congress violates the first principle.

The proposed legislation specifically exempts all daily and weekly newspapers, and it is credibly reported that the Postmaster-General has expressed his intention to bring about the exemption of certain other large classes of weekly periodicals. The sponsors of the amendment not only do not deny, but definitely affirm, that the legislation is intended for a certain distinct class of periodicals, and they frankly claim that this is one of the desirable features of the amendment. We claim that it is undesirable because it violates the second principle.

Again, there is one phase of the proposed amendment which seems to us especially vicious because it endangers the welfare of every citizen and not merely of those who edit, publish, print, read, and advertise in the periodicals. We regret to say that the President and the Postmaster-General have adopted the method of forcing the amendment to increase second-class postage through Congress by attaching it as a "rider" to a general appropriation bill. This is generally regarded as the last subterfuge of those who wish to get special legislation through Congress without debate or discussion. It has been found to be so obnoxious a form of legislative procedure that a large number of the individual States have by Constitutional provision forbidden its employment in State legislation. By definite rule or legislative act the House and the Senate should forbid its use in Federal legislation. Mr. Taft is widely and deservedly known as a just judge, and as a lawyer especially punctilious with regard to the observance of the high etiquette of his profession. We regret that as President of the United States he has lent the great weight of his approval to this "rider"—a kind of legal procedure which as a private lawyer or as a judge we are sure he would condemn. The amendment in question is clearly a violation of the third principle we have stated.

Finally, the President is reported as being indignant because it is openly said in Washington that the amendment proposing an increase of postage on the magazines and periodicals has a retaliatory political animus. The discriminatory features of the amendment are so inequitable that Mr. Taft and Mr. Hitchcock ought to be made aware that in pressing them by the methods which have been adopted they inevitably lay themselves open to the accusation, however conscious they may be of the rectitude of their own motives, that a certain class of periodicals have been purposely selected to bear the brunt of the increase, while the daily and weekly newspapers of the country have been definitely exempted with the hope that they will support the measure.

HAS CONSCIENCE A PLACE IN POLITICS?

Senator Bailey, of Texas, eloquently exhorts his fellow-Senators to disregard public sentiment and show their courage by seating Mr. Lorimer; and Assemblyman Levy, of New York City, not less vehemently urges his fellow-Assemblymen to show their courage by disregarding the moral sentiment of the city of New York and voting for the so-called "ripper" bill. These gentlemen have made a mistake. It is not the possession of courage which leads men to disregard the moral sentiment of the community; it is lack of con-

science. Some men have conscience to see the right and to pursue it; some men have only conscience enough to respond to the appeals of their better-equipped fellows; and there are a few men who have not conscience enough even to recognize it when they see it. This is not courage; it is obtuseness, and the superlative obtuseness is that of a man who cannot hear the message of conscience when a whole community is shouting it in his ear. Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, and Judas Iscariot are not heroes to be emulated.

It is not doubted, certainly it is not doubtful, that Mr. Lorimer was elected by corrupt votes. The only question is, were the purchased votes necessary to his election or would he have been elected without them? that is, was it necessary corruption or superfluous corruption? Whether it was necessary or superfluous we do not pretend to know. What we do know is that no man of the moral caliber appropriate for Senator would be willing to take a seat if any of the votes which elected him were purchased votes. The people would like their Senators to be above suspicion. If that is impossible, the least that will content them is that under accusation the would-be Senator should be able to get something better than the Scotch verdict of "not proven." Moses's father-in-law advised him to select for rulers of the people men "hating covetousness." After three thousand years of development America ought not to fall below that standard. And it would be hard to persuade the people that either Mr. Lorimer or his backers *hate* covetousness. The Senators ought to lead the moral sentiment of the Nation. Senator Bailey asks his fellow-Senators to defy it, and calls the defiance courage. It is not courage; it is lack of conscience.

The "ripper" bill might properly be termed "A bill to enable the vicious classes and their political allies to appoint the police justices in the city of New York." The police justices are now appointed by the Mayor. The city knows who appoints them and can hold him responsible for the appointment. Under this system there has already been a great improvement in the personnel of the police justices. Under the "ripper" bill the political organization in the district would select the police justice and the people of the district would pass on the selection. There may be some good men in favor of this bill; we do not know. But it is certain that every saloon-keeper, and gambling-house keeper, and brothel-house keeper, and crook, and dealer in the white slave traffic is in favor of it. It is equally certain that an overwhelming majority of the good and true men and women in the city who know anything about the matter at all are opposed to it. And it is not less certain that it can have but one effect—to destroy the independence of the local judiciary, to make them dependent on political leaders who, in turn, are often dependent on the promoters and traffickers in vice, and so to make vice more easy and virtue more difficult in the wards where virtue is always too difficult and vice always too easy. The moral sense of a too somnolent city is aroused against this bill, and Assemblyman Levy calls on his fellow-Assemblymen not to be "afraid," but to enact it. The Outlook hopes that the citizens of New York will pour in such a flood of protests against this iniquitous measure as will strengthen the hands of legislators who are fighting it, awaken the conscience of those who are indifferent to it, and even arouse the political fears of those from whose equipment conscience has been unhappily omitted.

SCIENCE AND FAITH

Not many men writing to-day could with the pen paint such a picture as Mr. Burroughs has spread on a great canvas in other pages of this issue. For a few moments he snatches his reader from off the earth and holds him where he can behold this little planet as a lonely atom in space, a mere cloud-wraith dissolving in the ceaseless gale of time. And as he brings his reader closer to the earth he depicts for him the history of life on the planet as a procession of which the van is in the foreground but the rear is lost beyond the distant horizon. Even at this near view man has but little place; he is only one in a long multitude of countless figures.

It sometimes has been said that science, inflexible, penetrating, pitiless, will in the

end be destructive of the imagination. Mr. Burroughs suggests something of this sort when he tells how it has made incredible many legends of the past. And yet Mr. Burroughs's own work is a disproof of that supposition. It is only because Mr. Burroughs draws both upon science and upon his own imagination that he can create such a picture as that which he has entitled "Scientific Faith." Indeed, so far from dethroning the imagination, science has given the imagination a new and greater domain than ever.

So it has been said that science is a rival to religious faith, and as its field enlarges that of religious faith dwindles. Quite the contrary is true. Never in the experience of men has the scope of religious faith been so extensive as it is to-day. It is because Mr. Burroughs brings to his use the resources of science that what he has written gives a new significance to the words of the Psalmist:

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained,
What is man that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of the earth-born, that thou visitest him?

Indeed, the fact that the scientist can take us up, as it were, into the heavens, and lay before us as a scroll the kingdoms of the universe, opens to us a meaning to the words of the Psalmist which he never dreamed of:

For thou hast made him scarce lower than the gods,
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands.

Religion is not believing something; religion is an attitude toward life—a sense of universal value. The acceptance of a church dogma is not faith. Faith is not receiving something "only at arm's length, as it were." To say that you receive a scientific fact at arm's length is not an avowal of faith, scientific or otherwise. Faith is a relation that you establish with that which you deem of the highest worth. Science renders this great service to faith—that it immeasurably increases our sense of what is the highest worth. The reverence that leads the savage to bow before his idol is incomparably less than that which makes the Mohammedan soldier court death in doing the will of Allah. Why? Because the savage has no such wide view of life as has the Mohammedan. So as the knowledge of life and of nature expands, reverence, which is the essence of religion, also may, and ought to, expand.

When men regarded their own fortunes the sole concern of God, and their traits and powers an exceptional and distinct act of divine creation, they were not exhibiting a highly religious sense; they were using to the best of their powers a religious sense that was very deficient.

They made ancestry a criterion of worth as truly as any man who measures his friends by their family connections. The faith that is destroyed by the discovery that animals are created in the same way that we are has simply left room that can be occupied by a more genuine religion. Happily, the mere acquaintance with some of the facts of science makes it necessary for one to base his belief in the divine in man on something besides a physical pedigree.

The view of man's past history as an ascent from the protoplasm through the plane of the beast is not a horrible vista. It is rather a thrilling sight. What is horrible is the thought of the reversal of this. If what we actually see as we turn our eyes backward were a prediction of our future, or if as we looked backward we saw only a descent from a loftier level, we might well shudder. But what we see is that which to a healthy mind brings exultation—ever-renewing struggle and victory.

That all this brings anew to our minds the sense of unchanging law is not to be deplored; it is to be welcomed. We should be happier, better, and stronger for this new revelation of divine law in the world. This knowledge of law in the world of nature has done, and will continue to do, much to banish paralyzing fear. When men knew not from what had past what might come, fear of danger was a weakness. To-day fear of danger is a warning of the law posted in our sight and pointing us the way of safety. What still makes us feel weak and fearful is not our knowledge but our ignorance. When calamity comes now to us who have in ignorance transgressed this law, there is at least this consolation—that,

however intolerable the pain and horror we may bear, our experience is not the whim of an unstable deity, but the expression of a will which, by the mercy of its unchangeableness, other men and other generations, through our experience, will understand and obey better than we. The sense of being surrounded by law is a sense, not of weakness, but of strength and security. We may take hold on the power of the universe as our fathers could not, for of science we have been pupils.

Science does not banish personality. The god called Evolution is no god at all. Evolution never made anything. Science has nothing to say about the personality of God—either for or against. We do not need to adjust ourselves to any notion of personality on science's account; for science deals only with processes.

God is no less credible, no more credible, than he ever was; but never before did his manifestations render it so intelligent an act for man to fall upon his knees. Is not the God of our illimitable universe more worthy of worship than the tribal deity of a band of roving Semites?

And surely God has made himself nearer to men through science than he ever did before. Once creation seemed to be in the distant past. Now, men through telescopes watch the creation of worlds, and with the microscope follow the creation of living creatures. Indeed, it is as if God wished to make his ways known when he traced his creation of the race in the natal process of every individual. Science has not only enabled faith to reach a new conception of the might of the Almighty, but has actually enabled faith to give men a new sense of the Almighty as Companion.

How We Elect Senators

From a Special Correspondent

CHARLES F. MURPHY, boss of Tammany Hall, traveled up to Albany on December 31. He has been there ever since. For the most part he has been there in person; in spirit and influence he has been at the capital every working day of the new Administration. His most pressing business has been to force the election of William F. Sheehan, his candidate for United States Senator, on the Legislature. Up to the middle of February his efforts have met with scant success, but, whether or not he succeeds in forcing Mr. Sheehan on the Legislature, the lesson of Mr. Murphy's activities at Albany has been sufficiently plain to be read by every citizen of this and every other State in the Union.

It would be difficult to imagine an argument for the direct popular election of United States Senators more convincing than the political events and the political atmosphere of the last six weeks at Albany. The expediency of the direct election of Senators is possibly a debatable question. There would seem room for an honest difference of opinion both in regard to the entire issue and as to the best provisions for direct election, conceding the wisdom of that method of choosing our Senators. But let any honest believer in popular government watch day by day such an example of intrigue and backstairs politics as has been recently in evidence at Albany and say if he dare that the people themselves could choose their representatives in the Senate under more demoralizing influences.

A horde of hungry politicians and job-hunters encamped in lobbies of Capitol and hotels, legislators voting blindly as they are bidden by bosses, almost open offers to barter jobs for votes, the business of the State's lawmakers held up by a deadlocked Legislature, the daily casting of ballots in the joint session a farce, the real center of the fight in a hotel where the lobbies reek with rumor and intrigue, where the boss of a political organization notoriously corrupt in its past history

issues orders to his henchmen, while his lightest word is hung upon as having far more importance than any utterance of legislators whose duty, the Constitution says, is to elect the representatives of the people in the United States Senate—all this, and more, is the atmosphere in which our Senators are chosen.

This scene was set daily at Albany for six weeks or more. And why? Not because the legislators, if left to themselves, could not have elected a Senator. Before the deadlock was ten days old they were heartily sick of the whole affair, some because they really wanted to elect a decent man to represent them in the Senate and get down to their duty of making laws, some because they grew weary of the daily enforced attendance, some disgusted at the sheer monotony of the business. The deadlock continued day after day because Mr. Murphy absolutely controlled a large number of votes, and he and certain financial interests behind him desired, for reasons best known to themselves, that Mr. Sheehan should go to the United States Senate. Mr. Murphy did not have enough votes to elect his man. He thought he had, by using that piece of political machinery known as a party caucus, by which a minority may be induced to vote against its convictions. But Mr. Murphy made a little error in judgment. It was a very little slip, but a bad one for as astute a politician as he is. As the Senatorial campaign approached the day for the legislators to vote, Mr. Murphy sought to "eliminate" a candidate.

The candidacy of only two men had assumed serious proportions. They were Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Edward M. Shepard, the Brooklyn lawyer. Mr. Sheehan's political record has been sufficiently discussed by this time. There is no need to go into it at any great length here. His political star had risen swiftly in his youth. He was a product of ward politics in Buffalo. The election methods of the political machine which he led in that city many years ago are still remembered there. Some of them are a matter of court record, and the memory of certain election scandals has not yet died. At twenty-five Mr. Sheehan was Speaker of the Assembly. Later he was Lieutenant-Governor and David B. Hill's henchman. His training was in the Hill school of politics. Later still he retired from politics, came to New York City, and took up the practice of law. He was a brilliant politician in a practical sense, and he was a brilliant and successful lawyer. Suddenly, after a lapse of many years, Mr. Sheehan's political ambitions were revived, following a Democratic victory which resulted in a Democratic majority in the Legislature. Not a whisper was heard of the prospect of Mr. Sheehan becoming a candidate for the Senatorship during the campaign last fall. Neither was Mr. Murphy in the center of the stage at that time.

This, then, was the Senatorial candidate of Mr. Murphy. The only other candidate who gave the slightest indication of having any serious support was Mr. Shepard, a Democrat with independent tendencies and a clean political record. Governor Dix had frequently declared that he would keep out of the Senatorial contest, that the Federal and State Constitutions provided that the State legislators should elect United States Senators, and neither he nor any one else had any right to interfere with the legislators in the performance of their duty. The Governor has expressed his views on this subject in the following formal statement:

> The position I took immediately after my election I believed then and believe now to be in strict accordance both with regard to the Constitution and with a fundamental Democratic principle. The position was that the Legislature shall elect the United States Senator. The Constitution declares that the Legislature shall openly, by a *viva voce* vote of each member present, name one person for Senator in Congress. I want every member of the Legislature to vote according to his conscience and express the wish of his constituents. This he must do untrammeled by coercion from any quarter.

After election Mr. Murphy frequently stated that he agreed with the Governor's views on the Senatorship, and that the election of a Senator was entirely the business of the legislators.

On January 11, just as he was about to step aboard a train for Albany at the Grand Central Station, Mr. Murphy suddenly and without warning "eliminated" Mr. Shepard. A group of newspaper reporters were gathered about the Tammany leader on the station platform.

"How about the Senatorship, Mr. Murphy?" they asked him.

Mr. Murphy said nothing about the duty of the legislators this time. Quick as a flash the reply came back:

"The organization is against Shepard."

"Does that mean Sheehan?" he was asked.

"I am not saying that," he replied. "The leaders of the organization are against Shepard and I have to be."

Mr. Murphy did not specify just who were the Tammany leaders sufficiently powerful to compel him, the chief of all, to be against any Senatorial candidate. Immediately upon arriving at Albany Mr. Murphy proceeded still more thoroughly to eliminate Mr. Shepard.

"There is no sentiment in the organization for Shepard," he said. "The organization is against Shepard."

Mr. Murphy was specifically asked if his position meant the elimination of Mr. Shepard as a possible candidate for the United States Senatorship.

"I don't think it means anything else," he replied, promptly and emphatically.

Once the mask was laid off, Mr. Murphy talked no more of the duty of the legislators. Not in public at least. He summoned many of them to his apartment in his hotel, and possibly talked to them about their duty as he saw it. He was busy at the Capitol discussing committee assignments with the Democratic legislative leaders. He was a frequent visitor at the executive chambers, and had many long conferences with Governor Dix. He visited most of the department heads in their offices at the Capitol, and kept a fatherly eye on the distribution of all patronage. His open activity was amusing to some Democrats who remembered how modestly he stood on the lawn before Governor Dix's house at Thomson during the notification ceremonies last autumn. Many prominent Democrats that day were gathered on the veranda about Mr. Dix and the other candidates as they made their speeches accepting their nominations, but Mr. Murphy stood modestly in the background on the lawn among the Thomson townsfolk and the workmen from the Dix paper mills who assembled to see the man Mr. Murphy nominated receive formal notification of that nomination.

But Mr. Murphy's sudden unmasking and elimination of a Senatorial candidate had an effect which he did not expect. The first note of warning came from the friends of Mr. Shepard, who issued the following statement on January 13:

"The experienced men here recognize that the powers of the State are not in the hands of any county organization, and, while the members of the Legislature do not express their opinions plainly in public, they are refusing to commit themselves; and they are not in a mood to be 'delivered' in caucus or on the balloting."

Action followed words. On the night of the Democratic caucus, January 16, twenty-six Democratic legislators—five Senators and twenty-one Assemblymen—remained away, "bolted the caucus," as the organization men expressed it. Mr. Sheehan's nomination went through without a hitch, but the action of the absentees, or Insurgents, as they began to be called, left Sheehan without enough votes pledged to him to give him a majority in the joint session of the Legislature. Mr. Murphy's well-laid plans were blocked, largely by his error in "eliminating" Mr. Shepard and giving the Insurgents the warning which induced them to remain out of the caucus.

Under the leadership of young Senator Franklin D. Roosevelt, a relative of Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-one of the Insurgents met in conference and signed what constituted in effect a pledge to vote against Sheehan.

The Republicans nominated Chauncey M. Depew in their caucus, and the first vote of the Legislature on the Senatorship stood as follows: Sheehan, 91; Shepard, 14; Alton B. Parker, 6; James W. Gerard, 2; D. Cady Herrick, 2; Martin W. Littleton, 2; Depew, 79. Subsequently four legislators who had attended the Democratic caucus stopped voting for Sheehan, bringing the total number of Insurgents up to thirty. Then the deadlock began in earnest. The Insurgents made no attempt to unite upon any one candidate, but scattered their votes so that a large number of names were introduced into the situation without having any real significance.

Mr. Murphy now began to try to put the screws on the Insurgents and bring

them into line. He found that the political methods to which he was accustomed were of little avail. Most of the Insurgents were from normally Republican districts, and few had much expectation of returning again to the Legislature. Mr. Murphy was accustomed to dealing with professional politicians, with their political lives in a large measure in his power. He did not quite know how to treat with these men; he could not get their point of view, and they did not get his. They took a rather boyish delight in their successful defiance of Tammany. They were unmoved by offers of patronage and threats to withhold patronage. They met frequently, and many of them had little dinner parties together. Sheehan personally pleaded his cause with most of them in vain. Murphy brought every kind of pressure he could to bear on them. Personal friends were brought up to argue with them. Then Mr. Murphy sat down and tried to tire them out. They didn't tire.

As the deadlock continued, the rest of the legislative business for a long time was practically at a standstill. Both factions tried to win Governor Dix over to their side, but he maintained an attitude of hesitating non-interference. The Governor has made a very weak showing in the Senatorial contest. While Mr. Murphy, in furious anger at the successful defiance of the Insurgents, was fighting day and night to bring them back into line, Governor Dix was talking monotonously about the duty of the legislators to elect a Senator and saying that no coercion must be used. He gave indications of always agreeing with the last person to talk with him, and at a number of different times appeared to have been on the point of taking a hand in the contest. No one doubted his good intentions and his sincere desire to follow a just and upright course, but his indecision gave him all the appearance of a weak man in a difficult position. He did not seem to be made of the stuff that makes a good executive. He gave a characteristic reply when asked whether he would be willing to act as a peacemaker if asked by both of the contending factions.

"Under no circumstances," he said, "would I offer to do so unless I was asked by the managers of both sides who are not legislators. If I were asked to act under such circumstances, I would not feel that I was barred from doing so."

Just how Governor Dix reconciled his statement about the "managers of both sides" and his views on the necessity of the legislators being untrammeled and uncoerced was not plain.

Day after day the deadlock continued, and a conference of all the Democratic legislators was called on February 7 for discussion of plans for peace. The Insurgents had been all along willing to attend such a conference. The organization leaders called it because they thought they had won over a couple of the Insurgents and that more might be induced to follow at the first signs of a break. The organization men counted their chickens before they were hatched. No Insurgents deserted, and the conference proved vain.

And so the weary struggle went. The legislators daily marched up to the Capitol and went through the form of voting. In the hotel lobbies and bars, in the rooms of Sheehan, Murphy, and other Tammany leaders, in rumor and intrigue, the real contest was carried on. The "untrammeled and uncoerced" legislators frankly admitted their total ignorance of the real situation. Some political leader would come down from a conference of the chieftains upstairs, and the legislators themselves were just as anxious as any one else to know what the newest developments were. Until late at night the hotel lobbies were crowded and blue with tobacco smoke. Usually in the evening Mr. Murphy and some of his Tammany intimates would come down to the café and sit about a big table, the cynosure of all eyes. It was very plain that the Senatorial contest revolved about this taciturn political boss, who would sit without a word, gazing, apparently in a blue study, at the ceiling while his friends chatted about him. Deft waiters hurried from table to table, the babel of voices in the crowded café rose and fell, some celebrating politicians were singing in the bar-room, and Mr. Murphy gazed contemplatively at the ceiling.

And that is how we elect our Senators.

Albany, New York.

The City Practical

A City Plan to Relieve and Prevent Congestion and to Regulate the Cost of Living

By Harold J. Howland

THE people of Pittsburgh are a practical folk. Steel-making—and money-making—are essentially practical occupations, and a community which is absorbed in them can hardly be expected to look upon other activities of life from a different point of view. Your Pittsburgher makes steel or glass or what not—and money—and when he has made enough of the former to give him enough of the latter, he goes to New York to spend it. But meanwhile he has small use for theaters and restaurants and such embellishments of existence. He is a practical man, who refers every proposal to practical standards, tests every proposition by a practical rule of three.

Such an atmosphere is hardly one for the quick germination or the rapid growth of a living civic spirit; and to too great an extent in the past Pittsburgh's civic activities have taken the form of "practical" politics. The boss, the corruptionist, and the special interest have flourished to the sore detriment of the city and its citizens. But they are changing all that, down in Pittsburgh. A real civic spirit has sprouted and in a few years has made a rapid and healthy growth. The visitor to Pittsburgh who is interested in such things will find a substantial group of citizens working with public spirit and self-sacrificing industry for the good of the community. The Pittsburgh Civic Commission is a body of one hundred men, composing fourteen committees. Its purpose is "to plan and promote improvements in civic and industrial conditions which affect the health, convenience, education, and general welfare of the Pittsburgh industrial district; to create public opinion in favor of such improvements." The organization includes, among others, committees on rapid transit, charitable institutions, housing, industrial accidents, public hygiene, legislation, and city planning. Each of these committees is alive, active, and aggressive, and each is leading an advance along its own line of attack against the enemies of civic decency, comfort, convenience, and efficiency. But it is with only one branch of the work of the Commission as divided among these committees that we are here to deal.

The Civic Commission has just issued an elaborate report by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, presenting a city plan for Pittsburgh. Mr. Olmsted's report addresses itself to the main problems, few in number, but great in importance, which are presented by Pittsburgh's unusual topography, by the haphazard way, characteristic of American cities, in which it has developed physically, and by the exigencies of its economic and business conditions. The problems are few, but Mr. Olmstead's treatment of them is comprehensive and searching. He has been true to the Pittsburgh tradition by emphasizing the practical point of view. "City planning," says the Civic Commission in one of its publications, "in American cities has been identified almost exclusively with city beautifying. City planning should be the forecasting and provision for securing such physical facilities, equipment, and development of a city as are necessary to promote and accommodate the business communication, transportation, health, comfort, and pleasure of its citizens. City planning, as undertaken by the Pittsburgh Civic Commission, means the city useful, convenient, economical. and healthful, as well as the city beautiful."

The City Beautiful ("an ill phrase, a vile phrase"), if we used words in their

full meaning, ought to express the true ideal of every city. For what city could be really beautiful where were to be found foul slums with their evil living conditions, or tortuous, ill-paved streets, or mobs fighting their way savagely night and morning into inadequate transportation facilities, or a typhoid-laden water supply, or a government by the bosses for the special interests? A city beautiful in the absence of all these things every man would desire. But the city beautiful, as the phrase passes current, meaning the city adorned, decorative, pleasing to the eye, is a conception making little appeal to your hard-headed Pittsburgher. His ideal would be the City Practical. And in the Olmsted report such an ideal is put before him, with beauty not neglected, but considered as a by-product of the quest for convenience, economy, comfort, practicality.

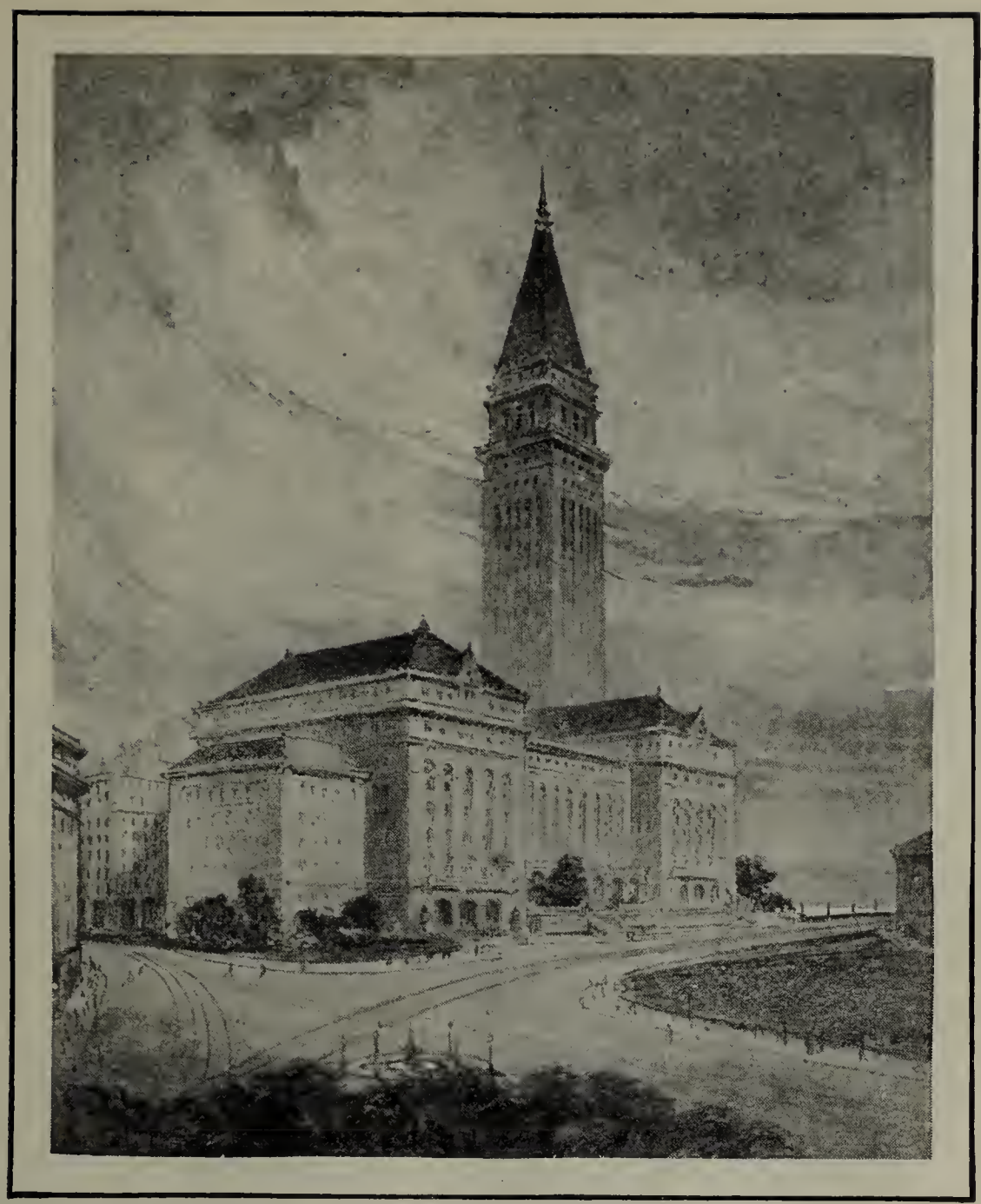
Pittsburgh in the peculiar conformation of its site has more difficult obstacles to overcome than even New York with its long, narrow Manhattan Island. Pittsburgh is thrust down like a wedge between the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers where they unite to give birth to the Ohio. The city's business district is packed into the apex of the wedge, extending back perhaps a mile from the point where the rivers meet. There it is fenced in by the hills which are the characteristic features of the Pittsburgh and Allegheny County landscape. They rise on grades too steep for practicable transportation, forming a barrier between the Point District, where the city transacts its business, and the regions to the eastward, in the base of the wedge, logically suited for residence purposes. The lower quarter, again, of the business triangle is, under present conditions, unavailable for large development, for at irregular intervals floods in the two rivers rise and submerge it.

The only outlet from the business district, which is already well built up with skyscrapers and rapidly developing toward the point of congestion, is by bridges across the two rivers, and through gaps in the hills to the eastward. Of these gaps there are three, one along the bank of each river and the third roughly midway, where Fifth Avenue and Forbes Street form east-bound thoroughfares. The Point District is the heart of the city, and the first practical problem in the improvement of the city's plan is the enlargement of the eastward arteries, which lead to the regions where the most active growth has been taking place and is bound to continue. Closely allied to this problem and indeed an integral part of it is that of the thoroughfares within the Point District itself. When you have got your traffic in from the outlying regions, and before you can get it out to those regions, it must be able to circulate freely within the business district itself. Now in this heart of the city the thoroughfares are on a niggardly scale. There is only one street passing through it, in Mr. Olmsted's phrase, "with more than village dimensions," Liberty Avenue, which is eighty feet wide—and it should be noted that when this avenue leaves the district, through the "throat" along the Alleghany River, it "chokes down" to a fifty-foot street.

This problem of thoroughfares within the business section and of arteries leading out of it is an eminently practical one, of importance not only to business interests, but to that elusive but interesting personage, the ultimate consumer. "Every delay in traffic," says the preface to the report, ". . . adds to the expense of manufacturers, the costs borne by wholesale merchants, and the prices charged consumers by retail dealers; in short, inadequate traffic facilities . . . add to the cost of doing business and of living."

The problem has been attacked by Mr. Olmsted boldly but conservatively. He has not essayed to lay out an ideal system of thoroughfares regardless of existing conditions, of property values, and of the cost of carrying out his scheme. He has selected for widening and improvement streets which will supply the needed channels of communication, but he is careful to select only those where the bordering property is not yet expensively developed, and where the proposed changes can be made at a minimum cost.

The plan proposes to widen Forbes Street to make an adequate thoroughfare to the east end on the south side of the hills that confine the business section in the Point District, and Penn Avenue to give a similar outlet on the north side of the hills along the Alleghany River. The

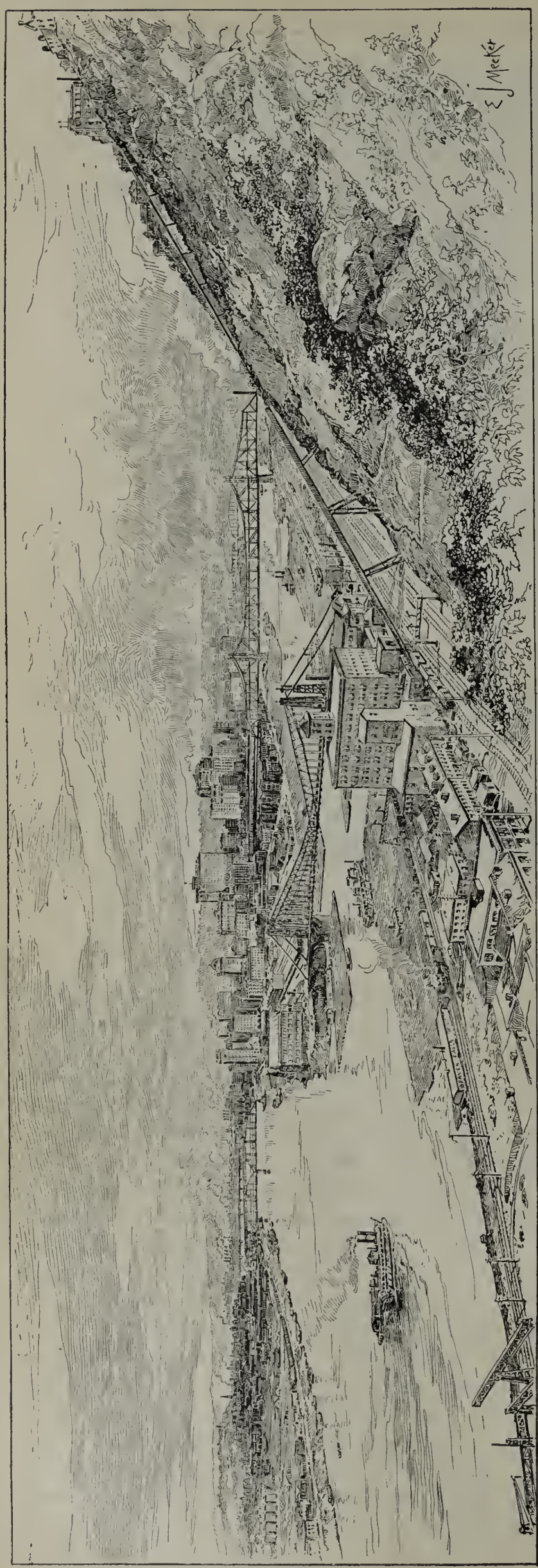


A SUGGESTION FOR THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING IN THE PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER

Forbes Street artery is to be continued through the Point District by widening Diamond Street, and the Penn Avenue artery by a suitable connection with Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh's only business thoroughfare of grown-up city dimensions. These alterations, with some less extensive improvements of cross streets, traffic centers, and connections between main channels, will go far to relieve the congestion of traffic which is a not inconsiderable item in the cost of living in Pittsburgh.

If you know Pittsburgh, even this brief description will give some idea of what relief Mr. Olmsted proposes for well-nigh intolerable conditions. If you are not familiar with the city, imagine, if you can, the business section of your own city hemmed in by barriers impassable except by bridges and by gaps in the hill barriers so narrow as to be to all intents and purposes bridges themselves. Imagine, too, that all the business streets are narrow, ill paved, and crowded. Think, then, what a service would be rendered to the community by a plan which should open up broad thoroughfares both within the business district and leading out of it through the bridge-like gaps, following the logical lines of travel, and, withal, planned so as to use not the most expensive but the least costly land. Such a service, on the communication side, Mr. Olmsted has done for Pittsburgh. And he has done it, not by rule of thumb, but scientifically. Traffic conditions have been studied painstakingly and thoroughly, and improvements laid out to meet, not imagined or guessed at, but actual conditions. One or two of the illustrations which accompany this article offer examples of the thoroughgoing way in which these studies were made and their results compared.

Closely connected with the improve-



DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAUTAUQUA PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

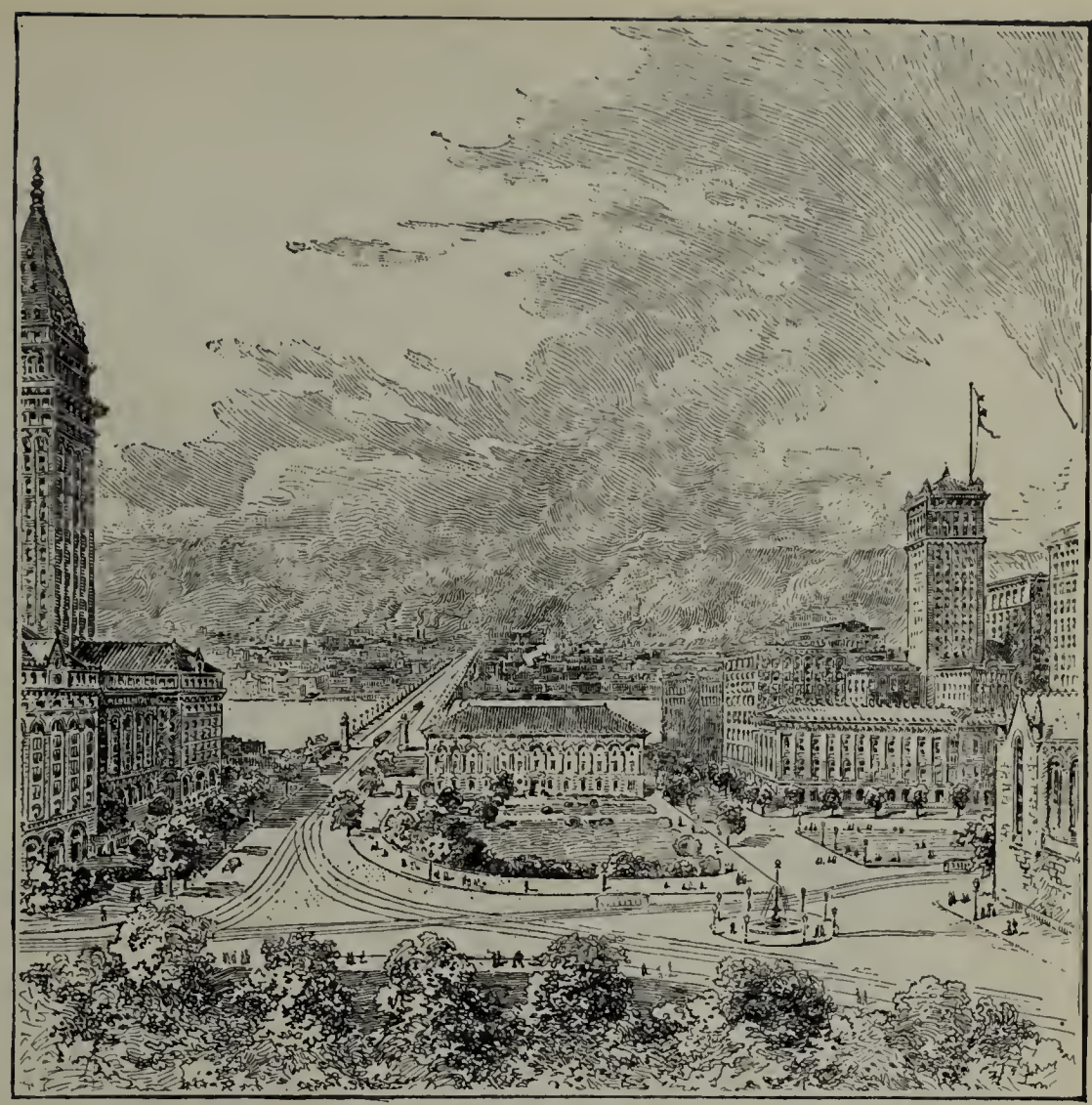
"PITTSBURGH IS THRUST DOWN LIKE A WEDGE BETWEEN THE ALLEGHANY AND MONONGAHELA RIVERS WHERE THEY UNITE TO GIVE BIRTH TO THE OHIO"

ment of the business thoroughfares is the projected "Hump cut." This is not a new suggestion, but one which has been under consideration for a good many years, but without getting any "forrarder." The Hump is a famous feature of the city's business district—a gently swelling elevation, at a guess a quarter of a mile in diameter, on which stand several of Pittsburgh's most important buildings. The Hump offers a serious obstacle by its steep grades to the general street traffic of the city and to the expansion of the shopping and office districts. It is proposed to cut down to easy grades the streets which pass over the Hump, thus eliminating it as a barrier to traffic and throwing it open to business development. Many of the modern buildings on the Hump have been constructed with their real ground floors considerably below the sidewalk, in anticipation of the cut, so that the improvement can be made with a minimum of loss and inconvenience.

In the midst of the Point District, in a square at the intersection of two streets, Diamond and Market, which ought to be important thoroughfares, stands a public market house. Contrary to the experience of most cities of the Northeastern United States, Pittsburgh's city market seems to be in a flourishing condition. But its present location has three drawbacks. It blocks two through routes of travel, one entirely, the other partially. There is no available space for farmers' wagons, where produce may be sold direct from grower to user without rehandling. There is no railway connection; produce which comes to the city by rail, as a large proportion of it does, must be hauled a mile or more from the freight yards, through the

congested streets of the business section.

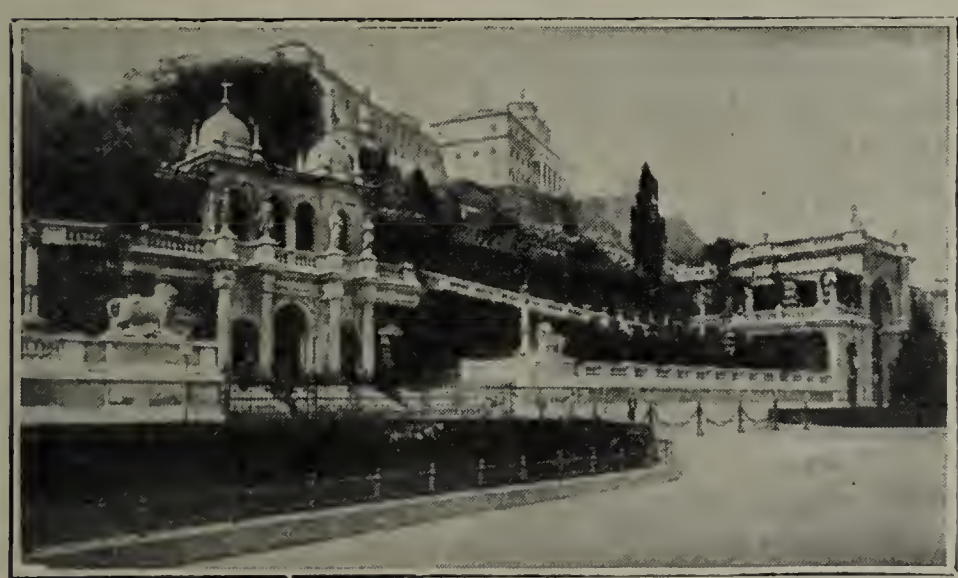
Mr. Olmsted proposes to move the market a few blocks to the westward. The new site would have direct connection with two railways and would provide ample space where farmers might sell direct from their wagons. The removal of the market from its present situation would enable both Market and Diamond Streets to be made of dimensions suited to their traffic possibilities. An open square, affording a breathing space in a crowded region, would replace the market. This is another "practical" suggestion, with its own bearing, however indirect and slight, upon the cost of living.



DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER

THE PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER AND THE SOUTH HILLS BRIDGE

THE SITE FOR THE PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER



A HILLSIDE IN BUDAPEST UTILIZED AND BEAUTIFIED

A third feature of the plan is also practical, though in a different way. Every city needs adequate public buildings, and every self-respecting city in this day of the world ought to have a Civic Center, where the municipal buildings may be grouped about an open space. Pittsburgh has no sufficient City Hall, and nothing approaching a Civic Center. The difficulty with securing a site lies in the comparatively small area of the Point District and the consequent high value of any land available and extensive enough for such a center. Mr. Olmsted has evolved a site, so to say, out of his inner consciousness. Or, to vary the figure, he has plucked it out of the air. On the edge of the Point District, where the new

MAP SHOWING TWO ASPECTS OF PITTSBURGH'S PROBLEM

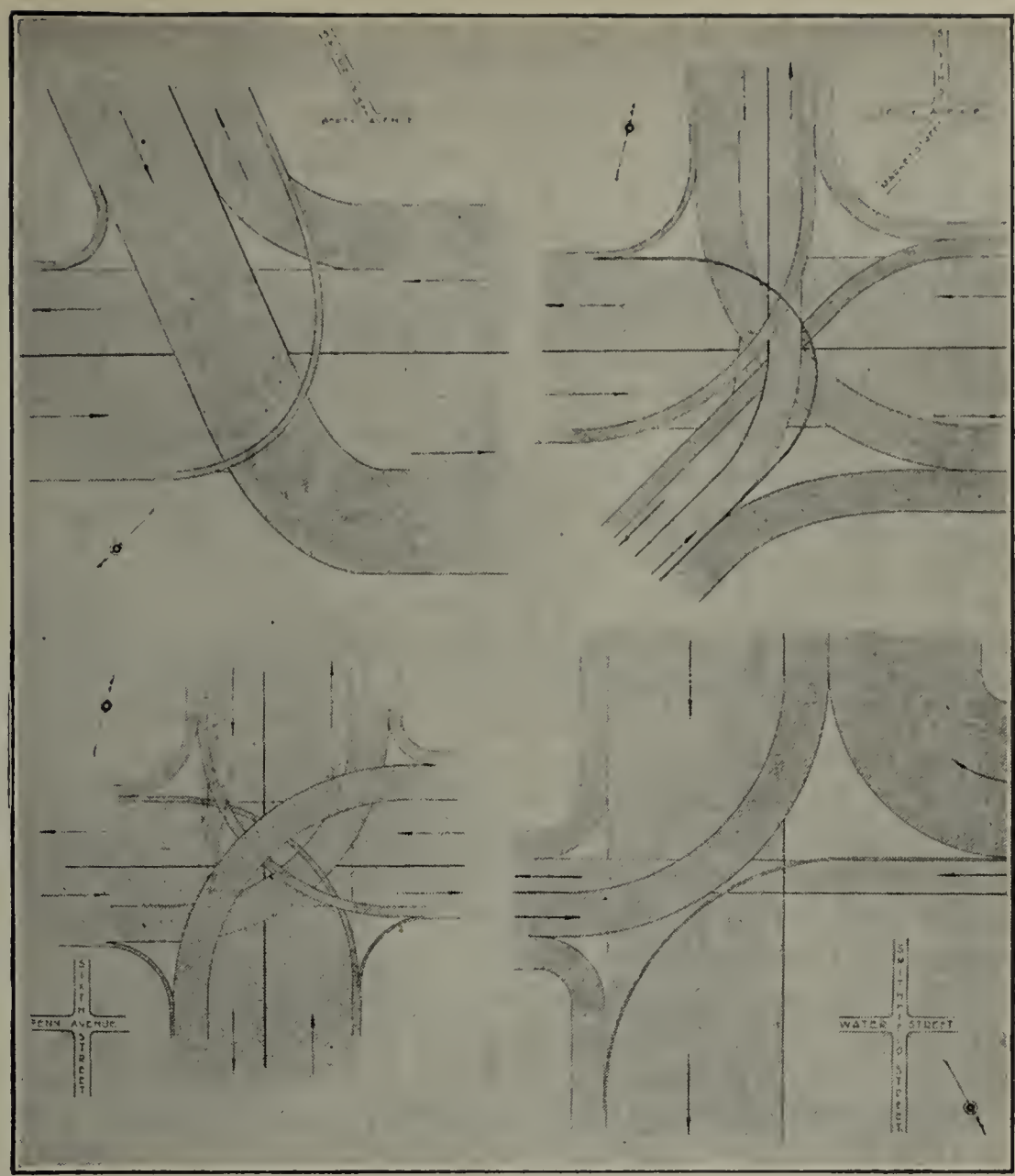
Each dot represents 200 people; their grouping shows where the congestion is and where land is available. The South Hills, with their unused territory, is in the lower left-hand corner of the map. The wriggling shaded spots show land too steep for building or other uses

artery of Forbes Avenue will run into the enlarged Diamond Street, stand the county jail and the county court-house. South of the jail, below the level of the abutting streets, lie the little station and the freight yards of the Panhandle system. Beyond the yards rises the ragged and scarred end, adorned with flaring signboards, of the commanding ridge that dominates all this part of the city. This locality, surrounded, except for the county structures, by vacant lands and cheap buildings, is, as Mr. Olmsted says, "now so unpromising and unattractive that it is hard not to feel an unfair prejudice against it."

Mr. Olmsted, with rare imagination, proposes to make a site out of a hole in the ground by putting a roof on it, and a site for a City Hall out of a rugged and unsightly hillside by making the building climb the height. The plan is "that the central area of low ground occupied by the railroad be decked over at about the level of Fifth Avenue, and that a great public square with gardens be laid out thereon somewhat after the manner of the celebrated public gardens built over the railroad at Princes Street, Edinburgh. Below the structure would simply be a first-class station and freight sheds of permanent construction with skylights and ventilators at suitable locations piercing a flat roof of adequate strength. . . . Along the east side of this square or garden, in the form of a gradually rising terrace, would run the approach of the new South Hills Bridge [I shall refer to this bridge presently], ascending gently from Forbes Street; and on the east side of this again, as though terraced on the hillside, would be the principal municipal building, culminating in a tower which would spring from the highest level at Bluff Street, where the playground of the Holy Ghost College could be utilized as a park. The group enclosing the square would be completed by another building at the north . . . and by a low building on the south, serving to screen the factories and freight yards south of Second Avenue, but leaving open the view of the opposite hills."

"The pronounced and unsymmetrical differences in elevation," he continues, "the slanting grade of the approach to the great South Hills Bridge, the irregular and picturesque form of the site and of the existing county buildings, all seem to demand a certain informality and picturesqueness of design. These peculiarities of the site ought to be welcomed because they are eminently characteristic of the city and of

the mountainous region in which it is set. Throughout the city and its surroundings the one pre-eminent quality of an agreeable sort is the bold picturesqueness of the landscape, the deep ravines, the lofty hills, the precipitous declivities, the plunging prospects from hilltops into the river valleys; and a similar quality of forcefulness, activity, and bold, irregular adaptation of means to ends is to be felt in all the more dominant and impressive works of man in the city—the steel works, the bridges and viaducts, the jagged sky-line of office buildings. To build a City Hall and create a Civic Center of scholastic formality appropriate in the placid atmosphere of Paris would be to lose a great æsthetic opportunity."



DIAGRAMS SHOWING TRAFFIC CONDITIONS AT FOUR IMPORTANT POINTS

The shaded bands, by their widths, indicate the amount of traffic going in the various directions during a rush hour. On such scientific studies as these Mr. Olmsted's suggestions are based

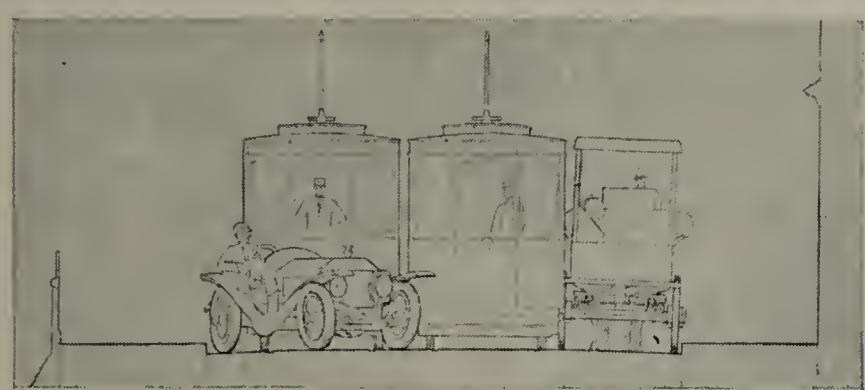
So much for the Civic Center. If Mr. Olmsted's statement, and the views presented herewith of the site as it now appears and the proposed improvements, do not carry conviction, nothing that I can say will do so. The plan is a carrying out in municipal affairs of the sound modern industrial principle of utilizing by-products and eliminating wastes. To make a civic center out of the air space above a railway yard and the steep, scarred side of a high bluff is good municipal conservation—and conservation is practical even when it results collaterally in a goodly measure of civic beauty.

A column back, in a quotation from Mr. Olmsted, reference was made to the South Hills Bridge. That is another projected improvement of the most practical kind and with a direct bearing upon the cost and convenience of living. A city like Pittsburgh obviously needs plenty of low-priced homes, suburban or otherwise, for its clerks, its shop and office workers. To the south of the city, across the Monongahela, is a broad territory excellently suited for such residence purposes, affording almost unlimited facilities within a distance of from one to five miles of the city's heart. But between this waiting country and the city is a barrier passable only at heavy cost. On the south side of the Monongahela rises a steep bluff, five hundred feet high. Behind the bluff stretches the region known as the South Hills, a beautiful country of rolling, tumbling hills and high plateaus divided by deep, narrow valleys. Already this country is developing into residence districts for people of moderate means, but the bluff rampart along the river has served to retard the development and keep the South Hills from anything like their fullest usefulness. The street rail-

way company has pierced the bluff with a tunnel and extended its lines in several directions well out among the hills. But in addition to the transportation of himself, the South Hills dweller must solve the problem of the transportation of his food supplies and all the goods needed in the varied activities of home life. The passenger traffic problem is solved; the freight traffic problem remains to vex and hinder. Trucks and wagons may now make the ascent of the bluff either by winding and woefully steep roads or by inclined-plane railways, of which four scale the heights. But climbing the roads is slow, tedious, and terribly hard on horse-flesh, while the planes are comparatively expensive to use and often so congested that a team must wait an hour or more for its turn. The bluff is an efficient factor in increasing the cost of living in the South Hills, where fine, cheap, healthful (the region is to windward of the steel mills, whose outpourings of smoke and ore dust make Pittsburgh the Smoky City) building sites within a mile or two of the heart of the business district wait patiently for takers.

The plan for solving the problem of the South Hills was proposed by public-spirited inhabitants of the region, but it has been elaborated by Mr. Olmsted and made an integral part of his plan. It contemplates an inclined bridge across the Monongahela, starting from the proposed civic center, and connecting with a tunnel through the bluff on the other side of the river. The tunnel will continue the easy grade of the bridge, coming out beyond the ridge at a high level among the South Hills. From its mouth thoroughfares are laid out by Mr. Olmsted, some curving to give access by easy grades to the tops of the hills, others winding down to the lower levels of the valleys, and others crossing the valleys themselves on viaducts to reach other hilltops and plateaus. The whole improvement would give an easy route for freight traffic to all parts of the hill country, and would even provide a thoroughfare to excellent residence districts so near that many workers might walk to and from their work in the city. In the six years since the street railway tunnel was put through, writes one of the projectors of the new bridge and tunnel, "an immense stream of people poured into the territory. Probably seven thousand new homes have been constructed in that short period of time; more than 20,000 individual lots have been disposed of. An enhancement of $35,000,000 in assessable valuations for county purposes has followed that one improvement." But, writes the same authority, "it requires one hundred car-loads of freight to supply the people of that district—that means 2,000 wagon-loads. It is estimated that it has cost the people of the Pittsburgh community $500,000 per annum in addition to normal transportation charges to scale heights." Allowing for the possible exuberance of an enthusiast, these statements and figures give some idea of the possibilities of the South Hills region and as well of the obstacles to its full development. Few cities labor under such disadvantages of topography as Pittsburgh, but, it is probably fair to say, few have so fine and so extensive a region

A PROPOSED PLAN FOR IMPROVING PITTSBURGH'S WATER FRONT



DIAGRAMS SHOWING GRAPHICALLY TRAFFIC CONDITIONS ON VARIOUS PITTSBURGH STREETS

The one at the top shows the only street in the business district, Liberty Avenue, "of more than village dimensions." This is the only main thoroughfare at all adequate to the traffic demands upon it

suitable for modest homes so close to the city's heart. The South Hills Bridge scheme as developed by Mr. Olmsted would be intensely practical in preventing future congestion in the city itself and in acting as a safety-valve for the rapidly rising pressure of living costs.

A last feature of the plan is by no means the least important from the practical point of view, while at the same time it would have important by-products in the way of beauty. "In its water front," says Mr. Olmsted, "Pittsburgh has a great public asset which now lies undeveloped both from the point of view of transportation and that of recreation and civic beauty. The actual amount of river freight is at present relatively small, but it is potentially important, and one of the reasons for its lack of growth is the culpable neglect of Pittsburgh and other river ports to provide for the quick, convenient, and economical handling of river-borne traffic at the public wharf."

Pittsburgh has only gone the first primitive step, in the usual development at river ports throughout the world, beyond the mere dumping of freight and passengers on the natural shelving bank or river-bed of mud or gravel. The city has paved this slope, still leaving the goods to be dragged up and down the bank by main force. But among the live modern river cities of Europe, wherever a real water competition with rail transportation has been desired, the public wharf has been reconstructed into one of the many well-recognized types of commercial embankment, and provided with an up-to-date equipment for handling freight and with decent, attractive conditions for passengers. This development has kept abreast of the steady and intelligent improvements by the railways, when it has not gone ahead of them and set the pace. Pittsburgh, however, like most American river towns, where she has not actually turned the water-front over bodily to the railways,

has left it in a most inefficient and primitive condition, doubtless not at all to the disadvantage or the displeasure of those same railways.

In Europe, too, they have discovered and developed the possibilities of a river-front as affording a wide marginal thoroughfare for the relief of traffic congestion in the adjacent streets; and as affording opportunities for recreation, and as an element of civic comeliness.

"Wherever in the world," says Mr. Olmsted, "as an incident of the highways and wharves along its river-banks, a city has provided opportunity for the people to walk and sit under pleasant conditions, where they can watch the water and the life upon it, where they can enjoy the breadth of outlook and the sight of the open sky, and the opposite bank and the reflections in the stream, the comeliness of the city itself, the health and happiness of the people, and their loyalty and local pride have always been advanced." And why not in Pittsburgh?

For a development which would tend to bring about these eminently desirable results Mr. Olmsted makes practical suggestions. The actual details can be properly worked out only in connection with the comprehensive plans for flood protection with which the Flood Commission is grappling. But the gentle outline of the improvements can be laid down: an amply wide water-front street, its outer sidewalk forming, wherever possible, a tree-shaded promenade, with an equipment of benches and other features for public recreation, so arranged that the people using it will neither be in the way of the transportation activities nor annoyed or endangered by them. Next the water should be a commercial quay, substantially level, accessible from the streets by inclined roads of reasonable gradient parallel with the river, in place of the present excessive slopes. Such a development, in connection with the increased river traffic which is bound to come with improvements in the river channels and adaptation of means to prevent floods, would give Pittsburgh the benefit of an increased competition in freight transportation which could not fail to have its effect upon commodity prices and the cost of living of the unfortunate ultimate consumer.

So Pittsburgh, the practical city of practical people, has presented to it by a group of men who combine practicality with vision, hard common sense with a sense for ideals, a plan for improving their city in the direction of the City Practical. Pittsburgh may well bestir herself to follow this lead toward a future of convenience, comfort, and economy. Other cities may well look to this plan for a suggestion which they may work out to suit their own conditions. Not only Pittsburgh but the other municipalities of America owe a debt of thanks to Mr. Olmsted and to the Pittsburgh Civic Commission.

THE BALM OF PEACE

BY FREDERIC E. SNOW

The westering sun sinks slowly 'neath the hill,
  And evening shadows gather all too soon;
  The pointed crescent of the silver moon
Hangs in the heavens motionless and still;
The hoarse cries of the strident night-hawk fill
  The brooding silence; and adown the vale
  The lamplight glimmers through the windows pale;
As the dusk deepens sings the whippoorwill;
  The holy vespers of the wood-thrush cease;
    No longer from the elm the robin calls;
    The shadow of the night more darkly falls.
    I sit beneath the sheltering maple tree,
    While fancy wanders unrestrained and free,
  And o'er my spirit comes the balm of peace.

AFTER A USEFUL DAY'S WORK IN THE FIELDS

The Outdoor Treatment of Crime

By Harris R. Cooley

IN the modern betterment of the conditions and opportunities of life the prisoner has been overlooked. The fields of art, science, and industry have been more inviting than the shadows and gloom of prison walls. Progress has halted at the iron doors. The old torture idea has lingered long in the common thought of punishment.

The traditional feeling is that severe and painful punishment exterminates wrong thoughts and acts. A hundred years ago in Great Britain there were two hundred offenses punishable by death. If a man stole from your person a shilling, the legal penalty was the gallows. This was thought necessary in order to repress and restrain the criminal class. If the execution of men and women has a marked deterrent effect on crime, then to have private executions is to hide a light under a bushel. By the law of suggestion brutal, revengeful punishment arouses thoughts of violence and blood.

The method of severity and torture is not necessary either to protect society or to cure the criminal. All but four of Great Britain's two hundred death penalties have been abolished. At the time of the passing of King Edward and the coming of the new King, instead of liberating a few chosen prisoners, a *pro rata* reduction was made for the entire prison population. Five hundred years was thus at one stroke cut off from their total time of confinement. Commenting on this, the Home Secretary makes the significant statement that no evil result has followed this act of good will.

Under the old system the hope of the prisoner was to conceal and utterly deny all wrong-doing. This very act closed for him personally the doorway to better living. The reflex influence on society was vicious. Its tendency was to develop, on the one hand, heartlessness and brutality, and, on the other, an effervescing maudlin sentimentality.

The awakening to the magnitude and vital importance of this problem has been slow and slothful. In this country we are expending for the detection and punishment of crime nearly twice as much as for education, charity, and religion combined. With this enormous expenditure, many of our penal institutions are really schools for the training of first offenders for the criminal life. Winston Churchill recently declared in the House of Commons that "the attitude of the public in regard to the treatment of crime and criminals is one of the best tests of the civilization of any country."

A general change of attitude toward the

so-called "criminal classes" is the fundamental thing which is happening. Prophetic minds have heralded the new spirit of human fellowship, and here and there individuals have had faith to try the discipline of kindness. All are now coming to see the possibility and wisdom of preventing and curing crime. The new probation and parole systems show that the social conscience is growing sensitive. Society is asking whether, by its own neglect, it is not in many cases a partner in the wrong-doing. Even the family of the prisoner is becoming a burden on the new conscience. The body social is feeling that the good of the weakest erring member is the concern of all.

Vice and crime are men and women going wrong, and not offensive refuse which you can "clean up" as from an alley or a back yard. To be helpful to these people we must put ourselves in their places and realize their environment, their temptations, and their struggles. We must know "the path up which the crime has come;" and sometimes to know all is to forgive all.

In a conversation last summer with Sir Edward Henry, the head of Scotland Yard, I asked him if, barring degenerates, there is a distinct criminal type, a separate marked class of men. Without hesitation his answer was, "No, there is not." Then he told of an expert who came claiming ability to detect a criminal by his face. To him were handed two photographs, one of them a picture of a professional criminal. The expert pointed confidently to one, saying, "This is the criminal." With a twinkle in his eye, Sir Edward said that the photograph thus pointed out was that of a bishop in the Established Church.

There is no distinct outcast class of offenders. They belong to the fellowship of the common life. They are like the rest of us, only they have stumbled and are down. If they plant the seed in the ground, it grows up, blossoms, and ripens in the rain and sunshine. If they are hurt on the machinery, they bleed, and their blood is red like ours. Placed in a favorable environment and with the right kind of treatment, these men and women can be helped, if not cured.

The establishment of the outdoor or farm prison is one expression of this new attitude. It is a long step from the gloom and depression of the felon's cell to the sunlight and fresh air of the open field. The normal environment of the country tends quickly to re-establish a normal life. The open-air treatment is as helpful to the victim of vice and crime as to the victim of tuberculosis.

The earth furnishes the primitive opportunity for useful work. The cultivation of the soil has also a moral value. The sun is a good physician. The latest Government statistics show that prison labor is most effective in such employment. It does not conflict with free labor. With a great tract of land the opportunities are varied and abundant. Even in the cold months the land can be prepared for intensive cultivation, wet areas can be ditched, the brush and dead timber can be cleared from the forests, stone can be quarried and crushed. With proper clothing the men do not object to the outside robust life. With the land work as a basis, inside industries can be established for the most severe weather so as to furnish constant healthful employment, for idleness is the heaviest of all oppression, the cruelest of all wrongs.

The principles underlying the farm colony system are so simple and self-evident as to commend themselves to all. Some still doubt whether these methods will really work, whether they can be applied to the varied population of our institutions of correction. Of necessity they must be adjusted and adapted to different conditions. On the part of officials the attitude of helpfulness, of brotherhood and confidence, is absolutely essential. A superintendent who had been unsuccessful said: "I tried it. I let some of the —— rascals work outside, and, you know, they all ran away from me." It might be difficult to explain to him why he failed.

In a number of the institutions of our country the outdoor methods have been tried with marked success. Dr. Leonard, Superintendent of the Ohio State Reformatory at Mansfield, has the spirit and attitude toward his young men which arouse in them a surprising sense of honor and fidelity. There are nearly a thousand prisoners, many of them committed for most serious offenses. A school

THE RETURN OF THE HARVESTERS AT WITZWILL

of conduct or of ethics helps to maintain the moral atmosphere of the institution. The trusted men enter into a formal bond with the Superintendent. Out of eighteen hundred young, vigorous fellows who have been trusted to work out on the six-hundred-acre farm, only nine have violated their trust and run away. As one sees these men in the open, sunny fields, many of them without guards, doing faithfully their daily tasks under normal conditions, it is difficult to realize that a few years ago they would have toiled inside crowded, gloomy prisons with heavily barred windows. They themselves have constructed their shop buildings within the wall for employment for winter months and stormy days, but these are as full of light and fresh air as a model factory. The institution impresses you as a training-school

A PRISONER AMONG HIS FRIENDS AT WITZWILL

with a helpful, hopeful attitude toward life.

The Province of Ontario, under the direction of the Provincial Secretary, W. J. Hanna, is developing an outdoor prison at Guelph. The spirit of fellowship, co-operation, and confidence prevails. Some temporary buildings shelter the prisoners who work under the open sky, cultivating the soil, ditching, grading, and making roads. One of the Canadian pastors, who perhaps had been skeptical about the project, walked over the farm and saw the groups of men laboring in the fields. He said to me, "I was so moved by it that I went off by myself and cried." In his enthusiasm the head officer declares that "the prisoners have done a great work." With this attitude the Guelph Prison Farm will do much for the imprisoned, and still more for the citizenship of Ontario.

In Cleveland we began the outdoor treatment by purchasing a group of farms ten miles from the city, and before any permanent buildings could be erected we tested the plan by taking "trusties" and other prisoners from the City Workhouse and lodging them in the old scattered farm-houses. Our farmer neighbors were frightened. Our friends prophesied that the prisoners would all run away. The plan worked. Most of the men completed their sentences, giving faithful and willing service. We ourselves have been surprised at times at the results of some of our ventures with these men. The confidence placed in them, the useful work in garden and field, the tonic of the sky and trees, developed a new sense of honor and a common sentiment that it is a mean and cowardly thing to "take a sneak from the Farm."

In four years five thousand prisoners served time on the Correction Farm. These men have worked at excavating for our buildings, quarrying and crushing stone, grading, road-making, under-draining the land, clearing dead timber from the forest, and doing general farm labor. They have had better food, for they have raised it themselves. The officers in charge of the working groups of laborers have been really foremen rather than typical prison guards. The purpose has been not simply to locate the institution in the country, but to have a great estate as a basis for unlimited useful employment, and also as a means of controlling and shaping a large environment. The Correction Farm is part of a great tract of nearly two thousand acres, or more than three square miles, on which are the Tuberculosis group, the Aimshouse group, and also an extensive municipal cemetery to be graded and developed by prison labor. The area is so large and diversified that the Almshouse group is a mile and a half from the Correction group, and two hundred feet higher. Each of the four divisions is distinct on its own five hundred acres, yet out on the broad fields and in the light, airy shops of the Correction buildings every prisoner can be used at his best in the raising of food and the making of all those things which will add to the life and comfort of themselves and the other unfortunates who are the residents of the Farms.

A visiting judge said to me, "It is so fine out here, I should be afraid some of these prisoners would want to stay." Near by a group of the men were shoveling dirt into a grading wagon. I said to him: "Judge, you see those men at work; they are drinking an abundance of pure water, they eat heartily, they sleep well. They say to themselves, 'This is not "made work," this is real, genuine work. Free men right over there are getting a dollar and a half a day for doing this.' The old prison cell, the food, the confinement of their labor, tended to depress them and to make them hopeless. This treatment quickly brings them to themselves and arouses the normal man. There is a psychological element, which you have not thought of and which we did not fully foresee, which makes these men more anxious to go back and again take their places in society and industry. At the expiration of their sentences they go out without the prison pallor, stronger in the face of temptation, and ready at once to do a full day's work."

For the friendless prisoners when released a Brotherhood Home Club grew up in the city, largely through the efforts and support of the men themselves. The purpose of the Brotherhood is to find them employment and to provide for them a comfortable place in which to live until

their first pay day. Many of our men have learned to walk in the better way. Some of them have kept the anniversary of their being sent to the House of Correction. Those who do not make good have nevertheless in general a kindlier attitude toward society, which they realize has tried to give them a fair chance. Even this is worth while.

That the colony movement is the outgrowth of a common feeling and attitude is manifest from the fact of its springing up under varying conditions in different countries. In 1892 the Belgian Government began the organization of Merxplas in a barren and desolate region twenty-five miles from Antwerp. This is a penal colony established primarily for vagrants, but which receives offenders with sentences as long as seven years. There are at present about five thousand prisoners. The grounds are laid out on a broad, general plan. The men have constructed the buildings, including a fine church. They take pride in caring for the surrounding lawns, the trees and flowers, the gardens and orchards. The group is in the midst of a great tract of cultivated fields, green pastures, and planted pine forests. Director Stroobant estimates the present value of the estate at a million dollars. To develop all of this out of the naked, barren land must awaken interest and hope in the hearts of many of the laborers. Those who had special tasks in the care of the stock seemed to feel an ownership in the horses and cattle. One prodigal son showed us a young pig which he had in his arms.

With a small military guard as a reserve, these five thousand irregulars and unfortunates are controlled and directed by a staff of only eighty wardens. Some of the better prisoners assist in the supervision of the work. The most serious offenders are confined in buildings with large interior courts. They are thus held more securely, and also kept from direct association with the others. Their open courts, however, furnish opportunity for much outdoor life and labor.

THE MORAL TONIC OF FIELD LABOR

A normal environment tends to restore a normal life

In addition to work on the farm, other industries are carried on, such as brick and tile making, wood-working, mat, boot and shoe making, weaving, and tailoring. The men receive small wages, a part of which is paid in colony money, which they can spend. The balance is paid to them on their discharge. As one sees the multitude of men, quiet and orderly, going to their various places of employment, he is convinced that it is possible to conduct

even a great centralized prison on the general colony plan.

In many ways the model prison farm of Europe is Witzwill. It is on a mountain-girt plain about thirty miles west of Berne, Switzerland. The great tract of two thousand acres, which formerly was wet, boggy, and known as the Great Moss, has been, by draining and cultivation, transformed into a beautiful and valuable estate. There are two hundred and fifty prisoners, with sentences of from two months to five years. The men themselves have constructed the Swiss buildings, the barns, workshops, dormitories, and dwellings. They seem fond of working with the animals. With the oxen and heavy wagons, they came trudging in from the harvest-fields for their noonday rest. They have fifty horses and seven hundred head of cattle. Accompanied by twelve of the prisoners, the young stock had been sent for the summer months to the pastures of the higher mountains. They sell butter, cheese, and vegetables, but all manufactured goods are for the institution or the State.

The spirit of confidence and democracy is manifest. The guards or foremen were washing up for dinner along with the other men. The children of the employees were playing about. The Superintendent, Mr. Kellerhals, who has been with the farm from the beginning, said to us, "Yes, these men, when well dressed, look just like the people outside." About one-half turn out well, one-fourth are doubtful, and one-fourth come back. In a year only three had run away.

In the hospital we found clean beds with outlook on the gardens and pastures. The windows were open and the fresh mountain air was blowing in, but there were no patients in this outdoor prison ward. It stood out in marked contrast to many of our own institutions, which by their construction and environment are the breeding-places of tuberculosis and other physical and moral diseases. Recent research has brought to light the fact that the mortality from tuberculosis among our own prisoners is three times as great as in our general population.

Germany is making extensive use of the farm colony method in dealing with vagrancy and minor misdemeanors. At the Labor House of Rummelsburg, near Berlin, out of two thousand prisoners, one thousand were working outside on the sewage farms owned by the municipality. In France, Holland, Hungary, and Italy the Government has made successful experiments with the colony system for the treatment of offenders. The testimony is that it is less expensive for the State and much better for the health and reformation of the prisoners.

The reflex influence on society of more rational and humane treatment of its erring members is the larger part of this beneficence. For its own sake society cannot afford to be cruel and brutal to its meanest and most unworthy member. Russia is to reap a more bitter harvest than her exiles. Love your enemies is a good social law. If we lift society from the bottom, we all move upward together. We thus rise not to decline and fall. To be helpful to "one of the least" who is in prison is not simply a religious sentiment; it indicates the only method of social development which will conserve and make permanent the achievements of our civilization.

AT THE CLEVELAND CORRECTION FARM

The Portuguese of Provincetown

By Mary Heaton Vorse

With Drawings by Ariel Grant

I WAS down on T-Wharf in Boston waiting for a schooner from Provincetown whose captain I knew, for I wanted to beg a sail down if he got in this day, as his wife had told me he expected to. From the moment that my foot was on the wharf the City of Institutions was left behind and I was in a world where nothing existed but fish. Other prices may go up and down and the fish brokers of T-Wharf don't care; this week's catch of fish is the important thing. Here is a crop that one cannot foretell in advance. The only thing one knows is that if it is too rough weather there won't be any fish at all.

Down the middle of T-Wharf are the brokers' offices; on either side are two wide slips, and these are full of fishing schooners, lying side by side, as close as sardines in a box, engaged in unloading and taking in bait and baiting trawls; and wherever you look you see fish and more fish—every sort of fish—differing, of course, according to the season; green smelts and eels, great swordfish, and always and ever cod and more cod—cod, the great staple of the fish market, the industrious and conscientious fish that never seems to fail the fish market. Lobsters may grow scarce and flounders fight free of the net, but cod still remain constant.

The very air is full of the smell of fish; the moist planks under your feet reek with it; the oilskins of the men shine with fish scales, and even a landlubber who looks down at this array of big vessels (one-hundred-foot and fifty-foot schooners, some trim and smart as yachts and others disreputable and dirty, but all stanch and seagoing boats, most of more tons burden than those that brought our ancestors over to this country and first dropped anchor in Provincetown harbor) must realize that this business of catching fish is a serious business and one that requires men to do it; big, strong, adequate, and enduring men is what we must have to catch the fish from out of the sea to feed us.

This is the big distributing center of the

fishing trade; it is here that the boats come from Gloucester and New Bedford and Provincetown, and it is here that the fresh fish is packed in ice and from here that it is sent hastening up into the country while one can still eat it.

I stopped an old New Englander, busy superintending the unloading of a vessel, to ask if the Josephine was in.

"She's due about now," he answered. "The Santas just went out. Tell you what," he went on, "there's a Provincetown boat by her looks; she's got a Portuguese crew. Mebbe they kin give you word of the Josephine."

For every captain, and every seaman for that matter, can recognize a vessel from his own harbor nearly as far off as he can see her.

The Portuguese boat, however, which was baiting up at the end of the wharf was a Gloucesterman. And there you have it; because she had a Portuguese crew the first supposition is that she must be a Provincetown boat, for in this town that sits sixty miles out at sea, with the bay on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other, the fishing business has passed during the last twenty years (the time of the great change in the fishing business from salt to fresh fish) almost entirely into the hands of the Portuguese. They own the boats; Portuguese capital owns the handsome one-hundred-foot schooners, as beautiful as any yacht; Portuguese captains command them, and Portuguese men sail them.

It is by a curious irony of fate that this historic little town where the Pilgrims first landed and that was afterwards settled by the purest of New England stock, descendants of Pilgrims, should to-day be a town that seems like a South European town. The foreign element isn't tucked away in one little quarter, as were the early Irish settlements through the New England towns. On the three-mile-long Commercial Street, that spreads along the water-front, are perpetual little crowds of beautiful dark-skinned, brilliantly colored Portuguese children; by Railroad Wharf are always knots of dark-skinned men—handsome, strong-looking fellows—waiting for their boats to go out; and as you go farther along toward the West End, "'way up along," you seem to be in a foreign community altogether. The names on the shops are Coreas, Silvas, Cabrals, Mantas; the very language of the street is foreign.

So true is this that it strikes even the children. A little Provincetown boy once landed at Ponta del Garda at St. Michael's, and he looked around at the handsome, dark-eyed children and the sailor-men loafing at the water-front, and the signs on the shops, and his comment was:

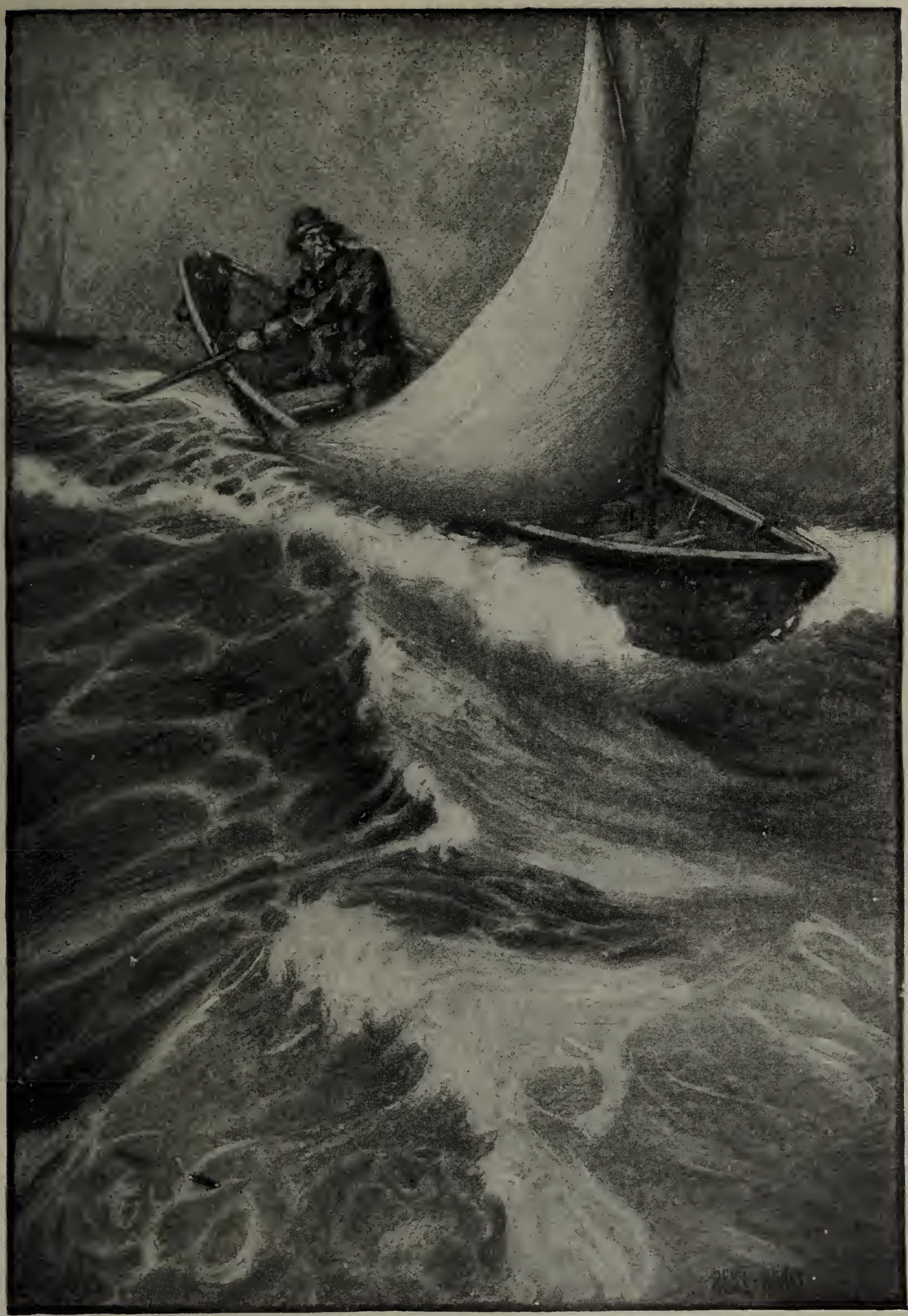
"Why, this is just like home!"

And no wonder, for it is from the Azores that the first immigrants came. Fayal, Flores, Pico, St. Michael's, began over fifty years ago sending their handsome, clean-blooded people to us, and have been doing so ever since; and during the last six years "the Lisbons" have begun to come—that is, people from Portugal itself. I say "they came;" that isn't quite true. The Portuguese immigration is unlike any other in one respect. It was we who needed the Portuguese and showed them the road to this country.

In the heyday of the whaling business, when the big fleet of whalers went out from Provincetown on voyages to the South Seas after the whale and the sea-elephant, when our coasters plied from Boston to the Indies, our skippers stopped at the Western Islands to recruit their crews, and the Portuguese men who were landed in Provincetown from our vessels found there was more money to be made in this country, and sent for their wives and children or their sweethearts.

There are not a few Portuguese families who even bear American names. A cabin-boy would be brought over by some old sea captain and raised as a son in the New England family, taking the name of the family in which he lived and forgetting his own, and yet, curiously enough, keeping his own religion.

It is one of the ironies that time plays on a country that this landing-place of the Pilgrims should to-day number more Roman Catholics than it does those of any other denomination. And not only that, but part of the service in the Catholic Church is always in an alien tongue, for the priest preaches in Portuguese for the benefit of the new arrivals, and then in English for the children of those who know English better than the tongue of their fathers. And the posters that adver-



THE PREOCCUPATION OF PROVINCETOWN IS THE SEA

tised the Thanksgiving Dance in the Town Hall said:

DANCES—AMERICAN, ST. MICHAEL'S FLORES, PICO, FAYAL

So, in this merrymaking commemorating a day so essentially American, American dances were danced upstairs; and the dances of old Portugal, the "Charmelita" and others, were danced downstairs by young people and old, some of whom were just learning English. For the life of the Portuguese and the Americans is more closely woven together in Provincetown than in any other place I know of where there is a large settlement of aliens, because the interests of the Americans and the Portuguese are identical in the difficult work of getting fish out of the sea.

Of course I use Provincetown as an example, though the Portuguese are by no means confined to this one town. All down the Cape, wherever there is fishing to be done, are the same dark, able-looking men, the same families of beautiful children. Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard abound with them; New Bedford and Gloucester have their Portuguese colonies, as have all the smaller places around "the Cape," as they call it, for the dwellers of Cape Cod have a fine disregard for all other capes in the world.

To understand this town and the conditions under which men work, one must know a little of its aspect. It is one of the few characteristic American towns. When you have seen Provincetown, you have seen Provincetown and not an example of indefinite other numbers of villages. It is on the extreme end of the Cape, and at one place only a mile and a half of sand-dunes keep it from being an island. Why the fury of the seas has not at some time swept over it and whelmed it forever one cannot understand.

Provincetown it is called because when the first settlers took up their homesteads the more well-to-do bought strips of land which reached across the Cape from bay to sea; and to this day many of the people own their land in this fashion—a narrow water-front, a strip of woods, then shifting sand-dunes, and then ocean front. But the early settlers kept part of their peninsula for the use of the poor, where any one might get wood or pick berries or pasture cattle; this was called the "province land," and "province land" it is to this day. From the Government you may obtain a right to plant a cranberry bog, or perhaps a right to erect a shooting-lodge, but you may not own your land, and the Government can turn you out at any moment if it seems best.

The very first settlement was over by the lighthouse at the other side of the long, crescent-shaped harbor, but the seas threatened to sweep the little sand-spit away, and for the purpose of keeping intact one of the finest harbors that the Atlantic coast knows, the Government bought up the settlement and took the sand-spit for its own. Then the canny New Englanders, after being paid once for their houses, asked the Government what the houses were to it.

"Nothing," answered the Government; "take them and welcome."

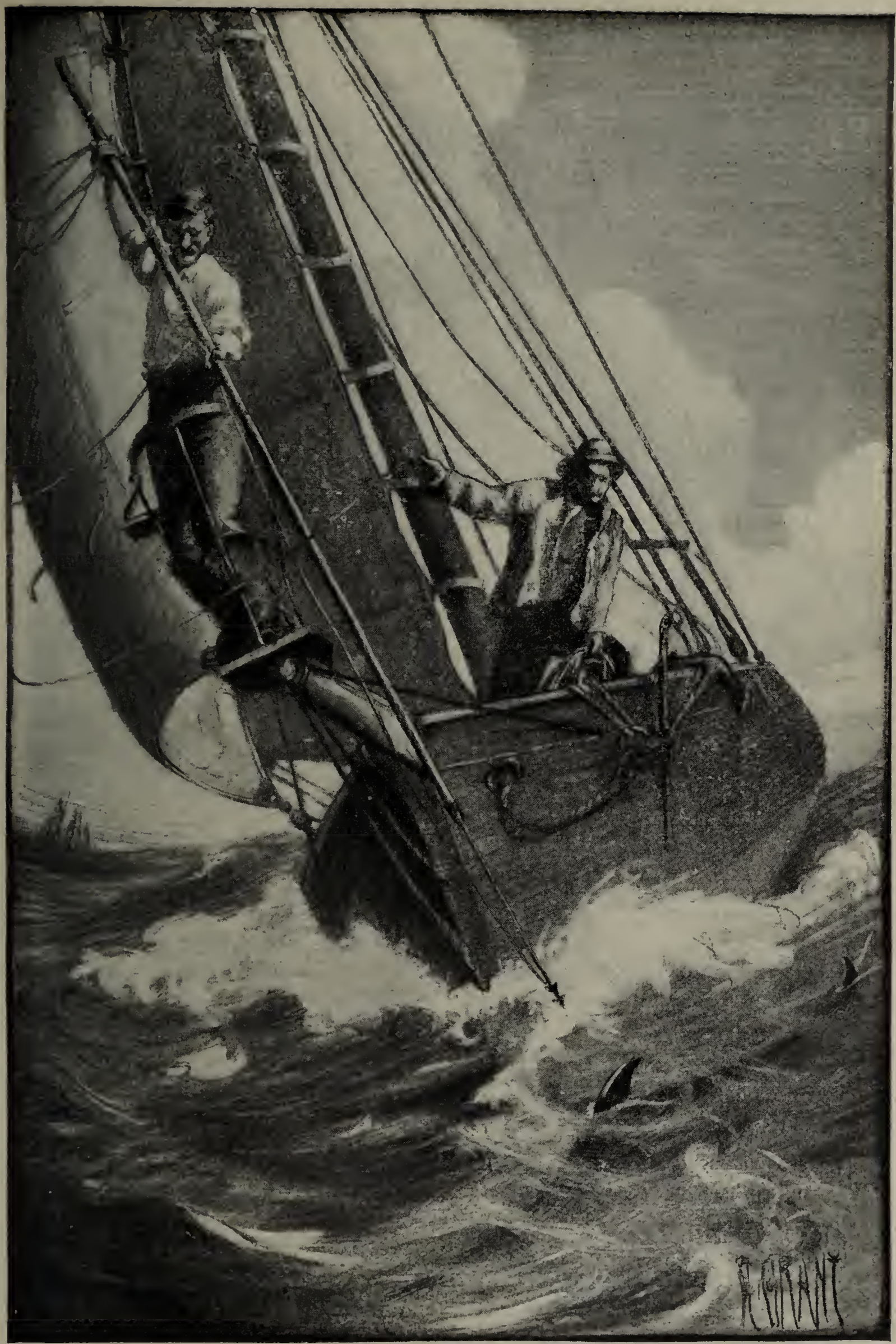
So one fine day was seen the spectacle of one house after another being floated across the harbor on rafts buoyed up by barrels, after the manner of raising wrecks.

"For," argued the Provincetown people, "if you can float a great wreck weighing many tons in this manner, why not a simple house?"

And in this way was begun the little town which is some three miles long and only two streets wide—a long, gray little town it looks when seen from the water, with a great many wharves jutting out in the sea. At low tide one may see the vestiges of other wharves from which formerly the whaling ships of the Cooks and the Nickersons and other of the town's prominent families sent forth their fleets of whalers and coasters and "bankers."

Steam killed the coasting trade and kerosene the whaling business. Well-to-do men failed, for there was no other business to turn to in Provincetown; there is no other crop there but fish. Then the same science and the new discoveries which had crippled the town for a time revived it, for with cold storage the trade of the fresh fisherman grew and the numbers of "bankers" diminished.

Fishing is the one preoccupation of this town—fishing on a big scale. The little sandy gardens are so small that they are not big enough to supply the needs of the town for vegetables, and the markets



SWORDFISHING

are supplied partly from Truro and partly from Boston. In the strange, low-lying back country only such things thrive as can grow in sand: scraggy little pines, blueberries and huckleberries and beach plums; and ever and ever the shifting sand-dunes encroach and slide down in a slow, glacier-like torrent on top of the occasional patches of forest trees.

So the preoccupation of Provincetown always has been, and always will be, the sea and the getting of its fish from it. This being the case, it is not too much to say that there are only a few scores of grown men in the whole town who have at one time or another not gone down to the sea in ships. Just what they consider fishing consists of I first learned from an old fellow who was driving one of the "accommodations," the five-seated barges that ply up and down the streets. He had a nautical air about him, and I asked him if he had ever been a sailor, which, by the way, was a landswoman enough question, because sailors in Provincetown eyes have to do with the United States navy.

"No," he said. "No, I never followed the sea none to speak of. Oh, when I was young I done some fishin'; I went on a few whalin' v'yages—perhaps a matter o' eighteen year in all; but I wouldn't say I'd ever done much *fishin'*."

And what is eighteen years, after all, in the life of a man drawing close to seventy, when in the old days lads of ten and twelve went fishing with their fathers and continued to fish until they were gray—or until the sea took them.

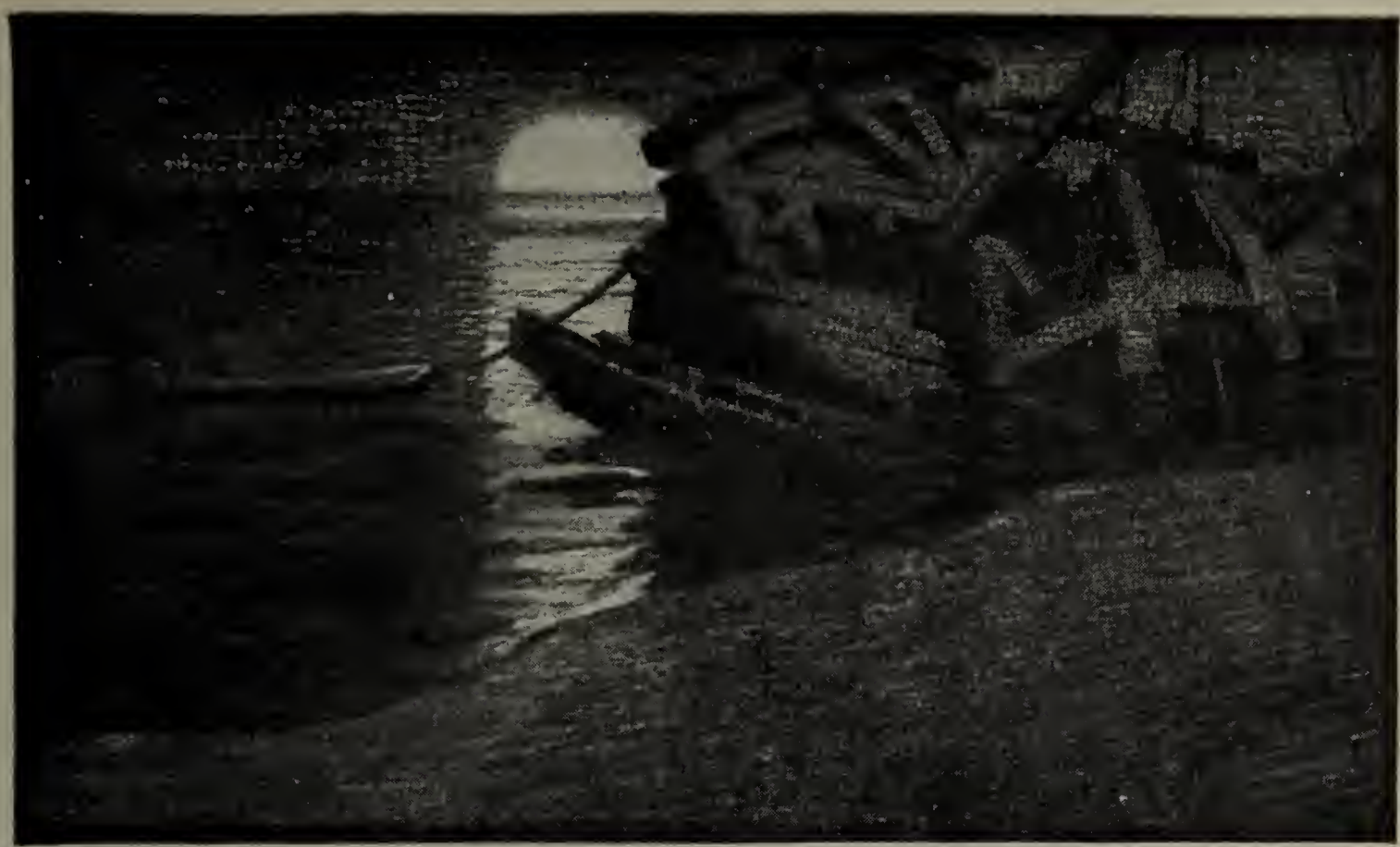
For the sea takes a mighty toll of Provincetown men. Up in the cemetery back of the town the graveyard is sprinkled with stones in memory of those who were "lost at sea," and one is always hearing stories like that of the two young Portuguese fellows who had got separated in the fog from their vessel, and who rowed in to Race Point and, half spent and cursing their luck, were picked up by the life-savers. Later they blessed their luck, for their schooner had been rammed in the fog by some passing steamer and had gone down with all hands, and they two were the only ones saved.

This big business of catching fish by the ton is naturally divided into several branches. There are the big vessels, the deep-sea men, that go out to the George's Banks; there are the seiners, that catch their fish in huge nets; there is the everlasting work of drawing the weirs every morning throughout ten months of the year, and on shore are the cold-storage houses where they freeze the bait in great quantities, as well as the fish for eating. There are also the "fish factories," as they call the canneries; and always and always there is the never-ending work of repairing gear of all sorts, and, above all, the work of mending and tarring nets. It is as unceasing as the work of a housekeeper ever was. For fish-nets are fragile things, and the fury of storms and the fish are continually rending their meshes; and there is no day when you walk down the street that you may not see a man netting new nets in his "store," as they call the little sheds on the water-front where the gear is kept, or that you may not encounter carts laden with nets to be spread out to dry off their accumulations of seaweed and later to be tarred, or that you may not see the nets pulled, black and dripping, from the great tar-kettles.

This work never stops, and the greater part of it is done by the Portuguese. There are, of course, American captains who own their boats; and still, especially in the cold storages, much American capital is invested; but the bulk of gear and boats is owned by Portuguese. The gasoline dories are in the hands of the Portuguese altogether, and in the winter, during the two or three months when the big vessels are hauled up, the fresh fishing is done by these gasoline dories with trawls and hand lines; and these are handled by Portuguese crews and Portuguese owners.

In the summer-time fishing inshore isn't practicable because of the dogfish. You may go and fish around the end of the Cape and dogfish may be your only reward, and there is nothing a fisherman hates more than to run into a school of these uncouth and greedy bait-snatchers. By some mysterious law of migration dogfish go out in winter and leave the waters clear for the inshore fisherman.

How all these big industries came into the hands of foreigners is a repetition of the story of the New England farms.



THE SEA TAKES A MIGHTY TOLL OF PROVINCETOWN MEN

The same causes which left our broad Connecticut Valley lands for the purchase of the Polander made it possible for the Portuguese to have such a strong hold in our fishing industries. The sons of the New England stock became ambitious and sought wider opportunities. Up and down Provincetown it is the same story; the sons of the old sea captains are in the big cities in business or in the professions. But there was still greater reason for them to go, for as the last generation grew up the bottom fell out of the whaling industry and the coasting trade. Then the Western Islanders, who, like the Polanders, had a lower scale of living than the Americans and could afford to be contented with little, put aside money and bought their homes. For it isn't alone boats and fish factories and wharves they own; they own their homes and land as well. The tax list of Provincetown shows as many Portuguese names as it does those of New Englanders.

The very system of payment on the fishing-boats made the amassing of some capital comparatively easy, for the deep-sea fishermen fish in shares. The captain and owners of a boat get a certain percentage, and the proceeds of the rest of the catch are divided equally among the crew. In a good season of ten months' fishing this may amount to a thousand dollars per man, leaving the two winter months free to make additional gains from the gasoline dories or other sorts of fishing.

The fishing of the weirs is done on another system. Here the men are paid forty or fifty dollars a month, and the work is hard. That seems a small amount on which to bring up a numerous family; but the Portuguese have the South European thrift, and on that sum men manage to save enough to own their own houses and give their children time to go through high school. It must be remembered that the scale of living is simple, and also that a great part of the food comes from the sea free of cost.

It is from the weirs that most of the bait is obtained, squid and herring being used for the purpose. And drawing the weirs is a memorable sight for a landsman. The weir is a sort of vast fish trap, and the fish swim in through the opening and cannot get out. The boats go out before dawn has broken. Three silent men dressed in oilskins man the weir boat, and there is no sound anywhere except the little chugging of the motor. And so often has the work been performed that the closing of the net gate and the pulling up of the trap, which is something like a vast gathering-string for bringing the net and its contents to the surface, is performed in almost absolute silence. Three or four laconic words and a gesture are enough. And as the bottom of the trap comes to

the surface the whole air is filled with a noise like no other noise in the world—the little flap-flap of the fish on each other. There they are, pure silver and wonderful; barrels and barrels of them flapping and gasping at the bottom of their net.

And then these silent large men take huge fish-scoops like ladles and silently ladle the fish into the bottom of the boat; later, standing knee-deep among them, they pitch out great monsters—skate and gone-fish and dogfish—gasping into the sea.

The catch varies from morning to morning. Sometimes it is squid, sometimes mackerel; once in a while a baby whale is caught. And when all the traps are drawn, one chugs back again, and the fish are landed and sorted out and given over with incredible swiftness to various purposes, according to their kind. Some are taken to the cold storage, or used for smoking, or packed in ice and sent to Boston.

One feels as if one had witnessed a terrible slaughter, and as if it were impossible that the sea should continue forever to yield forth fish in such vast quantities. The catching of fish in this fashion —ladling them in by boatloads, after having treacherously snared them in a series of nets—has something wanton about it and infinitely unsportsmanlike. And yet it goes on day in and day out and the supply of fish never fails. The world is hungry and America is a broad place, and for our wholesale consumption fish must somehow be caught wholesale.

Even the trawlers put out fifteen hundred baited hooks to a man, two men to a dory, ten or twelve dories to a schooner. They must catch their fish wholesale if they are to live.

I have been asked if the Portuguese become Americanized, and if they are absorbed into our National life, or if they live apart. In speech and action certainly the children of the Portuguese parents are not to be distinguished from our children. How should they be since they live in a community so essentially New England, where the old New England ideals of honesty and thrift and scrupulous cleanliness are still undimmed? There are some slight differences in upbringing perhaps; the young girls of the better class are reared in a more careful way, because South Europeans are good mothers and careful mothers. The Provincetown natives say that the young people haven't the fine manners of their fathers, who brought with them the courtesy of manner belonging to the race of the Spanish Peninsula. And this is our fault. But among all the outwanderings of the various people, although they form a tiny element in the big melting-pot of America, it seems to me that the Portuguese is one to be grateful for. There has not been a mad rush of day laborers, but a steady influx of men who come, not only to work and to make money, but to buy homes and acquire property and bring up their children as Americans. And it seems to me that they combine many of the virtues of the Italians and the Spanish; a greater beauty they have than the Spaniards, for they are a large race and strong, as men must be who follow the sea; and they have more gayety.

And since because of natural conditions our fishing-boats have passed from American hands, I think it is a thing to be glad for that they have fallen into those of such an adequate and strong and thrifty race.

TO CHESTER-ON-THE-DEE

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

Sleep, little town, thy moonlit walls
  Are hushed with long-ago!
Night, like thy river, brings to thee
  Forgetfulness of woe.

Peace, little town! Grave sleep is this
  That aches in love and tears,
With singing stream, with shining dream,
  With sense of other years.

JOHN LOWELL, JR. PAINTED BY GLEYRE

John Lowell's Legacy

By H. Addington Bruce

JUST seventy-five years have passed since John Lowell, Jr., a young merchant prince of Boston, while traveling through the Orient, took a step which resulted in the development of one of the most interesting and influential of educational institutions in existence to-day. By the terms of his will, completed amid the ruins of a once magnificent palace in ancient Egypt, a full half of his estate was converted into a trust fund the income of which was to be expended in providing annually lectures for the people of his home city, free of charge and according to ideas concisely set forth by the donor.

"For the more perfect demonstration," he directed, "of the truth of those moral and religious precepts by which alone, as I believe, man can be secure of happiness in this world and that to come, I wish a course of lectures to be delivered on the historical and internal evidences in favor of Christianity. I wish all disputed points of faith and ceremony to be avoided, and the attention of the lecturers to be directed to the moral doctrines of the Gospel, stating their opinion, if they will, but not engaging in controversy, even on the subject of the penalty for disobedience.

"As the prosperity of my native land, New England, which is sterile and unproductive, must depend hereafter, as it has heretofore depended, first on the moral qualities, and second on the intelligence and information of its inhabitants, I am desirous of trying to contribute towards this second object also; and I wish courses of lectures to be established on physics and chemistry, with their application to the arts, also on botany, zoölogy, geology, and mineralogy connected with their particular utility to man.

"After the establishment of these courses of lectures, should disposable funds remain, or, in process of time, be accumulated, the trustee may appoint courses of lectures to be delivered on the literature and eloquence of our language, and even on those of foreign nations, if he sees fit. He may also, from time to time, establish lectures on any subject that, in his opinion, the wants and taste of the age may demand."

Thus, by a document truly remarkable for the liberality, wisdom, and far-sight it revealed—and the more remarkable in that its author was only thirty-four when he drew up its first passages, and but two years older when he added the final clauses—did John Lowell, Jr., lay the foundation of the unique educational establishment known as the Lowell Institute, which has exercised an incalculable influence for good on the intellectual life not of Boston alone but of the whole country. As administered by the men who have in turn filled the arduous and responsible position of trustee, it has, in fact, gained for itself a place as an educational force which not even its founder, for all his far-sightedness, could possibly have foreseen.

In the beginning, however, and wisely, no attempt was made at undertaking other than the popular lectures on which the founder of the Institute had laid greatest stress. It was in 1835 that young Lowell drafted, in Egypt, the codicil to his will, voicing his last instructions to the trustee—his cousin, John Amory Lowell—on whose diligence and good judgment he relied for the proper execution of his noble bequest. Less than a year later he died at Bombay. But, owing to the difficulties incidental to the work of preliminary organization, it was not until the winter of 1839–40 that the first lecture was delivered. One of the hardest problems to be solved by the trustee was the selection of a suitable auditorium. It had been John Lowell, Jr.'s wish that no part of the trust fund should be appropriated for the construction of a building, but that it should be almost entirely devoted to remunerating the lecturers selected, paying such handsome fees that it would be possible to command for the Institute the services of the foremost authorities on any subject. Admirable as this provision was, it occasioned considerable perplexity to Mr. John Amory Lowell, since he had every reason to expect that there would be an urgent demand for admission to the various courses offered.

Instruction by means of lectures had always been extremely popular in Boston and New England generally. It was the system followed in the colleges and in the schools of law, medicine, and theology; and almost from the time of the founding of Massachusetts public lectures had been much in vogue. Until after the Revolution, it is true, they dealt chiefly with theological themes; but thenceforward, and particularly after the War of 1812, the thirst for knowledge grew so rapidly that lectures were given on all sorts of topics, and usually were well attended. This led in the early twenties to the creation of the famous New England lyceum system. Agencies were established to provide communities with lecturers on any subject desired, and miscellaneous lecture courses, the tickets for which were quickly sold, were delivered in cities and towns of every size. It may be said in passing that it doubtless was because of his great faith in the value of public education by this means, and because of a well-grounded fear that the passion for lecture-going might eventually die out unless provision were made for a permanent, high-grade service, that John Lowell, Jr., was influenced to place his Institute so distinctly on a lecture basis.

Certainly, however, in the years just previous to the opening of the Institute there was no indication of a decrease in interest. It has been estimated that during the season of 1838–39 no fewer than twenty-six courses of public lectures, each course consisting of not less than eight lectures, were given in Boston alone, to an aggregate attendance of between thirteen and fourteen thousand persons, who paid about as many dollars for the privilege of hearing them. This of itself was a sufficient hint to Mr. John Amory Lowell that the largest lecture-hall he could secure would be none too large, and it was with a feeling of relief that he found himself able to lease for the nights of the Lowell lectures the old Odeon, formerly the Federal Street Theater, seating about two thousand people. Here, beginning in

FEDERAL STREET THEATER
Where the first Lowell lectures were delivered

January, 1840, the first lectures were delivered, consisting of courses by Benjamin Silliman, on Geology; Thomas Nuttall, on Botany; and John G. Palfrey, on Evidences of Christianity.

The popularity of the Institute from the start is shown by the fact that both Professor Silliman and Professor Nuttall were obliged to repeat their courses, and even then by no means all who wished to hear them gained admission. More than this, the following year, on the giving out of tickets for another course by Professor Silliman—who was a member of the Yale Faculty, and one of the most noted of American lecturers—the throng of applicants at the "Old Corner Book Store," the place where the tickets were distributed, was so great that it overflowed into the adjacent streets and crushed in the bookstore's windows. Such was the eagerness to attend the lectures that, according to Mrs. Harriette Knight Smith, the historian of the Institute, and to whom I am indebted for much information regarding its early years, it became necessary to open books to receive the names of applicants, the tickets being then distributed by lot. Sometimes the number of applicants for a single course was between nine and ten thousand.

THE OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE

But before the first of the regular lectures was given an interesting event took place at the Odeon on the evening of the last day of 1839, when the Institute was formally opened with an oration by Edward Everett. Naturally enough, this took the form of a eulogy of John Lowell, Jr., and of the services previously rendered to Boston and New England by members of the Lowell

family, notably the testator's grandfather, Judge John Lowell, a Revolutionary worthy; and by his father, Francis Cabot Lowell, after whom the Massachusetts city of Lowell was named, and to whom, more than any other one man, the establishment of the cotton goods industry in America was due. Naturally, too, Mr. Everett was at pains to make clear the purposes of the Institute, concerning the future of which he ventured to prophesy in the most glowing terms and with an eloquence that must have held his auditors enthralled.

"The few sentences," he declared, "penned, with a tired hand, by our fellow-citizen, on the top of a palace of the Pharaohs, will do more for human improvement than, for aught that appears, was done by all of that gloomy dynasty that ever reigned. I scruple not to affirm that in the directions given by him for a course of popular instruction—illustrative of the great truths of natural religion and the evidences of Christianity, and unfolding the stores of natural science and useful knowledge, to be dispensed without restriction to an entire community—there is a better hope that mental activity will be profitably kindled, thought put in salutary motion, the connection of truth with the uses of life traced out, and the condition of man benefited, than in all the councils, rescripts, exploits, and institutions of Sesostris and his line. I am persuaded that more useful knowledge, higher views of the works of God, deeper and more searching glimpses into the mysteries of nature, will be communicated in the course of lectures which will commence next Friday than lie hidden in the hieroglyphs that cover the Egyptian temples, from the Cataracts to the mouth of the Nile. . . .

"Let the foundation of Mr. Lowell stand on the principles prescribed by him; let the fidelity with which it is now administered continue to direct it; and no language is emphatic enough to do full justice to its importance. It will be, from generation to generation, a perennial source of public good—a dispensation of sound science, of useful knowledge, of truth in its most important associations with the destiny of men. These are blessings which cannot die. They will abide when the sands of the desert shall have covered what they have hitherto spared of the Egyptian temples; and they will render the name of Lowell, in all wise and moral estimation, more truly illustrious than that of any Pharaoh engraven on their walls."

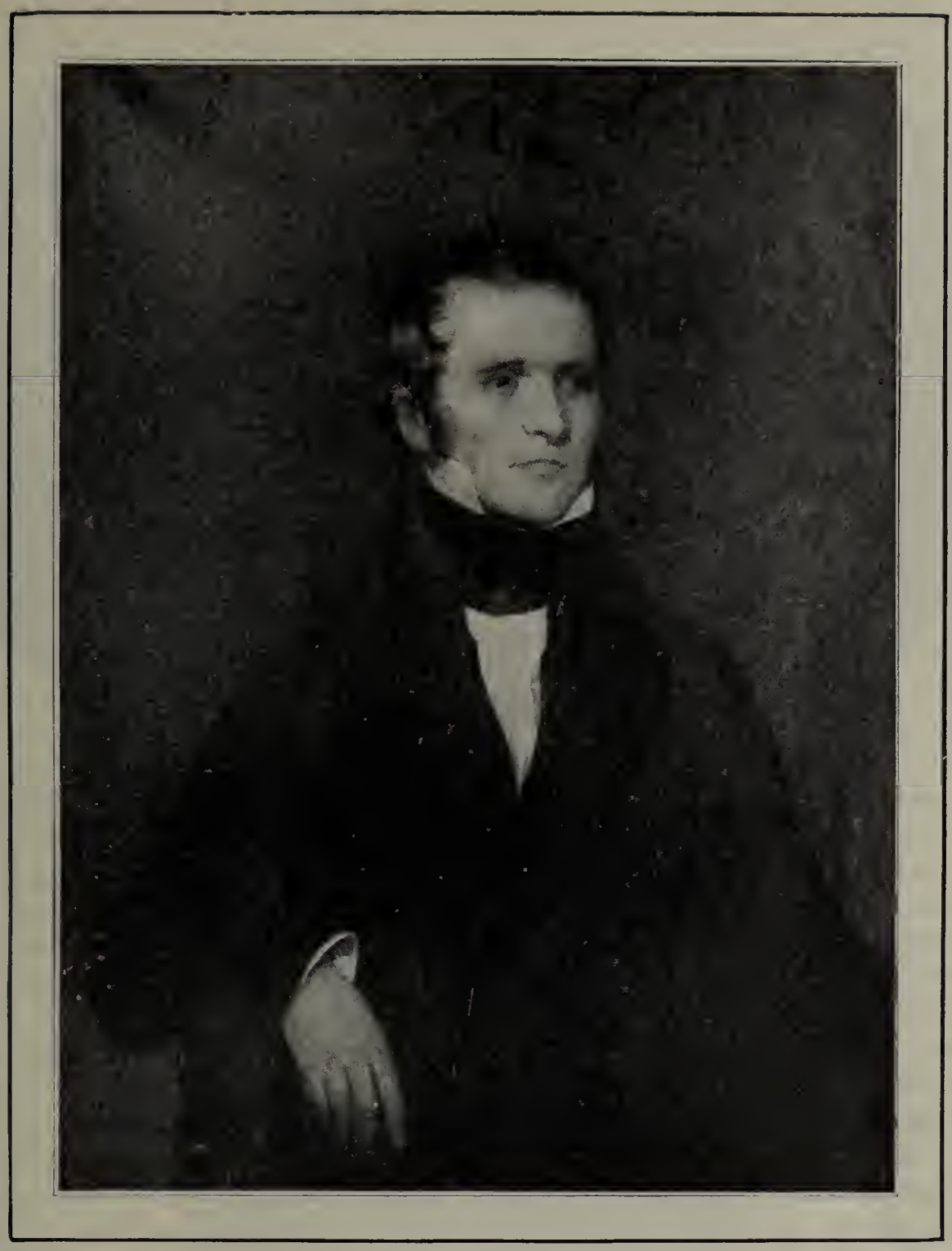
The high hopes thus held out have not been frustrated. For seventy years, without a break, the Lowell free public lectures have been given in Boston during the fall and winter months—in the Odeon until 1846; in Marlboro Chapel, on Washington Street, until 1879; and since then in Huntington Hall, in the Rogers Building of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Some of the most brilliant thinkers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have addressed Boston audiences under the auspices of the Lowell Institute, and have given courses of from three to twelve lectures in the great cause of popular education, as may be seen from the following list, comprising only a few of those who have served, each in his special field, as Lowell lecturers:

On Religious subjects—John G. Palfrey, Richard S. Storrs, Mark Hopkins, Samuel Eliot, A. P. Peabody, James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale, Lyman Abbott, Henry Drummond, George Hodges, F. G. Peabody, George F. Moore, James Hardy Ropes, Abbé Felix Klein.

On Science and Philosophy—Benjamin Silliman, Thomas Nuttall, Jeffries Wyman, Sir Charles Lyell, Asa Gray, Joseph Lovering, Louis Agassiz, Daniel Wilson, William D. Whitney, N. S. Shaler, John Tyndall, Richard A. Proctor, William James, Simon Newcomb, Sir R. A. Ball, Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir John Murray, Percival Lowell, Sir J. W. Dawson, G. H. Darwin, Friedrich Delitzsch, Hans Gadow, Pierre Janet, C. Lloyd Morgan, W. T. Sedgwick, Wilhelm Ostwald, Josiah Royce, Morris Jastrow, Sir Frederick Pollock.

On History and Government—Jared Sparks, Edward A. Freeman, James Bryce, John Fiske, H. von Holst, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, J. F. Rhodes, Edward Channing, A. C. Coolidge, H. Morse Stephens, Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, G. W. Prothero, Albert Bushnell Hart, Guglielmo Ferrero, William Everett, H. A. L. Fisher, Captain A. T. Mahan, George Kennan, Paul Milyukov.

On Literature, Art, and Music—Edward

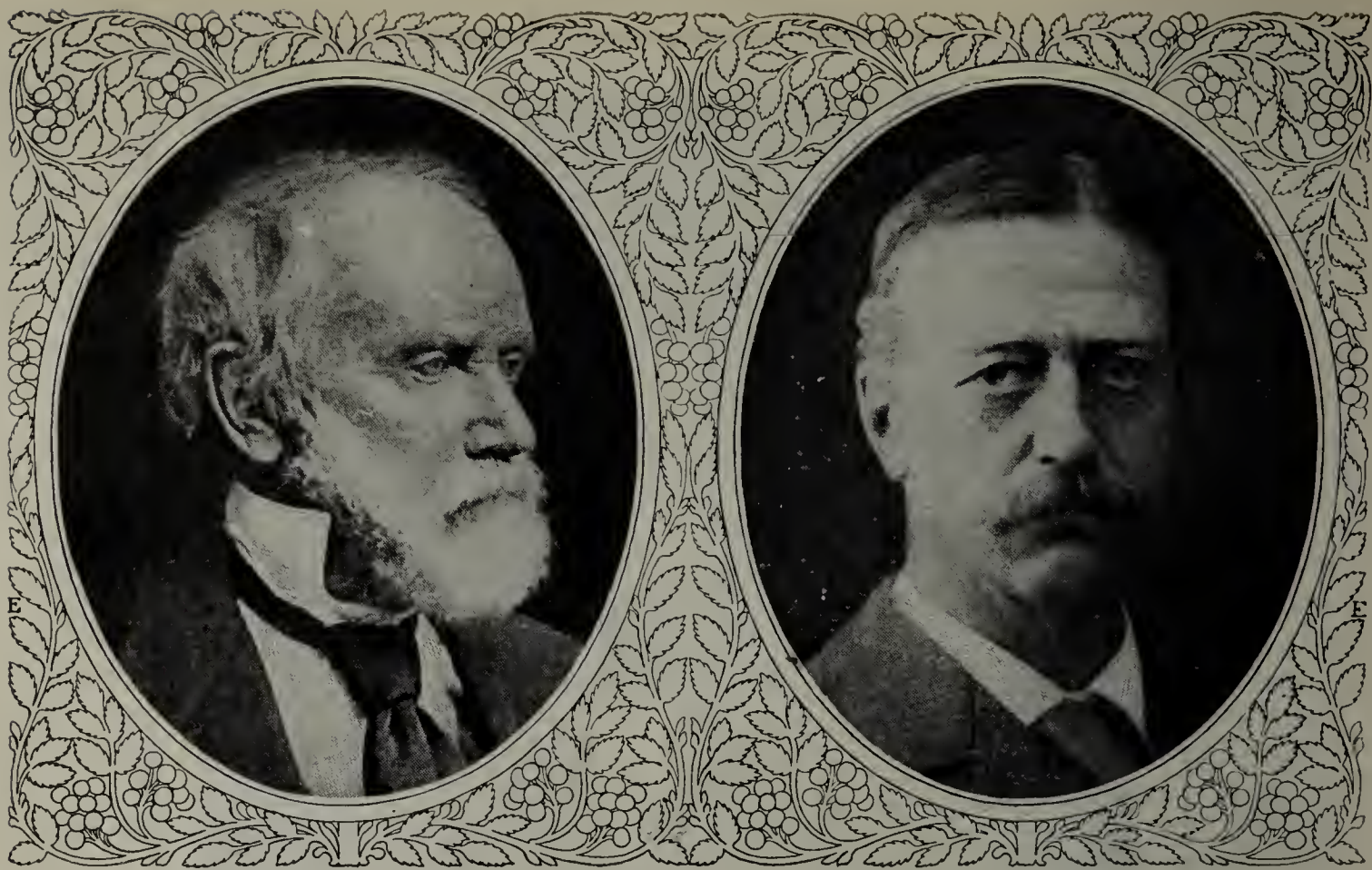


JOHN LOWELL, JR.
From a painting by Harding

Everett, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, George W. Curtis, Charles Eliot Norton, Alexander M. Bell, W. D. Howells, Bayard Taylor, Francis J. Child, Edmund W. Gosse, Prince Kropotkin, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Louis C. Elson, George L. Kittredge, George E. Woodberry.

Many of the lecturers, up to the most recent times have been obliged to follow the example set by Professors Silliman and Nuttall, and repeat their courses. James Russell Lowell's course on "Early English Dramatists," given during the season of 1886–87, was exceptionally memorable in this respect, the management having great difficulty in handling the crowds that, although unable to obtain tickets, nightly besieged the lecture hall. Another course that drew numerous and most enthusiastic audiences was that delivered by Henry Drummond in the spring of 1893 on "The Evolution of Man." More recently similar enthusiasm was displayed over Professor James's lectures on "Pragmatism," and Percival Lowell's on "Mars as the Abode of Life." Among the courses announced for the present season (1910–11) there is at least one—Sir John Murray's on "The Ocean"—that in all likelihood will have to be repeated.

Nor has the influence of the Institute lectures been confined to those able to attend them; it has literally extended through the United States, and even into foreign lands. The trustees—of whom there have been but three, John Amory



JOHN AMORY LOWELL ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

The first trustee, and his grandson, who is the third trustee of the John Lowell fund

Lowell, his son Augustus Lowell, and the latter's son, President Lowell—have always demanded two things of the lecturers selected by them: special and careful preparation, and presentation of the subject-matter in a form intelligible to the lay hearer unversed in scientific technicalities. Besides this, the trustees have been zealous to choose, as far as possible, lecturers having some "message" of real importance to the public at large. The result has been that, in numerous instances, the scholars and scientists honored with an invitation have been inspired to utilize their Lowell lectures as the basis, in whole or in part, of works which have deservedly enjoyed a wide circulation in both America and Europe.

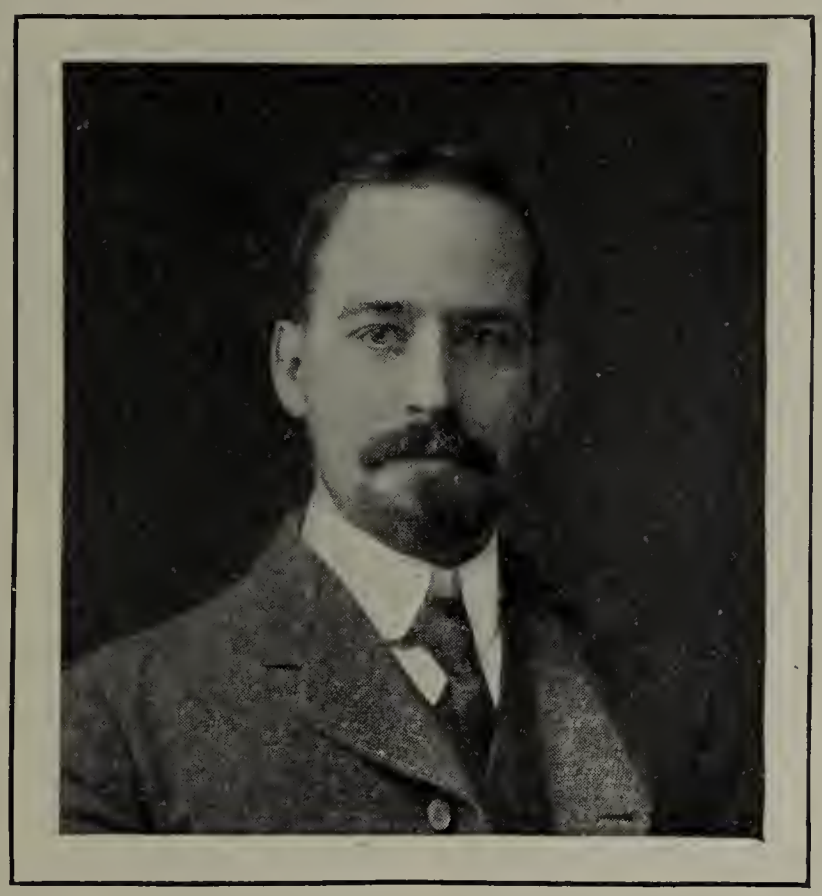
In this way were born, among many others, such noteworthy books as Louis Agassiz's "Geological Sketches" and "Comparative Embryology," John Tyndall's "Lectures on Light," Alfred Russel Wallace's "Darwinism," T. W. Rhys Davids's "Buddhism," Henry Drummond's "The Ascent of Man," Sir J. W. Dawson's "The Relics of Primeval Man," John Fiske's "The Discovery of America," "New France and New England," and "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors;" Bayard Taylor's "Studies in German Literature," Edmund W. Gosse's "From Shakespeare to Pope," A. Lawrence Lowell's "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe," Captain Mahan's "Sea Power in Its Relations to the War of 1812," Professor Royce's "The Philosophy of Loyalty," and the "Pragmatism" and "Mars" of, respectively, William James and Percival Lowell.

In other ways, too, the influence of these lectures has been far-reaching. The founding of the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, with the famous European naturalist Louis Agassiz as its head, was directly due to a single course of Lowell lectures. In 1845, on the suggestion of a mutual friend, Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. John Amory Lowell invited Agassiz to cross the Atlantic and lecture before the Institute. The invitation was accepted, and in December, 1846, Agassiz made his début in the United States. The brilliancy of his lecturing and the richness and breadth of his scholarship made a profound impression, while Agassiz, for his part, was delighted with the responsiveness and intelligence of his audiences, whose democracy was further most attractive to him.

Nothing would please him better, he declared, than to be able to make his home in a country where the people were so progressive, energetic, and alert-minded.

The seriousness of his desire to remain in America becoming known, Mr. Abbott Lawrence promptly expressed his willingness to found a scientific school in connection with Harvard University, and guarantee Agassiz a satisfactory salary as Professor of Zoölogy and Geology. One result of his long connection with the Lawrence Scientific School, as is well understood, was the introduction of new teaching methods and the giving of a new impetus to American scientific investigation.

Even yet the record of the benefits conferred by the bequest of John Lowell, Jr., is by no mean exhausted. The propagation of sound knowledge by means of public lectures is only a part—and, in the opinion of the present trustee at all events, not the most important part—of the work of the Lowell Institute. By a particularly wise provision in the will creating the Institute, the fund supporting it has steadily grown in amount, since one-tenth of the annual income has regularly been added to the principal. Furthermore, the will provided that, as soon as sufficient means were available, "besides the free courses given for the general public, there may be others given, more erudite and particular, for students." A start was made at giving such "erudite and particular" courses in 1850, when Mr. John Amory Lowell established a free drawing-school, on the then novel principle of requiring its pupils to begin and continue through the entire course to draw from real objects only—"the round," as it is technically called—and never from copies or "flat surfaces."



PROFESSOR CHARLES F. PARK
Director of the School for Industrial Foremen

At first the school was greatly ridiculed by art teachers and critics, but, under the management of its excellent instructors, William Hollingsworth and his assistant, William T. Carleton, it soon had many pupils, and, in the words of the Institute's historian, Mrs. Smith, "was eminently successful in establishing correct methods of drawing, and had the satisfaction of being imitated all over the country, almost to the entire revolution in the teaching of drawing." It had an existence of nearly thirty years, ending only when the Institute removed from Marlboro Chapel to Huntington Hall; by which time, indeed, it had outlived its usefulness, as the principles for which it contended had become so generally accepted that there was no longer any real need for it.

So, likewise, with the Lowell School of Practical Design, founded in 1872, and, until replaced a few years ago by the Museum of Fine Arts School of Design, which grew out of it, doing splendid work as a pioneer in the field of arts and crafts education. Tuition in this school was entirely free, and all the expenses were borne by the Lowell Institute. The rooms of the school were on Garrison Street, and were equipped with machinery enabling the students to work their designs into fabrics of commercial size, in all sorts of materials and textures, instruction being given in the art of making designs and patterns for prints, ginghams, silks, laces, wall papers, carpets, rugs, oilcloths, etc. Three years were required to complete the course, and in addition to general class work every pupil received personal supervision looking to the best development of his or her individual talents.

Lowell lectures of a special character were also given at an early date—1866—in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whereby any one over eighteen years of age and having already had a certain amount of education might attend without charge courses for advanced stu-

dents in mathematics, mechanics, physics, chemistry, geology, natural history, biology, architecture, engineering, navigation and nautical astronomy, English, French, and German. In every case, although the Institute of Technology assumed the management of these courses, the choice of lecturers and subjects was made conditional on the approval of the Lowell trustee.

Special courses for workingmen were similarly started, as well as courses intended to give the school-teachers of Boston instruction in science. These latter courses, offered by what is known as the Teachers' School of Science, are all that remain, in the original form, of the early attempts to carry out the wishes of John Lowell, Jr., with regard to the "erudite and particular" phases of the Institute's activities. But owing to the growth of the higher institutions of learning it is now possible to carry out the ideas entertained by John Lowell, Jr., in this respect more systematically than at any previous time. This applies more especially to the work now being done by the Lowell Institute Evening School for Industrial Foremen and the Lowell Institute collegiate courses, the one organized in 1903, the other in 1907.

The admirable purpose underlying the School for Industrial Foremen may best be explained by quoting a statement made by its director, Professor Charles F. Park, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "For more than a quarter of a century," he pointed out, "Lowell free courses for advanced students had been given by the professors of the Institute of Technology. These courses had done no small amount of good; but, with the increased educational facilities of all kinds in Boston, they seemed to be less necessary than they were formerly. They had, moreover, covered many subjects without much relation to one another, and at the present day we are learning the great advantage of systematic study.

"On the other hand, among the different classes in our community, there appeared to be one which had hardly received the attention it deserved. We have heard a great deal of late years of captains of industry, but the efficiency of the industrial art depends in a very large measure, and probably to a constantly increasing extent, upon the capacity of its non-commissioned officers—in other words, upon the foremen and superintendents. These men receive the same education to-day as the ordinary mechanic, and it was thought that it would be a great benefit to the community at large if they could have some instruction in the principles of applied science, so that they might understand more thoroughly the work they were superintending, and be ready to apply improvements.

"It was felt, also, that a better-educated class of foremen would be a benefit to the community socially, as an intermediary class between the employer or engineer, on the one hand, and the workmen on the other. To attempt to train young men separately for the position of foreman would have been, under the existing organization of labor, an impossibility. The foremen must continue, for the present at least, to be promoted from among the workmen. In giving them such an education as is desired, therefore, it was necessary to take men who were already working at their trade; and hence instruction could be given only in the evening."

Opened in the fall of 1903, the school has been increasingly successful, and many of its graduates, thanks to the training received, have won promotion in the machine-shops and other industrial plants where they are employed. Two courses, one mechanical and the other electrical, are offered, each extending over two years, and each demanding hard work of its students. Not all of the latter are foremen in the strict sense of the word, but they are young mechanics and electricians earnestly desirous of "getting on in the world" and making themselves more useful members of society. Only a small proportion of those who apply are admitted to the courses, for the demand is so great that the resources of the Institute of Technology, in whose buildings the instruction is given, would be unduly taxed if a severe entrance examination did not keep down the evening school membership. The average class enters about one hundred and twenty-five, which represents perhaps a fifth of those taking the preliminary examination. The faculty consists of essentially the same men doing the same

kind of work during the day in the regular "Tech" courses, and instruction is by means of lectures, recitations, drawing-room practice, laboratory work, and home work. Certificates are granted to all passing another stiff examination at the end of the second year. No charge whatever is made for tuition.

The collegiate courses are similarly an outgrowth of the old Lowell lectures for advanced students, and represent a desire to make such lectures more systematic and more immediately useful to the men and women attending them. For some time it was uncertain how this could be done, but the problem was solved by the happy suggestion of a friend, Dr. James Hardy Ropes, who proposed that some of the best professors in Harvard University should be engaged by the Lowell Institute to repeat their principal courses, with examinations and the granting of certificates; and in the year 1907–8 Professors Haskins and Copeland gave public courses on history and literature. The following year courses were given by Professors Royce, Palmer, Lowell, and Copeland, and in 1909–10 by Professors Hart, Bullock, and Copeland.

The success of this plan for assisting the people to gain a higher education is sufficiently indicated by the attendance figures, there having been an average aggregate attendance of about one thousand, Professor Copeland's courses alone being attended by an average of upwards of six hundred persons. Ranging in age from eighteen to middle life, the students come from all walks of life, an "occupation" table prepared by the management showing such a bewildering variety of vocations as teacher, book agent, milliner, compositor, nurse, artist, physician, lawyer, saleswoman, charity worker, journalist, proof-reader, "home-maker," bookkeeper, clerk, secretary, auditor, stenographer, clergyman, machinist, insurance agent, day laborer, surveyor, accountant, publisher, printer, engineer, architect, umbrella-maker, barber, and dry-goods buyer.

Most of these—probably sixty per cent—take the courses because of a desire to better themselves in point of "general culture." But many, especially among the teachers, who form a large proportion of the whole, look to these courses to aid them directly to professional advancement; and all such will welcome a change that has just gone into effect, the Lowell collegiate courses, beginning with the present term, becoming part of the general scheme of University Extension, and, consequently, counting towards the A.A. (Associate in Arts) degree. The instructors will be drawn hereafter not only from Harvard University but from other institutions about Boston, the courses offered for 1910–11, in pursuance with this purpose, including: English literature and composition, Professors Copeland and Greenough, and Mr. F. W. C. Hersey, all of Harvard; principles of economics, Professor Metcalf, of Tufts; history of English literature, Professor Black, of Boston University; physics, Professor Kent, of Boston University.

Still another development in Lowell Institute work was the establishment in 1906 of annual courses of lectures on current topics in theology, to be delivered in King's Chapel, on Tremont Street, under the auspices of the Harvard Divinity School and the Andover Theological Seminary, and by members of their faculties. This course was established in order to meet, without any interference with the system of free lectures in Huntington Hall, John Lowell, Jr.'s expressed desire for a course on theology. Altogether, then, the Lowell Institute is now actively engaged in five distinct fields of intellectual endeavor: the popular lectures in Huntington Hall, the theological lectures in King's Chapel, the Teachers' School of Science, the Evening School for Industrial Foremen, and the collegiate courses. In the case of the last only is any fee charged, and that but a nominal one. All of the others are free, and are maintained by the fund bequeathed by young Lowell and so ably managed by his kinsman trustees that it has more than trebled in amount. Surely the Lowell Institute is a worthy monument both to its founder and to those members of the Lowell family whose keen sense of devotion to duty has inspired them to give their best efforts to a steady enlarging of its usefulness.

Every Man His Own Campaign Manager

By Emily Newell Blair

A PLAIN-LOOKING countryman with an oily, ingratiating manner slid into the seat before me beside a roughly dressed miner. I recognized him as a one-time merchant in our county seat, and wondered at the change from jovialness to affable sleekness. Watching longer, I noticed him, his hand covering his mouth apologetically, hand the miner a card. It reminded me of the covert way some men sneak their chewing-tobacco from pocket to mouth. The card told the story. He must be a candidate before the primary. A few minutes later he slid on to the next seat, and so on and on, while the miner dropped the card indifferently.

Since then I have seen some hundred of these candidates, and have made an interesting collection of their cards. One of the choicest is largely responsible for the nomination and election of a present Circuit Judge of Missouri. One side has a picture of a fine-looking family of six children, and below the picture the words: "We Want the Salary."

Every candidate has at least one style of card, and some two, for use in different localities. One that speaks to the miners and mechanics has the union label in one corner; another, for farming communities, is plain and brusque—also a trifle misleading in its phrasing, "Vote for John James, Republican Candidate for Circuit Clerk." Good old "vote-'er-straight" partisans might not stop to inquire if there were other Republican candidates for that office.

All this in Missouri, where we have a Primary Election Law. Primary elections are held at the regular polling-places in each precinct on the first Tuesday in August for the nomination of all candidates to be voted for at the next November election. At least sixty days before the primary each candidate for a county office files a declaration of such candidacy with the County Clerk and pays to the Chairman of his County Committee $5. Candidates for State offices, Congress, and Circuit Judge file such declaration with the Secretary of State, paying respectively $100, $50, and $25 to the chairman of their respective State Committees. This money is paid as an evidence of good faith, and goes to the party campaign fund, the expenses of the primary election (judges, clerks, etc.) being paid by the State and county as at general elections. For three weeks preceding the primary the names of the candidates on each ticket are printed in two newspapers in the county, one Republican, the other Democratic.

There are as many separate tickets as there are parties entitled to participate in the primary, the names of the candidates being in alphabetical order under the appropriate title of the respective offices and under proper party designation upon the party ticket. In cities of over one hundred thousand inhabitants the names of candidates are alternated on the ballots, so that each name appears thereon substantially an equal number of times at the top, at the bottom, and at each intermediate place. Each voter receives only the ticket of the party to which he declares himself to belong. The law requires that each voter must be known to affiliate with the party named at the head of the ticket he calls for, or must obligate himself to support the nominees of that party at the following campaign. This provision presents difficulties of practical enforcement which are obvious, the ballot being secret. No person who is a candidate upon one ticket can be voted for as a candidate for such office upon any other party ticket. Such, in brief, is the law.

The primary system was tried out in Missouri for the first time over two years ago. In 1908 it was so new that office-seekers had not discovered its possibilities

I WANT THE OFFICE

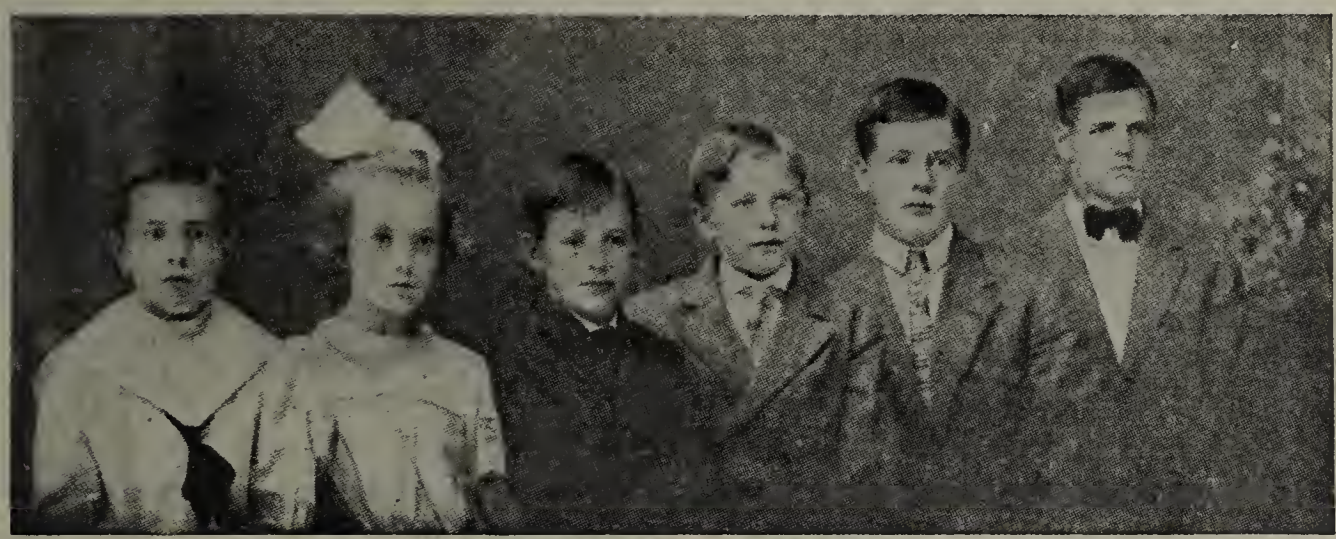
For Circuit Judge

H. L. SHANNON

Subject to Approval by the
Republicans of Jasper County
at the August Primary

CARTHAGE, MO.

Over



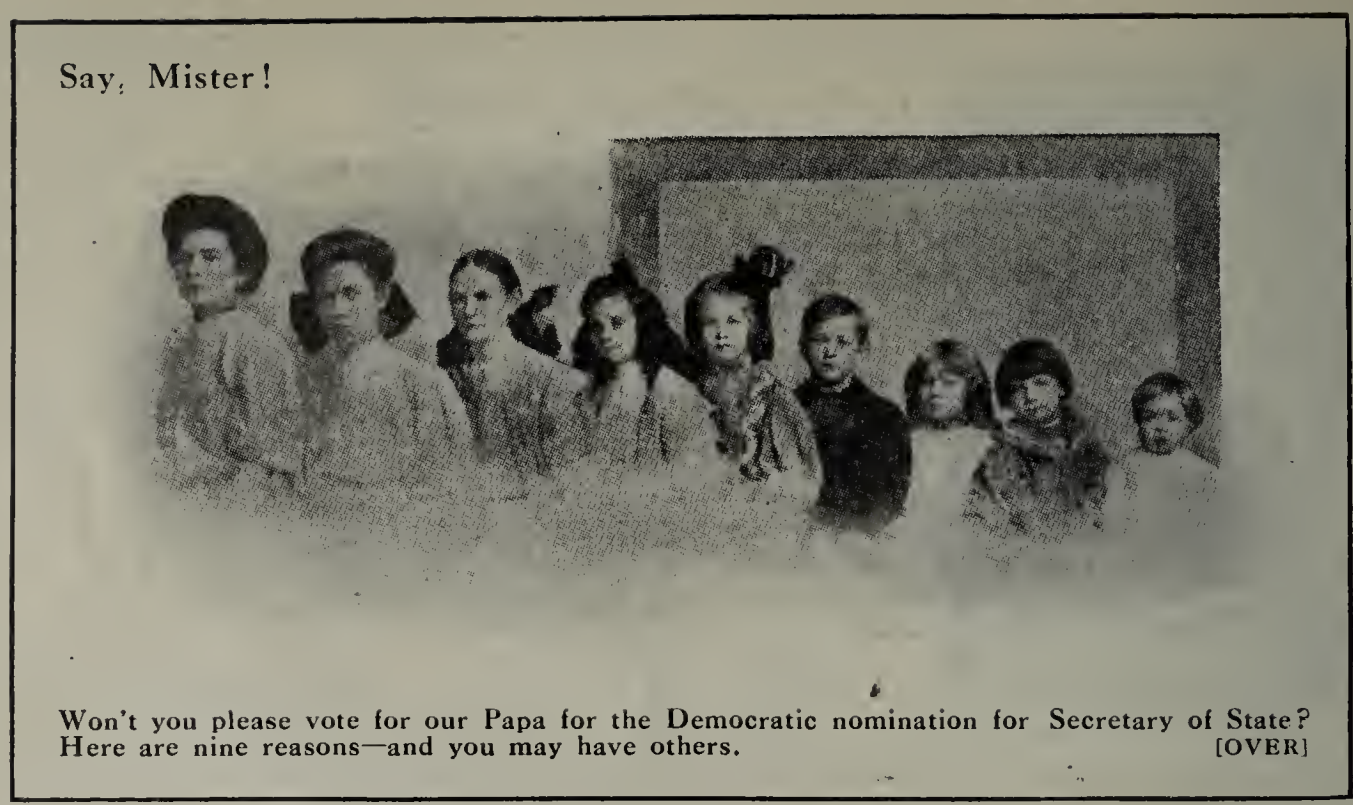
WE WANT THE SALARY

A FACSIMILE OF CANDIDATE H. L. SHANNON'S CARD

or how to utilize them, confining their efforts at publicity to a modest card or portrait. Then one candidate scornfully refused the suggestion that he take a small space in the country newspapers setting forth his qualifications; last year all the available advertising space (several newspapers issuing supplements) was taken by Would Be's, the advertisements ranging from a whole page of double capitals reciting the merits of a Congressional candidate, auction-wise, to a small two-line "local" of an impecunious aspirant for the office of Justice of the Peace.

But cards and newspapers are not the only means used by candidates to introduce their abilities, advantages, and "availability." Between changes of films at the numerous moving picture shows likenesses of various candidates are thrown upon the screen. Letters of all kinds, from the purely personal to the circular, are sent to the voters, while handbills and posters and portraits are posted at every cross-roads.

The county in which I have studied the phenomena is in the rich mining region of the State, and contains about eighteen thousand voters. Of these less than half are farmers, the remainder miners, merchants, clerks, etc., except for the six or eight hundred negroes, whose purchasable vote notoriously controls results in certain precincts. There are three large



THE REVERSE OF CORNELIUS ROACH'S CARD

towns, one of twelve thousand, one of fifteen thousand, and one of thirty-five thousand, and fifteen small mining camps and farming villages. The would-be nominee must make himself, his ambitions and abilities, known to all these voters during the two months between the filing of intention (June 2) and the date of the primaries (August 2). According to the old convention system, he had at the utmost six hundred delegates to see or convince; now he must win the support of from four thousand to five thousand, the two parties, Democratic and Republican, being nearly evenly divided in number in the county's eighteen thousand votes. This means expense, work, and time. The first thing sought is publicity. This is secured by cards, placards, posters, lithographs, and newspapers; then personal appeal is tried. The first is easy compared to the second. Naturally, the candidate begins with his friends; he approaches in person all he can, and writes to those in outlying districts, soliciting their support, and asking them to say a word to their friends in his behalf. That much accomplished, he commences a man-to-man canvass, day and night, in street cars, on street corners, in offices, lodge meetings, public picnics, churches, along country roads, in factories, mills, and mines—wherever one or two are gathered together.

An auto, a box of cigars, a winning smile, and a pack of cards—candidate cards—are his paraphernalia, and the number of these required for eighteen thousand voters demands a rather large bank account, as do his stamps, printing, stenographer, and the workers who circulate through the county advocating his candidacy and reporting daily the public pulse.

This county offers two varieties of candidates: well-to-do men who "like politics" and are willing to invest one to three thousand dollars to secure an eight-thousand-dollar office and the prestige that goes with it; and those with enough gambling spirit to risk what they can scrape up or borrow on the chance of winning.

This year a new kind entered the race. These were the faithful clerks who, with no political pull, have been doing the actual work of the county offices for ten or twelve years at salaries ranging from eighty to one hundred dollars per month, while the elected official worked at politics or had a good time generally. In five offices such candidates announced themselves as entitled to the office and the whole salary. Yet they must win—if win they should—by the same system the others use: that of appeal, begging, and money-spending.

The majority of the candidates might be termed professional office-seekers. Rarely an election passes by that these men do not aspire to some one or other of the county offices. It seems a chance

to get something for nothing (a big mistake, they find later); the salary sounds large for this locality; the work when elected is *nil*. "Spoiled by office" has become a proverb, for, having once held public office and enjoyed a lucrative salary for no labor rendered, an occupation requiring real mental or physical effort becomes abhorrent.

One man on last year's primary ticket had been a successful traveling man, with some money laid by. Once he was elected to a county office, and since that time he has been a perennial candidate. Another was a prosperous farmer; after serving one term in a county office he tried the mercantile business and failed, then a brokerage business and failed; last year he was a candidate for another office. Another— But why multiply illustrations? Of the sixty-seven candidates asking nomination at the primaries, forty-seven had held office or been candidates before. Whether the fascination of the game lures them on, or the ingratiating, harmless manner they assume will not wear off, and hence unfits them for the aggressive walks of trade, is an open question. The fact remains that holding county office so affects previously successful men.

So much for the effect on the candidates. How does this "solicitation of your support," "desire your kind efforts in my behalf," "hope you can do something for me," affect the voter?

There were eleven county offices for which candidates were to be nominated at last year's primaries, and there were forty-two Republican candidates and twenty-one Democratic candidates. This means that each individual voter was solicited from thirty to fifty times by letter, word of mouth (more frequently by both), and by friends and hired workers of the various candidates, as well. A busy merchant intent on selling to a customer, a doctor engaged in his practice, a farmer getting in his crops, is stopped on the street, detained in his store or office, or waylaid in his field to discuss a man's—a stranger's—private ambition to increase his income at the taxpayer's expense. His mail is flooded with letters such as this:

Dear Sir: This year on Missouri soil a memorable battle for Democracy must be fought and won. As you are aware, I am a candidate for the nomination for Recorder. That I am a good vote-getter and can help win the fight for the party, I point with pride to my record of four years as County Clerk and two years as Collector of this county. During my term as Collector the receipts of

Extract from

CARTHAGE EVENING PRESS

L. M. Murphy is well and favorably known throughout the county and has many warm friends who would like to see him elected, for, as one of his friends puts it, this would certainly be "a good fit, the right man in the right place." In the different stations that Mr. Murphy has filled since coming to Jasper county, over 25 years ago, he has given entire satisfaction, always proving himself capable, prompt and attentive to business, being courteous, kind and cheerful with everybody, regardless of religious, political or social distinctions. It would be difficult to find a more logical and worthy man for probate judge of Jasper county than Lewis M. Murphy.

(OVER)

THE CARD OF L. M. MURPHY

Troubles of a Candidate.

Before he announces everybody tells him "Get in, you can win in a walk." After he is in and the fight is on, they tell him, "If you don't get busy and spend your money, you are beat." If you have money, you don't need the office. If you don't have money, you have been a failure and no business man. If you go to church, you are a hypocrite. If you don't go to church, you are an infidel. If you buy a friend a drink, you are a drunkard. If you don't buy him one, you are a "tight wad." I, you look a voter up and tell him your troubles you are a nuisance and a bore. If you don't look him up, you are too independent and don't want his vote. If you get elected, everybody claims to have voted for you and pats you on the back. After you go into office they all want to tell you how you should run it. If you die young and in office, you had a great future before you. If you live your time out (or get voted out), it is a good riddance of a "bum" officer. So "what's the use?"

MY MOTTO:—Do the best you can. Tell the truth. Be fair. Pay your debts. And try to so live that you may always find the latch string on the outside when you go home to your wife. JOHN H. DIGGS.

(OVER)

THE CARD OF JOHN H. DIGGS

the office were $1,100 more than during the term of my Republican predecessor.

I have lived in this county nine years and have always voted the Democratic ticket straight. I will greatly appreciate your vote and help at the primaries August 2d.

Very truly yours,

——— ———

News is crowded out of the newspaper by such advertisements as these:

VOTE FOR A HOME MAN!
W. A. COX
Better known as Billy Cox
For County Collector

Always a Republican. Always helped my fellow-Republicans. Believe it is MY turn now.

All of my opponents have held from two to four years in —— County.

—

THE SHOVELERS' AND FARMERS' FRIEND!

J. W. BELL IS THE RIGHT SORT

Republican Voters:

Life is serious. So is collecting the taxes of —— County. I'll certainly appreciate your support for a second term and no more.

R. M. SLOAN.

My Platform

I have mailed it to you. Did you get it?

Even a good citizen who takes a broad interest in legislation and in National questions, who wishes to see the integrity of the bench preserved, a strong man in the gubernatorial chair, and good men in all offices, gets decidedly weary of this incessant battery on his peace. He does not care whether John Jones or George Smith signs his tax receipts, records his deeds, or probates his will; there is only a personal choice between the two, and he doesn't know either of them, and doesn't want to know them. He knows that these are clerical positions and that the same old deputy who has been doing the work of that office for years will continue to do so. Yet he is besieged to express his choice as to who shall draw the large salary for the use of a rubber-stamp signature. What time he does have to devote to public questions he would prefer to spend in discussing or deciding some real problem.

My neighbor, a deaf old man, sat on my other neighbor's porch the other night.

"Ain't you sick of these office-seekers?" I heard the deaf man say.

"Sick? I'm clean disgusted," the railway conductor answered. "I ain't had any peace this summer."

At our boarding-house table the men were discussing the same subject the morning of the primary.

"What do you say when a candidate asks you to support him?" a young voter queried. "You can't say, 'No, I'm for the other fellow, because I like him better.' If he lives next door, or has married your sister, you have some excuse, but I'll be darned if I know what to say."

"I tell them," spoke up a genial man, 'Oh, I'm for you.' It pleases them and don't mean anything—I'm for them, but I vote where I please."

"Well," said a serious man, "I'm getting to the point where I don't vote for any man who asks me to. It's an insult to his manhood to come begging for my vote, and it's an insult to the privacy of my opinion to be asked my personal choice. I'll proclaim my principles, but not always my taste."

"Yet," replied the genial man, "I've heard men say that they would not vote for a certain candidate because he hadn't asked them. They wanted him to beg. It made them feel important."

"I think it is ruination to a man's self-respect to run for an office that does not involve a principle. There isn't a candidate running that hasn't a Uriah Heep manner that turns my stomach. I've more respect for a downright thief any day than a beggar, and what's the difference between begging for an office and for money?"

There you have the voter's attitude. He resents the attack on the privacy of his opinion; he resents having to be rude or tell a lie; but he will tell a lie if he has to. An old lady of my acquaintance used to say: "When people ask me an impertinent question, I say, 'I don't know.' It is either say that or 'None of your business,' and I prefer to lie rather than be rude. I'd rather be damned hereafter than now."

Frequently voters at a primary, in their anxiety to see some friend of the other party get a nomination, vote the other party ticket. Sometimes this is done to nominate the weaker man on the opposing ticket, so that he may be more easily

beaten at the ensuing election by a favorite on the voter's party ticket. While, as has been said, the law prohibits this, there is no way of enforcing it without swearing every elector as he comes to the polls. This the judges of election seem not to care to do.

Last year the ticket called for by the Republican voter had two candidates for Congress one a "stand-patter" and the other an Insurgent, so a principle was there involved; but, passing on to the judgeship, the voter again found two candidates. He wished to vote for the more capable and honest man. Perhaps he asked some other lawyer, or perhaps he knew the two candidates personally. At any rate, the cards handed to him read just as if his choice should be a matter of political precedent or of the candidate's personal needs—not a matter of public benefit. One candidate asked the nomination because "Republican precedent demands that a short term be followed by a second," and the other because he "wants the office and his children want the salary."

The voter goes on down his ticket: State Senator and Representative involve a principle, as there is a United States Senator to be elected; Presiding Judge of County Court, Associate Judge, Probate Judge, Clerk of County Court, County Collector, Recorder of Deeds, Prosecuting Attorney, Justice of the Peace, Constable. Many of these are clerkships, pure and simple. If the voter has taken the time, he may be able to pick out the three or four really competent clerks who are candidates; if not, he makes a choice in accordance with the recommendation of some friend, and helps his friend's friend to make a lucky grab at the public purse. Has he served his country or the public interests by his vote?

Res. 916 Chestnut
Home Phone 473 White

Office 305-6-7 Keystone Bldg.
Home Phone 763

W. E. SPIVA

(Attorney at Law)

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE OF GALENA TOWNSHIP RESPECTFULLY SOLICITS YOUR VOTE

Election Nov. 8th (over)

Mr. Voter:—I am a candidate for office and want your vote; and in the words of Ex. Gov. Bob Taylor of Tennessee, being a candidate am "like a mariner without a compass, drifting on the tempest tossed waves of uncertainty between the smiling cliffs of hope and frowning crags of fear." I am a walking petition and a living prayer. (over)

THE CARD OF W. E. SPIVA

Against the primary system, then, it is urged:

1. Out of the eleven contested nominations, not one but went to the man spending the most money. The amount spent varies. A Congressional nominee in Pennsylvania published his expense account as $41,000, the larger part of which went for "educational" purposes. In the county I have described it is estimated that the candidates spent from $500 to $3,000; and a nomination here on either ticket is far from equivalent to an election.

2. The long-continued campaigning and

soliciting of voters—from June 1 to election day in November.

3. The large majority of candidates nominated are machine men. As less than fifty per cent of those entitled to do so voted, the Boss's henchmen, as under the convention system, controlled matters, though a few free-lances slid in.

4. The bitter contests for nomination result too frequently in the defeated candidate for nomination and his friends bolting the party nominee.

5. The geographical location of candidates is important in making up a county ticket. This cannot be provided for under the primary system, hence all the candidates may come from one town or vicinity, at the cost of enthusiasm for a local candidate in other precincts.

6. The nominees, when selected, are not better qualified or better citizens than those selected under the convention system. Almost of necessity they are under more obligations to a greater number of people.

Is the primary system, so far as *county offices* are concerned, a failure?

I asked one candidate his experience and opinion of the system. He said: "I thought I took an interest in politics because I always voted and read what the newspapers said; but that's a small part of being interested, I've found. I am opposed to bosses, and always have been, and I concluded to run for Treasurer. It pays, I find, about eight thousand dollars a year. I thought that under the primary system I would have as good a chance as any one to get the nomination, as I have lived in the county twenty years and knew so many people, and it wouldn't cost much, anyway. I certainly would be considered qualified [he is an expert accountant]. I announced my candidacy and had several thousand cards and placards printed, and interviewed the newspapers and got a 'write-up' in each one, at a cost of from ten to twenty-five dollars per write-up. My opponent did the same, and began a very active campaign over the county in an automobile. I was started then, and didn't like to quit, so I rented an automobile and went out campaigning. I saw ninety per cent of the voters—less than fifty per cent voted at the primaries. I found there was no party organization to help a candidate for nomination, though the Boss's opinion as to who should be nominated cut a large figure—I didn't understand exactly why. I found I had to have a personal representative in each voting precinct—two or three in some—and set about securing them. I was greatly surprised to find that practically every one of the men who know the voters individually, have some influence with them, and are at the polls each election day whooping it up for some particular persons, are not only machine men, but expect and receive pay for their services. And they are absolutely necessary to success; they shape the sentiment of their community towards a candidate, and the voters of the precinct know them as active party men and look to them for information. I was in the race, and meant to win; so I got two men in each of the seventy-two precincts to work for me. So each precinct cost me from ten to twenty-five dollars for election day work alone. Now that I've got the nomination I find our County Committee is hopelessly split and wholly useless because of so much 'soreness' over candidates defeated for nomination, so I've got to continue my personal machine until election—three months—and increase it by adding the workers that were for my opponent. I've got a month's work to do to get my own party in line for me, and I ought to have that time to work on Republicans, for I've got to have a lot of Republican votes and all my own party's votes in order to win. It looks like I'll have to join forces with C—— [the Boss], who controls a number of the other candidates, and try to get some sort of a working organization outside the County Committee; otherwise there's no chance for any of us. I'm out about three thousand dollars now, and the real fight hasn't commenced. This primary business sounds nice, but the old convention system beats it. There we'd have had the nominations over in a day, and no time for the voters to get worked up in favor of some certain candidate and sore at his defeat."

"But," I said, "you acknowledge you have become a machine politician, so perhaps you are prejudiced."

"Every one in this county will tell you the same thing," he retorted.

"Perhaps so," I answered; "but there aren't any reformers in this county—just office-seekers."

"I guess you're right there," he agreed; "we're not reformers."

"If a born leader like Roosevelt or Garfield or La Follette wanted to fight a machine for a principle, he could succeed easier than under the convention system, couldn't he?" I asked.

"Sure thing. The primary would render a boss helpless against a Roosevelt."

That, of course, is the prime point in favor of the primary. But must we have this advantage at the expense of county politics? For the primary has debauched county politics into personal politics. It simply has turned the political machine, which had some use as a preserver of party organization, into a personal machine to graft off the county and the boss into a disburser of offices, without regard to party.

This condition suggests the query; If no political question is involved in the choice of county officials, why elect them at all? Why permit the business of a county—mere clerical work—to be a matter of politics? If political plum trees no longer make lumber for a party organization, why grow them? Why longer elect a $10,000-a-year sheriff, an $8,000-a-year Collector, a $4,000-a-year Recorder of Deeds? Surely, if political parties cannot use the plums, the people have no desire to maintain a sort of Jack Horner pie into which any one with money may put his thumb. Why not place our county offices under Civil Service? Class them where they belong—clerkships—and attach clerkship salaries to them and fill them with citizens who pass examinations held under State supervision. The work would be done cheaper and better; in fact, the clerks who are now, and for years have been, doing the county's work would take examinations and continue the work, the politician and his salary would be eliminated, and the taxpayer's public employees, like his private ones, would be working on a business basis.

In this county there is in the Circuit Clerk's office a woman who has run the office for twelve years at a salary of eighty dollars a month, while three successive officials have come and gone, with little knowledge of the office or its conduct, though drawing a yearly income of more than three thousand dollars.

In the office of the Recorder of Deeds is a man made deaf by an accident some years ago, who has managed and overseen the work there for twenty years, while four elected officials have smilingly and politically held the office and received its emoluments. In the County Clerk's office another man has served for years as clerk. These are the ones who, under civil service, would hold the office, while office-seekers would turn their attention to other lines of business, less remunerative perhaps, but more stable. Good men would not be made into ingratiating beggars and citizens would not be harassed by their importunities.

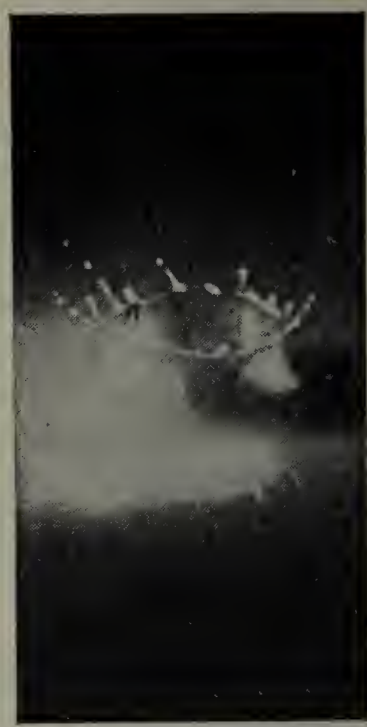
This appointment of minor officials would shorten the ballot, leaving the voter free to study and decide the real issues in State and Federal politics, centering his attention on offices where there is a principle at stake. It would very largely eliminate political pie, and free State candidates from entangling alliances with county officials, their friends and machines. Ultimately it would shear county machines of all power.

If the primary makes plain to thinking people the character of county politics, if it discloses what county office-seeking really is—an effort to work the public for a living—and points the way to correct the situation; if it does all this, in addition to offering an opportunity for real leaders to come before the people when there is a real issue, we will call it a success. But certainly office-seekers with no issue and machine bosses will never approve it.

(1) DROP OF WATER FALLING INTO MILK

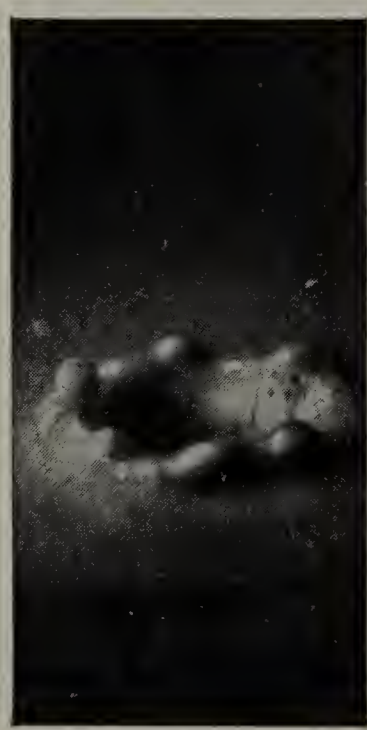
(2) DROP DISAPPEARING

(3) CORONET EFFECT PRODUCED



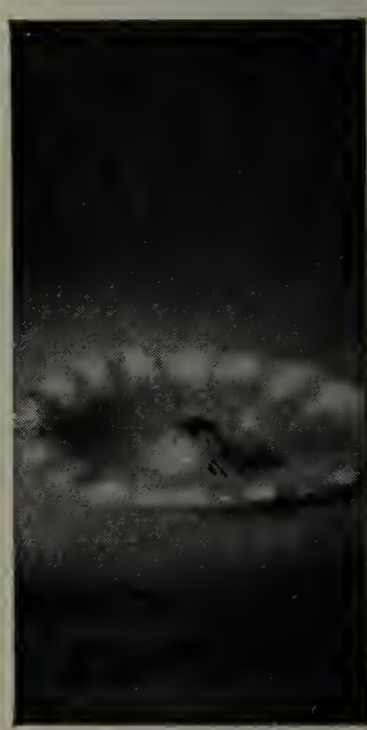
(4) CORONET RISING HIGHER

(5) CORONET SUBSIDING

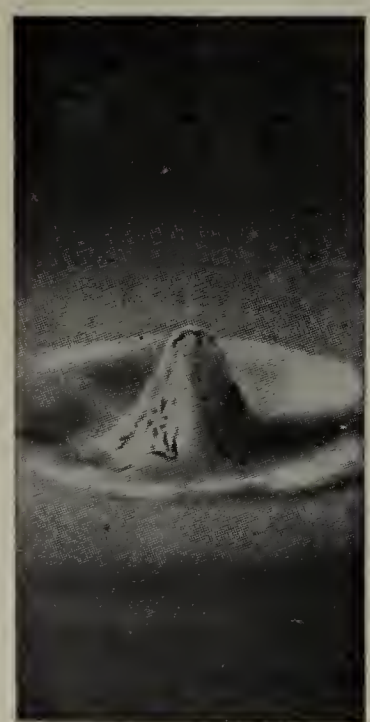


(6) CORONET FALLING BACK

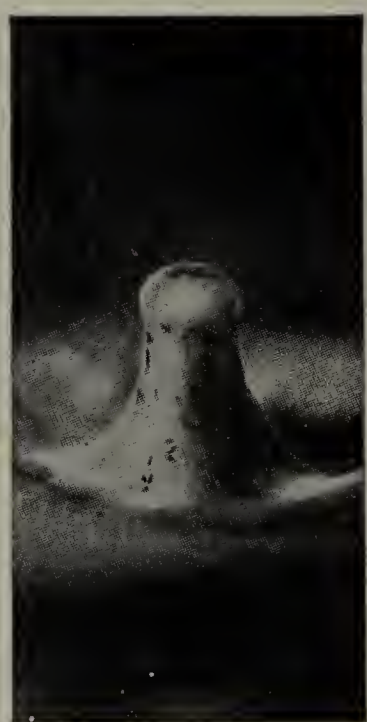
(7) CORONET SMOOTHING OUT



(8) CENTER CONE FORMING

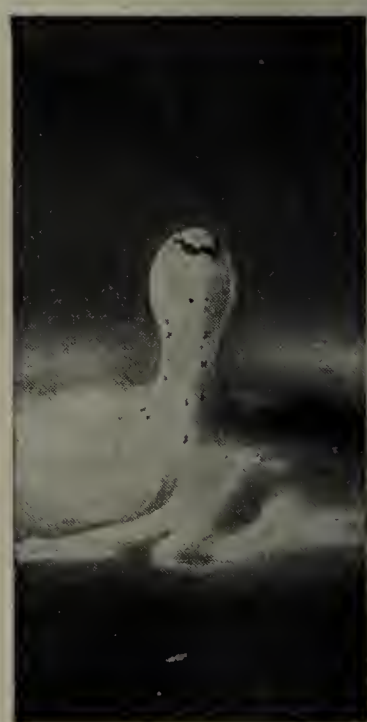


(9) CONE RISING HIGHER



(10) CONE BECOMING A PILLAR

(11) PILLAR AT HIGHEST POINT



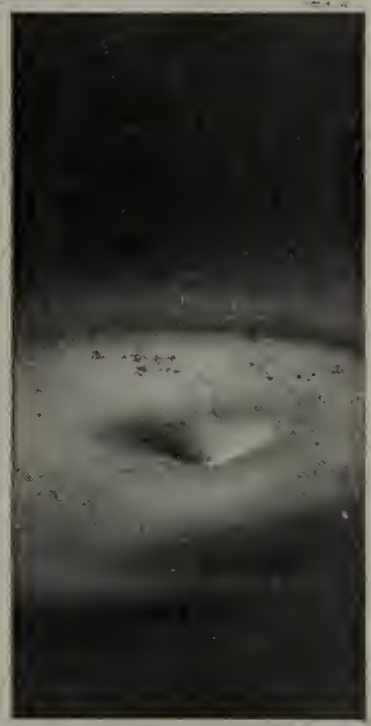
(12) PILLAR BEGINNING TO SUBSIDE

Splashes

THE pictures shown on these two pages illustrate a curious and interesting "Study of Splashes" described by a former Professor of Physics in the famous Royal Naval College at Greenwich in a lecture before children. The lecturer, Mr. Arthur M. Worthington, asked and then answered the question: "When a bubble is formed, what becomes of the ascending central column previously seen?" The answer is shown in these instantaneous photographs which we reproduce from the London "Sphere." The results differ according to the height from which the object which makes the splash is dropped. The special series of photographs here reproduced illustrate the splash of a drop of water, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, falling into about sixteen inches of milk mixed with water. "The object of adding milk to the water," said Mr. Worthington, "was to make the liquid light up better, and experiment showed that the character of the splash was not materially altered by the addition. The drop of water was electrically released from a cup, and then as it fell it became elongated. Striking the water, it threw up a little surrounding crater of liquid, from whose edge at pretty regular intervals little jets shot up. This crater increased gradually in breadth and height, reaching its greatest elevation in an eighth or ninth thousandth of a second. The original liquid of the drop was swept up the sides of the crater, this being evidenced by the little streaks of black, which are particles of lampblack brought down from the cup. For nearly a hundredth of a second the crater remained with little change of form; then it sank and widened when the rebound began. The bottom of the crater now began to rise in a column which gradually increased in height. This is the 'little crystal fountain' noticed in a shower of rain. Curiously enough, almost the whole of the original drop is collected at the top of this column. After reaching its full height the column then begins to subside, finally causing a well-defined outward-flowing ripple."

A great difference is seen in the splashes made by rough and smooth spheres and between those made by solid and hollow spheres. Well-polished marbles were dropped into a deep glass bowl full of water, and the audience could see that they slipped in noiselessly with hardly any visible splash. The same spheres if wet, or roughened with sandpaper, or even if dusty, made a great noisy bubbly splash accompanied by the projection into the air of a tall jet of water whose summit rose even higher than the place from which the marble fell. With the rough sphere the crater thrown up was curiously like that accompanying the splash of a liquid drop, and can be described as a "basket splash." The sphere in this case enters the liquid without really breaking the skin, which is drawn into a surprisingly deep cylindrical pocket containing air. This ultimately divides into two parts, the lower part constituting the bubble. With a smooth sphere, on the other hand, the splash is totally different from the very first instant of contact, for the liquid, instead of being driven laterally away, is retained by the force of adhesion and guided over the solid surface so as to envelop it in a liquid sheath of exquisite thinness.

(13) APEX OF PILLAR DISAPPEARING



(14) PILLAR VANISHES INTO THE MILK

DRAWN BY PAUL BRANSOM

"A HUGE HORNED BEAST, THE AUROCH OF THE STONE AGE"

The Story the Peat-Bog Told

By Jacob A. Riis

I FOUND my friend the inspector in his office in the Copenhagen Museum of Natural History, sorting with patient care a handful of bones that lay in a pile on his table. They were of all kinds and sizes—pieces of deer horn, broken vertebræ, and chips of just plain bone—a pile of rubbish fit only for the scrap-heap; so I thought, and said so. He shot a sidelong glance at me out of a pair of smiling eyes.

"Do you think so? And yet they have strange stories to tell sometimes. Once a black mark on a broken tooth prevented the identification of a hod-carrier's skull as that of a king of the twelfth century whose grave was sought there. The microscope and the chemist's test showed the stain to have been made by tobacco in a clay pipe, which put it some centuries ahead and a long way down in the social scale. Another time it was the middle joint of a royal toe that played a part in solving the puzzle of a tomb that had stumped the antiquarians. Not that a royal toe differs materially from any other, but it had been a mystery, nevertheless. But these are not the real stories my scrap-heap, as you call it, tells. You are a hunter; would you like to hear one of an old hunt that I remember well?"

I nodded eagerly. The inspector pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and gazed dreamily past me into the long ago, as he began:

"I can see him now as he came out of his hut that autumn morning, clad in rough skins, with his strong bow in his hand and half a dozen clumsy arrows thrown over his shoulder. His hair and beard were tangled and long, the whole aspect of the man was savage and cruel. A savage indeed he was, merciless as the dark forest with its wild denizens that hemmed him in, ancestor of yours and mine though he may have been, likely was. I am telling you a story that happened three or maybe four thousand years ago. A romance? Not at all. Attend him on his hunt that day with me and you shall judge for yourself.

"As he stood there before his hut of rude boughs and stones, letting his eyes roam over the landscape, a sound broke upon its quiet solitude that made him alert at once, and rigid with attention. It was the distant roar of an angry bull, deep and menacing. As it boomed out once more, the hunter faced toward the direction whence it came, shifted his bow into the left hand, and, grasping one of the flint-pointed arrows, stepped noiselessly into the forest.

"Through the tangle of underbrush and over fallen trees he made his way stealthily, stopping at intervals to hearken to the sounds of the wilderness. Again the deep bellow, this time much louder and close at hand. The hunter laid an arrow on his bow and crept toward it, hidden by a slight rise in the ground. When he reached the crest, he peered cautiously

over. There, in the edge of a copse which the first rays of the sun were touching, stood his quarry, a huge horned beast, the aurochs of the stone age. The man's eyes shone at the sight. Flat upon the ground, he took long and deliberate aim from his cover. The arrow sped from the bow with a sharp twang, instantly followed by a roar of pain and fury. The wounded beast leaped high in the air. Another arrow and still another sought their mark with unerring aim and were buried in the shaggy flank of the aurochs. In another moment the forest had swallowed it up. The brush in its wake was swept as if by a hurricane, and a mighty crashing that died slowly in the distance told of the direction the bull had taken.

"The hunter slung his bow across his shoulder and started after it. We will hasten ahead over the track of the wounded bull, whose course after thirty centuries lies before us like an open book, and as easy to read. At full speed it ran, goaded by pain and fear of the unseen but not unknown enemy—for, as we shall see, it had met him before. The shafts of the arrows were broken and twisted off as it ran, but the goads burrowed in its flesh and urged it on and on. Perhaps it lay down to nurse its wounds, weak from the loss of blood, until roused by the approach of stealthy feet, when it started up once more and ran while its strength held out. The sun was high when it came to a little lake in the depth of the woods, far from any enemy.

"The aurochs was thirsty, very thirsty. The cool shade by the water beckoned it. Far or near there was no sound to make it afraid. With a deep sigh of contentment it waded in and stood knee-deep in the brown water, cooling its heaving flanks and drinking deep, deep. It had never been so thirsty since—since it was a nursling calf and its mother had wandered away from it in the forest. It was good to be here, with the white pond-lilies floating upon their broad leaves, with the flaming yellow of the birch and the russet beech mirrored in the pool. If only that wicked sting in its side—

"What was that? A twig that snapped? The aurochs raised its head to listen with a weary effort. It had become all at once so heavy. A queer, weak feeling took it in the knees, and the huge beast trembled on its legs as hot pains shot through its chest. What had gone wrong with the sun that just now shone so brightly, and why was the water turning so red? The last drop of its life-blood was ebbing from the gaping wound. The knees of the great bull gave way, and with the image of the peaceful pond and the yellow birch bending over it on its failing sight, it sank slowly under. The last tell-tale ripple in the water had died away when a savage bearded face was pushed through the undergrowth and the hunter's cruel eyes scanned the clearing. But the deep kept its secret.

"The sunny October days passed, and were followed by harsh winter storms. The body of the aurochs, that had floated hither and thither in the pond while the sun warmed it, lay on the bottom, frozen solid in the ice. In the spring the pond-lilies grew over it; their long stalks twined themselves about the white bones. Season followed season, and the skeleton settled deeper in the mud. Birch and beech and poplar shed their leaves upon the pond in autumn. The trees lived their lives and died, and the storms laid them low. Their trunks and branches rotted slowly on the pond. Rushes and reeds grew among them, and by and by moss, layer after layer. As the centuries rolled by, the placid forest lake became a swamp. The hunter with his bow and arrows was gone, as was the aurochs. Others came and passed; some that carried weapons of bronze; lastly, men with iron swords and axes. The land resounded to the war-cries of the wild vikings. In their turn they too slept in their cairns and were forgotten.

"From the south came men and preached the peace of the White Christ, preached it with fire and sword. Wars ravaged the land. King fought with king, neighbor with neighbor. The land was laid waste, the forest vanished, the desolate moor moved in. When at last a better day dawned, the face of the country had changed. Where the still forest lake had been was a peat bog in which the plover piped its lonely lay. The bog belonged to Farmer Jens Peder Jensen. The vil-

lage near by you will find on the map as Vig.

"One May day in the year 1905 Farmer Jensen went out with his men to dig peat in the bog. When they reached the sandy bottom of the old lake, they found there the skeleton of the aurochs. It was complete except for the under jaw, that had dropped off as the carcass floated about under the warm sun in the long ago. That was found a score of feet away. They sent word to the museum of the big bones they had dug up, and I went down to look at them. Beside the skeleton they had picked up three arrow-heads, two whole and one broken, the clumsy make of which referred them at once to the earliest stone age, before the men of that day had acquired much skill in fashioning their weapons of flint. In the layers that had formed above it I identified easily the remains of birch, beech, and poplar, the roots of the white pond-lily and of the buckbean. Directly over the bones the interwoven roots of the common reed of our ditches formed an impenetrable mat; that was when the pond grew over. In the layers above this were the traces of a cranberry bog, then pine cones, and hundreds of hazel-nuts gnawed by mice that had had their winter stores there. Farthest up trunks and leaves of a deciduous forest growth that had covered the land perhaps in the day of the Crusaders, and then the mold of the present day.

"Remembering the arrow-heads, we looked the skeleton over carefully in the museum. The hunter's aim had been good. Two wounds made by flint arrows were found, one that had long been healed; that was from its first encounter with him; from the other the aurochs had evidently died. This last was in the seventh rib, and had been made by an arrow shot broadside and at close quarters. It had gone through the rib; the point was broken off and stuck yet in the bone. It had evidently pierced the lung and killed the bull. The old wound was in the ninth rib, and here also pieces of the flint remained in the bone. But the arrow had not penetrated it; the wound had healed and the bone grown almost over the splinters. So it was years after when the aurochs met the hunter the second time. But though he killed it, his luck deserted him, after all, and he went home empty-handed once more."

The spectacles dropped back upon the inspector's nose and he looked at me with twinkling eyes. "Well," he said, "you have heard my hunting story. I grant you it is pretty old. But do you think the testimony many a jury has to listen to in cases that happened but yesterday is any clearer or more convincing than that which the peat-bog furnished in support of what you call my romance? Go over to the National Museum, if you want local color, and see the skeleton for yourself."

THE BONE SCAR LEFT BY THE LAST ARROW

THE BONE THAT HEALED

THE EVIDENCE OF THE BONE SCARS

"IN TEN MINUTES MARY HAD TAUGHT ME ALL THAT WAS TO BE LEARNED IN THE SIMPLE ART OF SWEEPING LINT FROM THE FLOOR"

Through the Mill

By Al Priddy

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

CHAPTER IV

MY aunt had her wish. During the remainder of that school year, from March to June, no demand came from the school authorities for my attendance at the public school. "Aren't we lucky that you don't have to go?" smiled my aunt. "That will give you such a chance to help out." Following the closing of the schools for the summer vacation, my aunt breathed even more freely. "Well," she sighed, "here is a few more weeks when we don't have to worry about truant officers!"

Besides my coal-picking, I had also to carry my uncle's dinner to the mill. Acquaintance with a cotton-mill aroused in me a strong desire to don overalls and spend my time there. It was so warm in the mule-room! The clanking and shine of the polished machinery fascinated me. The mill-boys were so mannish; they went along with such a swagger, and they always had money—or seemed to have. Then, of course, when you work in the mill, your aunt sends you a little better dinner: a whole meat pie for yourself, or half a pound of steak with a lot of its gravy dripping over a heap of mashed potatoes with butter in them! Then there are apple dumplings—three for yourself, if you only ask for them—and a pint of tea with a lot of sugar in it! All this if you only work in the mill.

Think, too, of earning, say, two or three dollars every week and bringing it home in an envelope and throwing it down on the table, saying: "Here you are, aunt; just fork over my spending-money. I want to go to the theater this afternoon; they're playing 'Michael Strogoff,' and they've got specialties between the acts."

And, besides all this fun, just think, if you work in the mill, you don't have to chop wood, or go out in the mud after coal and get chilly; you don't have to run errands after ten cents' worth of bits of meat, or after jelly rolls at inconvenient hours. You come home at six at night, and your work's done. You come home at twelve on Saturday, and you're all through till Monday morning. You can lounge on the sofa with a library book, and your aunt won't slap your face and say: "Get up there, you good-for-nothing, and go down and get me up those clothes off the line before it rains!" Gee! it's fine to be in the mill, you bet! So I thought.

Consequently I was glad when Aunt Millie said to her husband, one night: "If you have any little things for Al to do when he brings your dinner, just make use of him till one o'clock. I should think that there would be cleaning, oiling, and such things, which you could leave till dinner, that he could do." With this concession I was delighted. I wanted to buy a pair of overalls right away to keep the cotton from getting on my clothes, but Aunt Millie said that what I had would do.

The watchman let me into the mill at half-past eleven, so I was able to work for my uncle one hour and a half a day, and in that time, week after week, to become very skillful in the performance of various mill chores. I learned to put bobbins in the frames, to piece broken threads from the spindles, to start and stop the mules, to clean rollers, to change rollers, to oil spindles, wheels, and pulleys. And I enjoyed every minute of it, too. My uncle would have me sit down with him and eat my share of his apple dumpling, which my aunt had made extra large purposely, and drink of the tea and eat a luscious wedge of his meat pie with lots of gravy in it. "You're ready for the mill, Al," said my uncle one day. "Can't I come in, then?" I asked. "No, you've simply got to have more schooling, you know. You're only a kid yet, just eleven, and it wouldn't do to put you in so young. You wait your time. You can't get too much learning."

Meanwhile, the beer-drinking custom, which my aunt had conservatively fol-

lowed in company with many other respectable women in England, had developed into a stern habit in America. Very probably the habitual drunkenness of my uncle encouraged it, and I do know that the daily calls of a beer peddler, with his wagon-load of lager, bottled stout, whisky, and port wine, put a strong temptation in her way. Mrs. Terence O'Boyle, in the tenement downstairs; Mrs. O'Boyle's daughter, across the way; and Mrs. Wissard, and nearly every woman in the immediate vicinity, patronized the beer-wagon.

It was natural, also, for my uncle to say nothing about the money my aunt spent with the beer man, for it not only made it impossible for her to scold him, but it also gave him the opportunity of drinking in his own home at night when he was too tired to visit the saloons, and on Sunday when the saloons were (supposed to be) closed.

Thus there was little hope of ever realizing the splendid object for which we had come to America. Instead of "getting on our feet" and "beginning all over again," as my uncle had hoped, we were thrice burdened; both my foster parents were spending all they possibly could with the beer man, and we had patronized the installment houses with such frequency that the clothes I wore, that my uncle wore on Sundays, the clothes in which my aunt appeared on festive occasions, the parlor furniture, the kitchen stove, the rugs and carpets, were still unpaid for.

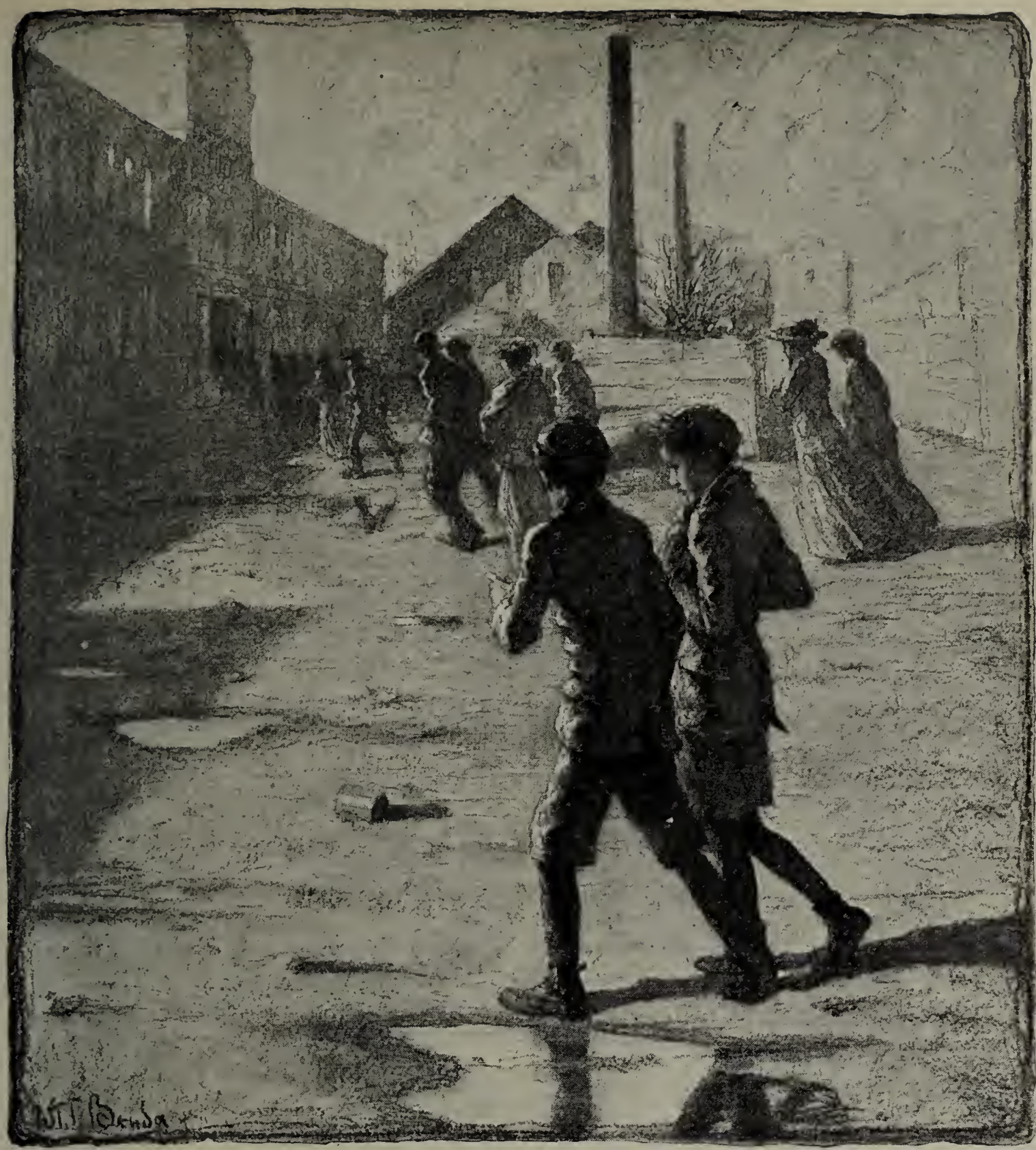
My uncle was earning fifteen and eighteen dollars a week, according to the fineness of the thread he was given to spin. My aunt was financier of the house; my uncle merely handed over his envelope and held out his hand for his spending money. In the disposal of this weekly amount my aunt indulged in an arithmetical division certainly original if not unique. In place of numerals, she dotted a paper with pencil points and did some mysterious ruminating in her head which I never could comprehend. Her reasoning always followed this course:

"Fifteen dollars with a day out, that leaves, let me see—say, in round numbers, thirteen dollars, perhaps a few cents less or more. Well, let me see; out of that comes, first of all, forty cents for union money; two and a half for rent, only we owe fifty cents from last week which we must pay to-day; there is fifteen cents for the insurance man—he says if we keep on letting it go he will lapse us. Let him do it, the old cheat! I don't believe we'd get a cent if any of us should die. Let me see, there's got to go a dollar to the furniture store (we skipped last week, and I had a letter from them this day saying that they would have to take the things back if we didn't keep up with the payments). Then there's two dollars for the Jew." (The Jew was the man from whom we had bought our clothes, including a set of furs and a gold-plated bracelet for Aunt Millie.) "There is five dollars and sixty-three cents owing to the store, the baker has owing him about a dollar, and the meat man let me have two ham bones and a piece of roast which I must pay him for or he'll be dunning me. There's some white shirts and collars at the Chinaman's, but I want to tell you both that you have got to pay for your laundry being done up out of your own money; we can't go on with such gentlemanly notions, I declare. That is all I think of. No, there is the beer man. He won't wait, and he must be paid, whatever comes or goes! There, that reckons up to— Why, how in creation are we to get along this way? There never is enough to make ends meet. Why did you stay off a day, you lazy dog?" (to my uncle).

"I was proper sick," protested my uncle.

"Sick, granny! You were wanting to loaf so that you could go to the show. Well, here is the situation in a nutshell; somebody's got to be missed. I'll let the grocer wait and put off the Jew and the baker. I am going to have the beer man leave a case of lager for over Sunday, no matter what comes or goes. We're not going to pinch and slave and not have *some* enjoyment."

Week after week this same computation, exasperation, condemnation, and resolution took place, with little variation. Time and time again our five-cent insurance policies would be lapsed and started again. Time and time again the Jew would threaten to sue us for his money. Time and time again the grocer refused us credit until we "paid up, straight." Yet, even as the poet's brook, the beer man came on and



"BEFORE WE HAD REACHED THE MILL GATE HE HAD POURED FORTH A VOLUME OF SAGE ADVICE"

on and on—and was always sure of his money!

The reopening of the public schools in the fall found me eagerly begging to go with Pat, as I wanted to be an American with the rest. It also found my aunt more determined than ever on keeping me away from school just as long as the authorities would keep away. But my uncle came home one night with an argument which changed his wife's attitude.

"Look here, Millie," he said, "we're head and ears in debt. We need Al in the mill, but the law says that he can't go until thirty weeks after he is thirteen; until he has got his certificate from a school for attending."

"Well," said my aunt, "here he is eleven, and that means that we have to wait about three years [she said "yrs"] before he will be earning. I don't see that that is encouraging at all."

"But we don't have to wait *three* years, if we don't want," said my uncle.

"I'd like to know why?"

"Because we can put Al's age forward some—make him older than he really is—and nobody will be the wiser. Not having been to school in this country, we can put him any age we want, and it will be all

right. Harry Henshaw tells me that the trick's common enough. If we do that, we can have Al in the mill in less than two years, if we want. What do you say, Millie?"

"You're sure they won't ask us for his birth certificate?"

"No, they won't bother about that. They will take our word, and Al is big enough to pass for a boy of twelve and more."

"Well," said my aunt, "I really don't see any other way out of it."

All the details of this conference have always been somewhat hazy to my mind. I recall very clearly, however, that I was told to say that my birthday came in winter instead of in late summer. I was also instructed to pass myself as "twelve, going on thirteen."

"Mind you," threatened my aunt, "if you ever by word of mouth let on that your birthday is at any other time, or that you're not twelve going on thirteen, we shall all be sent to prison for it. Now, mind!" By this arrangement one year at the public school would be enough to satisfy the law.

So, at last, I was allowed to pass into an American public school. Every incident was full of novelty, and for the first few days I led a very pugilistic career, for the school-yard cry during recess and after school was: "Hit him, he's English!"

My teacher in this first school was a white-haired woman of sweet spirit, who always inspired me to do my best even though my aunt insisted on keeping me at home on the most trivial occasions. When there was no wood in the shed, or when coal was needed, my aunt insisted that I should take my wagon, go on the out-of-the-way streets where the truant officer would not be, and get something for the fire. Then, when I went to school the next day, under my aunt's dictation, on a crumpled piece of paper bag or wrapping-paper, trimmed with the scissors, I would write:

Dear Miss A——: This is to say that Al had to stay at home yesterday on account of my not being well. Very truly yours,

MRS. BRINDIN.

These excuses became so frequent, however, that the teacher became suspicious and came home with me on several occasions and begged my aunt to allow me to be more constant with my studies. She urged the necessity of my getting all I could from the school on account of my intention to go into the mill within a year. My aunt always listened very humbly to such arguments until they were ended, and then interjected: "Yes, I know that that is so, but just look here! What can a woman do who hasn't money to do with? Which is more important, learning or coal? Coal and wood is more to the point in this house, I can tell you. All you hear in these days is 'school, school, school!' Now, *I* got along without schooling. Why, Missis, do you know, *I* had to go into the mill when I was only seven years old in England? Though a strip of a girl, I had to walk every morning five miles to the mill, and then stand up at the frames all through the day until I was faint. Then at night I had to carry my dinner-bucket back home for another five miles, and after tea clean up the table and do many other little things. No one had mercy on *me*, either. No one spoke to *me* about *schooling*. It was only the gentlemen's sons and daughters who got schooling. Anyhow, it's only people of quality who can use schooling. Al is going in the mill, and it won't help him. I got along without it in *my* day. Can't *others* do without it if *I* did?"

And with this argument my teacher had to be content. But my absences came to the attention of the truant officer, who came and warned my aunt that I must be more frequent in my school attendance.

After a few months of this sort of education my uncle removed to another part of the city, nearer to his work, and I was placed in what was called the "Mill School."

As I recall it, the Mill School was a department of the common school in which were placed during the final months all the boys and girls who planned to enter the mill thirty weeks after they were thirteen. I presume (all I know about it) that it was the last desperate effort on the part of desperate school authorities to put some sort of a polish on us, so that we should leave the common school with at least a veneer showing. I am not aware

of any other reason for the existence of the Mill School.

It was a suggestive term, however. It brought the mill before us in a very dramatic way. This was the school that was fitting us for the mill. We always talked about that more than we talked about the history, the drawing, or the examples in fractions. Our matriculation in the Mill School also increased our self-importance by so much. The department was on the topmost floor, and our feelings in regard to all those boys and girls beneath us—boys and girls, many of them older than ourselves, who were running along through the whole educational opportunity—our feelings had a supercilious twang to them. "Don't you wish *you* could go into the mill, like *us?*" we would taunt. The Mill School also put me more and more out of spirit with study and increased my eagerness to be in the mill.

If the thumbscrew of the Inquisition were placed on me, I could not state definitely the curriculum we passed through in the school. The prospect of soon working in the mill occupied our minds more than did the seriousness of ten times ten, or why England lost in the War of the Revolution. Willie Possine and I—boon friends—spent our recesses planning the good times we would have when we should wear overalls and bring home a pay envelope.

The coming of June roses brought also the school cards which certified to the world that we were educationally prepared for the serious issues of life and labor.

As I attempt to visualize myself to myself at the time of my "graduation" from the public schools, I see a lad two months short of twelve years of age, able to sketch the outline of a pear and color it with crayon, able to give the "tables" up to "twelve times," just on the threshold of common fractions, able to chatter about 1492, the Revolution, the Civil War, to distinguish between a noun and a verb, and sufficiently skilled in reading to be able to read at home some of the most fearsome novels ever printed.

With this equipment I could "graduate" from the common school, and, if I cared, not touch a book any more forever.

The dozen of us, boys and girls, some of them, like myself, with perjured ages, were declared "fit" for the mill.

But my uncle had scruples about the matter, after all. "It's really too bad that we have to cut him off, and him so young!" he said, when I brought home my school certificate, a valuable paper in the eyes of my aunt.

"But this is no time for regrets and quibbles," said my aunt; "we need every cent we can get hold of!"

Financial aid was certainly imperative in our house. The installment men were on the verge of stripping us of all our furniture and clothes. The beer man was patronized oftener than ever. Aunt Millie's figuring grew more and more strenuous and unavailing.

Consequently, the day after I had completed my education my uncle took a day off from his work and accompanied me to the school superintendent's office for the purpose of getting for me a permit to work in the mill.

The school superintendent's office was situated on the first floor of a very dingy wooden building. A carpeted vestibule, vitiated by the breaths of a settee full of boys and girls and their parents, was our abiding-place until we were called for by the exit of those immediately ahead of us.

One by one they went in, those tall, manlike Portuguese lads, who, with their tropical, hot-house growth, resembled men of twenty-five instead of boys of fourteen and fifteen. In they went—little girls, with their childish faces, whose eyes were not past appreciating dolls, jackstones, and toy dinner sets.

One by one the children went out of the door, thenceforth to take rank with the world's workers.

My own examination was a highly nervous experience both for my Uncle Stanwood and myself. My uncle had come on his mission with a troubled conscience over the lie to which he was about to testify. My aunt had "poohed" at him for his weak will, and had bolstered him up with the thought, "They all do it, Stanwood. They say the office isn't over-inquisitive about such matters. Besides, why shouldn't we do what we want over our own affairs? We've simply *got* to get Al into the mill!" Solemnly, with

right hand uplifted to God, my uncle swore to my false age. Some questions were asked me, and, remembering the suggestions of my aunt, I answered them in as deep a voice as I could, and stretched myself to my fullest height; all to impress one with my maturity. In about five minutes the examination was over. In that time there had been a hurried scratching of the pen, the pressure of a blotter, and it was all done. The last barrier between me and the mill was down. The law had sanctioned my fitness for the factory; henceforth no one could deny me the right to work—neither doctor, parent, preacher, nor teacher. There had been no moral plumb-line held against me, no question as to *why* I was going into the mill; no bringing up of the question as to whether all that my foster father said was *true*. Perfunctorily, the law had passed me, and that was enough!

So I passed out of the door, my uncle grimly clutching the piece of paper for which he had perjured himself—the paper that was my warrant, consigning me to years of battling beyond my strength, to years of depression, morbidity, and overtired strain, years to be passed in the center of depravity and desocializing doctrine.

CHAPTER V

"The first question that we have to settle," commented my aunt on our return from the school superintendent's office with the certificate, "is, what is Al going to do in the mill?"

"It would be well to have him go in the weave-room and learn to weave; there's lots of money in it," counseled my uncle.

"No, sir," sniffed my aunt, "he ain't going to spend valuable weeks working for nothing!"

"But think of the good pay he'll get after he has learned," objected Uncle Stanwood. "Say that it takes him a few months at the most, and then he will have his trade all learned, and he'll be able to have some looms of his own. If we send him to something that doesn't have to be learned, sweeping, for instance, he'll get three dollars a week now, and won't be putting himself in line for a higher pay. Put him in the weave-room, I say."

"And meanwhile," snapped back my aunt, "how are we to pay *our* way? I'm tired to death of trying to make two ends meet that won't meet, and with three dollars more I should not be so hard put to. Let him go right to work earning, *I* say; it's time he was bringing in something to help pay for his keep."

Next neighbor to us, and very friendly, lived a family named Thomas. My aunt exchanged library books with Mrs. Thomas, my uncle went to the Workingmen's Club with Mr. Thomas, and I played marbles and tag with "Zippy" Thomas. When Zippy learned from me that night that I had my mill papers and that I was going to work immediately, he said: "Say, Al, why don't you come in the same room with me? I'm sweepin' in the ring spinnin'-room; the work's dead easy and the pay's three plunks a week. Won't it be bully if we can strike it together? You can get work dead easy. The boss wants a feller right away, I know. Ask yer unc' if he won't let you go in with me to-morrow mornin'."

I carried this news to my aunt, who ran across immediately to speak with Mrs. Thomas about the matter. Mrs. Thomas told my aunt to send Uncle Stanwood right away to the spinning-room's second-hand, Jim Coultier.

Jim Coultier was at home when my uncle and I called at the house. No sooner was the object of our visit made known than the Frenchman nodded his head and said, "Told him to coom wid Zippy 'morrer mornin'." My uncle was so delighted with this bit of good luck that he told me to run home while he strolled to Riley's saloon with Jim, and he forgot to come home till late that night.

"Now you are going to be a wage-earner, just like your uncle," laughed my aunt when I returned home with the news of our success. "Run down to the Jew's store and buy yourself a pair of blue overalls, and get two rough towels, two for a quarter kind. Come right home and get to bed then, because you'll have to be up early, you know."

The next morning I was awakened at half-past five. My aunt was busy with the breakfast. "How many eggs shall I

fry, Al?" she demanded, with a twinkle in her eye. "Have as many as you want, now that you're to be in the mill." That breakfast represented to me my coming to honor in the family. There I could sit opposite my uncle, eating what he ate, waited on with as much solicitation by my aunt, swinging my heels against the chair rungs as I munched huge slices of golden toast. I sat at the table until the mill bell tolled for six o'clock. "Get up, now," commanded my aunt. "Zippy's coming for you at six, so that you'll be on time for a starter."

Whistling "Take Back Your Gold, for Gold Will Never Buy Me," Zippy entered our back door a quarter of an hour late. Five more minutes were consumed in listening to my aunt's and uncle's programme of moral conduct and hints on how to go about my work. Then Zippy and I hurried to the street and joined the procession of employees on its slow, sleepy way to work.

Zippy did all he could to make my way smooth. Before we had reached the mill gates he had poured forth a volume of sage advice. "Now, Al," he said, "if any guy tells you to go and grease the nails in the floor, just you point to your eye and say, 'See any green?' Don't go for the left-handed monkey-wrench, and don't go to the overseer after the carpet-sweeper; them's all guys, and you don't want to make a fool of yerself. If the boss puts you sweeping wid me, why, then I'll put yer up ter all the dodges, never you mind."

The factory which I entered was a long stone structure from the middle of which rose a tall bell and clock tower. When Zippy and I arrived inside the spinning-room on the fourth floor, not a wheel was in motion. The steam-pipes, the maze of belts, pulleys, and posts, the hundreds of spinning-frames arranged in regular divisions like companies of soldiers on parade —all this impressed me with a sense of littleness. I almost slipped on the oily hardwood floor. "You'll go barefoot," suggested Zippy, "and then you'll not be so hot on the feet, nor won't slip." The room was oppressively heated. "You'll have to doff yer duds and wear only undershirt, overalls, and yer skin!" said Zippy, conducting me to a small elevator-room, where he bade me undress and put on my blue jeans.

By the time Zippy and I were dressed for our labors the starting bell had tolled, so we went out into the room to meet the overseer and show him my papers. The network of belts were lapping and cracking together, the pulleys were buzzing like monstrous bees, the spinning girls and women were gossiping in shrill voices, and the doffers were riding down the long alleys on their rumbling trucks. Then, exactly at half-past six, the second-hand blew a shrill whistle, the frame-tenders ran to the starting levers, and with a terrific crescendo the frames were in motion for the day. "Zippy" was speaking to me—I knew it from the motion of his lips, but the din drowned his words. "What?" I shouted at the top of my voice. He grinned, put his lips to my ear, and said: "Don't shout so loud, you'll have the boss down this way. Come along with me and we'll start work."

He took me to the lower end of the room, where were waste-boxes, oil tanks, buckets of grease, doffing-boxes, and bundles of new brooms. Two girls about thirteen years of age—in fact, they afterwards told me that they were that age—were spreading new brooms. "Girls," announced Zippy, "this here's Al Priddy. Al, this is Mary, and t'other's Jane, who sweeps like us."

The second-hand found us talking. "Get to work!" he stormed, and then, seeing me, he asked me if I had brought my school papers. I hurried to the elevator-room and brought him the papers. Then he picked out a broom for me, spread it, and assigned me to work with Mary. In ten minutes Mary had taught me all that was to be learned in the simple art of sweeping lint from the floor. The only feature which broke up the monotony of sweeping was cleaning day, when, with handfuls of waste, we cleaned the motionless parts of the spinning-frames. This was a task also which required a minimum of skill.

Those first days in the mill were full of the spirit of adventure, and I went home every night somewhat proud over my ability to earn wages. The first thing of importance to be settled, from my standpoint, was the question of spending-

money. I proposed the question to my aunt the first week.

"Well, Al," she said, "we'd better settle the matter once and for all. You are to get ten cents for every dollar you earn. That will give you thirty cents a week for a starter, which isn't bad, is it?" I agreed that it was not. "But mind, now," cautioned my aunt, "if you get out of work, or loaf, your spending-money will stop accordingly." This last clause in the arrangement became a powerful factor in keeping me at work throughout my mill career. With the dread of foreshortening my pocket-money, I often kept at work when suffering from ailments which demanded rest and a doctor's care. My aunt was keen enough to perceive the most effectual bribe for getting the most work out of me.

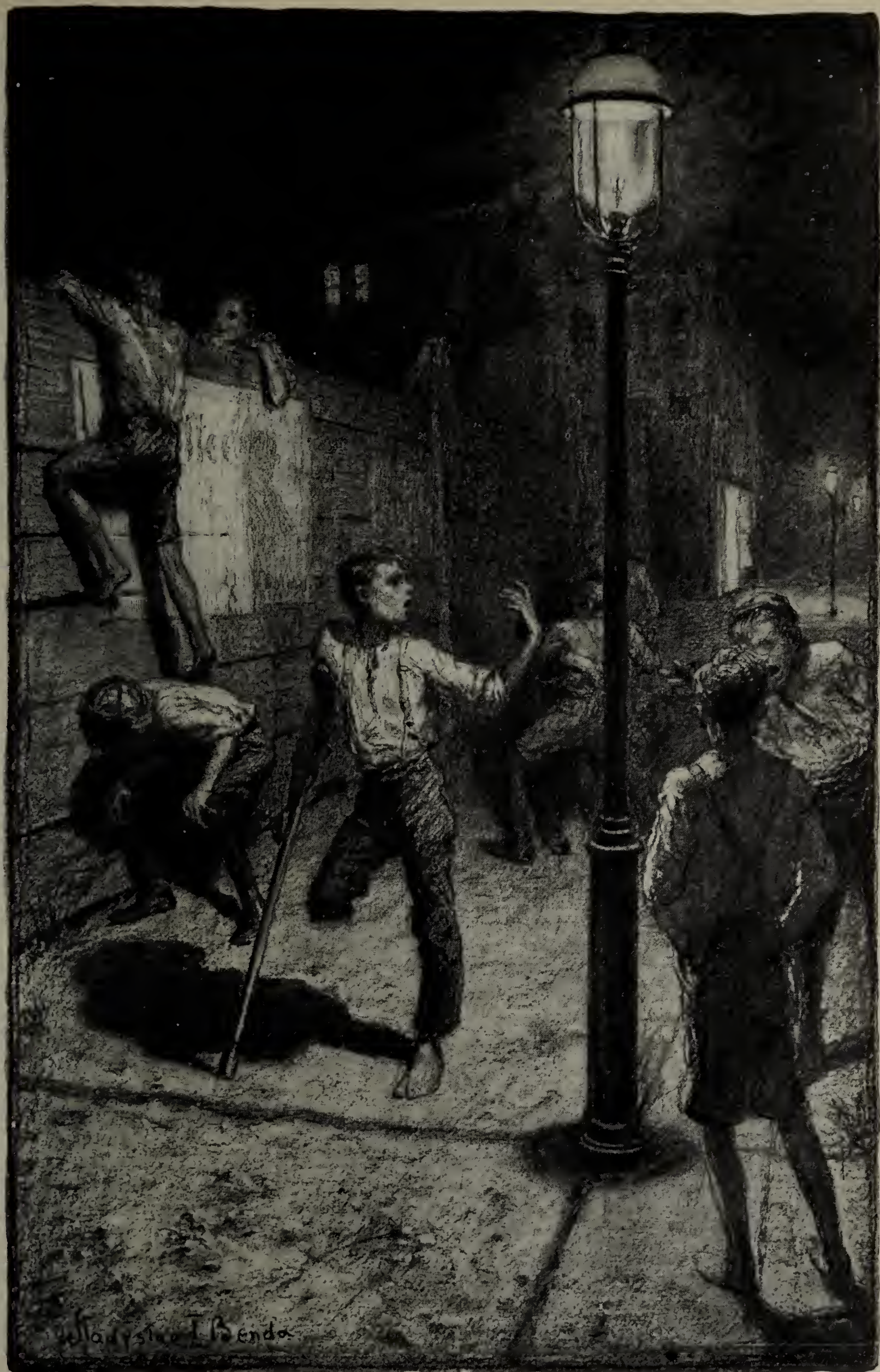
As for the work itself, it demanded little of my time. The day's apportionment could easily have been crowded into four hours. Zippy and I and the other sweepers, indeed, found time hanging heavily on our hands. What to do in our spare time became a problem. The heavy, lint-laden air of the spinning-room made us eager for the out-of-doors, and when I asked permission from the second-hand, he summarily disposed of the matter by saying:

"Go out of doors! Bah! What are you here for? This is no place for loafers. Keep right inside or else you'll go outside for good. No, sonny, the company don't let you outside, and that's the end of the matter."

So we found ourselves loafing daily in the elevator-room, where we could shut out the roar of the mill, and where the air was cooler. To this elevator-room came also the "doffers" when they had a minute to spare. The "doffers" were two French Canadians, men grown, named respectively Mallet and "Curly." Mallet was a lithe, sallow-faced, black-haired depreciator of morals who fed on doughnuts and spent most of his money in helping out his good looks with tailor-made clothes and patent-leather shoes. Curly was his antithesis in everything but his moral ignorance. Curly was half brute and half a silly child. He ran to muscle. He could outlift the strongest man in the mill without increasing the normal beat of his heart. Curly's chief diversions included the recital of filthy yarns and the hazing of those weaker than himself.

With these two men we sweepers were forced to associate, and, with the elevator door closed, away from the eyes of the "boss," a true school of defamation, lust, and the grossest abuse was in session daily. Mallet recited his amours before us, and drew lurid pictures of betrayed innocence. One afternoon Curly pinned my arms in his strong grip and made me bite off a piece of his chewing-tobacco. Then I had to turn it in my mouth until I was deathly sick. This accomplished, the big brute dragged me into the main room and held me up before the spinner-girls to be laughed at, gleefully explaining, "See dat, now! Dis baby, he try for to ack lak a man, for to chew 'bacco; now him seek. Oh! oh! oh!" Day by day Mallet unloaded the filth from his mind, taking delight in impressing us with his own share in the general perfidy of his associates. From Mallet's view-point, every girl and woman in the mill had a purchasable virtue. Even the presence of Mary and Jane was no bar to Mallet's and Curly's vicious suggestions.

Mary's father and mother were weavers; both worked in the room beneath. Mary was the oldest of three sisters and a brother. Mary's father owned his own home, was free from debt, and every Saturday brought home, on an average, sixteen dollars. This, added to the rent from the two upper floors of his tenement, gave him a comfortable income. Why, then, was his wife in the mill? There were duties enough to take up her time at home. There was a child of four years, a boy of seven, and twin girls who had reached their tenth birthday. Besides, Mary's mother was unfitted for the work of the mill. Her face was the color of the cloth she wove, a distressing cough indicated diseased lungs, and her fingers reminded one of a skeleton. Every night she dragged her way home with an expression of pathetic weariness on her face. Every indication pointed to an early death if she kept up with the work of the mill. Why was she there? No colored slave was ever worked harder. Besides her ten and a half hours in the



THE GANG OF PETER-ONE-LEG-AND-A-HALF

"Peter led us at night through back yards and over tall board fences, and generally aimed to have us throttle ourselves against clothes-lines"

mill, she got the breakfast and the supper for the family, and left the dinner ready for the children who went to school. She washed on Sundays and cleaned on Saturday afternoons. Her husband was a rugged, jolly Englishman, who belonged to the Workingmen's Club, read his paper every night, went on bicycle tours on Sunday, and never thought of helping his wife in her duties at home. Mary told me that her father and mother were putting the mother's wages in the bank—for a rainy day! Some of that money soon after bought a coffin and a headstone on which was inscribed:

"Gone, but not forgotten."
Mother.

Behind that tragedy lay the Day Nursery, as it lies behind many other similar tragedies. When the philanthropic ladies of the churches founded these nurseries at different places in the city, they put in operation a benefaction that helps in *two* ways: it helps the poor woman who is forced to earn her living, and it helps the selfish woman who is not forced to work in the mill to put her children into safe hands while she earns the dollars that are to be stored away for luxuries. Mary's mother realized that for ten cents a day her baby would receive scientific care from careful, trained nurses, and, thus encouraged, she let her other children take care of themselves, while she joined the pitiful ranks of woman labor.

During those first days in the mill a fever broke out in the city, and the authorities resolved on a general vaccination of boys and girls both in the schools and the factories. Notices to that effect were posted throughout the city. This brought about one more step in the lesson of dissimulation I had been learning since my preparation for the mill. The overseer did not care to have Zippy and me vaccinated, for fear that during the healing of the sore we should not be able to work. Accordingly, when the doctors came into the room, the second-hand hurried us to a waste-box, told us to leap in, and closed the lid until the vaccinators had left the room. My aunt was delighted when, that night, I told her of the trick. Mary and Jane did not think they had been fairly treated when we told them of our experience. Jane, however, had her chance when the factory inspector, a woman, came around. Jane was very small for her age, and no doubt the overseer was afraid of having uncomfortable questions asked of the girl, so into the selfsame waste-box Jane was hurried, and the inspector could not ask any questions.

About two months after beginning work in the spinning-room I was plunged into that painful period in life which the psychologists call adolescence, but which my uncle gruffly termed "growin' pains." An intolerable weakness seized me and kept me in its grip for many weeks. Every bone ached, and bending or twisting was indulged only under severe pain. Sitting or standing, I could find no rest. After a night in bed I would awaken the next morning even more weary than before. Coupled with this physical distress was also a painful self-consciousness. I was afraid to meet even the best-known friends face to face. I was supersensitive. One day a doffer mimicked my shrill voice. I cried over that as if I had been struck a cowardly blow. The incident weighed on my nerves, and I became morose over it.

The effect of this abnormal growth on my work was memorable. Every motion I made with the broom brought shooting pains. When cleaning days arrived and I had to bend under the spinning-frames to clean the weights, I suffered the agonies of the rack. Yet all I needed was rest and fresh air. These were essential for my best development and for my future strength. But when I complained to my aunt, she only answered, "Go to bed early, so that you will be rested for to-morrow's work." From others I received laughs over my awkwardness. Nobody understood what I suffered. Nobody cared. For three dollars a week I was selling my strength. There was my friend Harry Rice, who went through a similar experience in the mill. His body became permanently deformed. He was put to work when he had just passed his eleventh birthday.

In the procession as it left the factory gates were pathetic commentaries of this early strain: Joe Harrow, bow-legged; Tim Sullivan, club-footed; Harry Winslow, with his knees rubbing; and Perley

Astring, so distorted in legs and body that he walked with extreme difficulty.

CHAPTER VI

Mill life breeds a precocity in knee-trousered lads, a precocity for adult habits of life. The first months of my mill career aroused within me those latent ambitions for swagger and "mannishness" which swarm in the mind of every school-boy.

I first began to pay attention to my hair. The top of my head bristled with stiff brown wisps which no amount of combing or brushing could straighten. I contrasted myself with the French "doffers," and the contrast was discouraging, for their heads were crowned with rich black hair combed into artistic "comb-overs" and hanging over their collars in thick, curly masses. I confided in my aunt, and she made me several jars of perfumed marrow (I bought the bones at the butcher's with my own money). This greasy decoction, she urged, would make my hair grow and keep it wherever I cared to comb it. I shared a jar with Chaddy Ashworth. I did this simply to keep him from telling the ring-spinners that I used it. One of the doffers rubbed his palm over my head, sniffed, and thereafter tormented me with such phrases as, "How's the bear grease this morning, Al? Empty your mother's butter-dish?"

The ring spinning-room in the cotton-mill is the center of fashion. The ring-spinners are generally French Canadians, and they possess an inordinate thirst for adornment. Marie Poisson, who ran frames which I cleaned, resembled a sunflower on a dandelion stalk; she lived on doughnuts, fruit cake, and cold meats, in order that she might board cheaply and have the major part of her wages to spend on dress. She had a "lean and hungry look;" her face was sallow, but she wore the best hat and the highest heels. Marie set the style, and a majority of the spinners followed her. This affectation of the girls also influenced the dress of the men and boys. The "doffers" came to work in tailored clothes and patent-leather shoes. My aunt was unwilling to buy me more than one suit at a time, and discouraged every call I made for new items of dress. But out of my own spending-money I bought, first of all, a ten-cent celluloid rosette which carried in its heart a bit of perfumed sponge. From a fakir I also purchased a magic shirt bosom. This last invention permitted the wearer to change the pattern of his shirt bosom no less than twelve times without taking off his coat! Its construction was simple. A circular piece of pasteboard was covered on both sides with a dozen segments of enameled paper printed in stripes, dots, and backgrounds ranging from a pious white to a gambler's vivid red and blue. The day after I bought this wonderful makeshift I wore it to Sunday-school and astonished my classmates by six sudden transformations of my shirt bosom!

I was also eligible for membership in the North End Guild, a boys' club fostered by the corporation for which I worked, and maintained in one of their buildings on the main business street. I joined this club at a time when the mind of a boy is busy with ideals of living. The club limited itself to physical and mental handiwork. We had a gymnasium, game-rooms, work-benches, and a concert hall; but there was no moral appeal made, no challenge to a deliberate, determined, heroic withstanding of lies, cheatings, and vulgar jests. When the winter ended, we went out on the street again, just as eagerly bent upon those abnormal phases of life as ever. The only appeal that I recollect having been made in that club came from a man who told us to whistle when we felt discouraged. I took this advice with avidity, and daily deliberately practiced whistling at every provocation.

In my home life certain privileges were allowed me because I worked in the mill. Notable among these privileges was the opportunity of having my breakfast in bed on Sunday morning. Not that I was sleepy, either, but on Saturday nights I regularly went to the city and in "Cheap John's" cigar store bought a bundle of back-number five and ten cent novels and planned to read them on Sunday. My aunt never spoiled this pleasure. Uncle Stanwood haltingly tried to explain to me the advantages of better reading; but his authority was never exercised against me. On Sunday morning Aunt Millie usually called, "Well, his

royal sir, will he have bacon and eggs and a cup of cocoa?" and in the midst of a Nick Carter detective romance my answer would be, "Yep!"

It was during my first year in the mill that "Chaddy" Ashworth came to me and announced what we considered to be the final initiation into manhood.

"Al," he said to me on the way from work one Saturday noon, "what yer say to a jolly smoke this afternoon, eh?" "Willin'," I said. We met at one o'clock and went to a small candy store on the main street.

"Six cheroots; the six-for-five kind," said Chaddy to the storekeeper. Six long, bulky projections were handed us. Chaddy gave me three and put the remainder in his pocket. "A cent's wuth o' matches, too," he demanded.

On the sidewalk Chaddy said, "Now, Al, I spent six cents, and you've got to spend that much. We'll go to the baker's and get some stale cookies, and you pay for them."

For five cents the baker heaped up a two-pound bag with broken bits of jelly-roll, frosted cake, and cookies. Chaddy and I hastened to a tracking behind one of the mills, opened the door of an empty freight car on a siding, and began our exciting adventure.

Chaddy said, "Both light our cigars at the same time and take whiffs together." I assented. A dozen puffs and the work was done. "Better eat somethink, I say," wailed Chaddy, with a deathly pallor on his face. I assented. It was not long before the cigars and cookies were neglected and we lay on the floor with a vague sense that life was a weight and a woe.

The cutting off of the day for play also naturally ushered me into the neighborhood "gang." This gang was presided over by a sturdy young Irish lad who, by virtue of his having lost a leg below his knee, was called "Peter-one-leg-and-a half." Peter led us at night through back yards and over tall board fences, and generally aimed to have us throttle ourselves against clothes-lines of whose existence only he himself was aware. He conjured up all manner of tricks to frighten us—such, for instance, as writing on a dark wall with a stick of phosphorus, swallowing flames of fire, and other ghostly displays.

When I had been at work a few months, Aunt Millie decided to open a store and barter in confectionery and sodas. For this purpose the landlord allowed her to use the parlor, with the bay-window for display purposes. Those were prohibition years in the politics of the city, and the neighborhood thirst was pronounced to be "simply awful!" I recall a visit made to a neighboring city by my uncle. He first filled himself and then filled his pockets with liquor, and came home. At the depot, however, he slipped, and in falling a large bottle fell from his pocket to the ground with a great crash. Before the policeman who was near had turned, uncle had slunk away, his nerves trembling over the narrow escape from arrest he had just made. Aunt Millie decided to furnish intoxicants for the tenements. A local soda-water firm supplied her with large amounts of stimulants, and business opened with a great flourish. To throw off suspicion she utilized me on Sunday to carry whisky to the various homes. The customers had a sign by which they made known just the sort of drink they wanted. "Well, it's a very hot day!" meant, being interpreted, "I should like a bottle of beer." The countersign admitted the customer into our kitchen and the customer had his wish fulfilled. On Sundays the kitchen was filled with men and women, and my Aunt Millie rubbed her hands with satisfaction.

But one Sunday afternoon three plain-clothes men came to the shop. The alarm was given, and Aunt Millie waited for the raid with no outward trace of fear. The inspectors investigated the cellar, the back yard, the kitchen, and the counter, but they found no indication of illegal wares. Then they left the store, and my Aunt Millie, with a sigh, looked fondly towards the row of black bottles marked "Ginger Ale" which stood like soldiers in the display window.

(To be continued in the Magazine Number for April)

THE LITTLE WORLD OF ZUÑI

BY CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS

WE Americans are a curious sort. It was on the California Limited that I met a cultivated fellow-countryman whose travels had been unusually extensive, and who knew how to talk about them without boring you. As it happened, we had both been over much of the same ground in the Old World, and whenever chance brought us together in the smoking-compartment or in the observation car, we at once fell to exchanging travelers' tales. Thus we traversed in retrospect the Eastern Hemisphere from the fiords of Norway to the cataracts of the Nile, from Paris boulevards to Bedouin camps, and from the holy cities of India to Japan and the temples of Nikko.

"*This* country looks to me as though it had some possibilities," my companion remarked one afternoon, as we sat on the rear platform and watched the track being swallowed up behind us in the wild austerities of the New Mexico plateau which our train was crossing.

"The color on those bare mountains yonder has the genuine Old World desert quality; there is the same mystery and pregnant silence over everything; and did you notice that little mud village we passed a while back? I could have sworn it was made in Syria. Do you know, I rather like it. Now those fellows"—and he pointed to some Navajos cantering across the plain on ponies gay with red saddle-blankets and silver bridles that flashed in the sun—"they might be Bedouins or Kabyles; and, what's unusual in our raw land, they fit the landscape in a way that no Anglo-Saxon ever does."

I glanced back into the observation car. Such of the men as were not dozing were talking stocks, and the ladies had the shades pulled down and were reading. The desert had to be lived through somehow. It was part of the price of getting to California.

"Ever been to Zuñi?" I asked.

"Zuñi?" he repeated, reflectively. "That's some sort of an Indian pueblo, isn't it? Oh, yes, I remember now—the Cushing place. Why, no. How do you get there?"

"We are on the way to it now." I consulted a time-table. "In an hour we shall be at Gallup. Get the conductor to give you a stop-over; hire a team and driver from the livery stable, travel a day's journey south through the piñon and cedar, and there is Zuñi, steeped in sunshine and traditions that go straight back to the days when the gods walked the earth. The school-teacher or the trader will take care of you for a day or two. Then back to Gallup and pick up the Limited again. You'll find it as good

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PLASTERING FOR SHALAKO

as a trip to Egypt, without the ocean passage and the flies."

My friend smiled tolerantly, and, carefully jarring the ash from his cigar end, watched it vanish into the New Mexico air. Then he remarked pleasantly:

"Well, I guess I'll leave that till another time. These out-of-the-way corners of our country are so out of the way; and besides—"

"Dinner is now being served in the dining-car," intoned the porter, appearing at the door.

. . . . . .

And now, since my fellow-traveler is but a type of most of us Americans—we *are* a curious sort—I would like to take you, who, like him, will jump at the chance to travel the beaten road to Egypt or Mandalay and take the attendant hardships as a matter of course—I would like to take you to Zuñi, within the limits of these United States. And if it be asking too much of you (merely to see some unregenerate Indians) to drive those forty miles over an eight-miles-an-hour road, beneath a turquoise sky, your lungs filled the while with the sweetest of airs blown to you across wide leagues of balsamic desert growths, then there is nothing for it but to go on paper.

Sole remaining representatives of that *ignis fatuus* of the Conquistadores, the Seven Cities of Cibola, Zuñi is to-day a little world in itself, with its 1,600 people, its own government (practically a republic), its own religion, its own flocks and herds and corn-fields, its own antiquities and shrines and holy places, and a past of romance that still lives in a thousand and one stories told by winter firesides. It is, moreover, in the Zuñi belief—and if Zuñi belief suits Zuñi, whose business is it to say it nay?—it is, moreover, the center of the earth, as is tokened by the stone altar of Hepatina which stands in the great plain at the edge of the pueblo and marks the spot where in ancient days the guardian god of Zuñi brought the people and left them, saying: "Abide here and build your pueblo. This is the exact center of the flat plain of earth. So long as you stay here you cannot fall over the edge of the world. And never forget to make thanksgiving to the Divine Ones who brought you hither."

Arriving one day at Zuñi after a lifetime of indifference to Indian pueblos, I was quickly impressed with the fact of Zuñi's indifference to me and the world from which I had come. Zuñi, in fact, long since grew used to people of one odd sort or another appearing within its streets from that great white region beyond the mountains known in a general way to Zuñi as "Washington." Some, solicitous for Zuñi's pagan soul, had come preaching unintelligible religions; others, sent by Washington, brought books and writing to prove, for instance, that the earth is not flat but round; that the sun does not daily traverse the heavens, but stands still; that there are not six cardinal points, but four; and other heresies. Then there were white folk who came to make pictures in Zuñi—a diabolical art, at first deemed fraught with subtle danger, but, thanks to the guardianship of Those Above, now known to be impotent. And others again—of all the stranger whites the most comprehensible—came crossing their fingers, signifying trade.

I might be of any of these classes, or some new kind. Zuñi did not care, and went placidly on about its business while I looked about.

It was near sunset as I halted my tired horse before the trader's rambling barracks at Zuñi. Across the muddy little river the ancient pueblo lifted its huge bulk—a compact town of adobe houses built one against another like the nests of a barn-swallow's community. In places they rise in terrace fashion to the height of five stories, the upper stories reached from below by ladders reared against the outside walls. The housetops are as much a place of common resort as they were in ancient Israel, or as they are in Syria to-day, and here and there upon them stood figures of men wrapped in scarlet blankets, in motionless outline against the sky, watching the evening lights five miles away on Towa-yálleni—the Mountain of the Sacred Corn. From the narrow streets and covered passageways of the town came women and girls by twos and threes, bearing beautifully decorated water-jars. Filling these at the stream, they lifted them to their heads and climbed the hill to the town again, chatting in soft voices as they went. Toilers from the fields drew homeward across the plains, some on pony or donkey back and some on foot; some driving burros before them laden with firewood gathered on the mesa.

THE POTTERY BURNERS

Into the stockaded corrals that line all the outskirts of the pueblo shepherds and goatherds were marshaling their bleating flocks. All this, in the pleasant sunset light, made a pastoral scene of unexpected charm, in which the joy of life was manifested now and again by cheerful laughter and strains of wonderful wild song. For Zuñi, I soon found, makes something of a joke of the business of life, and holds a light heart of more worth than a heavy purse.

Before Columbus ever set a sail the Zuñis were an agricultural people, following the paths of peace and raising their crops by irrigation and prayer. They were, moreover, craftsmen of ability—as the buildings, the pottery, the textile work, and the stone implements of the early days abundantly give evidence. And to-day, although the trader sells them many articles to serve in place of the ancient products of their hands, and many of their young men, caught by the lure of the Almighty Dollar, go out to intermittent day labor for the whites, the Zuñis are still a little world to themselves, and entirely self-supporting. All they get from Washington is a schooling in the white man's education, which they do not want, and the prospect of an irrigation dam which is not of their asking—both Greek gifts, likely to work, in the long run, to the downfall of the conferee.

With the coming of spring there is an exodus from Zuñi of a considerable part of its sixteen hundred, who scatter themselves about where the presence of springs or running water makes possible the growing of crops in that arid land. From Las Nutrias, twenty miles away in one direction, to Ojo Caliente, fifteen miles distant in another—where certain sacred springs serve as peepholes for the gods to keep an eye on Zuñi's welfare—the little farms are spread. Beans, melons of many sorts, wheat, and corn are the agricultural staples; and back in the foothills of the mesa country are ancient peach orchards a-sprawl in the sand, flourishing without human care, though human hands have planted them since the Spanish conquest. The corn of Zuñi would make Kansas smile, growing as it does often in drifting sands in tight clumps of eight or ten stalks two to three feet high, and earing out close to the ground. But to Zuñi it shares with water the distinction of being the greatest of the gifts of the gods, and no money will buy from an unspoiled Zuñi a perfect ear of it. It is grown in a dozen or more different shades of color, of which six are symbolical of Zuñi's six cardinal points—white of the east, blue of the west, yellow of the north, red of the south, variegated of the zenith, black of the nadir. Zuñi has learned a bit of horticulture, too, and close by the pueblo are quaint little gardens with adobe walls and wicket gates. Here the women of the town raise onions and chili peppers, watering them through all the rainless season with water brought up from the river in jars borne upon the bearer's head.

Pre-eminent among the handicrafts of Zuñi is the pottery-making, which is part of the women's work. It is in summer that most of it is fashioned and burned. Then the men are away in the fields, and the women, singly or in parties, with a varying contingent of children, lock up the houses and set out early in the day for Towa-yálleni—the flat-topped, perpendicular-sided mountain that dominates the great plain of Zuñi. On the top the best clay pits are. It is an hour's steady walk in the heat and sand to the foot of the mountain, and another along the dizzy trail which zigzags up the face of the cliff to the summit; but once there, there is shade under cedar trees and a breeze of Edenic refreshment. While the elders rest and lunch on blue sticks of *héwé*—wafer bread of corn-meal—the young Zuñis scamper off to the ruined village that tops the summit and hunt among the stones and cactus for arrow-points and stone axes of the ancients to sell to white visitors, like myself, with a taste for antiquities. Then the women leisurely fill their blankets from the clay pits, and, swinging their loads upon their strong backs, retrace their way down to the trail to Zuñi.

It was after such an excursion that Sawa-tsita, the potter, seated upon the earthen floor of her house, made the first Zuñi pottery that I ever saw fashioned. Without wheel or any mechanical assistance whatsoever, she modeled water-jars, bowls, canteens, and toy animals for the children, and, after they had been set

THE BEAD MAKER

aside for a day to dry, she painted the decorations upon them, using a piece of yucca leaf for a brush, and for color some native minerals ground in a tiny mortar that looked as though it might have been old in Coronado's time. The designs were laid on with directness and decision—not meaningless haphazards or feeble copies of the white man's art, but the expression of Zuñi ideas in Zuñi's own way. For though these people have no written language, they have a wealth of historical and mythical tradition, and the purpose of the real artist's design is to symbolize an idea or tell a story. Usually it has to do with water—that most cherished of boons in a land of little rain. Clouds and descending showers, winds and the lightning's flash, frogs and tadpoles and water-skippers that haunt the springs and water-holes, ducks that swim the alkali lakes, and butterflies that flutter about the muddy margins of puddles—these, when you dwell in a semi-desert land like the plain of Zuñi, are full of pleasant suggestions to meditate upon and to depict.

Sawa-tsita, like many another woman of her pueblo, not only fashions pots but is an all-round artist. From the wool of Zuñi sheep she weaves blankets upon a home-made loom that hangs against the wall in her house—not as good blankets as her Navajo sisters' best, but serviceable and cheerful to look upon if you do not mind the garish aniline dyes, bought from the trader, which she uses to give brightness to the design. Furthermore, she is skillful in basketry, using for this purpose the slender stems of a fragrant-barked, frosty-brown shrub that grows on the mesa near the clay pits, and which in her soft Zuñi drawl she calls *ma-a-tsulti.* To render the stems more pliable, she soaks them in water, and, as she weaves, the fragrance of the bark, like a spirit, fills the room. As the Greek mind endowed trees with guardian spirits, so the poetic fancy of the American Indian has found a soul in the plants of his deserts and

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THE SHRINE OF HEPATINA

plains, and, as I breathe the subtle perfume of the *ma-a-tsulti* as it is bent, I do not wonder.

On the same street with Sawa-tsita live Zuñi Dick, maker of shell beads, and his boy Mow-we, the silver-worker. The making of silver ornaments from coin, melted and beaten into shape—such as bracelets, ear pendants, buttons, necklace beads, and buckles—is a comparatively recent art; but from time immemorial Zuñi men have been famous artisans in shell. In old times the shells were obtained by barter with the Californian Indians who dwelt by the Great Water beyond the sunset, but to-day they come mostly by the hands of whites. These shells—they are a small white cone-shaped sort, of medium hardness—the Zuñi breaks into pieces the size of one's little finger; each piece is patiently rubbed upon a moistened sandstone until it is a smooth, thin disc, and a hole is bored in the middle with a primitive drill. These disc-like beads are then strung on thread or sinew and made into necklaces, the beads carefully graded on the string, the smallest at the ends and the largest in the middle, and intermingled with ornaments fashioned of other shell, of turquoise, or of jet. Among the Southwestern Indians ropes of shell beads have somewhat the standing of the historic wampum of the Atlantic slope, and their possession is indicative of the wearer's wealth.

The most vital element in Zuñi's life is its native religion, which is not a matter of one day in seven, but constant. Zuñi may starve or feast on fat things, may mourn or frolic, may labor or idle in the sun, but it never loses sight of humanity's dependence upon the spiritual power that upholds the universe, or faith in the continuance of the ancient care of Zuñi's gods if appealed to.

There is a certain spot outside the pueblo where every morning at sunrise some representative of the people stands and offers an invocation to the Sun Father, and scatters sacred meal to the six mystical regions of the world. All through the busy year prayers are being breathed upon feathers selected according to ritual and bound to specially prepared

sticks, and these prayer plumes are continually being offered at immemorial shrines on hill and plain and by certain sacred springs. As with other Indians, the dance is a religious ceremony—a rite of thanksgiving or invocation, not a pastime—and many and wonderful in the course of the year are the dances of Zuñi, in many of which the participants are masked and attired to represent personages of the people's elaborate mythology. Some are in the nature of sacred dramas—akin, one may say, to the mystery plays of the Middle Ages—and all are impressive beyond words, their effect heightened by the chanting of ancient songs and the accompaniment of a hollow-voiced *tombé*, or drum. On its practical side, the native religion makes for truth-telling, fair dealing, industry, faithfulness to promises, hospitality to strangers, respect for the aged, obedience to parents, tenderness to children, softness of speech, and a cheerful heart.

Fast Runs or Good Service

In The Outlook of December 10 occurs an editorial on "Examples of Railway Efficiency." In it efficiency in the United States is compared unfavorably with the attainment of French railways in passenger and freight matters. As to passenger matters, you speak of the French passenger locomotive making "the fastest regular runs in the world."

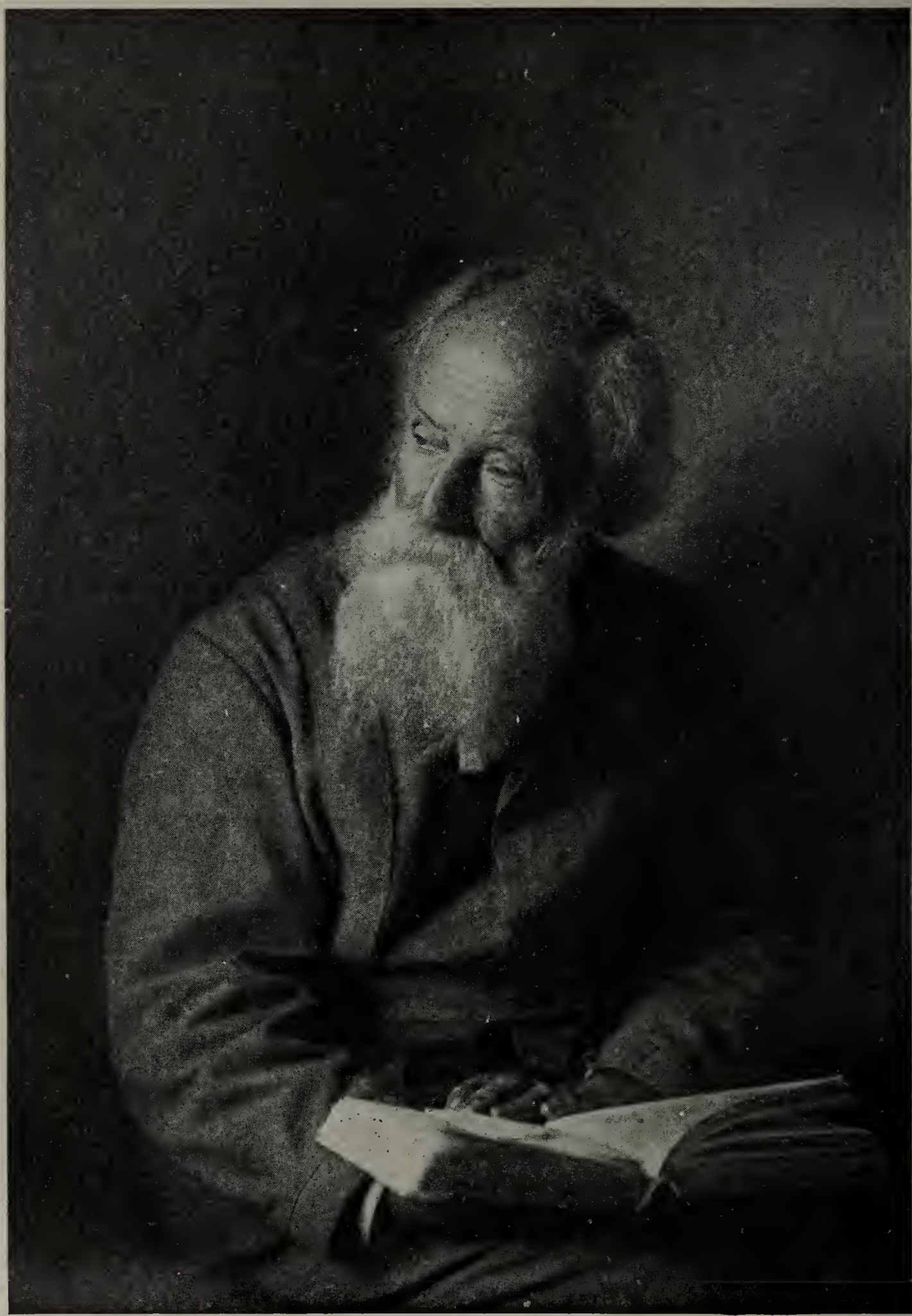
Any one who has made comparisons of the conditions and circumstances under which these fastest trains have been run knows that the result is so largely affected by the difference in the conditions under which the thing is done in different countries as to make comparisons of mere mileage covered in a given time not only unfair but far from being useful. There is so much difference in the number of stops made, in the presence or absence of curves, in the length of route to which the test applies, the topography of the territory involving gradients, the weight of train hauled and number of cars attached to engine, as well as climatic and other differences, as to make almost primitive that simplicity of faith which pins to a single figure on "the fastest regular run in the world" the character of a test of comparative international efficiency of passenger train performance.

Likewise with the question of "the most powerful type of freight locomotive in use to-day." Assuming that the standards of comparison are uniform by which this result was obtained, and that the circumstances and conditions are not diverse enough to invalidate the conclusion, there still remains the fact that the criticism of railways in the United States from these two view-points is a comparison of extremes, and may or may not mean anything whatever as throwing light on comparative general efficiency in freight and passenger service of French and American railway management. This appears to me to indicate the fallacy in your line of reasoning. I do not see for myself that there is anything "painful" in the fact that a French passenger locomotive makes the fastest regular run, because that may after all be a "freak" performance in the foolish ambition after primacy of records, to the sacrifice of general proficiency of service. Instead, therefore, of being a credit to all-round efficiency, "the fastest regular run in the world" may be in reality inefficiency of effort for which the general public pays the price in less effective service elsewhere.

This hankering after the superlative, and the use of it as a means of depreciative comparison which you make in your editorial, show, to my mind, a serious loss of balance in the capacity to estimate the relative weight of facts and events in their bearing upon a great problem, such as that of the comparative efficiency of service and the elements of service in the railways of different countries. For my part, I not only feel no pain but substantial pleasure in knowing that less attention is being paid by our great trunk lines to attain maximums, because that is putting emphasis on the wrong place; it creates temptation to take risks which border on the idiotic, and it must materially hinder the operation of every other part of that branch of service which has to take the siding for "the fastest run in the world." If there were a healthier attitude on the part of the editorial and reading public on these matters, one can hardly conceive that the railways would of their own accord so generally pervert their powers in order to proclaim superlative achievements which not only do not pay the railways but seriously inconvenience every other part of the service. The general public, in fact, has very little need for this abortive waste in straining after extremes of record, especially when net earnings are shrinking, as they are now.

JOHN FRANKLIN CROWELL,
President of the American Civic Alliance.

[We quite agree with our correspondent that what we ought to require of our railways is all-round service and not high speed. We referred to the speed on French railways simply to counteract a not uncommon American habit of mind to assume boastfully that this country is ahead "of all creation" in the matter of railways.—THE EDITORS.]



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JOHN BURROUGHS

Photograph by Laura Mackay

Scientific Faith[1]

By John Burroughs

I FIND myself accepting certain things on the authority of science which so far transcend my experience, and the experience of the race and all the knowledge of the world, in fact which come so near being unthinkable, that I call my acceptance of them an act of scientific faith. One's reason may be convinced and yet the heart refuse to believe. It is not so much a question of evidence as a question of capacity to receive evidence of an unusual kind. It is an infirmity of the understanding.

One of the conclusions of science which I feel forced to accept, and yet which I find very hard work in believing, is that of the animal origin of man. I suppose my logical faculties are convinced, but what is that in me that is baffled, and that hesitates and demurs?

Look at your friend, your child, your wife, or at the great man—poet, musician, philosopher—and try to bring home to your mind the fact that back in the abyss of geologic time the ancestor of each of these persons was an animal lower than those we spurn daily with our feet. Yet if we accept the authority of science, we are forced to this conclusion. There is no escape; we have to believe it, whether we want to or not.

Should we not find equal difficulty in believing the life history of each one of us—the start in the germ, then the vague suggestion of fish, and frog, and reptile, in our fetal life—were it not a matter of daily experience? Let it be granted that the race of man was born as literally out of the animal forms below him as the child is born out of these vague, prenatal animal forms in its mother's womb. Yet the former fact so far transcends our experience, and even our power of imagination, that we can receive it only by an act of scientific faith, as our fathers received the dogmas of the Church by an act of religious faith.

I confess that I receive evolution only at arm's length, as it were. I cannot get on intimate terms with it, familiarize my mind with it, and make it thinkable. The gulf that separates man from the orders below him is so impassable, his intelligence is so radically different from theirs, and his progress so enormous, while they have stood still, that believing it is like believing a miracle.

That the apparently blind groping and experimentation which mark the course of evolution as revealed by palæontology—the waste, the delay, the vicissitudes, the hit-and-miss method—should have finally resulted in this supreme animal, man, is certainly a hard proposition.

We recoil from the horrible vista which evolution opens up in the past; that long line of low, groveling, almost brainless forms, leading down and down from one bestial creature to another still lower, from mammal to reptile, from reptile to amphibian, from amphibian to fish, from fish to worm or mollusk, and the like, makes one shudder. We smell the slime and the carnage. How the halo with which we have surrounded our origin vanishes!

Man has from the earliest period believed himself of divine origin, and by the divine he has meant something far removed from this earth and all its laws and processes, something quite transcending the mundane forces. He has invented or dreamed myths and legends to throw the halo of the exceptional, the far removed, the mystical, or the divine around his origin. He has spurned the clod with his foot; he has denied all kinship with bird and beast around him, and looked to the heavens above for the sources of his life. And then unpitying science comes along and tells him that he is under the same law as the life he treads under foot, and that that law is adequate to transform the worm into the man; that he, too, has groveled in the dust, or wallowed in the slime, or fought and reveled, a reptile among reptiles; that the heavens above him, to which he turns with such awe and reverence, or such dread and foreboding, are the source of his life and hope in no other sense than they are the source of

[1] An editorial referring to this article appears elsewhere in this issue.—THE EDITORS.

the life and hope of all other creatures. But this is the way of science; it enhances the value or significance of anything about us that we are wont to treat as cheap or vulgar, and it discounts the value of the things far off upon which we have laid such stress. It ties us to the earth, it calls in the messengers we send forth into the unknown; it makes the astonishing revelation—revolutionary revelation, I may say—that the earth is itself a star, and embosomed in the infinite heavens the same as any, that the creative energy is working now and here underfoot, the same as in the ages of myth and miracle; in other words, that God is really immanent in his universe, and inseparable from it; that we have been in heaven and under the celestial laws all our lives, and knew it not. Science thus kills religion, poetry, and romance only so far as it dispels our illusions and brings us back from the imaginary to the common and the near at hand. It discounts heaven in favor of earth. It should make us more at home in the world, and more conscious of the daily beauty and wonders that surround us, and, if it does not, the trouble is probably in the ages of myth and fable that lie behind us and that have left their intoxicating influence in our blood.

We are willing to be made out of the dust of the earth when God makes us, the God we have made ourselves out of our dreams and fears and aspirations, but we are not willing to be made out of the dust of the earth when the god called Evolution makes us. An impersonal law or process we cannot revere or fear or worship or exalt; we can only study it and put it to the test. We can only love or worship personality. This is why science puts such a damper upon us; it banishes personality, as we have heretofore conceived it, from the universe. The thunder is no longer the voice of God, the earth is no longer his footstool. Personality appears only in man; the universe is not inhuman, but unhuman. It is this discovery that we recoil from, and blame science for; and until, in the process of time, we shall have adjusted our minds, and especially our emotions, to it, mankind will still recoil from it.

We love our dreams, our imaginings, as we love a prospect before our houses. We love an outlook into the ideal, the unknown in our lives. But we love also to feel the solid ground beneath our feet.

Whether life loses in charm as we lose our illusions, and whether it gains in power and satisfaction as we more and more reach solid ground in our beliefs, is a question that will be answered differently by different persons.

We have vastly more solid knowledge about the universe amid which we live than had our fathers, but are we happier, better, stronger? May it not be said that our lives consist, not in the amount of our knowledge, any more than in the amount of our possessions, but in the things we love, in the depth and sincerity of our emotions, and in the elevation of our aspirations? Has not science also enlarged the sphere of our love, and given us new grounds for wonder and admiration? It certainly has, but it as certainly has put a damper on our awe, our reverence, our veneration. However valuable these emotions are, and whatever part they may have played in the development of character in the past, they seem doomed to play less and less part in the future. Poetry and religion, so called, are doomed to play less and less part in the life of the race in the future. We shall still dream and aspire, but we shall not tremble and worship as in the past.

We see about us daily transformations as stupendous as that of the evolution of man from the lower animals, and we marvel not. We see the inorganic pass into the organic, we see iron and lime and potash and silex blush in the flowers, sweeten in the fruit, ripen in the grain, crimson in the blood, and we marvel not. We see the spotless pond-lily rising and unfolding its snowy petals, and its trembling heart of gold, from the black slime of the pond. We contemplate our own life history from the fluids and viscera of our mothers' bodies to our stature as men and women, and we are not disturbed. But when we stretch this process out through the geologic ages and try to see ourselves a germ, a fish, a reptile, in the womb of time, we are balked. We do not see the great mother, or the great father, or feel the lift of the great biologic laws. We are beyond our depth. It is easy to believe that the baby is born of

woman, because it is a matter of daily experience, but it is not easy to believe that man is born of the animal world below him, and that that is born of inorganic nature, because the fact is too big and tremendous.

What we call nature works in no other way; one law is over big and little alike. What nature does in a day typifies what she does in an eternity. It is when we reach the things done on such an enormous scale of time and power and size that we are helpless. The almost infinitely slow transformations that the theory of evolution demands balk us as do the size and distance of the fixed stars.

No observation or study of evolution on a small scale and near at hand in the familiar facts of the life about us can prepare us for it, just as no observation of springs and rills can prepare us for the ocean; no modeling of miniature valleys and mountains by the rain in the clay bank can open our minds to receive the tremendous facts of the carving of the face of the continent by the same agents.

We do not see evolution working in one day, or in a century, or in many centuries. Neither do we catch the gods of Erosion at their Herculean tasks. They always seem to be having a holiday, or else to be merely toying with their work.

When we see a mound of earth or a bank of clay worn into miniature mountain chains and cañons and gulches by the rains of a season, we do not doubt our eyes; we know the rains did it. But when we see the same thing copied in a broad landscape, or on the face of a State or a continent, we find it hard to believe the evidence of our own senses. The scale upon which it is done, and the time involved, put it so far beyond the sphere of our experience that something in us, probably the practical, every-day man, refuses to be convinced.

The lay mind can hardly have any adequate conception of the part erosion, the simple weathering of the rocks, has played in shaping our landscapes. The changes in the surface of the land in one's lifetime, or even in the historic period, are so slight that the tales the geologists tell us are incredible.

When, during a recent trip through the great Southwest, I saw the earth laid open by erosion as I had never before dreamed of, especially when I visited those halls of the gods, the Grand Cañon and Yosemite Valley, I found my capacity to believe in the erosive power of water and the weather quite overtaxed. It must be true, I said, what the geologists tell us, that water and air did all this; but while you look and wait, and while generations before you had looked and waited, all is as quiet and passive as if the slumber of ages wrapped hill and vale. Invisible giants have wrought and delved here of whom we never catch a glimpse, nor will we, wait and watch we never so long. No sound of their hammers or picks or shovels or of the dynamite ever breaks the stillness of the air.

I have to believe that the valleys and mountains of my native Catskills were carved out of a great elevated plain or plateau; there is no other explanation of them. Here lie the level strata, without any bending or folding, or sign of convulsion and upheavals, horizontal as the surface of the sea or lake in which their sediments were originally laid down; and here are these deep, wide valleys cut down through these many sheets of stratified rock; and here are these long, high, broad-backed mountains, made up of the rock that the forces of air and water have left, and with no forces of erosion at work that would appreciably alter a line of the landscape in ten thousand years; and yet we know, if we know anything about the physical history of the earth, that erosion has done this work, carved out these mountains and valleys, from the Devonian strata, as literally as the sculptor carves his statue from the block of marble. We cannot believe it as we believe our every-day experiences, because it so far transcends those experiences that it is unthinkable.

These physical forces have worked as slowly and silently in sculpturing the landscapes as the biological laws have worked in evolving man from the lower animals, or the vertebrates from the invertebrates. The rains, the dews, the snows, the winds —how could these soft, gently careering agents have demolished these rocks and dug these valleys? One would almost as soon expect the wings and feet of the birds to wear away the forests they flit through. The wings of time are feathered

also, and as they brush against the granite or the flinty sandstone no visible particle is removed while you watch and wait. Come back in a thousand years, and you note no change, save in the covering of trees and verdure. Return in ten thousand, and you would probably find the hills carrying their heads as high and as proudly as ever. Here and there the face of the cliff may have given way, or a talus slid into the valley, or a stream or river changed its course, or sawed deeper into the rock, and a lake been turned into a marsh, or the delta of a river broadened —minor changes, such as a shingle from your roof or a brick from your chimney, while your house stands as before. In one hundred thousand years what changes would we probably find? Here in the Catskills, where I write, the weathering of the hills and mountains would probably have been but slight. It cannot be far from that time since the great ice sheet left us. Where protected by a thin coat of soil, its scratches and grooves upon the surface rock are about as fresh and distinct as we saw them just made in Alaska. Where the rock is exposed, they have weathered out, one-eighth of an inch probably having been worn away. The drifting of the withered leaves of autumn, or of the snows of winter over them, it really seems, has done as much in that stretch of time. Then try to fancy the eternity it has taken the subaerial elements to cut thousands of feet through this hard blue Hamilton sandstone! No, the evolution of the landscape, the evolution of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the evolution of the suns and planets, involve a process so slow, and on such a scale, that it is quite unthinkable. How long it took evolution to bridge the chasm between the vertebrate and the invertebrate, between the fish and the frog, between the frog and the reptile, between the reptile and the mammal, or between the lowest mammal and the highest, who can guess?

But the gulf has been passed, and here we are in this teeming world of life and beauty, with a terrible past behind us, but a brighter and brighter future before us.

WAVE AND TIDE

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

On the far reef the breakers
  Recoil in shattered foam,
Yet still the sea behind them
  Urges its forces home;
Its chant of triumph surges
  Through all the thunderous din—
The wave may break in failure,
  But the tide is sure to win!

The reef is strong and cruel;
  Upon its jagged wall
One wave—a score—a hundred,
  Broken and beaten fall;
Yet in defeat they conquer,
  The sea comes flooding in—
Wave upon wave is routed,
  But the tide is sure to win!

O mighty sea! thy message
  In clanging spray is cast;
Within God's plan of progress
  It matters not at last
How wide the shores of evil,
  How strong the reefs of sin—
The wave may be defeated,
  But the tide is sure to win!

The Case Against the Labor Union

By Washington Gladden

The First of Five Articles by Dr. Gladden dealing with problems of Labor and Capital

NO sweeping statements can be justly made about existing relations between employers and employed. In many cases they are all that they ought to be. Among employers of labor there are tens of thousands of just-minded, honorable men and women who govern themselves in all their dealings with those who work for them by the Golden Rule; and among wage-workers there are hundreds of thousands of honest and faithful men and women who render cheerful and efficient service to those who employ them. We hear much complaint of exasperating conditions in domestic service, but if the story were told of all the tender and beautiful friendships between families and their household helpers it would be a cheering relation. And it is still true, I believe, that where the number of employees is such that the employer is brought into personal contact with all of them the relations are, in the great majority of cases, amicable and just. The old sweet humanities have not lost their force, and where they have a chance they assert themselves with power. And there are not a few large industrial establishments in which the rights of the people who work with their hands are thoroughly respected.

But the typical employer of to-day (the only employer known to most workingmen) is not a human being, but a great corporation; and the typical employee (the only employee known to most employers) is a unit of labor force, which may be numbered rather than named; and the only relation between the two is that of the "cash nexus," which is represented by the current wage. I am aware that there are cases in which some effort is made to clothe this economic skeleton with flesh and blood—to restore some semblance of a personal quality to this relation between employer and employee—and such attempts are highly commendable; but they do not count for much against the depersonalizing tendencies of the large system of industry. All the important industries except agriculture are carried on in great establishments, employing hundreds, or thousands, or tens of thousands of laborers; capital is massed in great corporations, and the ownership of it is widely distributed among investors who have no knowledge whatever of the people whom their money is employing. These stockholders are the real employers. The directors and superintendents and general managers are simply their agents; and the real employers, as a rule, know nothing and care little about the welfare of the people who do the work. They have just one interest in the business, which is that the dividends on the stock shall be maintained without reduction; increased, if possible, and paid on the

appointed day. We all know how it is. I am a stockholder, in a small way, in one or two industries, and it scarcely occurs to me to look after the welfare of the hired laborers who are doing the work of these industries. I do not know at all what wages they are getting, and I do not know much about the conditions under which they are doing their work. Perhaps I ought to know, but I do not. And I suppose that a large majority of all the holders of industrial securities are no more conscientious or watchful of the interests of the people of whom they are the responsible employers than I am. When such is the foundation of our industrial system, it is hardly a matter of wonder that the element of human interest and personal friendship should gradually disappear from the relation between employer and employee.

Another fact has some significance. Twenty-five years ago there was much inquiry among employers about industrial partnership, or profit-sharing, as it was rather unhappily named. I had written something about it, and I used to get letters from employers very frequently asking about the working of such plans. These methods are not much talked about in these days. The impulse to associate the men with the masters seems to have spent its force. The lessening importance of this feature in the industries of the present day is an indication of the growing alienation of the two classes.

This condition of estrangement—this growing hostility between the wage-workers and their employers—is the serious fact with which the country is confronted. The fact may be questioned, but those who have been familiar for thirty years with the drift of public feeling can have no doubt about it. The relations between the men who work for wages and the men who pay wages are distinctly less friendly than they were twenty years ago.

Who is to blame for this? Each class blames the other; probably they are both to blame. There are not many quarrels in which the fault is all on one side Let me see if I can state the case as it lies in the mind of the average employer. There are many employers below the average, intellectually and morally, whom I do not hope to convince; there are some quite above the average who do not need to be convinced; I am not trying to represent either of these classes, but rather that large majority whose opinions and practices tend to prevail in the employing class.

In the judgment of these gentlemen, the trouble in our industries is largely due to trade unions. It is the misconduct of the trade unions that is the cause of all this alienation and hostility which now prevails in the industrial world. Many of these gentlemen say that they are not opposed to trade unions; that they believe in them when properly constituted and managed. What they mean by this we shall see in another article. Others frankly declare that trade-unionism in all its moods and tenses is an unmitigated evil; that the only hope for the country is in its extermination. I have lately heard employers who, on all other subjects, are as kind-hearted and fair-minded as any men I know, saying that, rather than permit any kind of trade union to get a footing in their works, they would close their factories and go out of business. What all these gentlemen chiefly lay emphasis upon is the misconduct of the unions, many instances of which are specified.

The indictment is easily sustained. It cannot be denied that in the attempt to protect themselves against oppression the unions have made many rules and restrictions which are often extremely vexatious to all who deal with them. All our neighbors are ready with tales of the annoyances and injuries which they have suffered by the enforcement of these petty rules by trade unions. A woman of fine intelligence living in a country village not long ago rehearsed to me her own experience with a gang of men who were working on a drain that ran from her house across her lawn. The ditch had been dug and the pipe nearly laid when their quitting time came, at half-past four in the afternoon. A violent storm was approaching, and the ditch would be flooded with water and great inconvenience and expense would be caused if the ditch were not filled in; and the good woman begged these men to throw back the dirt; but they sat down on the bank and would

not lift a finger. She took up the shovel herself and filled in a considerable part of it, but they refused to come to her relief. Conduct of this sort is not rare on the part of trade-unionists, and it has done much, not only to exasperate employers, but to alienate the good will of the community at large. The kind of rules which are often insisted upon, regulating the co-operation of the trades, forbidding a plasterer to drive a nail or a plumber to do the simplest task which belongs to a bricklayer, rigidly fixing the hours of labor and making it a misdemeanor for a workman to finish a job if fifteen minutes of work remain at the closing hour—all such petty restrictions are a just cause of complaint. They require men to act in outrageously disobliging and unneighborly ways; they are a training in ill nature and unfriendliness. Cases frequently come to my knowledge of the behavior of union men acting under the rules of their trade, by which intolerable inconvenience is inflicted, not only upon their employers, but upon customers for whom the work is done. When I hear such stories, I am able to understand why it is that many employers and many persons who do not belong to the employing class are so bitterly hostile to trade unions. I do not believe that these petty restrictions are necessary to the success of organized labor. On the contrary, I believe that they are a serious hindrance in the way of its progress. The small advantages which are secured by means of them are more than neutralized by the ill will which they engender in the breasts of those whose good will the unions greatly need.

The opposition of the unions to prison labor is another count in the indictment. This rests upon a narrow view of advantage which helps to discredit the unions. Here, again, a small gain to a class is suffered to outweigh a heavy loss to society. The injury which prison labor could inflict upon organized labor is inconsiderable; the damage which would be done to the prisoners by keeping them in idleness is enormous. The unions greatly injure their own cause when they adopt a policy which sacrifices the general welfare to their own interest in a manner so flagrant. The truth is not so clear to all minds as it ought to be that the selfishness of classes or organizations is not less unsocial than the selfishness of individuals. We can hardly censure the unions very harshly for not having learned this lesson, since the churches have not as yet learned it. Churches often act toward other churches in a manner quite as heartless as do trade unions toward unorganized labor; churches often wantonly sacrifice the interests of the Kingdom of God to their own sectarian advantage. Nevertheless, such conduct is reprehensible, whether done under the lead of the walking delegate or the denominational promoter, and those who practice it deservedly suffer the loss of public favor.

It is often charged against the unions that they cripple production by restricting the output of industry through deliberately reducing the speed of their labor and conspiring to make the job last as long as possible. There are those who believe that it is the conscious policy of all unionists to get the largest possible wage and do the least possible work in return for it. I think it quite possible that there are some workingmen who would regard this as a legitimate policy, just as there are not a few employers who mean to give the laborer no more than they must and to get out of him as much work as they can. Undoubtedly the notion has prevailed among workingmen that there exists a definite amount of work to be done, and that it is good policy for those who are working by the hour to use up as many hours as possible in the performance of the work. That policy, however, does not control all unionists. The more intelligent among them are fully aware of its foolishness. "To do too much work," says John Mitchell, "is supposed, sometimes, to be 'hogging it,' to be taking the bread out of another man's mouth. This may occasionally be more or less true, although even in such cases the employer has rights which should be respected and a man should do—as he ordinarily does do—a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. For the whole of society, however, the theory is not true. Within certain limits, the more work done, the more remains to be done. . . . The man who earns large wages in a blacksmith's shop creates a demand for labor when he spends his wages in shoes, clothes, furni-

ture, or books; and a large production tends to make these products cheaper. To render work more expensive merely for the sake of restricting output is to lessen the amount of work that will be done, and it is only by doing a fair day's work that a fair day's wage can be permanently maintained. The wages of workingmen, sooner or later, fall with any unreasonable restriction on the output; and, what is of still more importance, the habit of slowing up work permanently incapacitates the workman for continued and intense effort." This extract shows that one labor leader, at least, recognizes the fatuity of do-lessness, and a fact so patent is not likely to be long concealed from the rank and file of unionists.

In one respect the policy of restriction is justifiable. In piece-work the tendency is always toward an unjust and oppressive reduction of wages. The most rapid and skillful workers set the pace, and the employer is inclined to fix the price so that they can make only a reasonable day's wages. This brings the average workman's earnings down to a very low figure. In such cases the protest of the unions against speeding and price-cutting is not unreasonable. Some adjustments need to be made by which men of exceptional skill may get the advantage of their superior ability without unfairly lowering the compensation of those who are equally faithful but somewhat less expert.

It is, however, in connection with the enforcement of their demands for improved conditions by means of strikes that the gravest charges are brought against the unions. There are those who deny the right of the unions to use the weapon of the strike; who assert that the resort to this method of industrial warfare is wholly unjustifiable. The discussion of this question must be deferred until the following article; I must ask my readers to let me assume that this right belongs to organized labor. Perhaps they may be willing to allow, for the sake of the argument, that if one man may decline to work for less than a certain wage or more than a certain number of hours, several men may unite in this refusal; and that it is only by uniting with others that any workingman can secure consideration of his claims. I do not, therefore, admit that their assertion of the right to strike is any part of the case against the unions. At present I am concerned with those concomitants of strikes which are rightly held up to reprobation—the violence and brutality, the coercion and vandalism, which frequently attend industrial conflicts.

The existence of such conditions is undeniable and deplorable, and the greater part of the odium from which unionism is suffering in the public mind is due to these conditions. Workingmen who take the places which the strikers have left are insulted, beaten, sometimes killed; the property of the employer is destroyed; his buildings are burned or blown up by dynamite; his business is assailed by criminal depredation.

For all such deeds of lawlessness there is neither justification nor excuse. They are utterly and brutally wrong; they simply mark a reversion to barbarism. Men have a right to unite in a demand for better industrial conditions and to unite in a refusal to work unless those conditions are supplied; they have a right to dissuade other men from taking the places which they have vacated, and to use all the moral influence at their command to this end; but when they resort to coercion and violence in enforcing this demand they pass beyond the limits of toleration, and become enemies of society. There is no room in American civilization for practices of this nature; and the unions have no business on their hands more urgent than that of putting an end to coercion and violence in connection with strikes, no matter at what cost to themselves. They can never win by these methods. They succeed only in arraying against themselves the bitter and determined opposition of those classes in society without whose support they cannot hope to establish their claim.

An intelligent observer called my attention the other day to what he believed to be a fact—that women of the educated classes are almost universally hostile to unionism. It would not be true of college women; of women in the upper social circles it may be true. There may be other explanations, but one reason for the fact, if fact it be, may be the natural revulsion of the ethical feeling of women against these methods of brutality. The unions can

never hope to win by methods which array against them such elements of society.

It is not the enemies of unionism who say this. The men who have the best right to speak for unionism are as clear and positive in their denunciation of violence as could be desired. Only a few days ago I heard a conspicuous public teacher say that the prominent labor leaders had never discountenanced violence. It is to be feared that many of our public teachers are not in the way of finding out what is really said by labor leaders. Take these words of John Mitchell:

"Above all and beyond all, the leader intrusted with the conduct of a strike must be alert and vigilant in the prevention of violence. The strikers must be made constantly aware of the imperative necessity of remaining peaceable. . . . Under no circumstances should a strike be allowed to degenerate into violence. . . . A single act of violence, while it may deter a strike-breaker or a score of them, inflicts much greater and more irreparable damage upon the party giving than upon the party receiving the blow. . . . It is sometimes claimed that no strike can be won without the use of physical force. I do not believe that this is true, but if it is, it is better that the strike be lost than that it succeed through violence and the commission of outrages. The cause of unionism is not lost through any strike or through any number of strikes, and if it were true that all strikes would fail if physical force could not be resorted to, it would be better to demonstrate that fact and to seek remedy in other directions than to permit strikes to degenerate into conflicts between armed men. . . . The employers are perfectly justified in condemning as harshly as they desire the acts of any striker or strikers who are guilty of violence. I welcome the most sweeping denunciation of such acts, and the widest publicity that may be given to them by the press."

It would be easy to fill pages with such testimony by men who have a right to speak for unionism. That the conduct of strikers sometimes falls below this standard is undeniable. The trade union is one of many organizations whose members often fail to live up to their ideals. It is true that members of trade unions frequently resort to coercion and violence, and more often connive at it. When they do, they violate the principles on which unionism rests, and deserve the reprobation of their neighbors.

Some of the acts which are committed in connection with strikes are dastardly. The dynamiting of a street car filled with passengers, or the ditching of a train-load of human beings, is the act of a savage. As Mr. Mitchell urges, it is no palliation of such an enormity to say that a strike is war, since in all civilized warfare the attack upon non-combatants is considered infamous.

I hope I have made it clear that the resort to violence is not an essential element in trade-unionism; that its leading representatives discountenance and denounce it. Some of the greatest and most successful strikes have been attended by little violence. This was true of the anthracite strike and of the recent strike of the cloakmakers in New York. In connection with many strikes much violence has occurred, and it is the common habit of the newspapers and of a class of social moralists to charge all this upon the strikers. In the great majority of cases, however, the strikers have little or nothing to do with it. Much of this lawlessness is the work of disorderly and turbulent persons who have no interest in the contest, but who seize upon this opportunity for indulging their destructive propensities. During the recent street railway strike in Columbus, Ohio, nearly one thousand arrests were made for disorderly conduct, but of these not more than five or six were of striking railway employees. All but one of these five or six were arrested for loitering, and were discharged when it was shown that they were engaged in peaceful picketing. One man was under suspicion of having dynamited a car in which were no passengers. He is awaiting trial. Yet I suppose that the vast majority of those who read in the newspapers the highly colored reports of the street car atrocities in Columbus were under the impression that all this mischief was done by the striking railway men. That would be assumed by nine out of ten editors or preachers who commented on the news. This is one of the

ways in which the case against unionism is made up. Public teachers who mean to be just will exercise some care in getting at the facts before they hold unionists responsible for all the mischief that is done in connection with strikes.

It is true, however, that strikes are frequently attended by a highly inflamed state of public opinion, especially among the working classes. This was true of the late strike in Columbus. The sections of our city inhabited by the working people were swept by gusts of bitter and angry feeling. It was not alone the hoodlums or the criminals who were thus excited; the entire body of respectable, industrious working mechanics—men who lived in their own houses—shared in this indignation. Pastors of Protestant churches located in these sections told me that their congregations were practically unanimous in this expression of resentment. Undoubtedly much of the disorderly conduct was the product of this superheated feeling.

"Very true," says the social moralist; "therefore the strikers, after all, are to blame for the violence, for it is they who stirred up all this angry sentiment." Just there I beg to demur. It is a very superficial judgment that sees no deeper than this. Such an outbreak of public indignation is due to no mere local irritation; it is due in large part to resentments that have become more or less chronic; it is the expression of a discontent that is deep-seated; it is the product of causes which the social moralist would better try to understand. The classes among whom this discontent prevails are not, as a rule, "undesirable citizens," nor are they the dupes of agitators or the tools of "muckrakers." Very many of them are men to whom the methods of modern financiering are well known, and to whom the devious ways of public service promoters are not altogether obscure. They are not unaware of the burdens they are bearing, and they know who have bound them on their shoulders. And they are sometimes able to see in these labor struggles the working of forces which tend to their further oppression. Certain it is that the burdens which special privilege entails are mainly borne by these very classes. We underrate their intelligence when we assume that they are not aware of this, and we presume on their forbearance when we ask them to ignore it. The whole country is up in arms against these abuses of special privilege, and we can hardly wonder if those who suffer most from them sometimes manifest their resentment in ungentle ways.

I agree with John Mitchell that all this is no justification of violence; that force is no remedy; that every act of brutality damages the doer more than the victim; that there are better weapons for such contests than brickbats or bludgeons. I urged the striking carmen in our late strike to go out and patrol the lines and prevent the stone-throwing. I believe that if they had done it they might have won their strike. But I was aware that in calling on them for conduct so altruistic and magnanimous I was setting before them an ideal which few groups even of the classes supposed to be superior could be induced to consider.

All that I now wish to insist upon, however, is that the strikers in any given labor conflict are not to be held wholly responsible for the superheated social atmosphere which surrounds them, and which produces the acts of violence by which strikes are often disfigured. For that dangerous social condition the people who are so eager to put down the violence with an iron hand might often find themselves pretty largely to blame. And in such a disturbance the bystander is sometimes reminded of the story of the wolf who was going to devour the lamb because the lamb had roiled the water. I do not doubt that the hot words of the strikers in such cases often add fuel to the flame of social discontent, and that the strike is made the occasion of outbreaks of disorder; my only contention is that the deeper causes of this angry feeling must not be ignored. No strike in these days is an isolated phenomenon with a purely local cause; and no one can rationally deal with it who does not comprehend its relation to the prevailing social unrest.

Two other counts in the indictment against unionism must be treated very briefly. The first is the sympathetic strike. I am unable to join in the unqualified condemnation of this method of industrial warfare. The act of a trade union in sup-

porting an affiliated union in its struggle for better conditions, when no advantage to itself can be hoped for as the result of its sacrifice, is certainly generous and heroic. The motive is not unworthy. It may be doubted, however, whether it is wise as a general rule for the workers in one union to take up the quarrel of another union. They may be supposed to know the conditions of their own trade; it is nearly impossible for them to know equally well the conditions of other trades, and they may be supporting demands which are unjust and impracticable. Sometimes such a strike involves the violation of a contract, expressed or implied, with their own employers; in such a case they are putting generosity before justice, which is bad morality. The bituminous coal miners were right when they refused to violate their trade agreement with the operators by a sympathetic strike in support of the anthracite miners. And Mr. Mitchell is teaching good doctrine when he says: "There can be no doubt that, upon the whole and in the long run, the policy of striking in sympathy should be discouraged."

The other case referred to is that of the secondary boycott. It is quite true, as the unionists point out, that the boycott, in one form or another, is in almost universal use. The withdrawal of patronage from those whose conduct, for one reason or another, we disapprove, is not a thing unheard of. It is by no means uncommon for groups, professional or commercial, to express their dislikes after this manner. And there are few among us who are in a position to throw stones at a trade union which refuses to patronize an employer with whom it is in controversy. The primary boycott is a weapon which may be greatly abused and which a severe morality would be slow to commend, but in existing industrial conditions the unions cannot be severely censured for using it.

The secondary boycott is quite another story. The union may boycott the employer with whom it is at war, but when it proceeds to boycott all who will not boycott him, it is carrying its warfare beyond the limits of toleration. "To boycott a street railway which overworks its employees and pays starvation wages is one thing," says Mr. Mitchell; "to boycott merchants who ride in the cars is quite another thing, and to boycott people who patronize the stores of the merchants who ride in boycotted cars is still another and a very different thing." The dealer who can be coerced by such a threat is a man whose friendship is not worth much to the union, and the enormous accumulation of ill will in the community which such a practice always engenders is a heavy price to pay for such advantages as it may secure. There is no gainsaying that the frequent resort to the secondary boycott is costing the unions much in the loss of friends whom they greatly need.

I have not mentioned all the charges which are made against unionism, but I have dealt, as I believe, with the most serious of them. It has been made to appear that unionism is subject to some serious abuses. I hope that it has also appeared that these abuses are not essential parts of the system, and that they are not incurable. Neither the petty restrictions upon work, nor the ban on prison labor, nor the lessening of the output, nor the violence attendant upon labor struggles, nor the sympathetic strike, nor the secondary boycott can be counted as a necessary feature of unionism. All are perversions of its true functions, excrescences which may be purged away. No fair-minded man will condemn unionism because of them any more than he will denounce, because of their abuses, the Christian Church or the democratic state. "It would be a mistake," says that careful philosopher Professor Charles Horton Cooley, "to regard these or any other kinds of injustice as a part of the essential policy of unions. They are feeling their way in a human, fallible manner, and their eventual policy will be determined by what in the way of class advancement they find by experience to be practicable. In so far as they attempt things that are unjust we may expect them, in the long run, to fail, through the resistance of others and through the awakening of their own consciences. It is the part of other people to check their excesses and to cherish their benefits." [1]

[1] "Social Organization," pp. 288–289.

THE NEW BOOKS

A new writer of romance for whom the English critics are predicting a future is Mr. Jeffery Farnol. He has given his first tale a fascinating title, "The Broad Highway," and the promise of adventure and out-of-doors flavor contained in the title is amply fulfilled by the story itself. Its freshness and vigor remind one at times of George Borrow. There are no gypsies, it is true, but the tinker, the blacksmith, the prize-fighter, the Scotch piper, the postilion, the Ancient, all are people after Borrow's heart, and even Lady Sophia reminds one in a far-away fashion of Isopel Berners. Not that Mr. Farnol is imitative; he writes with boldness; sometimes he stretches one's sense of the probable a little, but always he carries one along with his vivid pictures of early nineteenth-century people and manners, and always he keeps plot and characters moving and doing. To quote a London writer about Mr. Farnol, "passionate love, fierce hate, wild adventure, rural charm, and all the elements of merry life are here in turn." When we read at the outset that Peter, the hero, has won the high jump at Oxford and also translated Quintilian; that he refuses to compete with his cousin Maurice for the hand of Lady Sophia when he is told that his uncle's will gives £500,000 to either cousin if he succeeds in marrying Lady Sophia; and that he takes to the road with a few pounds in his pocket, intent on earning his living and studying mankind in the rough—we know that things will happen worth reading. And they emphatically do happen, even to the last page. The story has life, action, odd characters with quaint talk, and the romantic spirit, all in an unusual degree. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

The neglected element in the present state of the social sciences is the subject of Professor Albion W. Small's volume of lectures on "The Meaning of Social Science." Given to a company of graduate students from all the social science departments of the University of Chicago, they address "all thinkers who are mature enough, both mentally and morally, to recognize the complexity of social problems." Lucid, forcible, keen-edged, and pointed, their readers will not forget them. The social sciences are at present, as viewed by this veteran teacher, like the parts of a machine that it is time to assemble. They need to be correlated and unified into a social science which recognizes its task "to interpret in all their relations the visible career of men as expressions of their various mental reactions." Psychic forces being the true causes of all social phenomena, social science must concern itself with men rather than with abstract concepts, such as "property," which is merely "a mode of men's actions." "As a general proposition," says Professor Small, "social scientists are not interested in the fundamental logic of the relations which they profess to interpret." They have now to organize a report upon "the human reality," and the formula for their problem is this: "Men's experience is the evolution of human values." Civilization never faced a more vital question than now confronts thinkers throughout the world: "Are we consuming more human values in making our wealth than are given back in the making and the using?" In our day, says Professor Small, there is a change of venue from the theological court to the sociological. Not, however, as if social science could ever be substituted for religion, but because, when carried into its creative stage, it is "the only conceivable body in which religion can be made vital." Not only this, but it can become the parent of "a moral philosophy quite as distinct and a thousand times more capacious than any of the great historical schools of morals." The volume is a needed and a masterly corrective of a respectably entertained opinion that sociology is "a science of left-overs." (University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $1.62.)

The Berlin Zoölogical Garden is perhaps the most popularly known institution of its kind. Last year it had an interesting addition to its collection from the results of a two years' expedition in Africa led by Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg. As in Colonel Roosevelt's case, the Duke's purpose in his African hunting was purely scientific. The ground to be covered was the German East African Protectorate, the Central East African Rift-Valley, and the Northwestern confines of the Congo State. The Duke crossed Africa from coast to coast. He had already visited that continent some years previous, hence the second visit was planned with intelligent comprehension of what was necessary. In the just published "In The Heart of Africa" the Duke's description of his trip is hardly remarkable for any literary merit, rather for the absence of it. But this does not mean that the book is not worth reading. The author's simple style adds impressiveness to an account of meeting with strange men and beasts and beating the jungles for specimens. The resultant collection included over eight hundred mammals and eight hundred birds, over seven hundred fish, etc. The book is chiefly important as a work of zoölogical reference. Cassell & Co., New York. $5.)

During the past six years the power of Congress to regulate commerce has been invoked as never before. This is true not only in one but in several domains—the equality of the authority of Congress over inter-State and foreign trade, for example, the power of Congress to lay duties on imports so as to protect domestic industries, its power to erect corporations as agencies to carry on various branches of

commerce, its power to authorize the construction of highways of inter-State commerce, and its power to restrict various branches of commerce in the interest of great National purposes. The basis of all this power is found, of course, in the Commerce Clause of the Constitution. What were the opinions and purposes of its framers in this respect, and what was their idea as to the scope of the Government's powers? These questions are illuminatively answered by David Walter Brown in his "The Commercial Power of Congress." Beginning with the New Jersey proposals of 1778, the book comprises a study of the events preceding and attendant upon the framing of the Constitution and the first operation of the new Government under it. Evidently the author's present effort is to give us a proper historical perspective, and, in especial, to show that, while in the Annapolis Convention of 1786 the efforts of certain leaders to define the nature and extent of the desired commercial regulations may have been the occasion for calling the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention together the following year, the deeper motive was to provide a strong central authority, indispensable to the maintenance of order. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

The "Proceedings of the World Missionary Conference, 1910," held in Edinburgh last summer, transcend all preceding publications on Christian missions, as the Conference itself transcended all preceding assemblies of its kind. It was a conference for discussion. Its predecessors had been intent on inspiration for enterprise. This was intent on "the restudy and restatement of a world enterprise in terms of the modern world." For this the most thorough preparation had been made during the two years preceding. The subjects to be discussed having been distributed into eight groups, these were assigned to eight great Commissions of carefully selected experts of several nations for investigation and report. The concentrated product of each group in a printed report was placed in the hands of each of the twelve hundred delegates before the assembling of the Conference, as a basis for free discussion. These eight reports, each with the discussion given it, and with appendices of important documents, are now issued in as many volumes of convenient size, together with a ninth volume of the history and records of the Conference, with addresses given at the great evening meetings. Their several titles exhibit their comprehensive range: I, "Carrying the Gospel to all the Non-Christian World;" II, "The Church in the Mission Field;" III, "Education in Relation to the Christianization of National Life;" IV, "The Missionary Message in Relation to Non-Christian Religions;" V, "The Training of Teachers;" VI, "The Home Base of Missions;" VII, "Missions and Governments;" VIII, "Co-operation and the Promotion of Unity." The unprecedented conditions now existing throughout the non-Christian world are here reviewed in their demand upon the Church, by whose activity they have been in no small measure created. With a view to greater efficiency there is unsparing criticism of defects and mistakes. One of these defects—lack of co-operation and comity—much has already been done for. The Conference is believed to have done more to promote church unity than any other event in history. In themselves these volumes constitute the fullest existing treasury of authentic information on their subject. In their practical significance they are the memoranda of a council of strategists for the successful conduct of a campaign. To the thoughtful they are an impressive symbol not only of a great world enterprise, but of a great world power, though a power not of this world. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 75 cents per vol.; $5 complete set.)

A rare book, because the portrait of a rare man, is Professor William Adams Brown's volume "Morris Ketchum Jesup: A Character Sketch." The late Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of Union Theological Seminary, wrote that he thought of Mr. Jesup as "the ideal American layman," and that "an adequate biography of his splendidly complete life would accomplish in the world of affairs what the life of Phillips Brooks did in another sphere." Such a biography has Dr. Brown given us, portraying a large-minded, large-hearted man, with a noble ambition to make his life helpful to his fellow-men and his country, a man who retired from lucrative business affairs in middle life the better to realize that wish. He might not have done so had he not begun early to devote both time and money to altruistic effort. Among his prominent interests were the Young Men's Christian Association, with which he served from its founding to his death; clean streets, for which, as for many public objects, he did pioneer work; the extermination of obscene literature, for which he was a strong backer of Mr. Anthony Comstock and the Society for the Suppression of Vice; Negro education, foreign missions, the Christian College in Beirut, Syria, and Union Seminary in New York; the Chamber of Commerce, of which he was for many years President; the Museum of Natural History, of which he was virtually the creator, now his enduring monument; and Arctic exploration, of his share in which Commander Peary wrote: "To Morris K. Jesup, more than to any other one man, is due the fact that the North Pole is to-day a trophy of this country." Never seeking or holding public office, he became an ideal city father through the greatness of his public spirit, which he carried from his busy life in New York into the rural towns where he sought a summer home. Professor Brown does not eulogize him, but simply records the deeds that are his eulogy, revealing a character of blended

strength and sweetness, unfailing in energy, courage, and courtesy, giving and receiving affection in rich measure. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.)

Japanese painting came from China, and came by way of Korea. It is supposed to have come thither about the fifth century after Christ. Japanese painting, like its parent art, Chinese painting, foregoes all means of producing an immediate illusion; that is to say, space is not indicated by receding degrees, men and objects are not rounded, water shows no reflection, even human features are immobile, and no shadows are cast. And yet, strange as it may seem, there is just now in Japanese art a harking back to the older forms from the slight approach towards European and American art. The late Mr. Fenollosa, who, more than any one else, introduced Americans to Japanese art, was a pioneer in this regard, and the appearance of a translation of W. von Seiditz's "A History of Japanese Color Prints" shows another advocate of the return to purer Japanese ideals. According to these men the masters of the eighteenth century in Japan were superior to those of the nineteenth. Both say that the later masters have been given an importance in excess of their deserts. The reason for this, we think, is evident. Americans and Europeans have hailed the later Japanese artists, and Hokusai in particular, because we are always affected by the affinities found to exist between us and the ideals of other men. In so far as the later Japanese artists were influenced by our own ideals—and they were—those later artists seem nearer to us. Moreover, the art of the later, and to us more popular, artists has had, in our estimation, a greater human variety than was evident in the preceding age. If we take the Japanese point of view, however, we must recognize that the real greatness of Japanese artists lies in the very elements of their art most alien to us. Hence, in its assertion of purely native strength, the Japanese ascribe the classic period of their painting to a time preceding the eighteenth century, which was the great era of wood-engraving. And out of wood-engraving grew Japanese color-printing. Herr von Seiditz's book offers a survey of the beginnings of wood-engraving and the development of color-printing. In this country we have a particularly good opportunity of studying these arts without going to Japan at all, for in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are no less than four hundred Japanese screens, four thousand paintings, and ten thousand prints. Aside from one's interest in the development in Japan of a native art, one is apt to ask two questions. The first is, In what particular directions have Japanese artists affected American artists? They have affected our artists in two directions: first, in giving to them a more consciously decorative aim in their designs and *motifs;* and, secondly, in affording a more impressionistic point of view. Take the development of the modern artistic poster, for an example. What would it have been without Japanese influence? And, in its ultimate analysis, the poster is really a first step towards some transformation in our mural and monumental painting. The second question is, What is the future of Japanese art—that is to say, Will the nineteenth-century tendencies persist and the art approach more and more nearly to that of Europe and America? Here Herr von Seiditz is pessimistic. He even goes so far as to say that present-day art in Japan preserves only a thin thread of purely technical tradition. Japanese art, he declares, however, is perishing, not from petrifaction, as in China, but owing to the dissolution of the relationship binding the artist to the public. There is no lack of talent among Japanese artists, claims this critic, and they could advance their art. But the public is wanting. The present public is amused by indifferent illustrations. Hence the lack of connection. Finally, Japanese choice of modern civilization, as against an ancient, native culture, has compelled her to renounce her past more completely than have countries in which there was no such abrupt transition. The present work affords a wide and illuminative view of Japanese art, as represented especially in the development of color prints. The text is immensely reinforced by the many reproductions and artists' signatures in facsimile. Whether regarded as a historical manual or as a critical appreciation, the work will take its place in this country, as it has already done elsewhere, as a standard work on Japanese prints. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $6.50.)

M. Charles Wagner's latest volume is entitled "Par le Sourire." As the words indicate, the book is one to awaken a smile now and then. It is a book for children. It is "The Simple Life" reduced to its lowest terms. If Pastor Wagner had not already written "Jeunesse," the word would have been a good title for the present volume. When an anxious parent wishes ethical instruction combined with some entertainment for his wide-awake boy or girl, "Par le Sourire" may be recommended. It deserves early translation. (Librairie Hachette et Cie, Paris.)

Some years ago The Outlook published a very charming story of child life by Martha Young called "Somebody's Little Girl." This has now been put forth in book form with several illustrations, and will doubtless meet with appreciation by many who will find in it real pathos and a knowledge of child character. (Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York City. 50 cents.)

The Outlook

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THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

A quotation has appeared in certain New York papers—the copy before us is from the "Sun"—from Mr. Howard Chandler Christy in which he stated, with regard to a picture he was making, that at the San Juan Blockhouse charge the regiments engaged suffered a loss of 28 per cent killed and wounded, whereas the Rough Riders suffered but 2.16 per cent; and this has renewed the rather absurd controversy as to what was done by the Rough Riders at San Juan. Incidentally, the figures reported as being given by Mr. Christy are not even founded on fact, as a glance at the figures given hereunder will show. As a matter of record the questions thus involved seemed to us of sufficient interest to ask Mr. Roosevelt for his comment, which follows:

"The trouble apparently comes from the fact that the fight at San Juan, like many other battles, derives its name from a particular object; in such cases the battle may have nothing very much to do with the object from which its name is derived. The Battle of Bunker's Hill was really fought at Breed's Hill; the Battle of Shiloh derives its name from Shiloh Meeting-house, near which a part of the fighting took place; the Battle of Waterloo was named after a village where no fighting at all occurred. Most of the fighting at Gettysburg was not in the village of Gettysburg. The fighting around Santiago from July 1 to 3, 1898, took place partly at El Caney and partly in capturing a line of hills near the city, one of which hills was crowned by a blockhouse called the San Juan Blockhouse. To say that the commanders and regiments who had not to charge this particular hill were not in the battle is precisely like saying that the French and English Guards were not at the Battle of Waterloo because they were not at the village of Waterloo, or that Pickett's Division was not at the Battle of Gettysburg because it was not at the village of that name, and that the defenders of Culp's Hill and Little Round Top and of the Stone Wall at Gettysburg were not at the battle because they also were not at the village of Gettysburg. Neither Mr. Christy nor any one else who chooses to make any serious inquiry into the matter need have a minute's doubt about it. All that they have to do is to apply to the War Department for the Report of the Adjutant-General of the United States issued April 23, 1900, and headed 'Casualties in the Fifth Corps in the Operations against Santiago, June 22 to July 17, 1898.' This report is before me as I write. The losses are entered under five heads: Las Guasimas, June 24; El Caney, July 1; San Juan, July 1 to 3; Aquadores, July 1 to 2; Around Santiago, July 10 to 12. There were at Santiago thirty cavalry and infantry regiments engaged; twenty-four regular and six volunteer. The Rough Riders, or First United States Volunteer Cavalry, was one of the latter. It was one of the six regiments forming the two brigades of the cavalry division; which two brigades suffered a slightly less heavy percentage of loss than two of the infantry brigades, and a heavier percentage of loss than the other five infantry brigades. The other five volunteer regiments engaged lost an average of 3 per cent. Of the regular regiments engaged in the operations, two—the Sixth and Thirteenth United States Infantry—suffered a greater relative loss than the First United States Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders), 26 per cent and 23 per cent respectively. Then came the Rough Riders with a loss of 22 per cent;

and then came the other twenty-two regular regiments with varying losses, from 19 per cent to less than 1 per cent. According to the tabular statement of the Adjutant-General, the proportion of the Rough Rider loss in the San Juan fight alone was 16 per cent; which was greater than the percentage of loss of nineteen of the twenty-four regular regiments in the engagement that day, but less than that of five of them, including the two mentioned above, and the Tenth United States Cavalry, and the Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth United States Infantry, which lost 19 per cent, 19 per cent, and 17 per cent respectively. Mr. Christy's statement that the regiments engaged 'in that charge' lost 28 per cent is without foundation in fact; but it is not so ludicrously incorrect as his statement that the cavalry suffered a loss of only 2.16 per cent. The average loss of the cavalry brigades on the day in question was a little heavier than that of the infantry brigades. The quarrel as to the nomenclature of the hills is simply silly. I was told to assault a hill in front of me. I did not inquire the name of the hill; I took it. From that hill, which we afterwards called Kettle Hill, we (the dismounted cavalry) fired on the blockhouse, and the trenches around the blockhouse, on what was called the San Juan Blockhouse Hill, until General Hawkins's attacking infantry—two regiments, one of which suffered a greater loss than the Rough Riders, and one a smaller—got up so close that we were afraid of hitting them. As soon as they swarmed over the trenches we left Kettle Hill, charged forward, and took a further portion of the range of hills on which the San Juan Blockhouse stood. The losses given above show with approximate accuracy the severity of the engagement in the different portions of the field in which the different regiments took part. If the cavalry division of which the Rough Riders formed one regiment was not engaged in the Battle of San Juan, then the Americans under Warren and Putnam were not at the Battle of Bunker Hill, then Pickett's division and the defenders of the Stone Wall, Culp's Hill, and Little Round Top were not engaged in the Battle of Gettysburg, and the British army under Wellington was not at the Battle of Waterloo, and the Union troops under Grant were not at the Battle of Shiloh."

THE RAILWAY RATES DECISION

The practical effect of the two decisions just rendered by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, denying permission for the increase of freight rates to railways covering an immense territory, is significantly indicated in the comment made by President Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio road: "As I see it, there is only one thing for us to do—to put into practice the Brandeis greater efficiency system. Mr. Brandeis, you know, was the apostle of the system of getting greater efficiency for the same money or less." The railways which have thus applied in vain for leave to increase their rates include nearly all those east of the Missouri and north of the Ohio, but the railway systems of the Southwest have been sustained in most of their advances in rates, because of different conditions, and especially of a less degree in their case of prosperity as shown in their reports of earnings. The decisions just handed down were prepared by Commissioner Lane and Commissioner Prouty; the two deal with different territory and cases, but are alike in their broad conclusions. Both hold that the railways have not established the necessity for present advances, and the intimation is that increases in rates will not be allowed for some time to come. Briefly, the Commissioners hold that the railways have not proved their case, while emphatically the burden of proof rests upon them. Mr. Lane's decision points out that at the very time when the roads claimed that the "cost of living" (in other words, increased expenses) made higher rates imperative, they had just closed a year of unexampled earnings. He agrees that "this country cannot afford to have poor railroads, insufficiently equipped, unsubstantially built, carelessly operated." Yet, he adds, "a gain of over $109,000,000 in net revenue was made by the railroads of this country in the last year. A sum four times as great as the total paid by the United States for Alaska, the Louisiana Purchase, and Florida, combined, was added to the net profits of our carriers in one year over

and above the profits of the preceding year." Taking six typical railways, Mr. Lane shows that at the close of the six months July 1 to December 31, 1910, these six carriers had a larger income from operations by over $5,000,000 than they enjoyed in the corresponding six months of 1909, and $20,000,000 more than in the first half of 1910. He asks: "How much more are these railroads entitled to for the same service in the year 1911 than they were in 1910 or 1909? Are they to have the benefit of all increase in traffic as well as of economies which they make, and the shipping public bear every added expense?" Fictitious capitalization has been going on also, and this should be considered in fixing values. The average rate of dividends has steadily risen. Bond borrowings have been huge—in one decade the railways have borrowed more than double the National debt at the end of the Civil War. As to surplus, the roads, it is said, may properly amass large sums to help establish credit for borrowing to extend their property, but it is to be doubted whether the shipper of to-day should bear the burden of furnishing this surplus for future benefit through excessive freight rates, or whether the stockholders should share the burden through reductions in dividends. Tersely and clearly Mr. Lane defines the wrong theory of rate-making as follows:

> To make rates for transportation based solely upon the ability of the shipper to pay those rates is to make the charge for transportation depend upon the cost of production rather than upon the cost of carriage—to measure a public service by the economies practiced by the private shipper. This necessarily gives to the carrier the right to measure the amount of profit which the shipper may make and fix its rate upon the traffic manager's judgment as to what profit he should be permitted. This theory entitles the railroad to enter the books of every enterprise which it serves and raise or lower rates without respect to its own earnings, but solely with respect to the earnings of those whose traffic it carries. This is not regulation of railroads by the Nation, but regulation of industries and commerce of the country by its railroads.

In his summing up of the situation Commissioner Lane holds that the time may conceivably come, but has not yet arrived, when the fears of the railways that they will not earn fair returns on the value of their property may be justified, and that then increases in rates may be right and be granted; but that, looking at the net rather than the gross receipts, no such condition has been shown. Mr. Brandeis's comment on this refusal to indorse rate advances is to the point; he believes that it will prove of immense value, not merely to the shipper, the consumer, and the wage-earner (and the burden would ultimately rest on the wage-earner), but to the railways themselves, because they must now look within, and not without, for relief, and can by scientific management largely increase their net incomes: "Led by their present necessities to introduce advanced methods and to eliminate questionable practices, the railroads will so strengthen their organization as to establish their credit on a firmer basis than ever before."

NO ANNEXATION DESIRED

There are two political tendencies in Canada, represented by two ill-defined parties which differ rather in emphasis than in principle. The one may be called Imperialist, the other Canadian. The former may be compared to our Nationalists, the other to our State Democrats. The one desires a better unification of the British Empire and a closer connection with Great Britain; the other fears lest such a policy shall impair Canadian independence and burden Canada with Imperial taxation. The motto of the one might be said to be, The glory of the British Empire; of the other, Canada for the Canadians. It is significant, therefore, when both elements unite in passing in the Canadian Parliament unanimously and without debate, though not without some concurrent expression of opinion from political leaders on both sides, a resolution affirming the determination of the House to preserve intact the bonds which unite Canada to the British Empire and the full liberty of Canada to control her fiscal policy and internal autonomy. Probably nothing could pass the American House of Representatives unanimously; some crank would object. But we can assure our Canadian readers that there is as little desire for annexation on this side of the border as on the other. The proposal for annexation in the House was a bit of

political play which no one took seriously. There are some of us who like to get ourselves talked about in the newspapers, and the more preposterous the proposal the more likely it is to get a headline. The colonial responsibilities which the United States has recently assumed, because she could not in honor decline them, have sobered her ambitions, and she is just now much more solicitous to solve her present problems than to add new ones. The Outlook hopes that the time is near at hand when the colonies and the mother country will be drawn much closer together in some sort of federation, and would be glad to see that Imperial organization lead to an unofficial and non-political alliance of all English-speaking peoples, not to dominate the world either politically or commercially, but to promote its progress in civilization and in the difficult art of self-government.

THE RUSSIAN TREATIES: PASSPORTS

The House Committee on Foreign Affairs has voted unanimously to report favorably a joint resolution offered by Mr. Herbert Parsons, of New York State, for the abrogation of the treaty of 1832 between the United States and Russia. That treaty contains the following article:

> There shall be between the territories of the high contracting parties a reciprocal liberty of commerce and navigation. The inhabitants of their respective states shall mutually have liberty to enter the ports, places, and rivers of the territories of each party wherever foreign commerce is permitted. They shall be at liberty to sojourn and reside in all parts whatsoever of said territories in order to attend to their affairs, and they shall enjoy to that effect the same security and protection as natives of the country wherein they reside, on condition of their submitting to the laws and ordinances there prevailing, and particularly to the regulations in force concerning commerce.

This clause in the treaty is systematically set at naught by Russia. It is part of her settled policy not to admit within her territory Jews or missionaries, either Protestant or Roman Catholic. When a passport is presented from the United States, the holder is asked as to his religious belief, and if it appears that he is either Jew or missionary, he is refused admission. So established is this rule that our State Department, in issuing passports, is accustomed to advise the holder that it may prove valueless to him. We do not question the right of Russia to exclude any persons who are obnoxious to her without giving any account of her action to other countries—a right which the United States claims and continually exercises by her immigration laws. But she has no right to contract to receive American citizens and then refuse to fulfill her contract. On this subject The Outlook agrees heartily with Mr. Parsons, who is reported as saying:

> I do not wish the Committee to understand that I appeal for the termination of the treaty on the ground alone that it discriminates against some people on account of their religion. I make the appeal on the ground that it discriminates against some American citizens, and that each American citizen, no matter what his religion is, has as much right to the protection of our laws, and as much right to the protection of our treaties abroad, as any other American citizen, and we should not enter into or any longer retain a treaty that does not secure to all American citizens equal treatment.

THE RUSSIAN TREATIES: EXTRADITION

It has been said that the abrogation of this treaty of 1832 would carry with it the abrogation of the extradition treaty of 1893. By this latter treaty, in which the extradition of certain criminals is agreed to, it is provided, on the one hand, that no one shall be surrendered for an offense of a political character, or tried after sentence for a political offense previously committed; and, on the other hand, that "an attempt against the life of the head of either Government, or against that of any member of his family, when such attempt comprises the act either of murder or assassination or of poisoning or of accessorship thereto, shall not be considered a political offense or an act connected with such an offense." On the face of it this is quite correct. Experience has proved, however, that Russia cannot be depended on to carry out her part of the agreement. Criminals extradited for one offense are liable to be turned over to a military tribunal to be condemned without anything which, to Anglo-Saxon ideals, approaches a trial. In these military tribunals no jury is allowed, the accused is not entitled to representation by counsel of his own choosing, he is

often left uninformed as to the nature of the charge preferred against him and without opportunity to summon witnesses in his defense, the proceedings are secret, and the judgment and sentence are often in effect prescribed beforehand. If, in spite of these precautions, the accused is acquitted, he may still be, and not infrequently is, transported to Siberia on administrative order. It is at least a question whether this treaty should not also be abrogated. Under its provisions in the seventeen years since it was signed only one criminal has been extradited from Russia to America, and several times recently the attempt has been made to get from America Russian revolutionists who have fled hither for refuge. The two treaties—that of 1832 and that of 1893—appear to be independent of each other, and we are not able to see why the abrogation of the one would necessarily affect the other. If this extradition treaty is not repealed, the legislation which has been proposed to secure to the accused a fuller hearing and a fairer trial in this country should be enacted. America ought not to allow itself to be made the instrument for the condemnation without trial of any one accused of crime.

CITY PLANNING IN MILWAUKEE

The city planning movement is spreading rapidly over the United States. City after city is coming to a realization of the fact that it is worth while to plan a city as one plans a house, to take thought to-day for the possibilities and the needs of to-morrow and the day after. Last week, under the title "The City Practical," a member of The Outlook's staff described the plan which has been made for Pittsburgh—"a plan to relieve and prevent congestion and to regulate the cost of living." In Milwaukee a city planning movement has passed the two stages of discussion and the making of plans and reached that of official action. In the movement all Milwaukee's public bodies are co-operating. The city government, the City Park Commission, the County Park Commission, the Metropolitan Park Commission, and the county Board of Supervisors are all working together, with the co-operation of private citizens, toward common ends. This co-ordination of effort is a happy contrast to what is too often seen in communities where one ward of a city competes with another, the city with the county, the county with the State, and public officials with private individuals. The new plans for Milwaukee cover nine square miles of the city, and are especially noteworthy because they recognize the practical requirements for a more adequate traffic and transportation system. Main thoroughfares will have a minimum width of 120 feet and main pleasure drives 150 feet, thus allowing ample space for planting, as well as providing a special motorway for rapid-moving vehicles. The plans also show foresight in the selection of parks and playgrounds, thereby saving unnecessary expense later on. The various public bodies at Milwaukee have no intention of resting upon what they have already accomplished. They intend especially to agitate for the passage of laws giving them increased city planning powers. They ask for and will probably get the power of excess condemnation, authority to fix the building line as well as the street line, reasonable control of the platting of private property, and the power to buy, rent, and sell real estate for the purpose of housing. These increased powers are not advocated by any single political party, but are approved by practically all parties, because they recognize their necessity and the dependence upon them of any permanent public welfare.

REFORMING THE HOUSE OF LORDS

The Parliament Bill, more commonly known as the Veto Bill, was introduced in the British House of Commons last week. On the vote on the measure both the Government and Opposition mustered their full strength and the bill passed its first reading by a majority of one hundred and twenty-four. The bill, it will be remembered, has three provisions: First, the House of Lords is deprived of any possible power over money bills, and the Speaker of the House of Commons is authorized to determine whether any measure is a money bill or not; second, any bill which the House of Commons passes at three sessions, with a period of not less than two years intervening

between its first introduction and its last passage, shall become law without the consent of the House of Lords; third, the duration of Parliaments is reduced from seven years to five. In the able debate which followed the introduction of the bill, the Government showed no sign of receding in the slightest degree from its position that the veto power of the House of Lords over money bills must be absolutely destroyed, and its veto power over other bills radically limited. The Opposition contended for a settlement of the matters at issue between the two houses and between the two parties by compromise, or, in the telling British phrase, "by consent." It is apparent from the action of Lord Lansdowne, the Unionist leader in the House of Lords, that the Opposition intends to meet the Government attack by offering a definite plan for the reform of the constitution of the House of Lords. Just what the provisions of the plan will be is not yet known, but it is evident that the Lords and the Conservatives have gone a long way since in 1909 they asserted the right of the Lords to reject the Lloyd-George Budget. We now have in Great Britain the interesting spectacle of the party of conservatism, of property, and of the aristocracy offering as a refuge from the radical proposals of their opponents what in this part of the world is considered a radical device—namely, the referendum. Whatever be the ultimate outcome of the Progressive attack upon the veto power of the House of Lords, the cause of representative government and of rule by the people is assured of victory. Whichever party is the ultimate winner, the House of Lords will be reformed either in its make-up, or in its powers, or in both, and the British Parliament cannot fail to be made more truly representative of the British people.

AMORY H. BRADFORD

The life of the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, whose death occurred last week, deserves, and we hope may have, a fuller record than we can give it here—deserves it not merely as an honor to his memory, but as an inspiration to others. On his graduation from Andover Theological Seminary in 1870, he accepted the pastorate of the newly organized Congregational church in Montclair, New Jersey, while it was worshiping in a chapel; he left it one of the largest and most influential churches in that Greater New York whose suburbs extend into the neighboring States of New Jersey and Connecticut. Living at a time of great intellectual unrest in both the theological and sociological domain, he had both the courage and the capacity to be a leader—to think himself, and to inspire in others, such larger thoughts that old traditions were supplanted by new interpretations of truth; and to do this without disturbing spiritual faith which grew clearer and stronger under his ministry. His influence extended beyond the bounds of his parish, and on an anniversary occasion a few years ago, made memorable by the participation of his fellow-townsmen, he was recognized by all, without regard to creed, as being Montclair's first citizen. Not only did his church grow with the growth of the town, it was one of the chief factors in promoting that growth and in making Montclair one of the most delightful of suburbs. In all the civic, social, and æsthetic life of the growing town he took an active part, and with such practical wisdom that every forward movement prepared the way for another to follow. His published writings, largely the fruitage of his pulpit, reached a wider congregation, both in this country and in England. With his presidency of the National Congregational Council, that body took on a new significance, and by his administration of that office he made himself a pioneer in the movement toward that improved organization of the Congregational churches which promises, if wisely directed, to add to their efficiency in missionary work. He unfortunately gave too literal an interpretation to Goethe's motto, "Hasting not nor resting." He rarely seemed hurried, but we doubt whether he ever acquired the valuable art of resting. His vacations abroad were filled with pulpit labors, and at home with study and writing, and we suppose that this American habit of continuous work is partly responsible for his death at the age of sixty-five. For several years he was editorially connected with The Outlook, and his summary of religious news gave to that department of the paper enlarged breadth and vitality. It

is not every clergyman that can accomplish what Dr. Bradford accomplished; but there are a great many clergymen who could accomplish more than they do if they had his rare combination of courage to go forward in untried paths and patience not to go so fast that their congregations cannot keep pace with them.

THE JUBILEE OF WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES, 1860-1910

Fifty years ago, on the eve of the Civil War, the Woman's Union Missionary Society was organized by women inexperienced in public affairs, opposed by the clergy, without financial backing; this corporate body is now one of forty Boards, with 57,433 foreign missionary societies and auxiliaries, in the United States and Canada, which raised last year a large sum, besides carrying on a successful system of education by means of admirably prepared text-books for study classes. The interdenominational Committee on United Study, organized in 1900 and having a record of six hundred thousand text-books sold in the past ten years, planned a celebration for this year that should extend entirely across our continent and mark the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of woman's organized work for Foreign Missions in America. Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, of Boston, Chairman of the Committee, with other women planned the campaign, using to advantage the excellent working organizations found among women in all our churches. Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery was secured as the leading speaker, and she, with other representative women, is presenting the cause of women's work in foreign missions, in a chain of thirty great cities from Oakland, California, to Boston and New York. Beginning at Oakland last October, from San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, came reports of crowded houses and deep interest. In Omaha the city prepared an electrical display of welcome, and all along the route to St. Louis the response exceeded all anticipations. An ascending scale of interest was marked as the Jubilee came to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Detroit. As one result of the "Western Circuit" of meetings, three hundred thousand dollars have been poured into the missionary treasury. While money is by no means the primary purpose in the movement, it is recognized that the standards of giving which were right for our mothers are not right for their daughters. It is presented as a privilege to women and girls that they should make an offering of one million dollars this year, "not grudgingly nor of necessity," but "hilariously."

THE EASTERN CIRCUIT

The "Eastern Circuit" of meetings is now almost completed. It began in Cleveland and attracted great numbers in Louisville, Nashville, Washington, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Buffalo. March will witness in quick succession festivals in Albany, Springfield, New Haven, Providence, Boston, and Portland. The entire series of these meetings will end most fittingly in New York, where the first society was organized, in the last week in March, from Monday the 27th to Friday the 30th. The object of these meetings is to enlist the attention of thousands of women who cannot be reached in any other way. The local committees in each city have followed the general plan outlined at first. Especial emphasis has been put upon prayer, recognizing that "everything vital in the missionary enterprise hinges upon prayer." The co-operation of pulpit and press has been secured; drawing-room meetings have been held; a luncheon, with addresses, attended in some places by two thousand women, has been popular and effective; denominational rallies, and a great evening mass-meeting, "everything thrilling with the electric current of thought and action of this progressive age," have brought to a climax these unique celebrations of woman's work in the churches. A feature not introduced in many places will be presented in New York. A Pageant of Missions, including beautiful tableaux and music of the best, both orchestral and vocal, will be held in the Metropolitan Opera-House on the opening afternoon, March 27, under the leadership of Miss MacArthur. The Chairman of the Committee of Preparation in New York is most fittingly Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell,

of the Woman's Union Missionary Society. The Committee represents nine denominational boards and the Young Women's Christian Association in its Foreign Department. More than one hundred representative women make up this general Committee. The missionary appeal has been sufficient to draw large audiences in every city, and the audiences are deeply moved by the appeal. The two notes most insistently and effectively struck are prayer and the spirit of unity. The objects of the Jubilee meetings are being realized—"to gain a better conception of the opportunity confronting the Christian Church in the Orient, to deepen the prayer life, to enlarge the sense of obligation and the contributions of Christian women."

RELIGION AND EDUCATION IN CHINA

The Christian Literature Society for China exists for the publication and circulation of literature based on Christian principles throughout China and wherever Chinese are found—especially periodical literature adapted for all classes. The Society has been long in existence, and is headed by such well-known men as Sir Robert Hart, Bishops Graves, Bashford, and Moule, the Rev. Drs. Timothy Richard, Griffith John, and Arthur Smith. The Society's annual reports have always been considered as an accurate reflex of religious and educational progress in the Flowery Kingdom. This year's report is noticeable for its emphasis, not on directly religious propaganda, but on the opportunities for it now afforded in the Department of Education. The Chinese Government aims, within the next five years, to provide an elementary school for every four hundred families. In higher education the Government's provincial colleges are already at work. How shall all these students be reached by Christianity? As Count Okuma lately said of Japanese students, "the fatal defect in the teaching of the great sages of Japan and China is that, while they deal with virtue and morals, they do not sufficiently dwell on the spiritual nature of man, and any nation that neglects the spiritual, though it may flourish for a time, must eventually decay." And then the Count goes on to add this conclusion, which, to some, may seem almost startling coming from a Japanese: "The origin of modern civilization is to be found in the teachings of the Sage of Judea, by whom alone the necessary moral dynamic is supplied." The best Chinese are realizing this danger, and hence the Christian Literature Society is busier than ever in disseminating its books and pamphlets showing the ineffectiveness of ethical teaching apart from religious facts and motives. In this connection, we should note the increased opportunities afforded by other countries for welcoming and caring for Chinese students, in particular, by our own. By the remission of eleven million dollars of the Boxer indemnity we have secured as a return favor the sending of a hundred Chinese students to the United States annually for four years, and thereafter for a generation fifty students a year. But of course our endeavors are not limited to this country. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania have begun large schemes for founding educational institutions in China in addition to the educational institutions already there; and, in connection with England, Americans are supporting the project for a great central university.

CONSCIENTIOUS LAYMEN AND THE STATE

The Men's Club of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Michael and All Angels, in Baltimore, has been doing a useful work in bringing before the men of the church some of the civic and State problems with which the authorities are dealing. At one of the special course of lectures this winter, the Governor of the State, the Hon. Austin L. Crothers, made a strong plea for the church member in politics. "All the signs of the times," he said, "point to a return of power to the people. We are moving rapidly towards the popular election of Senators and towards nomination by primaries which give the mass of the people an opportunity to express themselves. In some States and cities there is the initiative and referendum; in still others, the recall as well. All this means that it is easier for the people to express their will and gain what they desire. The people are taking back

power which had been delegated to their representatives. How, then, shall they use their power? If it is to be well used, we must have enlightened and conscientious leadership. Where have we a better right to look for such leadership than in the Christian churches? If you, and men like you, will not lead, others will; and you will have only yourselves to blame if results are bad." The Governor felt that churchmen needed three warnings as to their relations to the State. These he phrased in these words: "First, do not let yourselves be mere critics. We need the critical element in political life, just as we need diagnosis in disease; but if you are sick, you do not stop at the diagnosis; you want a physician who will discover and apply the remedy. I have sometimes feared that in public affairs the 'good people' are satisfied simply to criticise. You haven't a right to do that, unless you are willing to jump in and work. Second, you need patience. Things are not reformed in a moment. We must keep everlastingly at it, to get things done. And along with this persistence must come a willingness to make the best of what is accomplished. Take what you can get, and be patient till you can get more. Don't have such fine theories that you refuse to take anything because you can't get everything. Third, remember that the State means you. We hear lots of people say that it is a pity the churches don't do so and so, meaning that the ministers don't do it, and forgetting that they are just as much church members as the ministers, and have just as great responsibility. In the same way we hear people say that the city or the State ought to do this and that, and they forget that both are made up of individuals, and that the State will only do the right when individuals begin to do the right. Thousands of men are earnest champions of a protective tariff, with an exception in their own favor when they return from a trip abroad. Thousands clamor for the enforcement of every law except the one that touches their own case. Thousands are sincere anti-grafters unless there is some little favor they want themselves. We need a patriotism that is unselfish. We need individual righteousness before we can have State righteousness. The State will do its duty only when you and I, as individuals, begin to do ours."

MUSIC AND CITY CHILDREN

One of the surprises of the Child Welfare Exhibit has been the discovery of an unexpected amount of good teaching of instrumental and vocal music in the public and private institutions in the city of New York. The singing by children from the public schools, under the direction of Dr. Rix, was of especial beauty. On the opening evening a choir of one thousand children and on two other evenings choirs of five hundred children were heard; and on still other evenings boys' or girls' glee clubs from different high schools. A choir of thirty little Italian boys came from the Mission of Our Lady of Loretto; a chorus from the Colored Orphan Asylum, at Riverdale on the Hudson; an orchestra of one hundred and thirty players from the Music School Settlement (an institution which is doing a very remarkable work in character-building among the children of the tenements), whose playing suggested the precision and tone of mature artists. Public School No. 21 sent a band of Italian boys whose instruments and instruction had been paid for by a public-spirited citizen; the Brooklyn Disciplinary Training School sent a band of thirty pieces; the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, a band of twenty-five pieces. The Three Arts School sent an orchestra of fifty well-trained young players; the Morris High School of the Bronx sent an orchestra to accompany the singing of five hundred children from the Bronx public schools. Public School No. 62, Manhattan, from the Russian-Jewish quarter, sent both a choir of singers and an orchestra made up of pupils and graduates, in which there were sixteen first violins, seventeen second violins, one viola, two cellos, and a trombone to play the bass. When the enthusiastic drill-master was asked why he did not have more violas, he replied that he only had one instrument. The lack of balance in this orchestra was made up by a piano part with excellent effect. We are glad to note that a prominent instrument dealer of the city, on hearing of this orchestra and their work, sent another viola the next day. An interesting feature was a military drill by boys from the

New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, who brought with them a brass band, which played with precision and skill. This incomplete list suggests the kind of musical entertainments which were provided by children of the city, in addition to which the People's Choral Union of grown-up singers made notable contribution to two Sunday evening conferences. As the exhibit went on the Committee learned of many other bands and orchestras in other institutions. The question may be asked, What is the use of all this teaching of music? and one practical answer is that those children who have special musical ability are given a start, from which they can, if they choose, develop themselves as professional musicians, and so earn a better living than they might otherwise earn. If, however, this were the only answer, it probably would be said that the number who are likely to develop special musical ability is comparatively small, certainly not enough to justify all the musical training. The real answer lies in the fact that it is quite as important to provide amusements for people of every age and condition as it is to provide food, clothing, and shelter. If the children of the ignorant and destitute poor are not taught how to provide proper and reasonable amusements for themselves, they are likely to indulge in improper and vicious amusements. It should, therefore, be a part of all educational and charitable work to teach the children of the city how to provide for themselves sane and uplifting forms of pleasure. The development of the mental, spiritual, and imaginative side of life is of the first importance, and the results of these musical entertainments at the Child Welfare Exhibit have shown how through music the children of the people may have a quick, easy, and permanently effective means to such development.

A MACHINE THAT IS PHILANTHROPIST

A machine which has recently been perfected may do for human liberation more than could be accomplished by the laws of many States or the benefactions of many philanthropists. This is the mechanical cotton-picker. The possibilities which lie latent in this bit of machinery are more credible when it is remembered what a social revolution was produced by another cotton machine—Eli Whitney's cotton-gin. It is said of the earlier invention that it created the slave power. Of the later invention it is predicted that it will wipe away the worst vestiges of slavery. The cotton-picker is the invention of a Scotsman, Angus Campbell. For twenty years he has been at work upon his idea, and has at last succeeded. The machine he has constructed will discriminate between ripe and unripe cotton, between leaves and cotton bolls, and will injure neither cotton nor plant. By means of it one man can do the work of fifty human pickers. At a dinner recently given in New York by Mr. Theodore H. Price, the well-known cotton expert, Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, of the Department of Agriculture, and Mr. Cavanaugh, of the International Harvester Company—the one the practical scientist, the other the able business man—both testified to the efficiency of the machine. Indeed, at that dinner the machine itself gave an exhibition of its own powers. To the objection that the present expense of the machine is such that the small cotton-planter cannot own it, the answer should be made that it can be used as the steam thresher or the portable gasoline sawmill is used. It can be transported from farm to farm and be hired by the day or by the acre of work done. What this new invention can achieve for economy alone is astonishing. It is estimated that it will save in cost of picking cotton annually a hundred and eighty million dollars. Even if this estimate should be regarded as two-fifths enthusiasm, the yearly saving could be still reckoned as a hundred million dollars. This, however, is only a small part of the benefit that it is capable of bestowing upon the country. The great part of that benefit will be in making conditions of labor throughout the cotton region more humane and normal. At present King Cotton is a tyrant, and exercises his tyranny at cotton-picking time. The cotton that one man can cultivate it requires ten persons to pick; and the longer the ripe cotton remains unpicked, the more danger it runs from wind and rain. So there is a sudden, frenzied, and then suddenly subsiding demand for labor.

Children are pressed into service under the hot sun, and sometimes beaten for rebelling against the hard task; and negroes are charged with vagrancy so that the chain gangs will be replenished for the use of some of the big planters. This kind of demand for labor is not healthy. It creates conditions under which peonage can flourish, and child labor is particularly profitable. If the cotton-picking machine were in general use, this condition of spasmodic labor demand, with all its attendant evils, would disappear. The cotton must be picked, for the world must be clothed. No statutory laws against industrial evils can be enforced without the will of the community, and the will of the community is largely determined by economic pressure. But economic laws enforce themselves. The mechanical cotton-picker would introduce a new economic law that would drive out peonage and child labor in the harvesting of cotton. It is possible that one effect of this picker would be to cheapen cotton goods. Now the output of cotton is limited by the scarcity of labor for cotton-picking. With decreased cost of production and increased output, cotton clothing may be reduced in price. At any rate, even if the consuming public does not directly get a benefit, it would be indirectly benefited, not merely through the general advance in conditions of life in a large territory, but also in the release of labor for other purposes. This new device affords a good meeting-ground for legitimate self-interest and philanthropy.

FRENCH POLITENESS

It is significant that there is going on in France an animated discussion of the question whether French politeness is decaying. For many decades the courtesy of the French has been accepted as a kind of standard of conduct. They have in such an unusual measure what Matthew Arnold calls "the power of social life," and have so many gifts which directly contribute to the enjoyment of society, that good manners—that is to say, the sensitive consideration of the rights and comfort of others—has been a kind of inevitable growth of French life. Some time ago one of the most prominent Frenchmen of Parisian society declared that this traditional politeness is decaying. The discussion at once became animated; all France was interested in the question. The newspapers opened their columns to a discussion of French politeness in the past, and asked writers, actors, and men and women of all classes and stations to express their opinions. "Gyp" is not a great authority, but her answer was characteristic: "French politeness," she said; "it is long since they have forgotten the shape of that good lady's nose." A well-known society man, who is also a man of letters, expressed the opinion that politeness is ill and that in the end it will die out altogether; and he declares that its decline is due to women—especially to elegant women, "whose ill manners have no limit." It is not easy to answer such a question; but, comparing the French manners of to-day with those of twenty years ago, it is evident that the haste of modern life, which is destructive of courtesy, has not left France unharmed. It takes time to be well-mannered, and many people seem to regard time devoted to this purpose as wasted. Not long ago, after listening to some remarks on friendship, a capable man was heard to say that he had never thought before that friendship, like everything else, takes time. His idea of life was devotion to business. It is interesting to note that prominent among the legends inscribed in the school-houses of Japan for the education of the young men of that country the maxims relating to courtesy are never separated from the maxims of prudence.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City has now registered the high-water mark of objects acquired by purchase, bequests, and gifts—objects ranging from an Egyptian scarab or a Greek gem to a heroic-size statue. During the past year nearly five hundred objects were acquired by bequest, almost twenty-three hundred by purchase, and about seven thousand seven hundred in the form of gifts. Besides these, over sixty-five hundred objects of art have been loaned to the institution by private collectors. Probably the most important objects acquired during the year are, first, Paul Veronese's "Mars and Cupid," a mas-

terly achievement by the great Venetian, certainly one of the most valuable canvases ever brought to this country. The second is Tintoretto's "A Doge in Prayer before the Redeemer." For many years the latter picture hung in John Ruskin's dining-room at Denmark Hill. Ruskin regarded the work as perhaps his most cherished possession; his admiration for it was shared by such friends as Lord Leighton and Charles Eliot Norton. As the objects accumulate at the Museum the standard of merit set for their admission must inevitably be raised, and Dr. Edward Robinson, the new Director, has inaugurated a severer censorship, one born of his acute experience during the pursuit of his particular work—that of an authority on Greek art—and also during his twenty years of administration at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Certainly the Museum has not before offered so much attraction to artists and art lovers as at present, not only in the objects shown, not only in the higher standard set for their admission, but also in the increased opportunity for appreciating objects of art afforded by the Museum's new galleries. The Outlook has already called attention to the beautiful lighting and decoration of the spacious new galleries devoted to the decorative arts, under the direction of Dr. Valentiner. Similar arrangements are to be made for installing the Egyptian exhibit, showing the results of the Museum's Egyptian exploration, and giving to America at last something to compare favorably with European Egyptian exhibits.

BRITISH INDIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA

A controversy between the Indian Government and the Government of Natal which has been going on for some years—a controversy which has attracted attention all over the British Empire and given successive Governments in London no little concern—has just been terminated by the Viceroy and the Legislative Council at Calcutta in a way which has given much satisfaction to the native population of India. The question so long at issue concerned the denial of some of the rights of British subjects to about one hundred thousand Indians settled in Natal. Like other of the British South African colonies, Natal has always had its labor problem. It is adjacent to Zululand, which is a protectorate of Natal, and there are hundreds of thousands of Zulus in the colony. But the ambition of the Zulu is not in the direction of steady, continuous labor for hire. For some descriptions of labor he is not easily adaptable; and labor in Natal has always been so scarce that had it not been for the incoming of British Indians there would have been little or no development of the sugar industry or of the coal mines, and most of the unskilled labor needed on the Government railways would have had to be imported from Great Britain. The immigration from India began thirty years ago. From the first the exodus of the coolies was carefully regulated by the Government at Calcutta, whose policy it was to favor the emigration of these laborers from India, and to see that the Indians were adequately paid and reasonably well treated by the employers in Natal to whom they were indentured. Both Governments were represented in the Commission by which the emigration from India was managed. There was no independent recruiting; and it was only through the representatives of the Commission at Durban that coolie labor could be imported. From the point of view of the industrial development of the Garden Colony of South Africa, the experiment was a success from the beginning; and the Indians who went there had industrial opportunities not within their reach in their own country. Every year there was an increased demand for indentured Indians from farmers, sugar-planters, mine-owners, and from the railways; and the immigration was so continuous that about the time of the Boer War the Indians came to outnumber the whites, and the scare was raised which has finally led to the decision of the Government at Calcutta that emigration of coolies to Natal shall come to an end on July 1.

WHY THE GOVERNMENT AT CALCUTTA INTERVENED

This complete stoppage of the immigration will have a most disturbing effect on the industries of Natal. It is an end of the controversy between Calcutta and Maritzburg that will be unwelcome all over the colony so far as employers of labor are

concerned. But the people of Natal have only themselves to thank for the impending dislocation of labor conditions. They have always been eager for a large incoming of Indians, but for years it has been the policy of the Natal Government and of some of the municipal councils to restrict the Indians as far as possible to coolie labor, and to put obstacles in the way of their going into competition with the whites when they were free of their indentures. During the first five years of his stay in Natal an Indian, by the terms of the contract he had made before leaving the Peninsula, was compelled to work as a coolie. When he reached the end of his indenture, three courses were open to him: he could sign on for another term of years at increased wages; he could return to India at the expense of the Government; or he could take out a license, renewable each year on payment of a fee of fifteen dollars, and remain in Natal as a free Indian. There would have been no trouble had it not been that an ever-increasing number of Indians elected to take the third course. It is the free, not the indentured, Indians who have caused all the friction between Calcutta and Maritzburg. This trouble has been due to the obstacles put in the way of the free Indian who desired to go into business on his own account, and lift himself and his family out of the coolie class. This, despite all obstacles, thousands of Indians have succeeded in doing. An Indian resident in England can vote at municipal and Parliamentary elections and be a member of the House of Commons, just like an Englishman or an Irishman, a Canadian or an Australian. It is sufficient that he is a British subject. But in Natal the full privileges of a British subject have always been withheld from the Indian, indentured or free; and it is because Natal persists in this policy of denying the Indian all the privileges of a British subject that the Calcutta Government has decided to stop the supply of Indian labor.

BEREA AND THE NATION

"I always wonder why it is necessary to make speeches for Berea," said Governor Woodrow Wilson at the beginning of his address at the meeting in the interests of Berea College recently held in Carnegie Hall, New York City. "The case," he went on to say, "is so obvious, the object to be sought so admirable, the things at stake so momentous, that it would seem unnecessary to endeavor to persuade intelligent people to support such an enterprise. When Berea makes an appeal for help, it asks for aid in the renewal of the life of the country at its sources." The case for Berea has never been better put than in these words. There is no college which has a more imperative claim on the support of the country at large than Berea; a college which has no local foundation, so to speak, in the interest of a body of well-to-do graduates or of a rich community; which began with practically no other foundation than an overwhelming sense of duty to a great population, and a sustaining and guiding faith in the wisdom of undertaking great enterprises for the good of the world from a passionate impulse for betterment, backed by sacrifice and sound judgment. That Lincoln sprang from the same people to whom Berea College opens its doors is an argument which needs no reinforcement of eloquence; that this same section furnished an army of men in the defense of the Union when the interests of the whole country, North and South, were at stake is a claim for gratitude which justifies itself; that there are three millions of people of British stock who have been cut off from the general movement of life for a century, but who have retained the sturdy virtues of the mountaineers—personal courage, independence of character, regard for the sanctities of family life—is the basis of a third claim upon the support of the country which needs no argument. From the campus at Berea one sees the mountain country from which its students are drawn and for which it is the open gate into the larger opportunities of civilization; but Berea is as much a National institution as if it were planted under the shadow of the Capitol at Washington. Its place of work is local, but its service is National. Its teachers, with President Frost at their head, have always been the missionaries of education: competent, devoted, self-sacrificing. The whole country ought to stand behind Berea and its teachers.

NATIONALISM AND THE JUDICIARY

This is the seventh of the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on "Nationalism and Progress," and the second relating to the Judiciary. This subject will be further discussed next week.—THE EDITORS.

One of the most admirable features of our constitutional system is the high position which it gives to the judiciary. In no other country in the world have the judges possessed or exercised the enormous influence upon the constitutional and institutional growth of society that they have here exercised. This is particularly true of the National judiciary, and therefore of its head, the Supreme Court. It would be hard to overstate the debt due by the American people to the bench, National and State, and hardest of all to overestimate the debt due to the Supreme Court. The three men to whom throughout our National history we as a people owe most are two Presidents, Washington and Lincoln, and one Chief Justice, Marshall. Marshall is the one man whose services to the Nation entitle him to be grouped with the two great Presidents, and he owes this to the fortunate fact that not only did he as a man deserve to rank with them as men, but that his office as an office deserved to rank, and did rank, with the great offices which they held. The office of Chief Justice is, under some circumstances, as great an office as that of President, and at all times comes second only to it in importance. And the man who fills that office is, like the President, the representative of all the people, and is entitled to their respect and support. Moreover, I believe it to be true that, taken as a whole, the judges of the country are, and have been, more useful public servants than any other public men. A wise and upright judge can render, and does render, in the long run, rather better service than can be rendered even by the right type of executive or legislative officer; and I believe that we find a larger proportion of men who reach the proper official standard among judges than among the members of any other class of public servants.

Yet, while not merely granting that this is the fact, but insisting upon it, it remains true that the judges are public servants just as other officials are, that they are, or should be, responsible to the public just as other officials are (for it is idle to call a man a servant of the public unless he is responsible to the public), and that therefore there should be criticism of them just as of other officials. In the case of judges it is even more essential than in the case of other public officials that the criticism should be wise and temperate, and, above all, that it should be absolutely truthful. I very seriously question whether, on the whole, we do not suffer in our public life quite as much from unjust assault upon upright public servants as from failure effectively to assault corruption and its exponents. Many newspapers and many magazines, sometimes because they are controlled by the special interests, and quite as often because they are seeking to capitalize sensationalism and to turn to commercial advantage the literature of exposure, have done, and are doing, all they can to degrade public life by practicing every species of reckless sensational and hysterical mendacity at the cost of reputable public servants.[1] It makes not the slightest difference whether this form of falsehood is practiced because the writer is hired, directly or indirectly, by some special interest, or whether he is merely recklessly bent upon gaining money or notoriety by sensational slander; it makes no difference whether he is a cultivated man actuated by sour envy, or a crude fanatic who, in the name of conscience, is willing to perpetrate outrages upon conscience; and, finally, it makes little difference as to what particular class of public servant he assails. The infamy lies in the deed itself. The man who violates the Ninth Commandment and bears false witness against his neighbor stands on as low an ethical plane as the man who violates the Eighth Commandment and steals from that neighbor. To destroy the confidence of the people in the uprightness of upright judges is only a degree worse than to destroy their confidence in the uprightness of any other upright officials. Emphasis, however, must be laid on the

[1] Professor Hugo Münsterberg's striking article in a recent number of the "American Magazine" should be studied by all men who wish to elevate our public life.

uprightness, on the decency, on the ability and willingness to serve the public, so far as the official is concerned, rather than upon the office which he holds. It is impossible adequately to honor the faithful public servant unless we discriminate in the sharpest possible fashion between him and the unfaithful public servant; and all sense of such discrimination, all sense of proportion, is equally lost, whether we confound the honest and the dishonest, the competent and the incompetent, in indiscriminate praise or in indiscriminate abuse.

With judges there should be even more care exercised than ought to be exercised as regards other public men. But there must be criticism. With the judge, as with other public men, it is undoubtedly ruinous to follow the unfortunately prevalent custom of paying heed simply to the debit and not also to the credit side of the account between the public servant and the public. There is altogether too much tendency to pay more attention to punishing than to rewarding public service, altogether too much tendency to omit entirely the sum of the man's good qualities and think only of his mistakes or shortcomings; a tendency which inevitably results in pushing forward weak nonentities simply because the nonentity rarely does anything either good or bad, while the strong man, however good, is sure, if he has had a long career of successful achievement, to have his record of good deeds interspersed with occasional failures and mistakes. Therefore, in all but wholly exceptional cases, the judge, like any other public servant, should be judged by his record as a whole, not by his record on some particular matter. Moreover, in the case of the judge, in those instances where he acts simply as an umpire trying to do justice between individuals, very great caution should be exercised in criticising his decision. In a great many cases of this kind there is certain to be room for wide divergence of opinion as to any decision rendered, and it is therefore necessary to accept from the outset the view that the judge's decision on such questions should not be criticised—unless in a long series of decisions his attitude is such as to create a real presumption of moral or intellectual unfitness for his task.

The case is wholly different when the judge decides what in its essence is not a mere question between individuals but a question affecting fundamental policy. The proper attitude as regards this latter class of cases has been admirably set forth by a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, the Hon. Cuthbert W. Pound (in commenting on my remarks on the Bakeshop Case):

> Confidence in our courts does not require that their decisions on economic questions shall be regarded as binding rules of political conduct on such questions.
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> When Lincoln, in the debates with Douglas, argued that the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case, which protected the rights of the slaveholder in the Territories, should be set aside by the people at the polls . . . [he was] not assailing decisions of judges on questions of private right, but discussing the action of statesmen on matters of Governmental power.
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> So long as our courts exercise this power to pass upon the constitutionality of statutes which reflect legislative policy on matters affecting the common good, so long will the principles of government underlying their decisions in such cases be subject to debate.

There spoke the true public servant, the public servant proudly conscious of his own integrity and his own desire and ability to serve the public, and resolute in his refusal to shelter himself, under any plea, from legitimate criticism for his actions when dealing with great public policies which must ultimately be decided by the people. After all, Judge Pound was only emphasizing anew the doctrine laid down by Lincoln in his first inaugural, when he said:

> If the policy of the Government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their Government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. Nor is there in this view any assault upon the court or the judges.

Very worthy people, both lawyers and laymen, have at times advanced the view that there should be no criticism of judges, even when they decide on matters of public policy, because they say that judges have nothing to do with making the law, and merely have to apply it when made. Sometimes the position is taken in even more advanced form, to the effect, namely,

that only lawyers are competent to pass criticism upon judges. This latter position has always reminded me of an experience of mine nearly thirty years ago, when I was serving my first term in the New York Legislature. A measure was being voted upon which related to saloons in the city of New York. A new member from that city—himself a saloon-keeper—suddenly rose to a point of order, and with much indignation protested against the fact that there were "men not engaged in the liquor traffic who nevertheless were voting" upon the bill in question! The simplicity of this position appealed to everybody as exquisitely and unconsciously humorous, yet the assumption that only liquor-sellers have a right to express an opinion as to legislation concerning the liquor traffic is fundamentally identical in spirit with the assumption that lawyers have a greater interest than other citizens in the attitude of a judge on great questions of public policy.

There is no need of discussing the question whether or not judges have a right to make law. The simple fact is that by their interpretation they inevitably *do* make the law in a great number of cases. Therefore it is vital that they should make it aright. In an admirable article on "The National Government," in the "American Law Review," Judge Alfred Spring, an Appellate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, has set forth the proper position of the judiciary towards the Constitution, and incidentally has shown anew what ought to be, but apparently is not, familiar to every man who speaks of the functions of the Supreme Court—the absolute revolution in the Constitution caused by the action of the Supreme Court under Marshall. As Judge Spring points out, the Constitution is not made up of definitions, is not a dictionary, but is couched in general language, and is made for all time and to fit conditions and exigencies as they arise. He says:

> The oracular statement of Carlyle that a written Constitution "does not march" has met refutation in the advancement of the United States. It has marched to the tune of progress, and with but few changes in its original form. Its onward march has been due to the far-seeing wisdom of its framers in not making it a lexicon of definitions, but vesting power in simple, terse sentences, adaptable to circumstances as they come along.

He shows that all three branches of the National Government have inevitably at different times exercised powers which the founders of the Government did not contemplate their exercising. In speaking of the President, he says:

> The language of the Constitution in fixing the status of the President is even more comprehensive than that lodging the judicial power in the Supreme Court. It provides that "the executive power shall be vested" in the President. A more complete investiture cannot be conceived, and yet, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and for long after, the tremendous energy imparted to the executive department by this all-embracing grant was not realized. Its mastery grew with the growth of the Nation, until to-day, within the limits of the Constitution, in practical effectual authority it is in alignment with the Congressional branch of the Government.

He points out, what ought to be obvious to every one, that the different Presidents have construed and have been able to exercise in widely differing manners the powers conferred upon them. The Presidency under Jackson and Lincoln was a totally different office from what it was under Buchanan, Pierce, and Johnson. Dealing with the Supreme Court, Judge Spring points out that for the first fourteen years of its existence it occupied a position of no importance in the National Government. Jay had resigned the Chief-Justiceship, and declined reappointment, because he felt that the judiciary was not clothed with any real authority. It was not the adoption of the Constitution nor its administration by some of its founders during the first dozen years of its life which put the Supreme Court in its present position under the Constitution. The Supreme Court itself, for the great benefit of the Nation, read its own place into the Constitution, after the lapse of years during which no one, none even of the founders of the Constitution, had dreamed of giving it such a place. It was the appointment of Marshall and the exercise by that great man of his extraordinary personal influence which gave the Supreme Court its great power in our Government, and which thereby also gave an enormous impetus to the growth among us of that spirit which made and kept us

a Nation, a great, free, united people, instead of permitting us to dissolve into a snarl of jangling and contemptible little independent commonwealths, with governments oscillating between the rule of a dictator, the rule of an oligarchy, and the rule of a mob. Those who on abstract grounds insist that the courts never have anything to do with the embodiment of public policy into law ought to pay heed to the simple fact that, under Marshall, the Supreme Court of the United States worked a tremendous revolution, not merely in ordinary law, but in the fundamental Constitutional law of the land. When Marshall was appointed, as Judge Spring has shown, it was usually assumed, when the subject was discussed at all, that Congress, like the English House of Commons, could pass upon the validity of its own acts. When the adherents of Jefferson and Madison opposed this proposition, as they did in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions, the position they took was that the Legislature of each State was a judge of Constitutional matters at issue between the States and the Nation, and that the States could declare void an Act of Congress. No one at the time thought of turning to the Supreme Court as the arbiter in such a matter, and this although the men who had made the Constitution were administering it. But Marshall, in his first Constitutional opinion, in an argument which, as Chancellor Kent said, approached to the precision and certainty of a mathematical demonstration, held that the Supreme Court possessed in itself the ultimate power to declare whether or not an Act of Congress was void. Nowadays the authority of the Court to decide that an Act of the Legislative Department, whether of the Nation or of any of the States, is repugnant to the Constitution seems self-evident. But no such power was expressly prescribed in the Constitution, and not only Jefferson but Jackson, with an emphasis amounting to violence, denounced Marshall's position and asserted that no such power existed. The reason why Marshall was so great a Chief Justice, the reason why he was a public servant whose services were of such incalculable value to our people, is to be found in the very fact that he thus read into the Constitution what was necessary in order to make the Constitution march. As Judge Spring points out, Marshall acted in the spirit of Hamilton when the latter said: "A Government ought to contain in itself every power requisite to the full accomplishment of the objects committed to its care, and the complete execution of the trust for which it is responsible; free from every other control but a regard to the public good *and to the sense of the people.*" (The italics are my own.) Judge Spring says with wisdom: "This emphatic declaration of Hamilton is as true to-day as when the infant Nation, after much tribulation, started on its career." There never existed a public man who was less of a demagogue than Hamilton, and yet he thus explicitly recognizes the need of law being in harmony with public opinion.

Now, the briefest consideration of Marshall's public career, and of the attitude of Lincoln as quoted by Judge Cuthbert Pound, is sufficient to show several things. In the first place, it is absolutely necessary that there should be discrimination between, and therefore intelligent criticism of, the judges who by their power of interpretation are the final arbiters in deciding what shall be the law of the land. Men ought not to be classed together for praise or blame because they occupy one kind of public office. The bonds that knit them in popular esteem or popular disfavor should be based, not upon the offices they hold, but upon the way in which they fill these offices. Chief Justice Taney was, I doubt not, in private life as honorable a man as Chief Justice Marshall; but during his long term of service as Chief Justice his position on certain vital questions represented a resolute effort to undo the work of his mighty predecessor. If, on these positions, one of these two great justices was right, then the other was wrong; if one is entitled to praise, then the other must be blamed. Buchanan and Lincoln do not stand together in the popular eye because both were Presidents; on the contrary, they represent antipodal schools of thought. Andrew Johnson and Grant were as far asunder as Washington and Jefferson. There is no more ground for demanding that we refrain from differentiation between, and therefore from criticism of, Chief Justices than for adopt-

ing the same attitude as regards Presidents. We must bear in mind the office; but we must also bear in mind the man who fills the office. This is a government of law, but it is also, as every government always has been and always must be, a government of men; for the worth of a law depends as much upon the men who interpret and administer it as upon the men who have enacted it.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

A correspondent asks, What is the best method for a minister to pursue to promote spirituality among church members?

What is meant by spirituality? Herbert Spencer says: "Unlike the ordinary consciousness, the religious consciousness is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense. A brute thinks only of the things which can be touched, seen, heard, tasted, etc. . . . But the developing man has thoughts about existences which he regards as usually intangible, inaudible, invisible, and yet which he regards as operative upon him." Spirituality may be defined as the development of this power in the developing man to take cognizance of this unseen world. Max Müller says that "religion consists in the perception of the infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral character of man." Spirituality may be defined as the development of this power so to perceive the infinite as to have one's moral nature elevated and inspired thereby. Paul refers to man as body, soul, and spirit. The body is an ingenious piece of mechanism for the use of the soul and the spirit. The soul includes such vital powers as man possesses in common with the animals—the appetites and passions, observation, memory, the gregarious instinct, and some capacity to reflect and to form judgments. The spirit includes those powers which are either peculiar to man or are in man so much more highly developed as to be practically new powers—such as conscience, or the power to recognize the inherent difference between right and wrong; hope, and its companion, aspiration, the secret of progress; reverence, out of which grow various forms of worship; love in its higher manifestations, transforming the gregarious instinct and making possible the family and the State; and faith, or the power to see the realities that are invisible, which the brute does not see. Spirituality may be defined as the development of these spiritual powers in man. Paul says that the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control. The question of our correspondent, then, is, What can the minister do to promote these qualities in his church members?

This is the fundamental function of the minister. If he cannot do this, he has no business in the ministry, any more than he would have in the teaching profession if he could not instruct the ignorant, or in the medical profession if he could not cure disease. We cannot, in an editorial, tell how the function of the ministry can be fulfilled. We can only give two hints toward its fulfillment.

I. The minister must be spiritually-minded himself. He must have life or he cannot impart life. To him the right must be more important than the expedient, or he cannot inspire conscience; to him the Infinite must be a reality whom he perceives, not a theory which he entertains, or he cannot enable others to perceive the Infinite; he must have aspirations which inspire him to progress, or he cannot lead others forward; he must have self-control in his family, or he cannot impart it in his pulpit; he must have a love which joys in self-sacrifice, or he cannot inspire the joy of self-sacrifice in others.

A doctor may be an invalid and yet cure the sick; a lawyer may be a lawbreaker and enforce the law on others. But a minister cannot be spiritually inert and impart spirituality to his fellow-men. He cannot pick it up as a thing alien to his nature and carry it with him into the pulpit. The congregation instinctively recognizes the difference between the minister whose prayers are a private habit and the one whose prayers are only a public exercise. It instinctively recog-

nizes the difference between the preacher whose sermon is the prepared exposition of a doctrine and the one whose sermon is instinct with his own spiritual life. The first preaches as the Scribes; the second as one having authority. The word hypocrite means play actor. The minister may be quite unconscious that he has assumed a part for his Sunday morning service; but the congregation is never unconscious of the fact, if it is the fact. Emotion and imagination are not spirituality. A preacher may have both without spirituality; he may have spirituality without either. Dwight L. Moody was a profoundly spiritual preacher; but he was neither emotional nor imaginative; he talked like a business man to business men. He was powerful because religion was to him, and he would have it to all men, the commonplace of life. The preacher can be both spiritually-minded and a splendid animal. Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks. Charles H. Spurgeon, were not ascetics. They were powerful preachers because dominating their splendid physiques was a still more splendid spiritual faith.

To all great preachers religion is a reality. They do not bring it into their conversation, yet it flavors and tones all they say and do. One must prepare on other topics, said Phillips Brooks to me, but it is natural to speak on religion. I met Dwight L. Moody once at a hotel and we breakfasted together. The conversation drifted as naturally on to religion—not theology, but religion—as it would have drifted into art if my breakfast companion had been Winslow Homer, or on to music if he had been Walter Damrosch. I was once present in Henry Ward Beecher's parlor when Dwight L. Moody called on him. The conversation rose by its own inherent vitality into religion; they got out their pocket Bibles and spent an hour or more in extemporized Scripture study. Such men are never preaching and yet always preaching. Their sermons are as natural as their conversation, and their conversation as religious as their sermons. Phillips Brooks was greatly in demand as an after-dinner speaker. He did not preach; but his after-dinner speeches were possessed by the same spiritual earnestness as his sermons. I heard Mr. Beecher preach scores of revival sermons; but the most perfectly spiritual revival sermon I ever heard from him, and one which produced the greatest immediate effect on his hearers, was his after-dinner speech at a dinner given to Herbert Spencer. For the spiritual power of the great preachers there is no preparation possible other than that of a life spent in fellowship with the Great Companion. Professional piety is no piety at all.

II. The minister who possesses some measure of this spiritual life and desires to impart it to his congregation should seek out those in his church who possess it also and bring them together, not so much to devise plans as to deepen life. Half a dozen embers brought together will start a blaze; but fill the fireplace full of wood and try to start it with a match and it refuses to burn. Ministers, like other Americans, count too much on numbers. A rainy Sunday congregation is often the preacher's best opportunity; for then he has the elect few, who come to church because they greatly want to come. It would be better if the minister did not urge the reluctant to attend the weekly prayer-meeting; one meeting in the week, composed only of the spiritually eager and alert, would be of inestimable value. We need to get the kindling-wood together and set that aflame. Morning prayers at Harvard University are not less valuable because that attendance rarely exceeds two hundred. Two hundred eager spirits are an inspiration; four hundred reluctant ones are a burden. There are not in the Bible any more inspirational chapters than those in the Fourth Gospel which record Jesus' confidential conversation with his eleven loyal friends after he had contrived that the traitor should leave the room.

How shall the minister promote spirituality in the church? First, develop it in himself; then in the elect few who share his desire for it; then trust that it will communicate itself to others. Let your light shine, says Jesus. He does not say, Flash it. Have it; let it shine; and others will be attracted and inspired by the radiance. LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE VANISHING MUFFIN MAN

It often happens that Americans who are very radical about changes in their own country are extremely conservative about changes in the Old World. They like to live in an active, bustling, inspiriting place, but they wish to keep their playgrounds as quiet and as beautiful as possible. If Americans had the deciding vote, they would very likely prevent by a great majority any real changes in English habits, ways of life, parks, buildings, and scenery. They would vote to keep all the old and picturesque memorials of the past; they would never have agreed to the removal of Temple Bar; and they would have insisted upon the preservation of Crosby House. This is a very natural attitude; because the man who has had a happy childhood always loves the world in which he grew up. He wants the old farm-house and the old homestead kept intact. He would like to have the little village grow into a town so far as his property interests are concerned, but he dislikes intensely to have streets laid out on the fields in which he once played, and he hates to hear the horn of the motor car on the quiet highway along which he once went to school in the shade of great elms.

In the old days people of rank and station who were in the habit of driving into London from the country in their private carriages, and lesser people who went on horse, and still lesser people who walked, undoubtedly opposed the introduction of the stage-coach. They said it would destroy the charm of old English life; they protested that the haste with which it moved would increase the number of mental diseases, and that it would ultimately break down the moral safeguards of society; and there are many Americans who would like to go to the old inn and see Mr. Pickwick descend from the stage, and watch the skillful way in which the hostlers took out the horses, and listen to their very obvious professional jokes. If such an observer still believed in cakes and ale, he might even delight to see the big tankard brought out from the inn.

Then, in due time, a mighty protest went up against the introduction of the railway. The lovers of the stage-coach were of opinion that this innovation would really end all old-time habits and pleasant ways; and it must be confessed that it did end many of them. But society needed it, and would now find the old means of locomotion intolerable, involving as they did, not only acute discomfort, but sometimes really acute suffering. What would not Americans give to-day if they could see ten miles of old road still in its mediæval condition, with mediæval travelers passing to and fro in the picturesque costume of those old times, which are often ignorantly called the dark ages; on which, it is true, the shadows lay very deep and black, but which were lighted by many pleasant things, many great hopes, and much beautiful living. In those days traffic was carried on very largely by traveling merchant-peddlers, who offered useful and useless articles to rustic buyers; many of them as persuasive rogues as Autolycus, a merry scoundrel, with the eloquence, business instinct, effectiveness of speech, and ingrained intimacy with everybody which would have made the fortune of a canvassing agent. Up and down all the roads of England and the Continent these gentlemen pursued their vocations. They were on the way toward vagabondism, but they were not yet proscribed as rovers and undesirable citizens. Queen Elizabeth later spoke of them as "ydle persones . . . using suttyll craftye and unlawfull games or playes, and some of them fayninge themselves to have knowledge in phisnomye, and palmestrye." She was specially severe on "all scollers of the Universityes of Oxford or Cambridge that goe about begginge." Her spelling was as remarkable as her indifference to the picturesqueness of these wandering tradesmen. It was not until many years later that these vagrant gentlemen were seriously taken in hand by the law and subjected to rigid Government supervision.

The only survivors of these ancient mediæval peddlers along the highways are the men and women who traffic in the streets of the great cities; and now, apparently, their time has come, and they are going the way of many early and

entertaining things. On the eve of the centenary of the birth of Charles Dickens the report comes from London that a muffin man has been fined 1s. 2d. for disturbing the quiet of Westminster by the ringing of the bell which has been familiar in the streets of London for one knows not how many centuries. London still keeps its Lord Mayor's show in a modified form, but it has moved Temple Bar, is tearing down Crosby Hall, and now it proposes to silence the muffin man. So passes the London of our fathers.

The lover of Old London cannot let the muffin man go without a sigh. Even the lavender woman, whose cry, "Sweet lavender!" seemed to bring a delicate perfume into the streets of the old city, is now rarely heard, though, so far as The Outlook knows, she has not been legally enjoined from the practice of the ancient and picturesque profession of selling things in the streets. The watchman who cried out the weather at the different hours of the night is no longer heard except on the operatic stage; the crier does not proclaim in the streets that children have been lost, and even the crier in the court has forgotten his Latin, so fast does the modern world run away from the world of yesterday. In New York, the "hot waffle," generously powdered with sugar, is still sold at the corner of the streets in winter, and the ice-cream sandwich in summer; but the transactions in these appeasers of boyish appetite are conducted in silence; the only evidence of their continuance is the stand at the corner of the street, the smoking copper or tin oven, and the little group of small boys munching in silence. Occasionally the delicious word "Strawberries!" is heard in the streets, but silence has fallen on the "hot corn" man. In country parts the bell of the traveling scissors-grinder breaks on the air of the warm noonday. One might be reconciled to these silences if the noises thus extinguished had not been succeeded by other much more disagreeable ones. It is pleasanter to hear "Lavender, lavender!" called in the streets of London, or "Strawberries!" in the streets of New York, than to hear the scream of the motor car; and the earlier cries were never fatal!

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator hesitates, even in the lightest and most affectionate vein, to touch upon any aspect of a subject so near and dear to all Americans as "our English cousins." Dear are they, and yet different. One of the first objects to impress the Spectator with our differences was the English "fast train." All English fast trains take their time when standing still, and don't lose it while they are going. Now, the American plan is precisely the opposite, so that between the train not having time to stop off and the passengers not having time to jump on, or off, and the fact that a train is likely to lose time across a whole continent, and may, as a result of collision, have to be rebuilt frequently, American travel has none of that soothing, reassuring quality common with our English cousins. About even the fastest of English fast trains there is only one thing that is agitating: they go into action with a shrill, feminine yell, as if somebody had stepped on them.

Although the train might be an express going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, the Spectator never traveled in England without the most delightful sense of leisure. This leisurely spirit began at the booking-office. The interview there was not always pleasant, but it was invariably leisurely and protracted. The Spectator discovered that the booking-clerk—you must never say "ticket agent" in England—was likely to smile if, at the first word, some remarkable financial combination with a 'a'penny was not understood. But the Spectator always persisted, and through the little glass slot the English monetary system was threshed out. There was no use in beginning a conversation with an English booking-clerk at all without being humble at heart. The booking-clerk stands stolidly erect, his replies rebounding from the thick plate glass some two feet above the lowly slot. There was no use in explaining, however pleasantly, that the clerk's reply was not caught even on the rebound. There was no use in explaining to him that glass is a solid, for he was too. The Spectator discovered that this opacity was not pride; it was merely the resistance of a world-worn, travel-worn

life against circumstances. Never having sniffed fresh air of any kind—or even washed his hands, for that matter; always having been in the position of "starter" on these pioneer movements of holiday and emigration; caught like a rat in a cage in a darkly lighted booking-office; without even the graces of a uniform—it is no wonder that he feels disinclined to bend his neck or his knees in an effort to meet you "'alf-way" through the little "'ole."

First and last and always there is no use in telling a booking-agent that a 'a'penny is nothing to a good American. The Spectator tried it while his older sister was at a distance and could not hear him. She is ridiculously reserved and sensitive about money matters, and, as she is almost elderly, the Spectator tries to respect her feelings. While she was at a bookstall looking over sixpenny novels (for she has no reserves about them) the Spectator told the clerk that Americans could not be bothered with 'a'pennies. He smiled, and all he said was, "'Ow extraordinary!" and went on repeating the ridiculous 'a'penny combination which had brought forth the remark, and which as he repeated it went on rebounding against the plate glass. The Spectator should have been able to see at a first glance how much a 'a'penny really meant to him. His life is made up of 'a'pennies, most often three 'a'pennies; not, mind you, a penny and a 'alf—that would never do! Although he is too worn to discuss the subject with any one, he has as keenly as any official in Great Britain a sense of how much can be done with 'a'pennies. Better than any one else he grasps the source of the Harmsworth millions made in 'a'penny papers.

But the most striking thing about the English railway system is its *in loco parentis* spirit. With the exception of a few possibilities—and accidents will happen in the best-regulated families—the Spectator and his sister were not allowed to take care of themselves. They were taken care of vigilantly, solicitously, unflaggingly. This paternal spirit manifested itself at the first railway hotel. Here everything was provided for them, even a barber, who, while he was leaping—from the lightness of his skips the Spectator would say more in the Gallic spirit than in the Anglo-Saxon (his conceit, however, was English)—while he was leaping amid a confusion of English hot-water cans, the English not yet having fully grasped the two-faucet idea, seizing now one for his use, now another, he told the Spectator that there were some things which could be got in England, but which could not be had for love nor money in America. The Spectator was not in a position to say anything, with the formidable juggling of hot-water cans that was going on and down his neck, so the Spectator said nothing. Neither did it seem courteous between gasps and regurgitations of shampoo mixture to say that he was convinced there were some things to be had in England which could not be got in America, at least not at the inconvenient price paid under the English paternal system, of applications of soap in the eye and wet shirt on the back.

In America hydrotherapy and shampooing are not confused; the young scientific spirit among us is too keen, too curious, too progressive. If at home the Spectator wanted a wet pack or fomentations that would raise blisters, he would go to an institute with a brass plate on its gate-post and "hydrotherapy" or some cognate word written upon it in expensive-looking lettering. From the first glance at that plate the Spectator would know what to expect in expense as well as treatment, and he would not be disappointed. He would not be misled into a harmless, paternal-looking railway hotel, and there, amid the din of hot-water cans, the shock of unexpected douches, suffocation over a basin, and soap-blindness in the eye, be treated along lines that should have died with the water cures of the stone age.

Nor at the conclusion of an American shampoo, said the Spectator's sister, does the hairdresser produce a drying-machine with the revolutionary power of a gyroscope on which he winds off or out what is left of the hair. After an American shampoo it is not necessary to sit looking at brush and comb, speculating upon their purely ornamental uses in the future.

THE REASON FOR THE UNIONS

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN

THE SECOND OF FIVE ARTICLES BY DR. GLADDEN DEALING WITH PROBLEMS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL

IN a preceding article I have dealt with the abuses of unionism. The exigencies of the argument seemed to call for this order of treatment, because most of those whom I wish to convince are aware of nothing but the abuses of unionism. If they can be made to see that these abuses are not essential to the institution, they may be willing to give heed to the reasons for its existence.

It may be supposed that the presentation of these reasons is a superfluous work. Nearly every employer whom you meet will tell you promptly, "I believe in trade unions." There is a goodly number of those whose works show that they do believe in them, and who are seeking to enter into cordial co-operation with them. Most employers, however, are apt to qualify their confession of faith by some such phrase as this, "When properly organized and managed." There seems to be something wanting in such a confession. Would a man say, "I believe in the family, when properly constituted and conducted." or "I believe in democracy, when properly organized and managed"? This seems to imply a reservation of our faith in the institution, if, in any case, fault can be found with its practical administration. Would it not be better to say concerning the family or concerning democracy, "I believe in it, and I hold myself bound to do my utmost to see that it is held in honor and that it is properly constituted and administered"? If such were the attitude of all employers toward trade-unionism, we should soon see a vast improvement in the industrial situation. And I am quite sure that there are many employers who are now frankly antagonistic to the unions who would take this more friendly attitude toward them if they could clearly see what are the real purposes of the unions and what disasters are involved in the proposition to kill or cripple them.

Most of those who say that they believe in unions, "if properly conducted," mean to confine their approval to such unions as are purely social or beneficial. Trade unions generally embody some such features, but they are not the central reasons for their existence. The Federal statute providing for the incorporation of trade unions mentions these objects, but also specifies, as purposes of such organizations, "the regulation of their wages and their hours and conditions of labor, the protection of their individual rights in the prosecution of their trade or trades." The trade union has always had insurance features and social and educational features, and these are the features which the average employer is ready to indorse; but the main purpose for which they are organized is thus succinctly expressed by Mr. and Mrs. Webb: "To provide a continuous association of wage-earners, *for the purpose of maintaining or improving the conditions of their employment.*" This purpose the average employer does not approve of; when the union begins to exert its power in regulating wages or hours or conditions of labor, he thinks that it is getting out of its sphere and becoming a menace to the social well-being.

Here, now, is the crux of the situation. This is the main function of the trade union—to organize and express the will of its members in bargaining about terms and conditions of labor. For one who disputes this right to say that he believes in trade unions is much like saying that he believes in watches provided they have no mainsprings, or in rivers so long as there is no water in them. No one can intelligently say that he approves of trade unions unless he approves of giving to the men who are organized in them the right of dealing, through their representatives, on equal terms with their employers, concerning the wages they shall receive, the hours they shall labor, and the conditions under which their work shall be done.

There are employers who appear to say

that they are willing to permit trade unions to negotiate about these matters, provided the unions will pledge themselves beforehand not to enforce their demands by striking. It does not appear, however, that these employers propose to divest themselves of the power to reduce wages, against the will of the men, or to dismiss whom they will without the consent of the union. They expect to keep for themselves all the power they now possess; all they ask is that before entering upon the struggle for the division of the joint product of capital and labor the representatives of labor shall tie their own hands behind their backs. The proposition does not appear to be a very chivalrous one; probably while human nature remains as it is, and the competitive régime continues to prevail, it will not be widely accepted.

What, then, shall we say about this demand of the unions—that they shall have the right, collectively, through their chosen representatives, to bargain with their employers about wages and conditions of labor? Is it a reasonable demand? I think that it is eminently reasonable and just; that no fair-minded employer ought for one moment to question it.

Let us remind ourselves that we are not dealing now with the old domestic system of industry, in which there were nearly as many men as masters, and the cases were rare in which the capitalist employer did not personally know all the people in his employ. Most of our industrial maxims are drawn out of that old régime, and have no application to the present order. Let us remember that we are dealing now with the large system of industry, in which a single responsible employer represents hundreds or thousands of stockholders, and deals with hundreds or thousands of employees—a relation in which personal friendships and sympathies between employer and employee have come to be a negligible quantity. Suppose, now, that there is no organization among the laborers, or none that has any power to deal with questions of wages or hours of labor. The competitive régime is founded on the assumption that prices will be fixed by "the higgling of the market." How much "higgling of the market" is likely to take place between a single laborer and such a corporation? Let Sidney and Beatrice Webb set forth the details of the process. The case supposed is that of a labor market in perfect equilibrium.

"We assume that there is only a single situation vacant, and only one candidate for it. When the workman applies for the post to the employer's foreman, the two parties differ considerably in strategic strength. There is first the difference of alternative. If the foreman, and the capitalist employer for whom he acts, fail to come to terms with the workman, they may be put to some inconvenience in arranging the work of the establishment. They may have to persuade the other workmen to work harder or to work overtime; they may even be compelled to leave a machine vacant, and thus run the risk of some delay in the completion of an order. Even if the workman remains obdurate, the worst that the capitalist suffers is a fractional decrease of the year's profit. Meanwhile he and his foreman, with their wives and families, find their housekeeping quite unaffected; they go on eating and drinking, working and enjoying themselves, whether the bargain with the individual workman has been made or not. Very different is the case with the wage-earner. If he refuses the foreman's terms even for a day, he irrevocably loses his whole day's subsistence. If he has absolutely no other resources than his labor, hunger brings him to his knees the very next morning. Even if he has a little hoard, or a couple of rooms full of furniture, he and his family can only exist by the immediate sacrifice of their cherished provision against calamity, or the stripping of their home. Sooner or later he must come to terms, on pain of starvation or the workhouse."[1] It is now universally agreed, Professor Marshall tells us, "that manual laborers as a class are at a disadvantage in bargaining." The fact is so palpable that it is needless to quote authorities. A single laborer has no fighting chance in dealing with a great corporation; he can only accept what is offered him. The consequence is his inevitable degradation. Professor Marshall points out that "the effects of the

[1] "Industrial Democracy," Part III, Chap. II. The entire chapter is most illuminating.

laborer's disadvantage in bargaining are cumulative in two ways. It lowers his wages, and, as we have seen, this lowers his efficiency as a worker, and thereby lowers the normal value of his labor; and, in addition, it lowers his efficiency as a bargainer, and thus increases the chance that he will sell his labor for less than its normal value."

Under the present system of large industry, with competition as the regulative principle, unorganized labor is always driven on the downward road. This results not only from the inequality between the single laborer and the great corporation, but also from the competition between employers. For the employer of humane and liberal sentiment, who wishes to pay his working people the highest wages possible, finds himself unable to compete with the unscrupulous employer, who, by forcing wages down, is able to produce goods cheaper than the former can, and thus to undersell him in the market and get his business away from him. Mr. John Graham Brooks quotes a retired shoe manufacturer of wealth who said of the trade unions: "They make a good many stupid mistakes, but *an organization strong enough to fight the employer is a necessity to labor.* Competition so forces many of the best employers to copy the sharp tricks of the worst employers in lowering wages, that the trade union must be equipped to fight against these reductions or for a rise in wages when business is more prosperous." [1]

The fact that unorganized labor is steadily forced downward toward starvation and misery is a fact which no student of industrial conditions would dream of denying. The history of the industrial revolution by which the factory system supplanted the domestic system of production is full of examples of this process. Men who angrily declare that there shall be no organization of labor ought to read carefully the industrial history of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, when the conditions which they consider ideal were prevailing in the great industrial centers. There were no unions in England during the earlier part of this period; laws of the most drastic character, which made it a criminal conspiracy for two or three workingmen to consult together for the purpose of securing shorter hours or better wages, had effectually stamped out unionism.

[1] "The Social Unrest," p. 15.

For the employers it was a most prosperous period; wealth was increasing by leaps and bounds, great fortunes were being heaped up; but the chasm between the employer and the employed was steadily widening, and the condition of the working people was becoming more and more deplorable. "In the new cities," says Arnold Toynbee, "the old warm attachments, born of local contiguity and intercourse, vanished in the fierce contest for wealth among thousands who had never seen each other's faces before. Between the individual workman and the capitalist who employed hundreds of 'hands' a wide gulf opened; the workman ceased to be the cherished dependent; he became the living tool of whom the employer knew less than he did of his steam-engine." [1]

Government reports of this period show that children of five and six years of age were frequently employed in factories. Men and women stood at their daily tasks from twelve to fourteen and fifteen hours; a working day of sixteen hours was not an unheard-of thing. Even at that early day the demand was loud for machines that could be tended by women and children; and their husbands and fathers were driven out of the shops and compelled to stand idle in the market-place. "Nor was this unmeasured abuse of child labor," says Mr. Hyndman, "confined to the cotton, silk, or wool industries. It spread in every direction. The profit was so great that nothing could stop its development. The report of 1842 is crammed with statements as to the fearful overwork of girls and boys in iron and coal mines, which doubtless had been going on from the end of the eighteenth century. Children, being small and handy, were particularly convenient for small veins of coal, and for pits where no great amount of capital was embarked; they could get about where horses and mules could not. Little girls were forced to carry heavy buckets of coal up high ladders, and little girls and boys, instead of animals, dragged the coal-bunkers. Women

[1] "The Industrial Revolution," p. 190.

were constantly employed underground at the filthiest tasks."[1]

Through all this period wages gravitated downward, and while the cost of food increased the family income was steadily lowered. The Parliamentary reports give us pictures of the life of the people in all the great manufacturing centers that leave nothing for the imagination: "In the parishes of St. John and St. Margaret there lived in 1840, according to the 'Journal of the Statistical Society,' 5,366 workingmen's families in 5,294 'dwellings' (if they deserve the name!), men, women, and children thrown together without distinction of age or sex, 26,830 persons all told; and of these families three-fourths possessed but one room. In the aristocratic parish of St. George, Hanover Square, there lived, according to the same authority, 1,465 workingmen's families, nearly six thousand persons, under similar conditions, and here, too, more than two-thirds of the whole number crowded together at the rate of one family in one room."

"The preacher of the old church at Edinburgh, Dr. Lee, testified in 1836 before the Commission of Religious Instruction that he had never seen such misery in his parish, where the people were without furniture, without everything, two married couples often sharing one room. In a single day he had visited seven houses in which there was not a bed; in some of them not even a heap of straw. Old people of eighty years sleep on the board floor; nearly all slept in their day clothes. In one cellar room he found two families from a Scotch country district. Soon after their removal to the city two of the children had died, and a third was dying at the time of his visit. Each family had a filthy pile of straw lying in a corner, and the cellar sheltered, besides the two families, a donkey, and was, moreover, so dark that it was impossible to distinguish one person from another by day. Dr. Lee declared that it was enough to make a heart of adamant bleed to see such misery in a country like Scotland."[2]

And these, be it remembered, were not days of industrial depression in Great Britain; they were flush times, booming times, when railways were building, and great mills were springing up on every hand, and hundreds of capitalist employers were building up great fortunes.

Such is the irresistible tendency of the large system of industry when labor is unorganized. It is helpless to resist the forces which press upon it from every side and doom it to degradation. Our own country has witnessed comparatively little of this tendency, because until recently there has been abundance of cheap land to which the workers could betake themselves, and the physical development of a new country has absorbed our surplus labor. But even here the labor of women in the cities has given us some hints of the oppression to which unorganized labor is exposed; and such conditions as have lately been uncovered in Pittsburgh, where unionism has been practically exterminated, enable us to see what kind of fate is in reserve for any working class which fails to unite for its own protection.

What other possible barrier can be interposed between the working class and these forces of selfishness that always tend to exploit and degrade them? Shall the power of the State be called in to protect them? The State may usefully interfere in behalf of children and women, and in the interest of public health, and for the safeguarding of the life of the laborer, and in some other ways; but so long as competition is the regulative principle of industry the State can do very little to shield the laboring man from the pressure on his means of subsistence of the superincumbent mass of consolidated capital. Nor is it desirable that the State should take any class of its citizens under its special patronage.

It is often charged that the State has extended special privileges to capital, by which it has been able to exploit the laboring class; and also that it has failed to prevent illegal and oppressive conduct on the part of the strong by which the weak have been plundered. All such wrongs the State is bound to rectify; but when it has done all that it ought to do in these directions, it will still be possible for great combinations of organized capital to take advantage of unorganized labor and crowd

[1] "Historic Basis of Socialism in England," p. 166.
[2] "The Condition of the Working Classes in England in 1844," by Frederick Engels.

it to the wall, and there is nothing that the State can do to prevent it.

It may be suggested that the sentiments of justice and humanity in the hearts of the capitalists themselves will prevent this oppression. Doubtless there are among them men of good will who would be moved by such considerations; but unfortunately these are not the people who set the pace in these competitive struggles; and the unorganized laborers, instead of enjoying the protection of the best employers, soon find themselves at the mercy of the meanest.

But who wants to put them under anybody's protection or at anybody's mercy? Who wants them to be coddled by the State or cockered by their employers? Are we going to put the millions of working people on the list of beneficiaries, and teach them to depend for their existence on the bounty of their employers? These are American citizens; they ought not to feel that they are living on this soil by anybody's sufferance; they ought not to be put, by our industrial system, in a position of vassalage, and they must not be. They ought to be men who have rights, and who "know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain." We cannot afford to have any other kind of citizens in this country. Some way must be found by which these men shall become not only politically but industrially free; by which they shall have something themselves to say respecting the terms and conditions of their employment, by which they shall be assured that their standing in the community is not a matter of grace but of right.

It is one of the bitter complaints against trade-unionists that they become insolent and arrogant in the use of their power. How much of that is a reaction from the abject servility to which anti-unionism tends to degrade them? I confess that nothing more disquieting has lately come to my knowledge than that state of mind in which we sometimes find American workingmen. In a late number of the "Technical World" Mr. P. Harvey Middleton thus describes his interview with a workingman in the Carnegie works at Homestead. It was on a Sunday morning, and the man was just out of the mill. "He was asked if there had been any reduction of Sunday work since the recent order about Sunday labor had been issued. 'Reduction be ——!' he ejaculated. 'Why, I haven't had a Sunday off in five years.' Then he suddenly became very serious, and, looking fearfully around the car (the steel workers have learned by bitter experience that the spies of the corporation are everywhere), bent down—he was over six feet—and whispered in my ear: 'This morning I skipped without saying a word to my boss. I don't know what will happen, and I have a wife and five kids at home. But I think I might have at least one half Sunday in five years, don't you?' This last an almost pathetic appeal. Here was an American citizen who had been working twelve hours a day, seven days (eighty-four hours) a week for five consecutive years. He was a laborer, and the Steel Trust paid him for his endless toil sixteen and a half cents an hour. He wanted to spend the Sunday with his wife and children, but there was very little doubt in my mind that when he returned to work on Monday morning he would be promptly discharged for quitting work without permission on the day of rest."

However that might have been, the shameful fact is that an American man should be afraid to complain of such conditions lest he should lose his livelihood. So also during this year of grace, in a town named Bethlehem (!), three machinists who dared to petition the manager of the steel works for the elimination of Sunday work were promptly discharged. As a consequence of this drastic policy, generally enforced where there are no unions, workingmen hardly dare to express a wish for better conditions. Mr. Robert A. Woods, a most sober student of existing conditions, says that "the Pittsburgh employers' point of view, more than that of any other city in the country, is like that of England in the early days of the factory system—holding employees guilty of a sort of impiety, and acting with sudden and sure execution if they undertake to enforce their claims in such way as to embarrass the momentum of great business administration." This is the point of view which tends to prevail where unionism is excluded, and submission to it must produce a servile spirit in the laborer.

The street-car men in our Columbus

strike have told me of the fear of consequences which oppressed them when, before their union was organized, they ventured to circulate a humble and perfectly respectful petition for a slight increase of pay. That they had reason for such fear was made manifest when the company's inspectors warned them that they would be sorry if they did any such thing, and when those who were instrumental in circulating the petition were first reprimanded by the manager, and then, one by one, discharged.

I do not think that a wise statesmanship will consent to see the masses of American workingmen put in a position like this. Some way must be found by which they may keep their liberty and preserve their manhood.

By organizing themselves into unions they obtain and preserve this power. I know no other way under the present industrial system by which they can obtain it. I have never heard any other way suggested.

By this method they do maintain their freedom and prevent the degradation to which, without organization, they are doomed. There is no question that, in the well-weighed words of John Mitchell, "trade-unionism has justified its existence by good works and high purposes. . . . It has elevated the standard of living of the American workman and conferred upon him higher wages and more leisure. It has increased efficiency, diminished accidents, averted disease, kept the children at school, raised the moral tone of the factories." Much of the legislation by which the conditions of the laboring classes have been improved is due to the initiative of the unions. Beyond all controversy, that frightful deterioration of the industrial classes which the large system of industry set in deadly operation has been arrested, and the lot of the laboring man has been vastly improved during the last seventy-five years. No such horrible living conditions as those which I have described above can be found to-day in the great factory towns of Great Britain; even "the submerged tenth" are living far more decently now than the average mechanic was living then. Even Pittsburgh, in all its misery, is a paradise compared with Manchester and Glasgow in the third and fourth decades of the nineteenth century. Many causes have wrought together to produce this improvement, but the students of social science agree in their judgment that the most efficient cause of that improvement has been the organization of labor. It has enabled the working people to resist the pressure that would have degraded them, and to demand and secure a fairer share of the wealth which their labor produces.

It is true that not all workingmen have been included in the unions, but even those outside the organizations have largely shared in the gains that have been won by organized labor. When, in an open shop, the union succeeds in getting better wages or shorter hours, the non-union men get the benefit of the rise. The unorganized trades, like that of the sewing women, have, no doubt, often been exploited by their employers; but the general level of wages is undoubtedly kept up by the labor unions.

So great have been the benefits which unionism has brought to the laboring classes and to the community at large that a philosophic statesman like Professor Thorold Rogers, of Oxford, declared that if he had the making of the laws he would exclude from the franchise all workingmen who were not members of trade unions. Certain it is that the man who proposes to outlaw or exterminate them assumes a heavy responsibility.

CHRIST, AND MAN'S LATENT DIVINITY

BY THE REV. ANSON PHELPS STOKES, JR.

SECRETARY OF YALE UNIVERSITY

This is the first of a series of Lenten Sermons. Other sermons in this series will be written by the Rev. Dr. Francis G. Peabody, the Rev. Dr. Edward Judson, the Very Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, and the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott.—THE EDITORS.

Jesus Christ, "the first-born among many brethren." —Romans viii. 29.

THE religious experience of Jesus Christ is repeatable. His life *may* be reproduced in its purity, its power, its divinity, for we are created "in God's image and after his likeness." The spark of divine life fanned into perfection in Jesus is latent in us. It needs merely the right understanding of the Master, and the earnest effort to follow him, to enable us to be among those "many brethren" of whom he was the "first" or the "first-born."

I remember as a Yale undergraduate in the Christian Association preferring to teach the life of Paul to that of Jesus Christ. I knew that Paul was born as I was born, subject to human limitations and temptations. It seemed inspiring to think of what this man, when dominated by Christ, did for his fellows. I thought that his experience was repeatable—that that of Jesus was not. But to-day I would infinitely rather teach the life of Jesus than that of Paul or of any one else. It is the difference between a masterpiece by Raphael and a crude reproduction by a disciple; and I have come to believe that Jesus claimed no power which he did not mean us to share—that there is nothing inherent which separates us from him. We start with the same divine inheritance, the same possible relationship to the eternal Father, the same opportunity of service. The uniqueness of Jesus is not metaphysical. It is mainly the uniqueness of discovery, of self-realization, and of achievement. He was "the *first-born* among many brethren."

I—JESUS CHRIST, "THE FIRST-BORN"

There are two types of Biblical titles for Jesus Christ: First, those which are generally understood as linking him with God—"the only begotten of the Father," "the Word of God," "the Christ of God," "the image of God," "the Lord of all," "the Messiah." Second, those which are generally understood as linking him with man—"the carpenter," "the friend of sinners," "Jesus of Nazareth," "the son of Joseph," the "teacher," "the prophet," "the man Christ Jesus." These seem to make him a man among men—differing from us in the degree of his realized spiritual union with God, but holding out to us the blessed thought that with his help we can be like him.

The designations in the two groups are not necessarily antagonistic. It is true that the man who approaches Jesus as the one Eternal God is not likely to get any real grip on his complete humanity, but he who first thinks of him as a man who lived a human life in Palestine *may* get to see that he completely transcended the realm of the human as we know it, and will like to call him divine. To such a one, even though he may believe that Jesus was born as we are born, and that the essence of the resurrection was spiritual rather than physical, each and all of the terms mentioned exalting Jesus will seem to give the proper attitude of reverence toward him. But if you agree with me, although gladly calling him Lord, the group of human appellations will appeal with special force. Of these none seems more suggestive and inspiring than the word of St. Paul, that Jesus was "the first-born among many brethren."

The Apostle here has apparently no thought of unique pre-existence or of the doctrine of the Virgin Birth, of which there is no mention in his writings. He seems to have in mind ethical and religious, rather than theological, ideas. Jesus was the first to understand and to exemplify humanity's real birthright, the divine possibilities of man who is by nature kin to God. The more I study history, the more I realize that Jesus was indeed the "first-born" in this sense. The Greek

philosophers gave an imperishable moral and spiritual ideal, but Jesus was the needed leader to sound the depths of the religious spirit by living in complete harmony with God. And what is of even greater significance, because it can be historically verified, he made the life of union between man as God's son and God as man's Father so actual, so real, so visible, so attractive, that he laid the basis of a universal religion. The lowly yet masterful Nazarene is little by little bringing the whole world to self-realization. These things (let us say it with the deepest reverence) make him the unique genius in the realm of spiritual leadership.

II—CHRIST'S "MANY BRETHREN"

But it is upon the last words of St. Paul's phrase that I wish here to lay special emphasis. Jesus was the first-born "*among many brethren.*" These cannot be Gods: there is but one God. This is the fundamental teaching of the Bible. They cannot be demi-Gods. No such being has ever existed, and it is unthinkable to the logical modern mind. They must be human beings, men of flesh and blood. It is apparent, then, that Jesus believed that there would some day be many men sharing his view of life, his possibility of living in complete union with the Father—men whom he could call brothers, although realizing that it was only through his help that they could reach his level. And this encouraging verse is not an isolated statement. The Bible is full of the thought. The fourth Gospel says: "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."[1] Paul writes, "We are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."[2] And in another place we read: "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him."[3] Listen also to the words of Jesus: "Be ye therefore perfect;"[4] and "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."[5] These verses truly represent the view of the New Testament itself, that there was nothing in Jesus' power which men might not reproduce.

But much more important than scores of proof texts is the essence of the Gospel itself. Let me venture on a modern paraphrase: "You men and women about me are children of an eternal beneficent Spirit whom I call Father. It was his will that you should be born with kinship to him; your spirit is in essence one with that of the Maker of the universe. I call upon you to turn from selfishness and sin and to cultivate your splendid birthright as sons of the Living God. Realize your potential oneness with him, and try to make the world worthy of its Maker. If you will only follow me by living the life of perfect love, you too can have the peace and the power which come from union with God." Such was the message of Jesus. Is it not part of its very warp and woof that his life was lived so that we might completely reflect and reproduce its spirit?

This, then, is the twofold teaching which every Christian should constantly keep before him. Jesus Christ first completely realized man's spiritual relationship to God; and, as a supplement, this unity may be shared by his disciples.

III—EFFECT ON OUR THOUGHT OF JESUS

Let us now turn to the effect of these views on our conception of Jesus.

There may be some who will wonder whether I am not denying the Trinity and the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and who will at first shudder at the thought of mere men approaching his perfect standard. But bear with me a moment. The doctrine of the Trinity is a great speculation of the Christian Church built up to explain a few New Testament texts, to provide for the richness of the life of God and for the unique manifestation of Jesus Christ. It is entirely compatible with the idea I am presenting. Jesus is the point of contact between humanity and the outgoing life of God. No theologian of high standing claims that the historical person Jesus of Nazareth was himself the second "person" of the Trinity. That would mean at least two Gods, which is unthinkable. He is rather the perfect embodiment in place and time of the active principle, the Logos

[1] John i. 12.
[2] Rom. viii. 16.
[3] I John iii. 2.
[4] Matt. v. 48.
[5] John xiv. 12.

of God. That eternal Word is striving to-day to embody himself in your life and in mine as he did completely in the life of Jesus, but our selfishness prevents the completion of the process.

And so it is with the doctrine of the Divinity. This is not necessarily bound up with any theory of Jesus' birth, or with any inherited dogma regarding his person. When I speak of the Divinity, I mean that Jesus completely revealed the Father's spirit; that he perfectly showed the world the truth of man's kinship with God. In a word, that he is the Incarnation. Athanasius was right in insisting that Jesus Christ was of one substance with the Father, but there is no adequate New Testament reason for doubting that this is also true of the spirit of man. We have not so much thought of our Master in too exalted terms as we have thought of humanity as too limited in its possibilities. The difference between the Man of Galilee of the first century and the men of England and America in the nineteenth century, if I understand my Gospels aright, is not in inherent capacity to draw near God, but in the relative degree of realization of a latent power common to humanity. It is this that has created the uniqueness of Jesus.

Our metaphysical relationship to God and the metaphysical relationship of Jesus to God may well be the same—we are both sons, but one has completely realized his sonship, the other has only begun to grasp its full meaning. The one has been completely filled by the life of the eternal Spirit, and the result is the divine Jesus, the Incarnation—the others, you and I, have given God and the things of the spirit a meager welcome to our hearts. The result is inefficiency and selfishness. This is the great human travesty and tragedy. If the experience of Jesus is a repeatable experience, then he means more to me than he ever could if I believed that he must be forever in a different category. I grant that he *has been* unique in life and influence. I go further and say that he will seem more wonderful as the centuries pass, and if the millennium ever comes when all men are completely God-filled—that is, like Christ—*then* the uniqueness of Jesus of Nazareth will stand out more than ever. It will have been through him, through the "first-born," that the "many brethren" will have come to their own. Plato and Aristotle do not seem less as the centuries pass—they seem greater. It is largely because of them that men reach to satisfying thought in ethics and philosophy. The discovery of America does not seem less notable to us because we cross the ocean in 30,000-ton ships—rather it seems a more prodigious achievement as the years pass. So, infinitely more so, is it with the discovery of man's spiritual unity with God, and with the manifestation of it in a perfect life, itself the essence of the simplest and of the most profound philosophy.

The effect of the possible repeatability of the spiritual experience of Jesus is to exalt him, not to lower his diginity. It makes him more than ever the Saviour of humanity. Explorers may come afterwards and develop the land of the spirit, but the discoverer of its possibilities will always remain a unique figure in the world's history, one who cannot properly be grouped with Moses and Mohammed and Luther, except as sharers of the same divine inheritance.

We have found in recent years that many of the marvels of primitive Christianity—notably the so-called miracles of healing—may be repeated. In the Emmanuel Church clinic and elsewhere drunkards are cured, evil spirits in the form of nervous troubles are driven out, and the bedridden are made to walk, all by faith, as surely as these things happened in Palestine nineteen centuries ago. This has not made Jesus Christ less great; it has made him greater. He is the source of the new inspiration. In the same way is it not at least possible that he will be exalted as he never has been when men realize that in the twentieth century it is God's will that they reproduce his union with God—a union which, believe me, he yearned that we should share with him?

IV—EFFECT ON OURSELVES

I have tried to show that the teaching of the "many brethren" only exalts the Master. Let us now consider its influence on ourselves. Here is where its ethical value is shown. It may be made an

inspiration, a compelling force, with us. We may actually, so the Gospel teaches, become like him, be made perfect, share completely his intimate experience of the Father's love, become full-grown men, reaching, as Paul says, "to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Does that not open up to us a splendid field for high endeavor—to try to be and to lead our people to be Christlike? If Jesus is held up to us, as was the custom of old, as the very God himself—rather than as the most perfect manifestation of God—if we preach that his purity is inimitable, that his feeling of unity with God cannot be repeated, then his temptations seem hollow, his prayers unnecessary. He becomes an unreal figure with little meaning for us. But if we feel, as frankly I feel, that the God to whom we pray is exactly the same God to whom he prayed, that Jesus is flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood, that temptation and difficulty and suffering were real to him, that there is no intimacy with the Father that he had which we cannot have, except always the profound difference between the discovery of a great secret and the repetition of the experience under the sure leadership of the discoverer; if we feel that he intended all humanity to realize perfect union with God, here or in the world beyond—*then* life becomes a thrilling opportunity for service.

I do not ask any one to change his views if they satisfy him, but to those who yearn for a living faith, and are not content with inherited interpretations, I hold out the inspiring ideal of the "many brethren." Is it not a positive help to know that we may truly and entirely share Jesus' experience of God? Our time is marked by great interest in ideal commonwealths, in the coming of the Kingdom of God, and for this we should be deeply thankful. But these are empty dreams if the *units* in the kingdom cannot be ideal, if men have not the actual possibility of real Christlikeness—not the halting half-way kind generally preached, but the same unity with God and the same perfect righteousness which our Saviour manifested.

When Jesus told us to be perfect, and to follow him, and assured us that "greater works than these shall ye do," I believe that he meant exactly what he said. The fact is that we have not valued half high enough our divine inheritance. We have estimated aright the broad gap between Jesus and ourselves in *achievement*, but have emphasized too much the difference in *potentiality*. We must not try to reduce Jesus to our level; that is impossible; but we should try to allow him to raise us to his level, believing this to be a divine possibility.

I am addressing men and women who for the most part stand for liberal tendencies in conservative communions. It is a good combination. Let us show our *conservativism* by being absolutely loyal to Jesus Christ as the "first-born," the only person known to history who has lived perfectly the God-filled life. Let us show our *liberalism* by increasing our faith in the divine possibilities of the common man, as is fitting in a democratic nation. Is there any way in which we may manifest greater love and respect for the Master than by holding up the thought of the repeatability of his experience of God?

In his undoubted divinity we may see our possible divinity.

In his undoubted incarnation we may see that we also may have God dwelling in us.

In his undoubted atonement we may see that we may be as he was "at one" with the Father.

In a word, let us by example and preaching go back of all councils and creeds to the simple, inspiring New Testament message that Jesus was indeed the "first-born," but the first-born "among many brethren."

DIOXYDIAMIDOARSENOBENZOL

BY ALBERT R. LEDOUX, PH.D.

THE editors of The Outlook have asked me to write an article on Chemical Affinity, to explain in untechnical language how chemists first imagine and then create many of the substances that have become invaluable—even indispensable—in our daily life. It has seemed to me opportune to take dioxydiamidoarsenobenzol as an illustration of these processes.

When the evening edition of a New York newspaper, in its first issue of 1911, mentions among the great achievements of the past year the discovery of Dioxydiamidoarsenobenzol, and considers it as at least as important as that of the dictograph, the "walking wharf," and the perfection of Edison's new storage battery, we may assume that the new substance with the very long name is worthy of consideration by the readers of this magazine.

First, let us define our text: Chemical Affinity—synonymous with elective affinity—"is the force by which the atoms of bodies dissimilar unite, in certain definite proportions, to form a compound different from any of its constituents." The term "implies a property, inherent in the atoms, of selecting other atoms with which to unite." Thus says the Century Dictionary.

To illustrate: If to a solution of nitrate of silver we add common salt (sodium chloride), the silver always leaves its former associates in the silver nitrate and joins the chlorine of the sodium chloride, to form a new compound, silver chloride, the other constituents uniting to form sodium nitrate; in other words, the sodium and chlorine have greater affinity for each other than for their former partners.

Now, I must apologize to those readers who have not forgotten their college courses in chemistry for beginning at the beginning; and I must also bespeak the patience of others, for many are not so much interested in the narrative of a voyage over unknown seas as they are in the things the explorer discovered at its end.

When chemists first began critically to examine substances, they were perplexed by discovering that many containing the same elements were nevertheless so different in appearance and properties. One illustration will suffice here: Calomel and corrosive sublimate contain nothing but mercury and chlorine, though one is a beneficent drug and the other a deadly poison. The difference is only in the proportion of the two elements and the way they are bound together.

Later on, the chemists found that many substances had exactly the same percentage of each component element, yet were as different in character as they were in natural origin. The liquid benzene, which we will hereafter call by its more scientific name, benzol, and the gas acetylene, with which we may light our dwellings, each contains 92.31 per cent of carbon and 7.69 per cent of hydrogen.

Again, they found that some very different substances had not only the same percentage composition, but were identical in the ratio of the molecules of their constituent elements. For example, starch and cellulose, the latter being the chief substance in sawdust, are both $C_6H_{10}O_5$ (or at least in that ratio)—that is, both contain six atoms of carbon, ten of hydrogen, and five of oxygen, or multiples of these numbers. Such perplexities as these led to the wonderful discovery of the laws of valence and chemical affinity. Like all scientific "laws" (that of gravitation, for example), we only know them by their fruits, and cannot say more about them than that they serve as working hypotheses.

The chemist has found that every one of the sixty-odd elements so far recognized has a certain number of "hands" which it can stretch out to those of another element and with which it can grasp them; that when each has hold of another a compound is theoretically possible, and may be formed by some process or other, but that no compound can exist for more than an infinitesimal instant, if at all, unless all the hands have others to hold; in more scientific language, unless the quantivalence of each atom or mole-

cule is satisfied. Most elements have only one, two, three, or four "hands," but some are exceptions and seem to exist with a dual personality, such as nitrogen, for example, which sometimes has three and sometimes five. I will not complicate this article by going more deeply into these apparent exceptions. Hydrogen has always one hand and is our standard, and the elements are "monads," "diads," "triads," etc., compared with hydrogen. Oxygen is a diad—two-handed. This quantivalence is usually illustrated thus: Monad, H—; Diad, —O—, etc. Now the chemist, mindful of his "law," says at once: "There cannot be a stable compound HO; that is, H—O—, because there would be one empty hand: but there can be a compound H—O—H; or, as usually written, H_2O." This is water, chemically the same in liquid or in vapor form. But the elements are capricious in one respect; while preferring to hold hands with a different element—I am almost tempted to say "of the opposite sex"—they will accommodate the chemist, if he does not transgress their "law," by sometimes allowing him to create compounds through joining one of their hands with that of another of their own name. So the chemist has first imagined and then produced "peroxide of hydrogen," H_2O_2, or H—O—O—H, a "satisfied" stable body. Not to multiply these elementary illustrations, let us confine ourselves to the carbon series henceforth.

Carbon has four hands under normal, usual conditions, and is depicted as —C—;

so we can have

```
      H
      |
H—C—H (CH4), which is
      |
      H
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marsh gas, and O=C=O (CO_2), which is carbon dioxide, the "carbonic acid gas" one finds in effervescent waters, whether drawn from springs or from the soda fountain. But our obliging element, carbon, may even join hands with others of his brothers to give us a series of new compounds. For instance, introducing the element chlorine, symbol Cl (commonly a monad, except under provocation), we have two substances, each indicated by the formula $C_2H_4Cl_2$, each of the same percentage composition. One is commercially known as "Dutch oil," because discovered by Hollanders in 1795, and has been used as a local anæsthetic, especially in operations on the eye. The other is a light, volatile liquid, of no especial commercial value to-day. Below are their two formulas graphically depicted:

Ethylene Chloride.

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      Cl
      |
H—C—H
      |
H—C—H
      |
      Cl
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Ethyledene Chloride.

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      H
      |
Cl—C—Cl
      |
H—C—H
      |
      H
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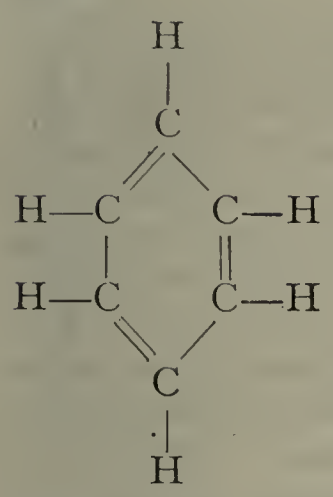
In one the chlorines are each holding on to a different carbon; in the other the chlorines have hold of the same carbon. There are hundreds of these compounds, similar in composition, yet different in character because of the way they hold together.

The old division of chemistry under "Organic" and "Inorganic" heads has been abandoned; now the former is designated as the "chemistry of the carbon compounds."

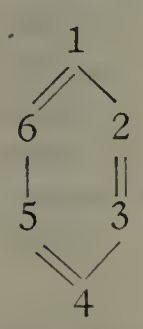
One of the greatest steps in the advance of chemical research in the last century was the formulation of the hypothesis of the closed "ring." Thus it is called, though really a hexagon in diagram. Without this brilliant conception we could not have depicted graphically the mode of hanging together of the atoms in benzol, C_6H_6, because four times six are twenty-four hands belonging to six carbons, and we only have six hydrogen hands to satisfy them; nor could we have imagined the way to create the brilliant array of benzol derivatives, so valuable in medicine and indispensable in modern arts. Some of these derivatives might have been discovered by accident or random experiment: Saccharin, a substance three hundred times as sweet as sugar and used when sugar is prohibited for certain people, was discovered because a chemist, searching for a new dye, happened to put his finger in his mouth. Vanillin, the substance which gives the taste and odor to the vanilla bean, was first produced

artificially in the laboratory of Berlin University, while I was there. Dr. Tiemann was trying to make another substance out of the sap extracted from the bark and sawdust of the fir tree, and noticed at a certain point the strong odor of vanilla. Imitation musk largely replaces the natural animal product; it was likewise discovered through its odor. But nearly all the benzol derivatives were first thought out as possibilities, and then created by old or newly devised methods. The closed, or benzol, ring is depicted thus:



Here each of the four hands of each carbon and the single hand of each hydrogen are "satisfied," and we have the explanation of how benzol, C_6H_6, can exist. Here was the starting-point from which the chemist has proceeded to create compounds never found in nature, and to reproduce others.

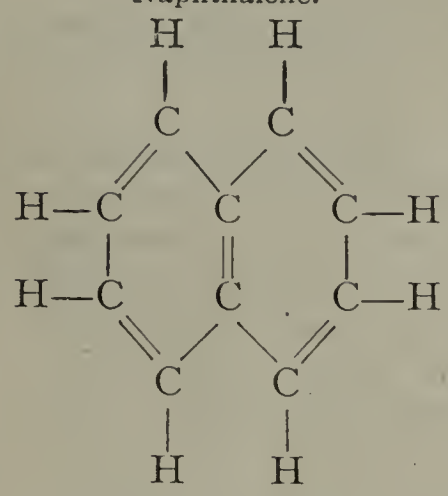
Let us depict the benzol hexagon again, and let us leave off the symbolic letters and number the angles each belonging to one carbon and to one hydrogen.



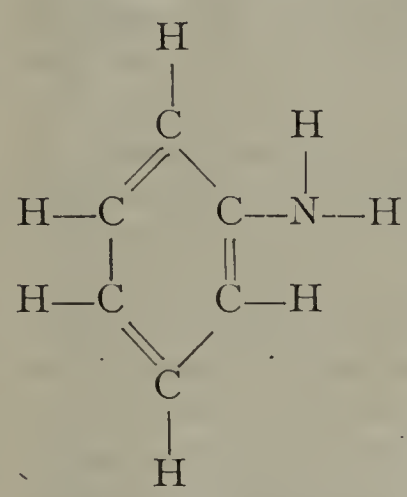
As hydrogen is a one-armed element—that is to say, a monad—the chemist knows that he can substitute some other monad for one of the hydrogens, or two for two, or six for all six, until he can produce C_6H_5Cl, or $C_6H_4Cl_2$, or $C_6H_3Cl_3$, and so on to C_6Cl_6. All these theoretical substitutions have been made. And now will the reader's patience permit me to go a step farther? We saw above that it made a difference as to whether the chlorines were attached to two separate carbons, or both to the same one. So here we may not only imagine the six chlorine compounds C_6H_5Cl to C_6Cl_6; but, in addition, another half-dozen, according to whether two chlorines are attached *consecutively*, as, at (say) points 1—2, or *alternately* at points 1—3, or three chlorines at 1—2—3, or at 1—3—5, etc. So here we have a dozen theoretically possible (and actually made) benzol chlorides.

And now, just one more necessary complication. We all know naphthalene, the so-called "tar-camphor" of the careful housewife, the odor of which perhaps pervaded our last year's winter suit when we got it out in the fall. This is a compound which looks simple as $C_{10}H_8$, but it is the result of a union of two benzol rings, thus:

Naphthalene.



Now if we confine our thoughts to substituting our familiar chlorine for the eight hydrogens, we see at a glance that we may have many naphthalene chlorides. We remember that nitrogen may be a triad; NH_3 is ammonia $\left(\begin{matrix} & H & \\ & | & \\ H & — N — & H \end{matrix}\right)$, with which we are familiar; we can remove one H and *imagine* NH_2, and while $H—\overset{|}{N}—H$ cannot stand alone, the free hand may be joined to another free hand in a compound. This supposititious NH_2 is called "Amidogen." Amidobenzol is C_6H_5 (NH_2), graphically depicted as on the left. This is aniline, the mother of aniline dyes. Two NH_2 substitutes would give us diamidobenzol.

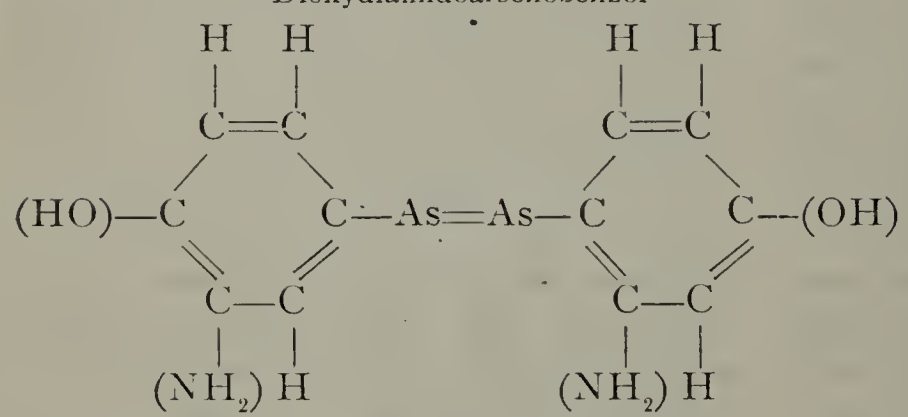


And now let us take a moment to summarize. It has been seen that chemical affinity is a very complex subject, and that some of the commonest substances are structurally very complicated—built up from atoms united by bonds. What I wished to make clear is this: that the properties of substances depend, not only on what elements they contain and their proportions, but also on the way in which the atoms grasp one another; and again upon their position relative to one another. The letters of the alphabet may

be put together to form many words of different meanings, and the change of position of a single letter makes a vast difference—"lair" and "liar," for instance. The typesetter once made the Superintendent of Education in New York City compliment certain teachers by referring to "their regularity" of attendance when he had written "the irregularity."

And now let us again consider the compound with the long name, dioxydiamidoarsenobenzol. It begins to mean something, does it not? We are now acquainted with amidobenzol, and see that the substance which we are studying is a diamidobenzol and that it presumably contains arsenic, in combination, and that it has an oxygen constituent; (the HO— compound that *can* exist in combination). As a matter of fact, here it is, "As" standing for arsenic:

Dioxydiamidoarsenobenzol



What is this compound, and why is it placed among the greatest discoveries of the year 1910? Well, it is a red dye, but its chief value is not that it is a dyestuff, but that it is the first specific ever found for one of the most terrible of the scourges known as "blood diseases." The aniline dyes were at first used only for their colorific effects; then the doctors, having adopted some other hydrocarbons as drugs, began to try certain dyes as medicines. It was found that a certain brilliant blue has a remarkable power to relieve pain; then that it is a cure for certain forms of malaria. Then a certain aniline red was found to cure a tropical disease affecting animals, and known as *mal de caderas;* then a green dye was found to relieve a certain African scourge, and another color was efficacious in "sleeping sickness." There are other similiar color cures for some of the most dangerous and heretofore incurable diseases, due to pernicious bacteria. Years ago it was found that certain bacteria could be stained by certain colors that would not stain others, so that when a solution containing millions of various microbes was examined under the microscope, if there were present any of the particular kind being searched for, they would instantly stand out to the vision if the solution had been subjected to the dye which colors this particular bacterium. German chemists, with their minds always in the attitude of an interrogation point, began to wonder what happens to the microbe when it is thus stained; whether, if it is so susceptible to a certain color, it would not be destroyed by an increased dose of the same. This was found to be the case, and it only needed one more step—to find a color that would kill a microbe and not at the same time injure the patient. For the blood disease that has been referred to above certain aniline derivatives were found to be more or less beneficial, but Professor Ehrlich, of Frankfort, calling to his aid certain other skilled chemists, began a series of experiments to see what *new* red dyes, then unknown, might be theoretically produced by the addition of various substances at one or another angle of the benzol, or amidobenzol, hexagon. The result was the new substance named above, which, when combined with a sodium salt, is popularly known as "606."

An indication of how the laws of chemical affinity and valence serve to point out a path to the chemist has been given above. He sees an H molecule that he would replace with something; a chance to add something here or to subtract something there; a possible union between groups, etc., etc. To explain in detail the methods of doing this would require too many pages of The Outlook. In many cases the manipulation is simple. One example will suffice. Imagine the benzol ring again, without depicting it; we remember the formula C_6H_6. If benzol is mixed with nitric acid and heated, we get nitrobenzol, $C_6H_5(NO_2)$. This is the oil of mirbane of commerce, a perfume which largely replaces that obtained from bitter almond oil. If the chemist

wants to make aniline from his nitrobenzol, he heats the latter in a flask with a metal and hydrochloric acid. These are simple reactions. But to think out and actually to produce a complicated organic compound, and to predict what will be its properties when created, are achievements as interesting to the student and often as valuable to humanity as many that have changed the current of history or added to our knowledge of the geography of the earth.

BUSINESS ECONOMY [1]

BY HERBERT G. STOCKWELL

DRIVING along the main street of a small city in which he lived, a retired sugar magnate suddenly stopped his horse, handed the reins to a friend who sat beside him, jumped to the ground, and picked up a new red brick, which he placed in his carriage. He then resumed his seat and drove on.

"What are you going to do with that brick?" asked his friend.

"Take it home and add it to my pile for repairs when needed," replied the sugar magnate.

He explained further that it had been his habit for years to pick up good, serviceable bricks, either thrown away or dropped carelessly on the street; that during the course of a year the accumulated bricks saved him considerable outlay in repairs to the various properties owned by him.

"Besides, I hate to see any good material wasted," said he.

This incident aptly illustrates the saving tendency of the older business men as contrasted with many wasteful habits of the younger men. It is very rarely that we see a young business man preserve pieces of wrapping paper, nails, or twine received on packages during the course of business. The prevailing spirit seems to induce the thought that the preservation of such small incidental materials consumes time entirely out of proportion to the value of the thing saved; but, like all general rules, it is carried too far by many young men who perhaps could not employ their time to better advantage than in saving good, though minor, materials which would otherwise be lost.

TIME SAVING VS. MATERIALS SAVING

It is quite likely that the man who originated the thought that he could not afford to spend time on such matters found the principle correct as applied to himself; but, like all principles catering to indifference regarding details, the idea is too readily adopted by many young men who can ill afford its practice.

The maxim, "Penny wise, pound foolish," has been misunderstood, to the undoing of many brilliant young men. But aside from the mere question of the actual value involved in any specific incident of saving, the inculcation in the minds of all business men of the principles of economy as applied to all of their business acts is of extreme importance.

Young men are too ready to adopt what may be termed the vices of rich men and ignore the basic qualities upon which those men built success. When a man arrives at a state of affluence, he may readily, and without any appreciable loss, discard some of his economic principles as applied to minor details; but it may be noted with advantage that the men who are now in positions of prominence are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of economy, which they constantly practice, although there may be a sloughing off as to some of the minor details. Unfortunately, the exceptional incidents showing the neglect of smaller matters are taken by the young business man as evidences that all small savings may be disregarded.

Care is much harder to cultivate than

[1] The fourth of a series of five articles by Mr. Stockwell. Other articles will be found in The Outlook for January 14, February 11, and February 18.—THE EDITORS.

carelessness, which, if not checked in time, crystallizes indifference to small economies all the way through business transactions. Many men possessing genius and push, who would otherwise be successful, through wasteful habits fail to gain the recognition to which they think they are entitled.

ECONOMY NOT NECESSARILY FRUGALITY

We have heard many tales of the almost miserly habits of some of our wealthy men. Such should not be selected as examples for study. The wealthy sugar magnate referred to in the incident of the brick was a very liberal spender of money in the comforts of his home and of his family. The idea is, not that a man must be stingy or miserly, but that he should not *allow anything to be wasted which can, with a reasonable exercise of effort, be saved.* Parsimony is mean and sordid; economy is admirable.

SAVING CONSIDERED AS PROFIT ON INVESTMENT

That the general tendency among young men in business is against, rather than towards, saving is shown in the life insurance statistics, wherein it is startlingly set forth that the man who does not acquire *the habit of putting some of his income away until he has reached the age of forty can rarely hope successfully to cultivate economical habits after that date.* What I wish to emphasize here is not merely the desirability of cultivating the thrifty habit in itself, but rather that the economical spirit as evidenced in small things permeates the entire business career of a man, often marking the successful man as distinguished from the failure.

Another illustration of the thought carried into smaller things is furnished in the example set by the president of a large National bank in Philadelphia who was sitting beside a young friend in a street car one day as the conductor came through to collect the fares. The young man handed out a five-cent piece, while the bank man carefully reached into an inner pocket and produced a ticket which he had purchased at the rate of six for twenty-five cents. As a gentle reproof to his young friend the bank man said:

"I buy these tickets because I do not know of any better-paying safe investment. I make twenty per cent on my investment of a quarter of a dollar."

The judgment evidenced by the president in this small matter is indicative of a fixed quality in the type of men who get along in business. Ripe judgment in important matters does not spring instantaneously into the mind. It must have humble beginnings and grow to maturity. The young man, to acquire fitness, must keep the critical eye of economy ever open, and never at any stage of progress allow it to become dulled. The men who have gained prominence in the industrial world study matters of economy very earnestly. They thoroughly understand the importance of exercising keen judgment in the use of materials, labor, expenses of selling merchandise and conducting the office, and last, but not least, the economy of their own time.

Perhaps one of the most noticeable forms of waste of time is seen in the routine employment and payment of the wages of employees. Lack of intelligent direction evidenced here, as compared with the careful estimate and inquiry concerning the purchase of machinery equipment, is startling. When machines are needed, every effort is made to obtain the tool exactly adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. When installed, it is watched with care; cleaned, oiled, and repaired with the conscious purpose of prolonging its life and usefulness.

With few exceptions, the money annually expended in the purchase of machinery in the aggregate constitutes a mere bagatelle compared with the annual pay-roll. Yet men are too often treated as a mass, while the machines receive special individual care. And how few employees are selected with regard to their special fitness for the jobs for which they are employed! What a vast amount of power is lost through carelessness in this respect!

UNECONOMICAL CLERKS

Let us look around the office or store and cast the critical eye of economy over the clerks. Where can we go to find better examples of unintelligently wasteful performance than in our bookkeepers? The inheritance of ages has fixed upon

most bookkeepers unnecessary and wasteful habits which retard, instead of help, the business.

A credit insurance man, discussing with the proprietor of a mill the advantage of the protection afforded by his company, in order to ascertain the amount of premium on a proposed policy, asked the proprietor, "How much have your losses amounted to through bad debts during the past five years?" The mill-owner called his bookkeeper, to whom the question was repeated. He replied to the effect that it would take him some time to ascertain the amount, and he could not tell just how long it would take. He was set to work on the problem, and consumed a week in digging out the figures, which, if they had been intelligently placed on the books originally, would have been accessible with the expenditure of a few minutes only. Perhaps this seems an exaggerated case. If so, let any merchant or manufacturer who has not given considerable study to the bookkeeping of his office, test the condition of his own books by asking for some information of a vital nature and noting the time required by the bookkeeper to furnish the facts. There are exceptional offices where such matters have been economically planned; but I venture to say that many readers of this article will, if they try the experiment sincerely, find in their offices practical illustrations of the need for more economy.

The manager of a large office told me the other day that he was considering the organization of a school for his clerks in which efforts would be made to *teach them to think*. "I realize," said he, "that an immense amount of time could be saved if I could get my clerks actually to think about what they are doing and why they are doing it; whether what they are doing is necessary and whether their time can be better employed." The stimulation of the initial mental process in subordinates is one of the hardest problems of a business man. Like machines, the human body can be adapted to the performance of almost any regularly repeated motion. Such exercises of the muscles are spoken of as mechanical performances, many of them being learned so well that thought seems unnecessary. But men are different from machines in that with thought they will make fewer mistakes; without thought they may commit costly errors

FACTORY WASTE

A visit to the average manufacturing plant will fill one with the same sense of wasteful performance that he sees in the office. The eye of the master studying economy in the resources at his command will flash searching glances now here, now there, in the effort to discover wasteful effort which may be eliminated.

At one side of the elevator near the doorway in a large loom manufacturing plant stood a dray from which were being unloaded materials to be conveyed by the elevator to the floor above. Just beyond this truck two other drays stood idly awaiting their turn. "Why not knock out another door at the other side of the elevator and get those teams busy?" was suggested. The answer is typical of the result of crystallized custom: "We never thought of that," which, being interpreted into other language more signfiicant, means, "We have never brought the economical eye to bear upon that situation." This is only one illustration of thousands of opportunities for saving waste in time and material which constantly press closely around and upon the business man, who has but to open his critical eye to observe them.

A wealthy meat-packer said only recently that the profits in his beef business consist entirely in what he is able to save in materials formerly wasted. The small butcher throws away what the large butcher turns into money. The means employed by the latter could not be adopted by all small butchers, but the thought that waste may be eliminated and savings effected through intelligent study of materials such as are neglected by others is good enough for universal application.

In some lines of business high-priced chemists and engineers are employed for the specific purpose of finding cheaper substitutes for more costly materials and devising more economical processes.

MANY OPPORTUNITIES FOR EXERCISING ECONOMY

An illustration of the economy that can be effected by the rearrangement of machinery is furnished in an incident which occurred in a mill where long strips of

cloth were required to be sewn in "triple-ply," the methods involving several different stitching processes, performed separately, one after the other, on different machines by different operators. A bright young foreman rearranged these stitching machines in tandem form so that the three operations can now be performed at the same time on the same cloth and a much larger amount of manufactured goods made immediately possible. The president of the company expressed his enthusiasm in the following words:

"I'll tell you that was a grand good thing! Each of the ninety girls in that room now takes home with her more money every week; but the best part of it is, she leaves us a much larger profit than we had before—so we are all happy."

EMPLOYERS HAVE NO RIGHT TO EXPECT BEST SERVICE WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT

What does the average business man do to extract the greatest amount of useful labor from his employees? Human beings are very much alike, so far as basic principles are concerned, in whatever station of life they may be placed. Let us take our own feelings, for instance. Are we conducting business purely as philanthropists? Or do we conduct our business or occupation largely in the hope or expectation of gain? How hard would we labor if the emolument derived should constitute but a mere living wage? Would we work ten, twelve, or eighteen hours a day at our business if we could extract no more than bread and butter out of it? The broader-minded business man can see that a *greater amount of profit* can be derived from intelligently directed and interested human machines than from any system in which a group of human beings is considered merely as a mass.

The idea of practical economy makes it necessary that there should be no waste in the acts of any employees. The greatest amount of service possible to extract should be obtained from the laborer. By putting him in a position whereby he can measure the value of his interested services in definite terms of money he will not only create a larger wage for himself but he will at the same time work a corresponding increase in the revenue to the manufacturer. This is not merely theoretical sociology. It is practical business economy.

THE NEW BOOKS

"Basset" is a "village chronicle" written with delicately wrought art by the author who signs herself S. G. Tallentyre, and whose best-known literary work is a Life of Voltaire—one of the most readable of biographies. "Basset" is slight and gently humorous, is not at all exciting, but has charm and atmosphere of a rare quality. It might well go on the same shelf with "Cranford." (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Mr. H. G. Wells in his new novel (if novel it can be called) portrays as "The New Machiavelli" an English student of social conditions and political theories who enters Parliament, finds little hope in radicalism, Socialism, or the Liberal party, and becomes an out-and-out Tory in order to bring about social regeneration by authority and from the top down. At least this is how we understand his Machiavellian idea, which comes to nothing because of the breakdown of the statesman's personal relations with life and love. The book has traces of the author's unquestioned power to draw character and tell a story, but it is three parts political philosophy to one part of story. Moreover, the theorizing is by no means clear; nor is it, even to those closely concerned in England's political development, keenly interesting. (Duffield & Co., New York. $1.50.)

"One Way Out," by William Carleton, might be biography or it might be fiction: if biography, it is remarkably romantic; if fiction, remarkably realistic. We rather think that it is biography romanced. A young man, a clerk, with a wife and child, finds himself at thirty-eight out of a place and unable to find a new one. His experience and his fidelity do not compete with low-priced youth and inexperience. His Irish furnaceman asks for the fifteen dollars due him—an installment is due on the house he is building. This Irish immigrant is building a house, and the man he works for is out looking for a job. He goes home and tells his wife he has decided to emigrate. West? No! they have no money to go West. They will emigrate from their cottage in the suburbs to a tenement in the

tenement-house region in the city. They sell their furniture, reserve enough to furnish a flat, and begin life anew. He is enough of an athlete to get a job at $1.50 a day digging on a subway. This is the gateway to the "One Way Out." How they walk in it and where it leads them the story tells. He finds that if they are sick—but happily they are freed from that calamity—they will receive the best care at the free dispensary and the hospital; that there is an excellent public chance for study for his boy in the Young Men's Christian Association classes; that though the boy's companions are not as genteel they are quite as virtuous as those he had before; that the Young Men's Christian Association furnishes both father and son, at a small price, with all the advantages of a club; that there is a great deal to learn from the fellow-workmen on his job; and that he can live as happily on one floor, with four rooms all told, as he did in the suburban cottage. The roof goes with his floor, and he converts it into a roof-garden. His wife proves a skillful manager, knows how to shop, resolves, at any hazard to spend less than they earn, and does it. How the three lived on nine dollars a week and laid up one; what they had to eat and what they paid for it, article by article, is told in detail. How he struck up a bargain with a fellow-tenant, taught him English and learned from him Italian, and how by his superior knowledge and his better understanding of both things and men he made himself first a foreman and then a contractor; how he spent his Sundays and how his evenings; how he got nearer to his boy and a better appreciation of his wife; how, in short, an American may emigrate to America and do well if he is the right sort of man and has the right sort of wife—the last a very vital element in the whole business—this story tells. The course is perhaps a little too clear and the obstacles to success rather too few for actual life. But it is very interesting as a story and very instructive and inspiring as a biography, a very good specific for discouragement, and a very genuine inspiration to healthful, courageous living. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.20.)

The ninth volume of the "Catholic Encyclopedia" maintains the general high character of preceding volumes, and, like them, is finely illustrated. That impartiality has not been fully realized by its profession to treat facts without fear or favor appears, as might be expected, in comparing its articles on Leo X and Luther. The latter is written from the standpoint of "the Devil's advocate," whose office in the Church is to cite whatever reasons can be alleged against a candidate for beatification or canonization. Leo's character is exhibited as "a remarkable mingling of good and bad traits;" in Luther's nothing good is recognized. The Church's case against Masonry is elaborately presented to the extent of eighteen pages, and deserves attention from those attached to its "mitigated form" in this country. The brief article on Lottery, like a former article on Gambling, is ethically objectionable. The author, a British Jesuit, holds that a lottery is not essentially immoral, if no fraud is involved, and "if there is some sort of proportion between the price of a ticket and the value of a chance." Objectionable also is the article on Lying, basing the rightfulness of a class of deviations from strict veracity on a hazy distinction between "wide mental reservations" that are lawful, and "strict mental reservations" that are unlawful. Ethical teachers generally abominate the Jesuits' allowance of mental reservation. For clearer thinking on this subject the first requisite is a sharp distinction between lying and deception. All lying is deception; not all deception is lying. Lying to him to whom the truth is due is always a breach of duty. But under the supreme law of benevolence deception often becomes an imperative duty for defense from criminals, rogues, and other foes of personal and public rights. This is clearly admitted by such standard authorities as Sidgwick and Martineau. (The Robert Appleton Company, New York. $6.)

The Bulé, or Assembly, the Cretan Legislature, seems only firmer than ever in its demand that the island be annexed to Greece. To take Crete from the Turk's nominal sovereignty and restore it to Greece would indeed be poetic justice, for the island was the cradle of Greek civilization. The story of Minos, the great Cretan lawgiver, has now been shown to be no mere myth. The archæological discoveries of the past forty years in Crete have certainly revolutionized our ideas both as to the antiquity and the level of that earliest European culture. Thus in its modern political significance Crete is an extremely interesting island, but its position is now seen to have been dominating with regard to those very early times before the first Olympiad, 776 B.C.—the date marking the beginning of the Greek histories written by historians as late as the middle of the last century. The stories of preceding ages, such as those of Dædalus and of the Dorian Conquest of the men of the Bronze Age, are now coming out of the mists which have surrounded them. With regard to the vital connection of Crete with those early epochs we have needed a publication to illuminate the mind both of the student and of the man-in-the-street. Such a publication is the "Sea Kings of Crete," by the Rev. James Baikie. The author's description may not be minute enough to satisfy archæologists. But he has well realized his object to give to the general reader a clear account of the investigations in Crete and to make their significance intelligible. The text is reinforced by a number of graphic illustrations. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.)

A new reference book of solid value to all who wish to follow American progress and to know the lines on which public activity is

directed appears under the general title "The American Year Book: 1910." Representatives of over thirty technical, economic, and educational bodies have taken part in the work, and the whole field has been divided into departments in each of which a recognized expert takes direction of the treatment. The book aims not so much to collect statistics or to report bare events as to point out what is really new and significant in National, municipal, technical, educational, and industrial development. Thus, if we turn to the section dealing with Municipal Government, we find a complete statement of the new forms of city charters and municipal experiments, as well as the latest facts bearing on the important matter of franchises, an account of the development of city planning, and many other things which are actively under discussion at this time. Under the very full department of Public Finance we have discussions of budget-making, of tariff legislation, of the income tax amendment, the State inheritance tax, postal savings banks, savings bank insurance in Massachusetts, the Central Bank, reform in insurance methods, and not a few other matters of equally immediate relevance. The department dealing with Social Economy and Social Questions is also particularly full and valuable, and the same is true of that on Labor and Labor Legislation. We have named but a few out of the thirty-five departments into which the work is classified. What we have said will perhaps indicate that not merely occurrences but actual advances made are so presented as to make this a convenient work of reference for writers, students, and practical men. The arrangement, indexing, and chronology are all exceedingly well planned. We add the volume to our reference library with anticipation that it will prove of continuous service. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.50.)

A need not till now found in our language as in some others is well supplied by the "Cyclopedia of Education," of which Dr. Paul Monroe, Professor of the History of Education in Teachers College, Columbia University, is the editor-in-chief. In the present immense and varied literature of education—a subject now looming larger than ever in the public mind—not teachers only, but the many who are either officially charged with, or attracted toward, an intelligent participation in the treatment of educational problems, are here furnished with the succinct and comprehensive information they require. This includes every aspect of education, whether theoretical or practical, every subject taught, every important method or device employed, the educational system of every American State and every foreign country, all the higher institutions of learning and research, and the great educators, ancient and modern. Here is found, not only the information required in a handy reference book of cyclopædic range, but also an assemblage of systematic treatises on every phase of the subject. What is needed in the mass of scattered and diverse material now accumulated is such standardizing and organizing of it as conduces to unity of educational theory and uniformity in educational practice. This, in brief, is the end in view proposed in the present work, of which the first volume has appeared. With Dr. Monroe are associated twelve departmental editors, each a specialist in his or her subject, and over a thousand individual contributors, American and foreign, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.)

"The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche" has been written by an admiring friend, M. Daniel Halévy, and translated by Mr. J. M. Hone. The Introduction to it is an appreciative critique of Nietzsche from the impartial pen of Mr. T. M. Kettle, M.P. This gives a clear and felicitous summary of the impressions which thoughtful readers derive from "that high poet and calamitous philosopher" whose duel with civilization lasted till his death in 1900. The Outlook regards Nietzsche's philosophy, and especially his ethics, as detestable, but embraces this opportunity to record a quite different opinion of his literary genius and art. He was undoubtedly a master of "edged and glittering speech." Whether its fascinations have brought his published works into wide demand, or whether, as some maintain, this is symptomatic of a moral perversity congenial to his anarchic egoism, is debatable. M. Halévy's portrait of his unsettled, restless, stormy life is pathetically human, and prompts to pity as much as to blame. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.)

A most valuable handbook for one who is at all interested in the solution of some distressing social problems is "Social Adjustment," by Dr. Scott Nearing, of the University of Pennsylvania. Its thesis is indisputable: Since normal life can be realized only as full opportunity is given for the development of capacity, it depends on securing a wholesome environment for each generation of children. A large part of the volume is given to a detailed exhibition of the social cost and loss of the abounding maladjustments that cripple and shorten life and its efficiency. The backwardness of American democracy, as compared with other civilized peoples, in abating such wastes and burdens is not glossed over, and the remedies in its hand, educational and legislative, are pointed out. The basis of reform is found in the public school system, through which "the most lasting impressions of social responsibility can be established." One may properly criticise Dr. Nearing's opinion that "the Christian ideal is leisure in a future world to play harps and sing songs." The Christian ideal is a philanthropy of a more constructive kind than the eleemosynary sort to which he refers. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST

I note in The Outlook of February 18 a communication from J. D. Hyatt concerning the cicada or "seventeen-year locust," in which he questions the knowledge of Mr. Jacob Riis upon the subject, and makes the following statement:

"A cicada, an insect not in the slightest degree related to the family of locusts, and not in any way injurious to vegetation of any kind."

Whether or not Mr. Riis has confused the popular name of locust with the scientific name *Locustidæ*, for the family which includes the grasshoppers and crickets, I cannot say, although it seems safe to assume that he knew what he was talking about in using the term "seventeen-year locust." But as to whether the insect known by that name (or, to be exact, *Cicada septimdecim*) is injurious or not I feel that Mr. Hyatt must be in error, as the following statements by recognized authorities would seem to show.

Professor J. B. Smith, Professor of Entomology, Rutgers College, Entomologist to the New Jersey Experiment Stations, State Entomologist of New Jersey, etc., says in "Our Insect Friends and Enemies:"

> A somewhat different type of injury is caused by some treehoppers and cicadas or harvest flies. These do little or no harm by direct feeding, but utilize the twigs and branches of the plants on which they live as places of deposit for their eggs in such a way as to kill or severely cripple them. Some of the treehoppers cut little slits in the twigs to receive their eggs, and these slits never heal. The tendency is rather to an enlargement of the scar, which permanently weakens the shoot and sooner or later causes a break. The chief sinner in this direction is the periodical cicada, better known as the "seventeen-year locust," and wherever and whenever that makes its appearance in numbers the tips of the forest trees in early fall show brown ends, as if a fire had passed over them. In such forests it means only a moderate pruning and no real injury to the trees; but in orchards, especially of young trees, injury is often severe, weakening the shoots and branches so that they break under a load of fruit. And these punctures also refuse to heal, and remain permanent sources of weakness, apt to result in a break at any time. I would never advise planting a nursery tree whose trunk had been used by cicadas for ovipositing.

Professor J. B. Comstock, head of the Department of Entomology of Cornell University, says in his "Manual for the Study of Insects:"

> The growing nymphs . . . drop to the ground and bury themselves in the earth. . . . They live by sucking the juices from the roots of trees.

Also this:

> The adult female lays her eggs in slits which she makes in the twigs of trees. Small fruit is sometimes injured in this way.

In "The Insect Book of the Nature Library" Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief of the Division of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, writes as follows:

> The eggs are laid in small twigs and branches which are pierced by the ovipositor, and in this way the insect does practically the only damage which it accomplishes. They occur in enormous swarms, and the weakening of the twigs, caused by the punctures, causes many of them to be broken off by the wind.

It is, of course, true that there are a great many insects that are of much greater economic importance than the cicada; but also it is undoubtedly outside the range of facts to assign to it no capacity at all for doing harm. E. L. D. SEYMOUR.

Cornell University Club, New York City.

CHINESE WOMEN PHYSICIANS

I am sure that you wish The Outlook to be accurately served in regard to Oriental matters, and as a specific example I want to call your attention to your editorial comment on Dr. Yamei Kin. I am charmed to see you give such a fine description of her really great work and to find that you appreciate its significance, and this is the only point I would take exception to, but it seems an important one: "*She is the only Chinese woman* physician graduate of an American medical college." Let me call your attention to the following:

First, Dr. Hu-King-Eng is a graduate of the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia, and before that of the Baltimore Women's College (I think). She spent nine or ten years here, and has been located, I should say, ten years in Foochow, China. She is the head of a great hospital in the center of the walled city, the capital of the Fukien Province. She has the *entrée* to the highest official class, and has a standing second to no American doctor in that section of China.

Second, Dr. Ida Kahn is the head of a hospital in Nangchangfoo, the capital of the Kiangse Province, in central China. She is a graduate of the University of Michigan, 1896, and also of an American medical college. I am not sure, as I write offhand, whether it was the Philadelphia Women's Medical or not.

Third, Dr. Mary Stone, as she is called by her American friends. Stone is the literal translation of her Chinese name. She graduated with Dr. Kahn at the University of Michigan in 1896, and together with Dr. Kahn took her medical course, and they both returned to China after its completion in 1900. Dr. Stone is the head of a hospital in Kiukiang, four hundred and fifty miles up the Yangtze River, and treats about seventeen thousand patients a year.

Fourth, I might also speak of Dr. Li, a graduate of the Philadelphia Women's Medical College, who is located at Woocheng, in the Fukien Province, south of Foochow, where she is in charge of a hospital.

I might speak of others if time permitted; of Dr. Wong, who took her course at Toronto, and Dr. Tsao, who took her course at Philadelphia. These and other well-trained, efficient, and even brilliant Chinese

women are devoting themselves, through the alleviation of suffering, to the great uplift work in China.

ROBERT E. LEWIS,
General Secretary.

Young Men's Christian Association,
Cleveland, Ohio.

SHALL THE PEOPLE ELECT THE SENATORS?

There is serious consideration of late as to the election of United States Senators by popular vote, and many favor it. Such matters surely should be discussed with open mind; yet until this change is argued out and decided upon, the presumption is for the century-old Constitutional method, despite abuses. In that connection several questions arise:

I. In case the people elect the Senators as well as the Representatives in the Federal Congress, the elections would probably be held on the same days, even for different terms of service, and would immediately reflect the temporary state of the public mind on matters in agitation; indeed, that seems to be the prime motive for the change, to render the Senate "more responsive to popular feeling." What, then, would become of the bicameral guard against hasty legislation—the tempering of the tea to practical use by pouring it from the hot cup to the cool saucer, as Washington put it to the more democratic Jefferson? Or are we to go backwards, and finally recur to the single-chamber model of the English Long Parliament and the French National Assembly of Revolutionary memories?

II. If the people at large elect two United States Senators for each State, would not the Senators represent the population rather than those members of the Federal Union known as States, with their several separate governmental establishments? And if so, why should Delaware, entitled by its population to one Representative in the lower house of Congress, have two Senators, when New York, with its millions of people and forty-seven Representatives, would have no more? Would that not be a fundamental nullification of the "Union of States"? What is the "Federal Union"?

III. If the people of the United States, in their related capacity as citizens of the several States, are unable or unwilling now to elect representatives to their State Legislatures honest enough to carry out their sentiments in choosing United States Senators to represent their States, what change in human nature will make the same people more capable and careful and faithful when charged also with the duty of electing their Senators by direct vote?

There is, too truly, much in the conditions of both State and Federal legislation to demand reformatory changes of some kind; but whether these are best to be found in breaking up the very contrivances of our political machinery that have justly received the plaudits of the wise of all nations is a fair question. If each individual man of "the people" would reform *himself*, and see to it that his present political duties are fulfilled, legislative dishonesties would become impossible. Who brings about the election of the unfit? The stay-at-home voter. Who breed corruptions in the land? The bribers *and the bribed*. Is it to be supposed that the shrewd political bosses of the packed primary and the slated convention could not control an election referred broadly to "the people"? Look at Adams County, Ohio! Are we going to better things by making Adams County's sale of votes easier, and more widely and directly applicable to the important selection of United States Senators?

At all events, is it not worth while to take many a good look before the leap into gravely questionable changes?

JOHN R. HOWARD.

Montclair, New Jersey.

TEACH THE PEOPLE OF INDIA TO WORK

[Mr. Churchill, the writer of the following letter, has been engaged in work of an unusual and valuable kind in India. Industrial education for the people of India is exactly what is most needed there, and the beginning made certainly deserves to be extended and to receive substantial support. It has had support to some extent not only from the Indian Government, but from well-to-do Hindus, Mohammedans, and even Parsis. The possibilities of public service for India and its people in this direction are wide and urgent. Mr. Churchill is cordially indorsed by Dr. Hume, whose name is familiar to our readers; by the American Board; President King, of Oberlin; President Thwing, of the Western Reserve College; Lord Lamington, ex-Governor of Bombay; and others who know the needs of India. His personal qualifications are unquestionably excellent for the undertaking, and that undertaking is in itself evidently worth careful study and approval.—THE EDITORS.]

Ten years ago the "famine of 1900" in India killed more than a million people. The number of young people thus thrown on to philanthropic institutions was appalling. Up to that time, with a few exceptions, such institutions were principally Christian missions and the great "Famine Relief Stations" of Government, which latter of course did not pretend to do more than furnish work at bare existence wages. Mission schools have been for three-quarters of a century mostly of an academic character. Booker Washington once said of the American Negro that one trouble with him was that he looked at education as a device for escaping work. By that I suppose he meant academic education. Such a statement is more true of the average East Indian in our mission schools to-day in the regions that have been affected by famine than it is of the average American Negro, for reasons

which we are coming more and more to understand and for which we are finding remedies. A few brilliant efforts were made here and there in the latter part of the nineteenth century by missionaries and Government to plant industrial schools. Public funds were scarce. Public officers saw the need, and raised funds and planted a few Government industrial schools in the cities, which were taken advantage of mostly by high-caste students. High-caste natives are as different from low caste as whites are from blacks. Government gave grants-in-aid to any who maintained a Government standard. The standard was set by the Government industrial schools, the inspiring motive of whose founders seems to have been the preservation of Indian art and the culture to be gained by manual courses rather than training for common service. The manual training thus standardized has been copied largely by mission schools. Experience born of the hope that this kind of training would give a means of self-support to pupils, and since 1900 to famine orphans, has been discouraging.

The most conspicuous attempt in the Bombay Presidency to change this condition of things among mission schools was made by the Rev. R. A. Hume, D.D., and some of his colleagues, when he raised a small fund and hunted up two industrial men, of whom I am one, and got his mission and the American Board to invite us to India to attack the problem. Government has since secured the other man for its service, as his funds were low. I am afraid they will get me also unless I can raise the funds necessary to put this movement on its feet. I have hung to it for nine years. Government turned down our application for grants the first three years in succession. The work was too crude. It did not come up to the standard set by the schools of arts. Then a little factory was secretly started by natives in the city of Ahmednagar, where our hand-looms and methods were used, and where our pupils afterward were employed. We discovered it, but kept still, watching for results. Then Government discovered it through its Revenue Department. Their officers came and took a look at us; not the education inspectors, but the Governor—Lord Lamington—his secretary, two members of Council, collectors, etc. We now get regular grants of one-half current expenses from Government. Two years ago we received a promise of $20,000 from Government for developing hand-weaving machinery and methods. About half of this has been received already.

Government cannot found Christian schools; it can only help them on equal terms with Hindu and Mohammedan or other sectarian schools. Its own schools are therefore non-religious. The result is a condition recently deplored by the Director of Public Instruction of the Bombay Presidency in a public speech. He is not "pious" either. He believes that a good Hindu school would be ever so much better than a school without religious instruction. I agree with him. If Christian people want India to see by the light of Christianity, they must for a long time yet support in that country Christian institutions where something is done besides singing hymns to blacks under palms.

Apparently our poorly supported attempt to teach hand-weaving as a trade was the best there was in the direction of independent self-support. Before we were heard from, the Bombay Government received instructions from Simla to develop hand-weaving, the second industry of India (agriculture is first). They looked over the situation, called those interested in the subject to various conferences, and selected us to be the medium of their first attempts to improve the industry, as we seemed to have made the most progress.

Now we want $100,000. We need it to locate suitably our existing experimental plant where we study the problems, improve the looms and methods, and make our work more efficient. We need more room and a competent staff for our first successful effort, the hand-weaving school. Its highest-paid man gets $10 per month. He is just about worth it. We must have some good men.

We must locate close to at least five hundred acres of available farm land, where we can start a department of agriculture. Here we shall learn and teach how to raise crops—good stomach-filling crops. If we find our pupil ought to make his own plow, he must learn that. If he ought to learn how to get and use an American plow, he must be taught that.

If the thing in the way of his getting what he is after—*i.e.*, a crop that will support him—is lack of schooling or skill or implements, he must be taught how to get them and raise a *crop*. For a farmer *the crop's the thing*.

We propose to apply the same principles to the teaching of the building trades. A boy must learn actually to produce what he and his neighbors live in and make use of.

It needs to be emphasized that we do not claim to have discovered a cure-all for the ills of India like some patent medicine the label of which diagnoses the disease and the contents of which cure it. The unique feature of our work is its experimental department—now supported by Government—which is a research laboratory with a charter to "do anything" (as I put it when applying to Government for a grant) which in our opinion will help to accomplish the result of getting a pupil to support himself by his trade, to fit an education to him and to fit him for his life. Not to turn a pupil adrift, assuming our work done, as soon as we have taught him to ply the shuttle, for example, but to watch him to see if he turns his skill to good use—whether that particular training met the case—whether his success or his failure can be laid to us.

The scientific method of guiding the hand which is extended, in the spirit of the Good Samaritan, to these lowly people is as sure of

success as was the search for a cure for the black plague and white plague and yellow fever when men of the right spirit and training and funds went at it.

When our "Christian" communities in India have learned how to raise the food they eat as their Hindu neighbors do, to build the houses they live in and weave the clothing they wear as their Hindu, Mohammedan, and Parsi neighbors do, they will constitute a soil the cultivation of which will bear fruit in Christian citizenship.

D. C. CHURCHILL.

287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

NEW IDEAS ABOUT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

I have read with much interest the recent strictures in The Outlook upon the modern American Protestant Sunday-school. I believe Dr. Abbott's criticism of the results achieved by these schools to be merited. It does little good, however, to arraign for its inefficiency an institution, admittedly of high potential usefulness, unless one suggest feasible methods of improvement. I would suggest, as a practicable, and, it is believed, the only practicable, remedy for the evils complained of, the professionalization and standardization of these schools after the manner of our best public and private secular schools of to-day. The subject-matter of the Sunday-school is just as definite and teachable a body of knowledge as that with which the secular schools have to do. With the practice of family worship falling rapidly into decay, and with the transformation of the entire family atmosphere from the highly ethical and religious character which it formerly possessed to one of business and social preoccupation, where, if not in the Sunday-school, is the child of the modern American family to receive its religious instruction and inclination? And why should instruction and formative influence in so important a matter as religion be left to such a hit-or-miss, happy-go-lucky instrumentality as the modern Sunday-school, which relies for its teachers upon volunteers meagerly instructed, as a rule, in the subject-matter to be taught and entirely untrained in the methods of instruction to be employed? Were the modern secular school to be conducted in the same haphazard fashion, it would soon lose three-fourths of its efficiency, and, in like degree, the confidence of its patrons. Why should not our so-called religious colleges maintain generally, as a few do already, normal Bible departments for the training of Sunday-school teachers, as our State universities and normal schools maintain departments for the training of teachers in our public schools? And why should not the same sort of tests be employed in the one case as in the other for determining the educational and professional qualifications of prospective teachers, as well as for the promotion and graduation of pupils? Why, too, should not Sunday-school teachers receive as liberal a scale of compensation for their services as does the secular school-teacher? They might appropriately be paid on a more liberal scale even, as being less constantly employed, although the plan proposed would doubtless result in the teachers in secular schools being generally employed as teachers in the Sunday-schools as well. It may be argued that it would be impossible to provide funds for a salaried Sunday-school teaching force, but this is to admit at once the inferior importance of religious education as compared with secular. Society has long taken the ground that the latter is so important that it must be provided at any cost even for the child of the propertyless citizen.

In Germany an average of approximately seven per cent of the curriculum of secondary schools and a considerably larger per cent of the curriculum of elementary schools is devoted to "religion." And the German boys and girls, like those of many another European country, learn their religion just as thoroughly as they do their Latin or history, as a part of their daily task in school, at the hands of the local pastor or priest, who is invariably a university graduate and a government employee. With Church and State separate in the United States, this arrangement is, of course, impossible here. All the more reason, therefore, for placing our Sunday-schools, on to which the responsibility for this work is thrown, upon the same standards of efficiency, both as regards teachers and pupils, as those which prevail in the case of our secular schools. The difficulties of such professionalization and standardization are not inherently greater in the case of the former class of schools than they were originally in the case of the latter. For a wealthy city church to pay its pastor $10,000 to $15,000 a year for two sermons a week of twenty-five minutes each and a brief talk at the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, while spending nothing upon the religious training of its young people, at the most impressionable period of life, beyond a few dollars for singing-books, charts, and lesson papers, is unpedagogical, to say the least. One thing is sure: present methods are not securing satisfactory results. While our secular schools are constantly growing better, our Sunday-schools, as judged by their product, are constantly growing poorer. Is it worth while to continue in the Sunday-schools methods which were long ago condemned and rejected in our secular schools?

Pasadena, California. W. M.

RED ENGINES

In your issue of December 17 the Spectator says, in his great wisdom, "Who ever saw a red engine on a real railway?" If he had been in Pittsburgh about 1870 he would have seen *every* engine on the Pittsburgh and Cleveland Railroad a bright red. J. R.

Asheville, North Carolina.

The Outlook

MARCH 11, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

THE END OF THE LORIMER CASE

The Lorimer case came to an end on Wednesday of last week. By a vote of forty-six to forty, William Lorimer, of Illinois, was declared duly elected a member of the United States Senate. The voting was not at all on party lines. Thirty-six Republicans and ten Democrats supported Mr. Lorimer, while twenty-two Republicans and eighteen Democrats voted for his exclusion. The division, especially in the Republican party, to which Mr. Lorimer belongs, was rather along the line separating the "Old Guard" or "Stand-pat" Senators from the Progressive or Insurgent Senators. On the one side were to be found Senators Burrows, Carter, Depew, Guggenheim, Hale, Heyburn, and Penrose; and on the other, Senators Beveridge, Bourne, Bristow, Clapp, Cummins, La Follette, and Nelson. Among the supporters of Mr. Lorimer were ten Senators who will not return to the Senate; their votes, therefore, if their constituents disapprove their action, could have no immediate effect upon their political careers. Senator Lorimer retains his seat by a plurality of six votes. Forty of Mr. Lorimer's colleagues in the Senate, however, are convinced that his election was so seriously tainted with corruption as to justify them, in spite of a very natural pressure, in voting for his practical expulsion. We cannot congratulate Senator Lorimer on such a vindication. The Outlook has already expressed its conviction that any election in which there is so much corruption as was admitted, even by Mr. Lorimer's supporters, to have been found in his election, should be, as it would be in England, automatically declared void. We believe that the outcome of the Lorimer affair will have two divergent effects. It will encourage those men who either corruptly or cynically believe that political office goes by favor and influence, with all that those terms include. But it will also have the broader and more far-reaching effect of intensifying the public demand for the popular election of Senators.

THE POPULAR ELECTION OF SENATORS

It is significant that when, two days before the Lorimer vote, the Constitutional Amendment providing for the direct election of United States Senators was defeated by a margin of four votes, Senator Lorimer was one of those who voted against the amendment. It is also significant that of the thirty-three Senators to vote against the Constitutional Amendment, only six, of whom three were Republicans and three Democrats, were among those to vote against Mr. Lorimer. The alignment upon the two questions was practically identical. Apparently those Senators who believe that a Senator, elected as was Mr. Lorimer, should remain a member of the Senate, believe that Senators should not be elected by the direct vote of the people. The question of direct election came before the Senate in the form of a resolution introduced by Senator Borah providing for an amendment to the Constitution. On the roll-call, fifty-four Senators voted in favor of the resolution and thirty-three against it. Such a resolution, however, requires a two-thirds vote, and the measure failed for the lack of four votes. The geographical distribution of the vote against the resolution is interesting. New England provided ten negative votes, the Eastern Atlantic States seven, Central Western States three, States west of the Mississippi four, and Southern States nine. The

nine votes from the South against the popular election of Senators cast by Senators of the Democratic party, which is committed to the principle of the direct election of Senators, are to be explained by the inclusion in the resolution of an amendment proposed by Senator Sutherland. The resolution in its original form provided that the control of elections to the Senate should be taken from the Federal Government, where it is now reposed by Section 4 of Article I of the Constitution, and placed in the hands of the State Legislatures. The Sutherland amendment provided that the control of Senatorial elections should remain in the hands of the Federal Government. The Southern Democrats (with a few exceptions), jealous of State rights and fearful of Negro domination, were unwilling to vote for the resolution unless it provided for State control of the elections. It is commonly asserted that the Sutherland amendment was urged by those who were opposed to the Borah resolution entirely, and who believed that by the inclusion of the amendment they could bring about the defeat of the resolution itself. If such was their intention, they were entirely successful. Nevertheless, as we have already said, we believe that the principle of the Sutherland amendment is essentially right. Heartily as we believe in the popular election of Senators, we would rather see a Constitutional amendment for that purpose defeated than to see it adopted, carrying with it the State control of Senatorial elections. The direct election of Senators cannot long be delayed. The popular desire for it is too strong. But if the Federal Government once abdicates its right to control elections to either house of Congress, that right can probably never be regained.

THE NEW JAPANESE TREATY

The Senate has ratified by a unanimous vote the new treaty which has been negotiated between the United States and Japan by President Taft and Secretary Knox. The reason for negotiating a new treaty lies in the fact that one clause of the present treaty, although entirely satisfactory when originally drawn, has come to be a source of irritation to the Japanese people and Government. This clause is as follows :

> It is, however, understood that the stipulations contained in this and the preceding article do not in any way affect the laws, ordinances, and regulations with regard to trade, *the immigration of laborers*, police, and public security which are in force or *which may hereafter be enacted* in either of the two countries.

The italics are ours, and indicate the phraseology which is obnoxious to the Japanese. These phrases expressly affirm the right of the United States to exclude Japanese laborers from this country. The Japanese complain that no such provision is made in treaties with European Powers, and they object to being differentiated in this way from the other civilized nations of the world. The new treaty omits the immigration provision. President Taft believes that " a gentleman's agreement," which now exists in the form of an exchange of notes between the two Governments, sufficiently protects us in the exercise of our right to regulate Japanese immigration, and he therefore urged the ratification of the new treaty. It seems to The Outlook a grave question whether it is wise for either Government concerned to ignore the immigration question. It is a fact, and a fact of great importance, that the American people have decided not to permit the unrestricted admission into the United States of immigrants from Japan or China. It is also a fact that the Japanese do not permit American citizens to become landholders in Japan, which is a most efficient way of restricting immigration. For reasons which we have recently stated at length in The Outlook, the practical position of both Japan and the United States on this question is based not only on a fundamental racial instinct, but on correct philosophical and moral grounds. Both Japan and the United States might wisely recognize in their treaty obligations what they actually practice in their international relations. But if the treaty in its new form conveys to the Japanese people, as their enthusiastic approval of it seems to indicate, a special mark of admiration and respect for their striking political, social, and intellectual development in recent years, it will have accomplished a desirable end. Their

status as a great nation is cordially recognized by the American Government and the American people. It is because of our earnest desire to see this mutual esteem and regard between Japan and the United States preserved that we wish to see each of the two Governments frankly recognize the vital interests of the other.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE SIXTY-FIRST CONGRESS

When the Post-Office Appropriations Bill was reported to the Senate from the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, Senator Penrose, Chairman of the Committee, announced that the "rider" increasing the rate of postage on the advertising pages of magazines and periodicals would, with the consent of the Senate, be abandoned. Against this measure The Outlook with other periodicals of National circulation has protested as being discriminatory and inequitable, and as not being based upon accurately ascertained facts. We are glad to report that the force of public opinion has been strong enough to prevent the hasty adoption of this measure at this session. Before any question of change or increase in postal rates is taken up, the Post-Office Department needs a reorganization such as was provided for in the Carter-Weeks Bill, the adoption of which The Outlook has heretofore recommended. We urge the new Congress to institute such an investigation of the Post-Office Department as will provide definite and authoritative knowledge of conditions in the Department upon which such a reorganization and, if necessary, a readjustment of postal rates may be based. Another proposed measure, the Sulloway Pension Bill, which had passed the lower house and had been attached as an amendment to the general Pension Appropriation Bill, was fortunately defeated in the Senate. This proposal would enormously increase our pension expenditure, was not called for by the country at large, and its defeat was wise and in the truest sense patriotic. During the last two days of the session, after valuable time had been spent in tedious and prolonged filibustering, Congress passed the great appropriation bills carrying hundreds of millions of dollars, hurriedly and without due opportunity for close consideration; one especially commendable appropriation was that of $3,000,000 for fortifying the Panama Canal. The Tariff Board Bill, an excellent and non-partisan measure, which passed the Senate on Saturday, at the last moment failed of passage in the lower house. The Senate failed to act on the Canadian Reciprocity Bill, and the President has announced that there will be an extra session of Congress beginning April 4. Next week we shall review and comment upon the legislative history of the Sixty-first Congress.

THE SAVARKAR CASE

Last week the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague handed down a decision in the Savarkar case. Savarkar, a law student and native of India, was accused of various political offenses committed in that country. He was arrested in London and, upon hearing under the Fugitive Offenders Act, was ordered extradited to India. He was placed on board a steamship last July, but when the vessel arrived at Marseilles escaped and swam ashore. He was apprehended by a French police officer and was surrendered by him to British detectives, who returned him to the vessel. The contention of the French Government is that when the vessel entered French waters the British authorities lost their jurisdiction over the prisoner. The British Government, on the other hand, maintained that the prisoner was in the lawful custody of the British authorities, and that even though the authorities momentarily lost control of him, his surrender by the French police officer restored him to British control. To the statement that the police officer should have handed the fugitive to the chief of the harbor police, the British Government's answer was, of course, that any irregularity committed by a French official is a matter of French, not of British, concern. As the French Government demanded the restitution of the prisoner, the respective Governments agreed to submit the question to arbitration by the Hague Court. Accordingly a tribunal composed of five arbitrators chosen from the members of that Court met at The Hague last

month. They decided in Great Britain's favor. The decision involves a question important to every country as affecting the matter of the transit to foreign countries of fugitives from justice under the control of extradition officers. The case is the third decided at The Hague within the past twelvemonth, the first being the Newfoundland Fisheries Case, in which Great Britain and the United States were suitors, and the second the Orinoco Steamship Company Case, to which the United States and Venezuela were parties. The decisions in all of these cases have emphasized the wisdom of creating an International Tribunal of Arbitration.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S WESTERN TRIP

Mr. Roosevelt's Southern and Western journey, which began on Wednesday of this week and will occupy nearly six weeks, is planned to meet a number of engagements, chief among which will be the series of Earl Lectures, to be delivered before the University of California, at Berkeley. These lectures will be five in number, and their subjects will be as follows: "Realizable Ideals;" "The Home and the Child;" "The Bible and the Life of the People;" "The Public Servant and the Eighth Commandment;" "The Zone of Doubtful Authority between National and State Conservation;" and "The Shaping of Public Opinion and the Ninth Commandment." For the information and convenience of many readers of The Outlook we add the chief dates and places in the itinerary of this journey: March 9, Atlanta, Georgia, address on "The South's Obligation in Statesmanship and Business Endeavor" at the Southern Commercial Congress; March 10, Birmingham, Alabama, address on "The Conservation of Childhood" at the National Child Labor Conference; March 11, Jackson, Mississippi, and New Orleans, at which latter place Mr. Roosevelt will speak under the auspices of the Progressive Union; March 12, San Antonio, Texas; March 13, Dallas, Texas; March 15, El Paso and Albuquerque, New Mexico; March 16, the Grand Cañon; March 18, Phœnix, Arizona, where the opening of the great Roosevelt Dam will take place with special ceremonies · March 21, Los Angeles, where a mass-meeting will be held under the auspices of the City Club, and Mr. Roosevelt will lecture before the Throop Polytechnic Institute; March 23, San Francisco. The Earl Lectures at Berkeley will take place from March 24 to March 28. Mr. Roosevelt will give an address at Reno, Nevada, on April 3; will speak before the California State Legislature on April 4 at Sacramento; will arrive at Portland, Oregon, on April 5; at Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, on April 6; at Spokane on April 7; at Missoula, Montana, on April 11; Helena, Montana, on April 12; and thence will return to New York by way of Chicago. Addresses, either formal or informal, will be delivered at all of the places just mentioned.

CHICAGO'S MAYORALTY CONTEST

Chicago is to choose a Mayor on April 4 next to serve for a four-year term. Direct primaries for the nomination of candidates were held on the last day of February. The successful contestant for the Republican nomination was Mr. Charles E. Merriam, a member of the City Council, and Professor of Political Science in the University of Chicago. The Democratic nomination went to Mr. Carter H. Harrison (who served the city for four two-year terms as Mayor prior to 1905), son of the Carter Harrison who was assassinated after he had been elected Mayor of Chicago for the fifth time. The contests in both parties excited deep interest and drew out record-breaking votes for primary elections in Chicago. Alderman Merriam is Chairman of the so-called Merriam Commission, which has attracted Nation-wide attention because of its disclosures of dishonest and wasteful methods in the present administration of the city government. His candidacy was thus a challenge to the present Republican Mayor, Mr. Busse, whose administration he had seriously criticised. Contrary to its usual custom, the Republican organization was not able to concentrate on a single candidate. The chief opponents of Alderman Merriam were Mr. John R. Thompson, a prominent business man affiliated in politics with the regular organization, who had served a term as County Treasurer: and Mr. John F. Smulski, a

banker who had served a term as State Treasurer. Like Mr. Thompson, Mr. Smulski had been actively identified with the organization of the Republican party. Mr. Smulski was backed by Governor Deneen. Mayor Busse, who heretofore has worked with Governor Deneen in opposition to Senator Lorimer, gave his support to Mr. Thompson. Senator Lorimer's followers in the Republican party also supported Mr. Thompson, who had helped to make their leader Senator. Alderman Merriam received 54,228 votes, or a few more than those of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Smulski combined. The opponents of Mr. Harrison for the Democratic nomination were ex-Mayor Dunne and Mr. Andrew J. Graham. Mr. Graham is a banker. He was supported by the regular organization of the party, headed by Mr. Roger Sullivan, Democratic National Committeeman for Illinois. Apparently he was supplied with a very large campaign fund. Nevertheless, he ran third. Ex-Mayor Dunne, with practically no organization and a very small campaign fund, received 53,513 votes, or within 1,500 of the number cast for the successful candidate for the Democratic nomination, Mr. Harrison. Mr. Graham, who ran third at the Democratic primaries despite his powerful backing, is related to Senator Lorimer by marriage. Prominent among his supporters were Democrats who had helped to make Mr. Lorimer Senator. Thus the outcome in both parties was a decisive defeat for the party organizations, and a sensational rebuke of both the Busse administration and of the men responsible for the Lorimer scandal in Illinois politics. In view of the scandals in both city and State, the first plank in the platform of Alderman Merriam, headed "Public Honesty," is significant:

The first principle in a Progressive platform is absolute honesty in the conduct of city affairs. This means aggressive war upon all the forms of graft and corruption, whether found within my own party or without. No compromise should be made with graft or with those who defend, apologize for, minimize, or ignore it. Graft is treason to the community, and I will make no terms with it. This great city can never progress as it should until public confidence in the absolute integrity of its servants is established. The disreputable gangs that have plundered this town must be broken up and driven out, and I consider it the duty of the Mayor of Chicago to employ the power and influence of his office to bring this about.

The political leaders of Illinois have been singularly obtuse to the Progressive movement that is in evidence in the adjoining States of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Indiana. Alderman Merriam's vigorous championship of Progressive policies as well as fundamental honesty gives rise to the hope that his candidacy for Mayor of Chicago means the beginning of a better order of things in the politics of both the State and the city.

THE PANAMA CANAL AS AN OBJECT-LESSON

Bishop Bury, the Bishop of British Honduras, whose diocese includes all Central America, has recently visited New York. In the course of a conversation with the editors of The Outlook he lamented, from the standpoint of peace and Christianity, that the United States did not sometimes interfere a little more firmly for justice and morality and civilization in certain of the Central American states, but made the following gratifying comment about what he had himself seen on the Canal Zone: "As Bishop of British Honduras and Central America, the diocese from which the Canal Zone administration was formed four years ago, I have had special opportunities of visiting there as the guest of Archdeacon Bryan, who was Vicar-General of the Episcopal work there, and as the guest also at different times of Colonel Goethals, Colonel Gorgas, and Admiral Ruser. I have been much impressed with the aim and character of the undertaking, for at the Canal there is what, I judge, is the very pick of American efficiency. There is strenuous, good work on all hands, while it is assumed that that work must be carried on under healthy and wholesome physical conditions, and also in a moral and spiritual atmosphere. In fact, the whole higher faculties of the men employed are being brought out and developed. It seems to me to be an object-lesson for the world, if it can be made known. This planting of an ideal of practical life service is an indication of how all work ought to be done, whether it is on a large or a small scale. Not only that, but it has the inspiration of showing how a miserable and lamentable failure, a great national calam-

ity—for Panama formerly spelled that—has been turned into what I hope will prove to be a great national success. It is a work, it seems to me, that will be a tremendous satisfaction to the Nation which has undertaken it, and must have the approval of all right-thinking men. I went through all the work of different kinds, had long talks with Colonel Gorgas, one of the very best, simplest, and most inspiring men I have ever met, who explained to me his system of "cleaning up;" and I also inspected those fine Young Men's Christian Association institutions which give wholesome and spiritual influence to the place—an influence under which your young Americans come at the most impressionable time of manhood. It is no uncommon thing in one's experience to find how young men, gone far away from their homes to such engineering work, only too sadly deteriorate; but I can imagine here, on the contrary, that those who went out somewhat slack and pliant in their moral code would find themselves, probably unconsciously, braced, toned up, strengthened, to be sent home later far better specimens of manhood and character."

A FINE WORK WELL DONE

Bishop Bury's remarks remind us that one of the things found to be especially interesting on Mr. Roosevelt's trip to Europe last year was that Europeans really appreciated far more than Americans how great and successful the work done by America on the Canal Zone is. Not only is our Nation now engaged in successfully performing the greatest engineering feat that has ever been performed on this earth, but hand in hand with the actual performance of this great material achievement has gone a singularly successful effort to care for the workers, physically, intellectually, and spiritually. This double achievement will before long be described in The Outlook by Mr. Albert Edwards, who is now in the Canal Zone as a special correspondent. The men engaged in doing the work on the Isthmus are the pick of American manhood. Too often work of this kind, which is done very efficiently, is performed by hard men, who care nothing whatever for the welfare of those under them, whether in soul or body. Too often, moreover, the men who would care for the souls and the bodies of the workers do not possess the efficiency which is the prime requisite for dealing with such a task. But in Colonel Goethals, Colonel Gorgas, and the others who are responsible for the work on the Isthmus, we believe that these two sets of qualities are combined to a higher degree than has ever been the case before in the men of any nation engaged on such a work. Very hearty thanks are also due to the Young Men's Christian Association and similar bodies for the great part they have played. The men of the Isthmus are doing their great work better than such work has ever been done before by the people of any nation, and at the same time their social, intellectual, and moral needs are being met as never hitherto in any such case. Until we gained control of the Isthmus of Panama and began the work of building the Canal the very name Panama stood as a synonym for all that was most deadly to men's bodies and men's souls. It has now become, not merely the most efficient world's workshop of the size anywhere on the face of the globe, but also a place where young men can be sent knowing that it is easy for them to get healthful and innocent recreation and to keep clean in soul and in body, and where women can go with their husbands and bring up their children with the advantages that they would have at home. Colonel Goethals and his associates have put this Republic under a great and permanent obligation.

AN EXAMPLE OF FAIR DEALING

In the first of the series of articles by Dr. Washington Gladden on the relations of employers and employees now in course of publication in The Outlook the author declares his belief that where it is still possible for employer and employee to be brought into personal contact "the relations are, in the great majority of cases, amicable and just." And he adds, "The old sweet humanities have not lost their force, and where they have a chance they assert themselves with power." An illustration of this has lately come to our notice. The Third Avenue Railroad

Company of New York City, under the receivership of Mr. Frederick W. Whitridge, with Mr. Edward A. Maher as General Manager, has done some excellent work, from the human side, in seeing to the welfare of its employees and in endeavoring to identify their welfare with that of the railway. In our judgment, trades unions should welcome every such move on the part of any corporation and treat it as a by-product of trades-unionism, so to speak. The Outlook believes emphatically in trades unions. It believes in them partly for the very reason that even where they do not exist the possibility of their formation tends to make corporations do things that otherwise they would not dream of doing. This does not mean that we believe that Mr. Whitridge has acted in this matter from unworthy motives; on the contrary, we feel that he is entitled to hearty praise, because, against opposition, he insisted upon establishing the Employees' Association in the company of which he is receiver. Under his lead, at the different important stations club-rooms have been provided for the employees. These include very well patronized rooms with billiard-tables, and fairly well patronized reading-rooms, together with dining-rooms where there are lunch counters and tables at which excellent food can be obtained at a low price. In addition to the establishment of these rooms, the Employees' Association was founded, the company agreeing to put in dollar for dollar as much as the members contributed—a very sensible arrangement, because, while it showed the genuine interest of the company, it also only helped the men who were helping themselves. The average wages paid by the company seem to be good. The Association was started on January 1, 1909. Since then it has lost nineteen members by death, it has relieved 662 cases by the payment of benefits, and its physician has given to members 2,620 consultations without charge from January 1, 1909, to January 1, 1911. The report of receipts, disbursements, and investments shows that over $23,000 has been paid in by members and an equal sum contributed by the companies concerned, while one interesting item of receipt is $115 of conscience money. Altogether the experiment is an encouraging sign of what has been termed "the mixture of decency with business."

A GREAT ART BUILDING

Mr. John Alexander, President of the National Academy of Design, speaking in New York last week, suggested that the city purchase by condemnation the two blocks on Fifth Avenue fronting the new Public Library, and that on this space there be constructed a building harmonizing with the architecture of the Library to serve as a home for the fine arts in the metropolis. The proposed building would occupy the entire two blocks between Fifth and Madison Avenues and Fortieth and Forty-second Streets. Whether or not this is the best possible site, location and price being taken into account, or whether or not the city ought at present to expend the money necessary to secure this property, need not be decided at the moment. The Outlook wishes to commend the method of dealing with this great subject which Mr. Alexander now suggests. He is reported to have said that the National Academy is thoroughly in favor of securing this property, and that, if the land could be given, the Academy was not only ready but anxious to back the scheme to the limit of its financial ability; that he had discussed the plan with private citizens of wealth and position, and had received assurances that, if a proper site were obtained, the money for a suitable building could be secured. This is The Outlook's view, expressed several weeks ago, when it registered its dissent from Mr. Alexander's proposition to use the west side of Bryant Park for this purpose. In the judgment of The Outlook, all that is needed is a plan for housing the arts in New York that shall be at once practicable and at the same time so large as to provide for the future on a metropolitan scale. Many of the needs of the higher interests of New York have already received adequate attention, and their importance in the civic life and the interest of the city in them have been expressed in architectural forms. The Fine Arts Building ought to be the most beautiful structure in the city. If it is conceived in this spirit, The Outlook believes that there will be very little difficulty in securing within a reasonable time

adequate means for its erection. It ought to be a great home of the arts and of the people as well; it may become one of the most penetrating and powerful educational influences in the city—a popular university which shall give joy to the soul and sight to the eyes of the people of the city. New York has already become an art center in architecture, sculpture, painting, and music. To house these great interests adequately and nobly would put them on a foundation so solid that the time would not be distant when New York would become one of the most active and fruitful working places for artists in the world. The great financial interests owe this to the city of New York, which has sheltered them; they owe it to the Nation which has given them the opportunity of making their vast fortunes.

A NEW OPERA AND A NEW PLAY

A new opera and a new play which had their first presentation in New York last week possess some characteristics of so unusual a nature that they are entitled to comment in any record of noteworthy current events. The production of Victor Herbert's "Natoma," which took place in Philadelphia on February 25 and in New York February 28, is one of the few attempts in this country to produce American "grand opera." Victor Herbert was originally a distinguished 'cello player, well known to the lovers of fine orchestral music. He abandoned the field of absolute music, however, and entered a successful career as a composer of light operas and musical comedies of the Broadway type. Although he was born in Ireland and educated in Germany, he has spent the greater part of his artistic life in America. He has composed "Natoma" with a sincere desire to produce a serious musical work which may have distinctive qualities indigenous to American soil. The story of the opera is contained in a libretto, unfortunately weak in construction and amateurish in phraseology, provided by Joseph Redding, a Californian. The scene of "Natoma" is laid in Spanish California in 1820. It treats of the love of Natoma, an Indian girl, a chieftain's daughter, and the last of her race, for an American naval officer who loves and is loved by Natoma's Spanish mistress, Barbara. Natoma also devotedly loves her Spanish mistress, the two having been playmates as children. Alvarado, Barbara's cousin, who wishes to marry her, discovers that she prefers the American and plots to kill him and abduct Barbara. Natoma, who overhears, stabs Alvarado, and at the conclusion goes into a convent. This story is probably not much worse in its artificial and melodramatic character than the stories which form the foundation of most of the operas of the French and Italian school. But it is the music and not the drama that attracts opera-goers, and of the music Mr. Herbert has made a very pleasing and in some respects an original success, especially in his introduction of Indian and Spanish themes. The opera is picturesquely staged, well acted, and is decidedly more American than Puccini's much-heralded "Girl of the Golden West." There ought to be no such thing as sectionalism in art, but every country and every race can make its proper contribution. It is a commendable thing when American artists turn to American scenes or American history for some of their inspiration, and it is this aspect of "Natoma" which entitles it to encouraging commendation. In some respects "Everywoman" is a much more serious and original piece of dramatic art than "Natoma." It is an attempt, rather surprisingly successful, to combine the philosophy, the ethics, and the simple characters of the old morality play with the elaboration, the picturesqueness, and the worldliness of a modern Broadway comedy. It is not an operetta, though it may fairly be called a music-drama, and the music, which was admirably performed by an augmented orchestra, was composed for it by George W. Chadwick, and alone entitles it to most respectful and appreciative consideration. The author of the play, Walter Browne, who pathetically died on the eve of its first presentation, has given many of his lines a literary quality somewhat surprising to those who know the standards prevailing in the musical comedies of the day. There is some pathos and some tragedy and some realism in "Everywoman" which will not stand the test of an exacting taste. But, on the whole, it is a form of dramatic entertainment very much

higher in human interest, in scenic attractiveness, in literary effort, and in musical quality than is commonly found in the ordinary playhouse of the so-called Broadway type.

A RIOT AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

The Comédie Française is the most thoroughly organized theater in the world. It is subsidized by the Government, and has not only presented, generation after generation, the classical French plays interpreted by the greatest French actors, but it has also made room for new plays of quality. Although a classic theater in a strict sense of the word, it has been the scene of many most violent disturbances. It was on the stage of this theater that Victor Hugo's "Hernani," first of the great romantic plays, was presented in 1846, amid scenes of the wildest disorder. The droll figure of Gautier in a red coat remains as the symbol of that tremendous skirmish between the old and the new school in dramatic writing. A week ago this scene was repeated during the production of Henri Bernstein's "Après Moi." Not since the production of Sardou's "Thermidor" in 1891 has this ancient theater known such confusion. Bernstein is a Jew concerning whom there has been sensational controversy in the newspapers, which terminated by his admission that he had deserted from the army before his time was up, urging in palliation of this offense that he was infatuated with a woman. "Après Moi" is the story of a gigantic petroleum trust financier who wrecks not only his own fortune but the fortunes of his wife and friends. He is on the point of committing suicide when certain facts are developed on the stage, so Gallic in their character that they need not be repeated here, and his ferocious intention is turned from himself to the object of his jealousy. As the final outcome of this scene the financier discards the idea of suicide and insists that his wife shall choose between him and her lover. After a very emotional scene the wife dismisses her lover and follows her penniless husband. Bernstein's plays have given great offense to certain clerical organizations. They hate his race, and they hate him personally. On the night of the presentation of "Après Moi" these gentlemen posted themselves in different parts of the theater and began a series of interruptions, reinforced by a group of young Royalists equipped with automobile horns, rattles, whistles, and many other noise-making contrivances. The Prefect of Police had hundreds of police and Republican Guards inside the theater. At a certain point in the play, when one of the characters asks, "What is the most irreparable thing in life?" the uproar broke out. There were shouts of "Deserter!" "Down with the Jews!" and pigeons which had been taken into the gallery were hurled at the audience and fluttered helplessly about the orchestra. Many of the interrupters were dragged out of the building. Six men barricaded themselves in a box and blew fish-horns so violently that the play had to stop. The police assaulted the box and arrested the offenders. As a result of this affair a number of duels have been arranged. Bernstein has asked the Prime Minister to grant Loyalist Lacour, who is in jail for assault on Premier Briand last November, temporary liberty so that he may fight a duel with him; and, if reports are to be trusted, he has also challenged Léon Daudet, the writer, and several others. Bernstein was born in Paris. His mother is said to be an American. He was educated at Cambridge, England, and during the last three years has written a dozen plays, most of which have been successful. "The Thief" had long runs in Paris, London, and New York. "Samson" was on the stage of a New York theater for an entire season.

JOHN M. CARRÈRE

John M. Carrère, who died in New York last week as the result of a collision between a taxicab in which he was riding and a Madison Avenue car, was an architect of high distinction. He practiced one of the noblest arts with a fine sense of its private significance and public relations. He secured his preparatory education in Switzerland, and added a thorough course at the Beaux-Arts in Paris, a school of architecture which has trained a large number of the most gifted American architects, and has achieved the rare distinction of penetrating formal academic education

with artistic feeling and spirit. In this student period the foundations of the future business combination of Carrère and Hastings were laid in a warm friendship. It was a strong combination of talent, skill, and enthusiasm, and the work of the two young men soon attracted attention. Important commissions were intrusted to them, and the charm and beauty of their designs soon gave them a foremost place in an art in which Americans had begun to show a genius for that happy adaptation of established forms to new creeds and conditions which speedily develops originality. The office buildings of the Senate and House of Representatives in Washington, the proposed alterations in the Capitol, the Bicentennial Memorial Building at Yale, and many other important structures fell into their hands; and, finally, their design for the Public Library Building in New York was accepted. Mr. Carrère was also an inspiring leader in the education of the American people in the architectural treatment of cities as units instead of aggregations of buildings. He taught them that free circulation of population, health, and beauty ought to be combined in the laying out and building of cities, and he greatly forwarded a movement which in the next fifty years will transform the physical aspects of American towns.

"In our cities, and, in fact, in our whole mode of life," he said in a recent lecture, "we separate work from pleasure, the practical from the beautiful, instead of blending them, as is so skillfully done by the older nations of the world. A street is apt to be nothing but a thoroughfare, so that we just go and come and travel upon it without enjoyment, which we must seek elsewhere at given points laid aside for this particular purpose. In the same manner we do not combine work and pleasure sufficiently, with the result that both our work and our pleasures are strenuous in character and often become excesses."

Mr. Carrère had given valuable time and thought to this kind of reconstruction in Cleveland, Baltimore, Hartford, and other cities, and his death at the moment of his ripest powers is a National misfortune. That a brain like his should be destroyed by a stupid or reckless chauffeur is one of those bitter ironies of life for which communities rather than Providence are responsible. In this case there ought to be the most searching investigation, and, if careless driving is proved, the most prompt and severe punishment.

MRS. LAWSON VALENTINE

Mrs. Lawson Valentine, who died at her home in New York on Thursday morning of last week after a brief illness, was for many years a familiar figure in the life of the Outlook family; for it was the genius of Mr. Valentine, who from 1877 to 1891 was President of the corporation which published The Outlook, to bind all his coworkers together in such common devotion and affectionate fellowship that business relations became intimately friendly. It was his genius also to recognize to the full the absolute editorial independence of The Outlook, and not only to confirm but to find deep satisfaction in it. To his generous and very successful endeavors, in which a genuine idealism was never separated from courageous and original business methods, Mrs. Valentine contributed the quiet helpfulness of a beautiful and unworldly spirit. At the festivals of the Outlook family she always personified tranquil faith in the supremacy of the spirit and the victorious power of righteousness. It was fitting that her last appearance should have been at its Christmas celebration in December. Her life brought her many kinds of prosperity; but her happiness lay deeper than conditions, and, like the love of her friends, rested on her singularly harmonious and beautiful nature, hospitable to every joy or need, generous of heart and hand.

AN OBLIGING POST-OFFICE

Probably the most colossal task ever undertaken by Great Britain is the making of India. One method of the making is disclosed in recently published statistics concerning the Postal Service. There are now nearly nineteen thousand post-offices in India, They are kept in working order by ninety-two thousand persons. Last year mail trains traveled no less than a hundred and thirty-five million miles. But these were not the only carriers. While mail trains run over thirty-two thousand miles of railway, many letters are carried by boat and by forest runners.

As to the parcels post, over nine hundred million articles—or more than three to each person in India—were entered last year at the post-office for transmission. Though many of these articles were posted without even an address, and though many contained diamonds and other valuables, only eight out of every twenty-five hundred sent to the dead-letter office failed to reach either the sender or the receiver. In the money-order department nearly twenty-five million money-orders were issued, aggregating a hundred and forty-five million dollars. The opportunity for such an enormous business is indicated when we learn that a sum of $1.33 may now be sent a distance of three thousand miles for two cents. In establishing a service combining the money order and parcels departments, the Indian post-office is more obliging than most post-offices. It will receive a parcel from a merchant, transmit it, collect the declared value from the addressee, and return the money to the seller; last year, in return for such parcels, the post-office passed into the hands of tradesmen nearly twenty-eight million dollars. But because we have inaugurated a similar system, the post-office savings bank depository is to us Americans a specially interesting feature; last year the post-office savings bank depositories in India reported one and one-third million separate and active accounts, aggregating fifty-two and a half million dollars. Finally, the Indian post-office is philanthropic as is hardly any other, for in a malarial country like India it is of vital moment to the people that a post-office should have for sale, as it has, small envelopes containing quinine. As one may rightly assume from the above, the varied features of the post-office are doing much to commend British rule in India.

AN ANGLO-GERMAN CONCORDAT

While England and Germany are disquieted by apprehensions that peace between them is insecure, the churches of both countries have been making active effort for its permanence. For several years delegations of British pastors have visited Germany and delegations of German pastors have visited England to promote international fraternity. These reciprocal visits have now advanced the Anglo-German peace movement beyond that initial stage of informality to a formal organization, in which the German churches led off and the British have followed their example. Early in February a British Council was organized similar to the German, each headed by influential men. At the recent meeting for this purpose in London the Archbishop of Canterbury presided, and representative Anglicans and Free Churchmen were conspicuous in demonstrating their unity for peace between the kindred peoples. The German Council was represented by a committee, whose chairman, Dr. Spiecker, described the rapid growth of the peace movement among the German churches, and his associate, Dr. Harnack, the distinguished church historian, spoke eloquently upon its watchword—"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." The first step toward this goal, said he, is "no longer to tolerate ill will among us, and to *stop the mouths of provocateurs*." The words here italicized put a plain duty upon the American churches also. There is reliable authority for stating that the correspondents of certain American newspapers have been ordered to write from the Far East prejudicially to Japan. The Archbishop of Canterbury declared it the purpose of the churches of both nations represented in this meeting to establish a spirit that would make a war between them, or the bare possibility of it, first unlikely, then difficult, and ultimately impossible. He compared this movement to the preventive medicine which by inoculation bars out disease. The Council was then formally constituted, associating the churches of the two Empires in the cause of international amity for the maintenance of fraternal relations between them, the exchange of thought and information to prevent misunderstanding and distrust, and for the confirmation of permanent peace. The Archbishop of Canterbury was elected President of the Council, with a strong official board. A timely antidote to the jingo poison has thus been set to work that will not be fruitless of influence on this side of the sea.

NATIONALISM AND THE JUDICIARY

This is the eighth of the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on "Nationalism and Progress," and the third relating to the Judiciary. The discussion of this particular topic will be concluded next week.— THE EDITORS.

Last week in these columns I discussed the right of the people to criticise the courts. There is a second aspect of the relation of the courts to the people.

This second aspect, which the briefest consideration of the history of the Supreme Court emphasizes, is what Mr. Roscoe Pound has so clearly shown in his articles in the "Columbia Law Review" and the "Green Bag," on "Mechanical Jurisprudence" and "The Need of a Sociological Jurisprudence;" that is, the far-reaching damage done by a merely mechanical jurisprudence, and the need for an informed and intelligent interpretation of the law. Dean Kirchwey, of the Columbia Law School, in his address before the American Bar Association on "Respect for Law," spoke as follows:

> There is no other artificial device that I know of to bring about the condition of affairs that must be effected in order that our law shall escape the criticism which we aim to avert by becoming the real handmaid of society in its onward and upward march. The only remedy that I can see is for our courts to realize once for all that the power to do justice, greater than the power to administer law, is the power that is really committed to them; that a precedent is only a sign-post pointing out the direction in which the feet of justice must go, not a rule binding upon the mind and conscience of the judge; that our courts are set in their high places as interpreters of the popular sense of morality and right and the popular sense of justice, not as interpreters of obscure oracles handed down from a remote antiquity. They will receive and they will deserve respect so long as the law which they lay down is the expression of the public will, and no longer.

Mr. Roscoe Pound's article on "Mechanical Jurisprudence" should be read by every one who has the least doubt as to the vital need of making our law correspond to the demands of real justice and of common sense. He quotes Sir Frederick Pollock, and Judge Richmond, a noted Australian judge, with approval of their insistence that modern law must escape from all that is artificial, and must meet the demands of modern society for full, equal, and exact justice. He unreservedly indorses the view that legality and the scientific character of law are means toward the end of law, which is the administration of justice, and that law must be judged by the results which it achieves, and not by the niceties of its internal structures. Mr. Pound quotes with proper emphasis the profoundly wise remark of Lord Herschel: "Important as it is that people should get justice, it is even more important that they should be made to feel and see that they are getting it."

One merit of Mr. Pound's article is the way in which it points out that laymen are just as responsible as lawyers for the tendency of law to become mechanical, because of the average man's admiration of the ingenious, his love of technicality as a manifestation of cleverness, and the feeling that law as an established institution ought to have a certain ballast of mysterious technicality. But Mr. Pound also shows that when this type of thought is found in a judge, and is given full sway by him, the result may be of literally incalculable harm. He says: "It is sometimes assumed that law must needs aim for a different kind of justice from that which is commonly understood and regarded by the community. But this cannot be. Law is a means, not an end. We must not make the mistake in American legal education of creating a permanent gulf between legal thought and popular thought. . . . The practical end of the administration of justice according to law is such adjustment of the relations of men to each other and to society as conforms to the moral sense of the community." The idea has been well expressed in a private letter written by Dr. Du Bose, of the University of the South, to Mr. Silas McBee, editor of the "Churchman," commenting upon an editorial in the "Churchman" upon a certain announced judicial conception of democracy. "If the Constitution does not live and expand with the life of the Nation, it becomes a mere letter and fetter which will either strangle the life or have to be broken by it. And to make the Supreme Court a mere guard over the letter without jurisdiction over the spirit and life is to make it an instrument of slow death."

Miss Jane Addams points out a fact which should cause both our legislators and our judges grave concern when she states that there has been a growth of feeling among workingmen that the courts are their enemies. A certain type of man, usually the head of a big corporation, or his legal adviser, or his representative in the press, but often an entirely honest although ill-informed citizen, is apt clamorously to insist that this feeling among workingmen has no basis in reason, and is due merely to their having been inflamed by the tirades of demagogues. I would call the attention of this type of man to "Law Notes" for December last, which quotes the comments of a learned jurist, who states that his own professional and personal interests are almost exclusively on the side of great corporations and of defendants in negligence cases, and who explains that his views are the result of an impartial study of the whole situation while constantly engaged in the professional service of railway and other corporations. The comments in question appear in the introduction to the fifth edition of Shearman and Redfield on Negligence, signed by Mr. Shearman:

> A small number of able judges, devoted, from varying motives, to the supposed interests of the wealthy classes, and caring little for any others, boldly invented an exception to the general rule of masters' liability, by which servants were deprived of its protection. Very inappropriately, this exception was first announced in South Carolina, then the citadel of human slavery. It was eagerly adopted in Massachusetts, then the center of the factory system, where some decisions were then made in favor of great corporations, so preposterous that they have been disregarded in every other State, without even the compliment of refutation. It was promptly followed in England, which was then governed exclusively by landlords and capitalists. And when the fifteen judges of Scotland unanimously declared that it had never been the law of Scotland, four English law lords reversed their decision.

My only comment upon the above would be that I do not think that the judges who are responsible for such decisions are, save in exceptional cases, actuated by friendship for the property classes as compared with the masses of the people; I think that the responsibility for this condition of things lies chiefly at the doors of well-meaning men unfortunately cursed with an obsession for what Mr. Pound has called mechanical jurisprudence. The stickler for technicalities, the man who treats precedents, however outrageous, as always binding, instead of as sign-posts put up for his consideration, will often do as much harm as the other man who permits himself to be swayed either by special sympathy for or special antipathy towards a certain class of his fellow-men, whether those who possess much property or those who do not—and antipathy towards one is just as bad as antipathy towards the other.

Plenty of poor men who are criminals of the worst type escape punishment because of technicalities, just as plenty of rich men do. A long list of such instances could be produced, a list which I think it would be impossible to read without a feeling of very deep indignation. Such a list would include a recent decision in one State under which a murderer was turned loose because he had been convicted under an *alias*, or without giving his *alias*. In a recent decision in another State a new trial was ordered because the prisoner was convicted under an indictment which charged him with stealing hides, and did not specify whether they were cow, mule, or sheep hides. Another instance was perhaps the most striking of all. Two pianolas had been stolen. The indictment described them as "pianos," and because of this a new trial was ordered. On the next trial experts convinced the Court that pianos and pianolas were the same thing; whereupon the Court discharged the prisoner on the ground that he could not be tried twice for the same offense! A reading of these decisions makes one feel profoundly grateful to the Supreme Court of Oklahoma for its opinion—rather breezily expressed—in a case where it very sensibly refused to grant a new trial because a useless word had been omitted from an indictment. The Court said:

> Now that our criminal jurisprudence is in its formative period, we are determined to do all in our power to place it upon a broad and sure foundation of reason and justice, so that the innocent may find it to be a refuge of defense and protection and that the guilty may be convicted and taught that it is an exceedingly serious and dangerous thing to violate the laws of the State, whether they be rich and influential or poor and friend-

less. . . . If we place our criminal jurisprudence upon a technical basis, it will become the luxury of the rich, who can always hire able and skillful lawyers to invoke technicalities in their behalf. . . . We confess to a want of respect for precedents which were found in the rubbish heap of Noah's Ark, and which have outlived their usefulness, if they ever had any.

The New York Code—Criminal Procedure, §542—now explicitly forbids judges to permit such technicalities as those quoted above to be used for the perversion of justice; and for the last decade or thereabouts this prohibition has been heeded.

A judge must decide the law according to its evident intent, even when that evident intent is repugnant to his feelings, unless the Constitution explicitly forbids it. In the abstract this will be denied by no one. But in the concrete there has often been much ingenious twisting of the Constitution, doubtless entirely unconscious, in order to justify judges to their own conscience in deciding against a given law. I say often. I do not mean generally. The courts must grow and change in opinion just as the other bodies of National expression grow, and as the Nation itself grows. Nor can the courts permit the general and unequivocally expressed will of the Nation to be nullified in accordance with a small or local body of opinion.

It is well to give concrete instances of general principles, and these I now give, to illustrate the principles laid down last week. I shall select first a case in which the judges have rendered incalculable service in standing up for the elementary and fundamental rights of mankind. This Nation has definitely agreed that there shall be no slavery; and what is called peonage, whether among poor white men or ignorant black men, is in its essence an ignoble and furtive desire partially to re-establish slavery. The first blow of really telling character struck at peonage was by the Federal Court of Alabama in the decisions of Judge Jones, a former Governor of the State and an ex-Confederate soldier. A similar service was recently rendered by Judge Thomas, of the same State, in the case of Alonzo Bailey, and the Supreme Court in upholding Judge Thomas's view rendered a signal service to real as distinguished from academic freedom; for it cannot too often be pointed out that absolute liberty of contract when carried to an extreme utterly defeats its own purpose. The leading individualist philosophers, such as Mill and Spencer, have agreed that "the principle of freedom cannot require that a man should be free not to be free." It is not freedom to be allowed to alienate one's freedom; and, as Sidgwick has pointed out, in speaking of this so-called natural invalidity of a contract to become a slave, any "serious approximation to the condition of slavery" amounts to the same thing. Of course this principle should be pushed very much further than leaders of the school of purely individualistic or eighteenth-century philosophy have admitted. No person should by contract be permitted to impose substantial restraints upon his liberty. Freedom to impose these restraints, if given to weak and needy people, simply amounts to defeating the very end of freedom. Academic freedom is the absolute negation of real freedom. Academic individualism defeats itself, whereas freedom in the fact makes for a rational individualism.

The other two cases of which I intend to speak are those to which I alluded in my address before the Colorado Legislature last year as striking instances respectively of infringement upon the rights of the people through curtailing National rights, and infringement upon the rights of the people through curtailing States' rights.

The first is the decision in the Knight Sugar Case. As to this I quote the opinion, not of a radical or a revolutionary, but of a leading New York lawyer, whose practice has been much with corporations, Mr. Victor Morawetz, as given in the "Columbia Law Review" of December last. He writes:

However, in the Sugar Trust Case the Supreme Court seems to have held that, notwithstanding the Anti-Trust Act, a manufacturing company producing an article of inter-State commerce may lawfully purchase the manufacturing plants and businesses of all its competitors in the same business, although the effect of the purchase may be to monopolize the manufacture and sale of an article of inter-State commerce, and consequently to monopolize inter-State commerce in this article. It appeared that the American Sugar Refining Company had purchased the control of four independent sugar refining companies, paying therefor by transfer of shares of its own stock; that

refined sugar was an article of inter-State commerce; that all the companies were engaged in inter-State commerce in refined sugar; and that by such purchases the American Sugar Refining Company acquired nearly complete control of the business of manufacturing and selling refined sugar throughout the United States. The Supreme Court held that this transaction was not in violation of the Anti-Trust Act. . . . The decision in the Sugar Case was one of the earliest decisions under the Anti-Trust Act, and, in the opinion of the writer, cannot be reconciled with the subsequent decisions of the Supreme Court. In a number of subsequent cases the Court decided that Congress had Constitutional power to prohibit, and by the Anti-Trust Act did prohibit, monopolizing, or attempting to monopolize, or combining or conspiring to monopolize, inter-State trade or commerce by means of contracts or trade arrangements among competitors; yet it is clear that Congress has no greater power to prohibit the making *of contracts* that are sanctioned by State laws than to prohibit the acquisition or use *of property* sanctioned by State laws. . . . A decision following the supposed authority of the Sugar Trust Case and holding that the Anti-Trust Act does not prevent the effective monopolization of inter-State trade or commerce by combining or vesting in a corporation the plants and businesses of practically all manufacturers and sellers of an article of inter-State commerce surely would not be accepted by the people of the United States as a final solution of the trust problem. Such a decision probably would result in an imperative popular demand for legislation of a Socialistic character, and possibly it might lead to an amendment of the Constitution. Governmental regulation of corporations and trusts as to their organization and their methods of conducting business, while leaving them the fruits of monopoly, would not be accepted as sufficient.

I have already elsewhere quoted the entirely justifiable language of Justice Harlan in dissenting from the opinion of the Court in the Knight Sugar Case, language in which he points out the impotence to which the decision reduced the people of the United States in controlling, in the only effective way possible to control, the great corporations engaged, as every great corporation is necessarily engaged, in inter-State commerce. The movement which resulted in the formation of the Constitution started primarily because of the absolute chaos caused by each State exercising its power as it chose in regard to commerce between the States. As Judge Spring, in an article quoted last week, shows, the makers of the Constitution, the opponents of the clause in question as well as its advocates, alike definitely understood that it vested plenary powers in Congress to regulate all inter-State traffic, and deprived the States absolutely of dominion over intercourse among them. The Supreme Court, under Marshall, decided, and without dissent, that commerce comprehended traffic, interchange of merchandise, and intercourse; and that the National power to regulate was "to prescribe the rule by which commerce is governed."

Judge Spring says:

It is claimed that the tendency now is to arrogate to Federal authority powers not fairly within the province of this delegation. It seems to me there is no marked assertion of authority not within the Constitutional grant, but the increased intercourse among the States, the variety and complexity of the business carried on, necessarily call for more frequent exercise of power. There is a vast difference in the extent of the business in a Nation of eighty millions of people with one hundred and twenty billions of property and that carried on by the four millions of people with their small holdings when the Constitution became operative. The necessity for the exclusive exercise of this power by Congress was never more manifest than in these days of enormous State interchange of commodities. If each State can fix a rate for the carriage of goods by a common carrier crossing its boundaries, the confusion and absence of uniformity which the commerce clause was intended to obviate will again prevail to a far greater degree than existed in the old Confederation, when the transactions were not frequent or varied. One State might, for retaliation, fix an abnormally high rate to redress some real or imaginary injustice by the railroad company. Another, to stimulate trade, or through favoritism, might go to the other extreme. Under the most favorable and judicious system of regulation by the States great disparity would be prevalent, and jealousy and animosity would be engendered. . . . It is contended that the enlarged range now given to the commerce clause is far and away beyond what was contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. Undoubtedly. A written Constitution is couched in general language in order that it may fit changing conditions as they occur. The probabilities are that these varying situations may not be foreseen. The extension of our National domain, the building of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, the accumulation and combination of wealth, and the amplitude of our internal commercial relations were not within the reach of human ken one hundred and twenty years ago. The intrinsic power of the Government is unchanged whether the commerce among the States is over a dirt road, a navigable river, or a railroad track crossing

State lines. Because the inter-State business has exceeded the expectations of the Constitution makers and is carried on by other agencies than were employed in their day does not abridge the authority vested in Congress. The extent or variety of the business is unimportant in considering the right of control over it.

The learned judge and the leading corporation lawyer whom I have above quoted, and the Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. Harlan, in his dissenting decision, have put the case so clearly that I do not see how their view can be successfully refuted. But there is one point upon which sufficient stress has not been laid, except by Mr. Croly in his "Promise of American Life," and that is the far-reaching damage done to the rights of property, no less than to the spirit of Nationalism, by such a decision as that in the Knight Sugar Case. The American people demand that efficient and genuine control over great corporations be exercised by the Government. They will not permanently tolerate the failure to meet this rightful and proper demand. If the National Government, through the National judiciary, confines itself to mere negation, and by one series of decisions denies the National Government power to interfere in the matter, while at the same time by another series of decisions it tries to prevent the States from interfering, the result can only be to cause damage from every standpoint; for confidence in the National Government will be shaken, it will prove well-nigh impossible to prevent States from acting when they have a furiously indignant public opinion behind them, and there will be a real popular loss of confidence in the courts, a loss of confidence by the people at large, which is in no way permanently offset by exaggerated and hysterical praise of the courts by the organs of the capitalistic classes.

I most strongly hold the view that the States should not, and cannot permanently, be allowed to exercise any power, directly or indirectly, over inter-State commerce. Wherever commerce is inter-State the National power is not only supreme but sole. This has been recently and unequivocally asserted by the Supreme Court in deciding the cases brought by the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Pullman Company against the State of Kansas. All questions of the regulation of traffic through any State, if that traffic is inter-State, belong, under the Constitution, to the National Government. The encouragement to the States to act on their own initiative in this matter has come chiefly from the failure of the National Government to act; the failure of Congress to provide laws sufficiently far-reaching; and the nullification of these laws, when enacted, by decisions like that in the Knight Sugar Case. When, by what ordinary men regard as a mere legal subtlety, the power of the National Congress over great corporations engaged in inter-State commerce is reduced to a nullity, it is inevitable that the State Governments should themselves try to step in and take the place which the highest Federal court, in the decision which has become the supreme law of the land, has declared to be vacant so far as the National Government is concerned. A decision like that in the Knight Case invites each State to act for itself, and therefore invites industrial chaos. Such a decision, if consistently carried out, would, as regards one of the prime and vital features of government, undo the work of Marshall and of the Supreme Court during the first half-century of its existence, and bring us back dangerously near the chaos of the days of the Confederation. The power over these great corporations must be exercised. The people will not permit these enormous corporations to be free from Governmental control, for the simple reason that they instinctively recognize the fact that unless the great corporations are controlled by the Government they will themselves completely control the Government. All that the National authorities, legislative, judicial, and executive alike, can determine is whether they shall give effect to the plain intent of the Constitution, and really and efficiently and not with academic ineptitude exercise this power, or whether they shall shelter themselves behind quibbles and technicalities and fail to exercise the power, with the certainty of seeing in a few years the effort to exercise it made by the several States, and chaos and disaster follow.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA

It is a striking and significant fact that, although the governmental reaction in Russia since the suppression of the revolutionary movement of 1905–6 has been accompanied by repressive and punitive measures of unusual and extraordinary severity, the leaders of the Russian Liberals in the Duma, the provincial assemblies, and the press are still hopeful, and even confident, that the fight for freedom, which they have carried on for so many years, will finally be successful. They admit that the present state of affairs is bad—worse, in some respects, than it has been at any time since the assassination of the notorious reactionary Minister von Plehve—but they are not at all intimidated by the Government's repressive measures, nor are they discouraged by their own mistakes and failures. On the contrary, they look forward, with ever-increasing hope, to the Russia of the future—a Russia that shall derive its chief power, not from battalions of armed conscripts and batteries of quick-firing guns, but from the thoughts, feelings, and acts of a morally enlightened, intellectually cultured, and politically emancipated people. For such hope and faith they think they have ample warrant in the awakened intelligence and changed attitude of the men who compose so large a part of the Russian population, viz., the common peasants, or *muzhiks*. Twenty-five years ago, or even ten years ago, this oppressed and unenlightened class was not greatly interested in national questions, and gave little or no support to the revolutionary movement. Now, however, it is awake and alert, and, in spite of bureaucratic persecution and repression, it shows at every opportunity its warm sympathy with all progressive measures and undertakings. Twenty-five years ago ninety per cent of the political exiles in Siberia were from the educated and privileged classes, while now seventy-five per cent of them come from the ranks of the industrial workers or the agricultural peasants. One of the oldest and most experienced of the Russian Liberal leaders, in a recent letter to a member of The Outlook's staff, refers to this changed attitude of the common people as follows:

"Time has not destroyed the hopes that were the subject of our conversation so many years ago, but, on the contrary, has brought some of them to realization and fruition. If you should now make another survey of Russian life and conditions, you would be convinced, I think, that, in spite of many discouraging phenomena—in spite of the severity of some of our administrative methods, such as exile without trial and confinement in prisons that are terrible in discipline and sanitary condition—Russia, as a whole, has made great strides toward the position occupied by more fortunate and more cultured nations. The 'emancipation movement,' as we are accustomed to call it, or, to speak more accurately, the 'Russian Revolution,' was not a superficial agitation, confined to the upper classes of society. It affected all sorts and conditions of men, and awakened the minds and hearts of the whole slumbering population. This was its most notable and most important achievement. We may question the practical success of this wonderful popular movement, and we may fully recognize the servility of our Duma, the Anarchistic ferocity of our 'black companies,' and the lawlessness of our bureaucratic administration; but, in spite of all these admitted evils, we are confident that nothing can now check our cultural development, because the revolution overcame the inertia of centuries, called into action the untried powers of the people, set free their volition, revealed to them their latent strength, and pointed out the path that will ultimately lead to social and political regeneration. We know by what sacrifices human freedom and enlightenment have been bought, but the teachings of universal history justify our optimism."

The writer of this letter—a prominent member of the First Duma—has spent many years of his long life in exile, has been deprived of all political rights, and has recently been punished with a term of solitary confinement in the St. Petersburg prison known as "the Cross;" but, instead of being discouraged or disillusioned by his personal experience, or by the apparent triumph of reactionary forces, he looks to the future with a confidence based on faith in righteousness and in

"the teachings of universal history." That his faith will be justified by coming events there is not the slightest question. Wendell Phillips once said:

"If you will only multiply the smallest force into time enough, it will equal the greatest. So it is with the slow intellectual movement of the masses. It can scarcely be seen, but it is a constant movement. It is the shadow on the dial—never still, though never seen to move. It is the tide—it is the ocean, gaining on the proudest bulwarks that human art or strength can build. It may be defied for a moment, but in the end it always triumphs."

The Russian people have not yet played their part on the world's stage; but it may be confidently predicted that in the twenty-first century—if not in the latter part of the twentieth—when they shall have escaped from despotic control, and shall have had time and opportunity to develop their extraordinary natural abilities and talents, they will surprise the world with their achievements in science, art, music, literature, education, character-building, and all the higher and nobler fields of human endeavor.

We have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the fact that when the Russia of the future shall reach its full development—when it shall begin to exert the influence that it is destined to exert upon human thought and conduct—we shall enjoy almost unequaled facilities for the study of its history and literature. Few Americans as yet are aware of the fact that we have in the Library of Congress in Washington one of the largest collections of Russian books in the world. It is not equal, of course, to the great national collection in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, but with that exception it is probably unsurpassed. It comprises more than eighty thousand volumes, and covers, with extraordinary completeness, the whole vast field of Russian history, as well as every department of Russian thought, life, and activity. In all Europe, outside of Russia, there is no collection of the kind that is superior to it in quality, and none, probably, that exceeds it in size. This great Russian library, strangely enough, comes to us, not from St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, or any of the centers of Russian enlightenment and culture, but from a remote and little-known town in eastern Siberia. Seven years ago, when Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, went to Europe for the purpose of obtaining books to be added to our National collection in Washington, he heard accidentally in St. Petersburg that a Russian merchant named Yudin, in the East Siberian town of Krasnoyarsk, had been collecting Russian books for almost a quarter of a century, and that he owned what was believed to be the largest private library in the Empire. Thinking that such a collection of books might have great bibliographic interest, Mr. Putnam sent his Russian assistant, Mr. Babine, to Krasnoyarsk to examine it. Mr. Babine reported by telegraph that the collection was one of extraordinary interest and value, and that its owner, Mr. Yudin, would be willing to sell it to a national library for the amount that it had actually cost him. The sum named was not unreasonably large, but it exceeded the available resources of the Library of Congress, and after some correspondence the negotiations for the purchase of the collection were suspended. Mr. Yudin, however, gradually became interested in the plans and work of our National library, as set forth in the Librarian's Annual Reports, and in 1906 he wrote Mr. Putnam that he desired to make his collection accessible to the world of science; that he did not know a more honored place for it than the American National library, and that, if the United States still wished to acquire it, he was willing to dispose of it upon terms that would make it almost a gift to the American people. As the sum mentioned in this letter was less than a third of the actual value of the collection, Mr. Putnam did not hesitate to accept Mr. Yudin's generous offer, and in August, 1906, Mr. Babine, who had gone again to Krasnoyarsk, took charge of the books, and proceeded to pack them for shipment to Washington. The transportation of eighty thousand volumes from eastern Siberia to the United States was a task of no small magnitude; but, at the request of our State Department, the Russian Minister of Ways and Communications gave the Yudin library trains right of way over the Siberian Railroad, and before the end of

April, 1907, the books were all safely stored in the basement of the Library of Congress in Washington. They have since been gradually unpacked, classified, and placed upon the shelves, and the whole collection is now accessible to American students who read Russian and who are interested in Russian history, literature, science, or art.

There is hardly a field of Russian life and activity, past or present, which this great library does not adequately cover. It contains all the works of the Russian historians and critics, from Tatishchef and Karamzin to Soliviof, Kostamarof, and Kluchevski, and includes among its "source material" complete sets of the Russian Annals, of the publications of historical and archæological societies, and of the provincial commissions whose object is to collect and publish documents relating to the national history. It would furnish ample material for the student of the awakening of Russia under Byzantine influence, and of the later awakening under the influence of western Europe. Among the sciences auxiliary to history, Russian law is represented by a complete set of Russian civil and criminal codes, and this serves as a basis for a rich collection of theoretical and historical works on Russian legislation and the development of Russian institutions. Much space is also given to Russian travel and geographical exploration. The works of all the prominent Russian travelers are present, as well as a complete set of the publications of the Imperial Geographical Society. The library abounds in books relating to the history, archæology, and ethnology of Siberia, and includes several hundred manuscripts dealing with the Russian administration of Alaska. In complete files of periodicals the collection is notably rich. It contains sixty sets of literary and historical magazines, which cover a period of one hundred and fifty years, and which, in themselves, make a library of six thousand volumes. It is doubtful whether even in Russia there is a collection of Russian periodicals equal to this in scope and completeness.

At the present time there are comparatively few scholars in America who know the Russian language and who are able to make profitable use of this admirable library; but a century hence, or two centuries hence, when the Russia of the future shall have fulfilled the promise of the present, the number of such scholars will increase a hundredfold. Then—but perhaps not until then—will Americans fully appreciate the far-sighted judgment of the present Librarian of Congress in obtaining, while it was still possible to obtain, the complete historical and literary records of a people whose thoughts and achievements are destined to exert a profound influence upon the whole world.

THE FRENCH CABINET CRISIS

The fall of M. Aristide Briand, Prime Minister of France, was brought about by one of those unnatural combinations of Clericals and Radicals which are the bane of French politics. France has taken long strides in political education; but the group system still prevails, and patriotism has yet to be substituted for the smaller ends of factions. To drive out of power a man of such force as M. Briand by any combination which can be effected for a moment to achieve that end is not to play the great game of politics with courage and conviction, but the smaller game of sterile obstruction. Such a defeat will not check for any length of time the career of a statesman; and M. Briand has proved himself in many respects to possess the large-mindedness, breadth of view, and courage of a statesman.

He was born in Nantes, a city which has bred strong men, in 1862, educated for the legal profession, and won a reputation at an early day as a man of ability and scholarship, and at the same time an advocate of extreme Socialistic views. His first appearance in the Chamber of Deputies was as a representative of the revolutionary Socialists; and at one time he served the party as editor of a Socialistic paper. When he was called to the Premiership two years ago, on the fall of the Clemenceau Cabinet, and accepted the portfolio of the Ministry of Public Worship, his Radical allies expected that he would push the Radical programme. But in this case, as in that of many Radicals of large ability, official responsibilities

tempered his zeal, and brought him face to face with the larger problems of public life. He had come into notice as the reporter of the Church and State Separation Bill; and his Radical supporters expected that he would apply the provisions of that bill with drastic severity. But M. Briand ceased to be a partisan when he became a responsible Minister, and his management of the relations of the Church to the State was marked by the strictest conformity to the law. He was loyal to the interests of the State and to the legislation which had brought about the separation of the Church from the State; but he interpreted that legislation in such a way as to lay the foundation for a working relation between the two bodies. He was firm but conciliatory. This gave great offense to his Radical supporters, who would have been satisfied with nothing short of absolute and destructive antagonism to the Church. In his dealing with this delicate and difficult situation he showed that courage which is a large part of wisdom, and the common sense which a statesman brings to the solution of difficult problems.

The test of his ability and courage came at the time of the strike on the State railways, an industrial disturbance which became political, and created a dangerous crisis requiring both judgment and supreme courage. The Radicals who had been M. Briand's supporters expected him to deal with that crisis from the Radical standpoint, instead of which he dealt with it from the National standpoint. He had ceased to be a man of a class and become the leader of a nation. He met the strike and showed himself master of the situation by enforcing the law, calling out the strikers as reserves in the national army. This left them no alternative but disobedience to their leaders or to the Government, and the strikers did not wait long in making their choice. Having secured tranquillity, M. Briand immediately applied himself to the problem of providing means of settling labor disputes in such a way as to secure prompt hearing for grievances and a trustworthy method of removing them. His courageous suppression of the strike had alienated the Socialists; his proposals for redressing the possible wrongs of the strikers alienated his more conservative supporters. He has been several times attacked by fanatics. A few weeks ago two shots were fired at him from the gallery of the Chamber of Deputies. Not long ago he was assaulted while unveiling a statue. Two months ago, when some of his colleagues became dissatisfied with the alleviating legislation which he proposed for strikers on the Government roads, he eliminated them and organized a stronger Ministry; and when, at a recent session of the Chamber, a coalition of Radicals and Clericals reduced his majority to 16, he resigned, giving ill health and weariness as reasons for this action. So far as the situation can be correctly judged at this distance, M. Briand on his accession to power rose promptly from the plane of politics to that of statesmanship, managed the affairs of France with wisdom and courage, in a great crisis saved the country from what might have been dangerous disorder, and proved himself a faithful servant of the Republic. Such a man is not likely long to remain out of power.

M. Antoine Emmanuel Ernest Monis, Vice-President of the Senate and Minister of Justice in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, has, at the request of President Fallières, formed a Ministry, of which he is to be the head. M. Monis is by no means a brilliant man, but he has secured widespread confidence in the public positions he has held. The only widely known member of the new Cabinet is M. Delcassé, who was largely instrumental in bringing about the Anglo-French alliance, and whose course regarding Morocco awoke very bitter enmity in Germany, and nearly precipitated a crisis in the relations of the two countries. Although M. Delcassé does not go back into power as Foreign Minister, but as Minister of Marine, his position in the new Cabinet may be resented by Germany. The critical question respecting the new Ministry will be that which faced M. Briand and his associates. Will it accept the dictation of the Extremists with regard to religious and economic matters; or will it deal with these matters as the previous Cabinet dealt with them, in a spirit of conciliation and broad-minded regard for the interests of France?

THE SPECTATOR

When the Spectator wishes to get out of the world, the little world which he, like the rest, inhabits—as a spider inhabits its web, whether in the hope of prey, through habit, or for protection—he rarely finds it necessary to step more than a pace or two outside of the beaten track daily worn by his feet. All about lie new worlds, as, indeed, he has had the pleasure of suggesting to the readers of The Outlook. But in order to reach a sphere as different as possible from his own, to leave behind him all that is familiar, he has found that the shortest route leads him to that wonderful collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Here is the New Yorker's veritable fairyland. Time and again has the Spectator entered the great building with a fixed purpose, but only once or twice has he failed to be lured from the straight path mentally marked out, just as the Prince in the fairy tales, when bent upon some assigned task, is lured aside by magic voices, by strange appearances, a strain of music, or other entrapment of the senses.

Knowing that the collection has recently been enriched by two paintings of the great Venetians Veronese and Tintoretto, the Spectator had mentally registered a vow, by the shade of Ruskin, to render admiration at these shrines. And, be it said to his praise, fitting oblation of the spirit was offered to the great Paolo before his wonderful canvas, "Venus and Mars Bound by Cupid," a painting that is a true art treasure, destined to benefit the people for years to come. The Tintoretto is but a sketch, powerful and inspiring enough in its promise, but hardly an accomplishment.

The good fairies guarded the Spectator from interference until his pleasing duty to these masterpieces had been rendered, and then came the witchery of the casual. Whether it be the Spectator's fault or not he is too free from introspection to decide, but his weakness is most evident before the plastic arts, and, firmly as he may resolve to remain in the rooms where paintings are enshrined, there is always some magnetic impulse drawing him with a power he cares not to resist, until he finds himself wandering amid the marbles and the casts that hold by the magic of form the stories of old civilizations. He is grateful that for a year or two these have received the care they deserve, and have been so placed as to appeal with full strength to the visitor. From the crudest archaic reliefs to the completed masterpieces of the great Greek age is a mental journey of wondrous length and of a fascination beyond resistance.

The Spectator has his favorites. There are one or two statues and busts in each room before which the feet are stayed while the mind wanders busily. A cast of Julius Cæsar's marvelous countenance, after the bust in the British Museum, perhaps says more to the Spectator than any other one of all the plaster ghosts. Let him who cherishes the fancy that he can read character test himself by this most elusive of human faces. Whether it be an ideal head of a Greek god, the portrait of some dainty dame of Fontainebleau, or an unknown woman of the Renaissance, there is no other face in the whole collection that is such a combination of reticence and power. Unbidden there come to mind the lines from "Macbeth:"

> "Your face, my thane, is like a book
> Where men may read strange matters."

Meanwhile a human being half his own size, whom Thackeray would have described as a "delightful, scrubby little boy," paused, perhaps to see what held so long the Spectator's attention. It is a most unhappy fact that we seldom come in contact with the young without the wish to test their schooling, to learn how far they have gone upon the road we long ago traversed. So the Spectator, pointing to another bust, asked his young friend, "Do you know who that is?" The answer came promptly from the public school boy, "Yes, sir." "Who is it?" "It is a great man." It would have been cruel to press the question further. The Spectator was withheld by memories of his own school and college days, when he himself hopefully would fire a charge of generalized buckshot in the hope of hitting the required mark. So he said nothing, and passed to another bust, a great dame of France.

"Do you know who that is?" Again came the familiar "Yes, sir. It is a great lady." The Spectator bowed in humble admiration. He had met a man with a formula, and well knew with how little change the same answer would have solved every historical puzzle the rooms presented. Meanwhile, the boy, deciding in his own mind that there was no excitement in prospect with one of "them question fellers," sidled away to gaze curiously at the recumbent effigy of a knight, while the Spectator turned to another of his favorites—a bust of Robespierre.

As Cæsar was a grand mystery, Robespierre presented a diabolical riddle. The Spectator has, he fondly dreams, a clever touch with his pencil, yet he confesses with humility at least a half-dozen attempts at a truthful sketch of the strange face of the French revolutionary. Robespierre is a veritable chameleon. One may walk in a semicircle about the plaster head and receive a different and contradictory impression with each shift of position. View the left side, and the words "sneering devil" express what is seen; but a few feet give a new view, and one says "a heartless doctrinaire." Forward again, and one thinks of Simon Tappertit, of cruelty springing from ignorance. And so it goes, until, seeing the right side of the face, one expects from those plaster lips a joking reply such as one would attribute to a scion of the Emerald Isle. Within an arm's length of Robespierre stands a bust of Voltaire, this being that well-known portrait that seems almost to chuckle with a refined appreciation of a joke now in its dotage, if not consigned to the dust-heap of the ages. Seeing Voltaire and Robespierre together, one could fancifully imagine the latter to be spiritually the son of the former, and a son who translated into abhorrent fact what the other had imagined for his own delight, without thought of serious outcome.

This will give a hint of the Old World paths to which these plaster forms are compelling guides with whom one cannot refuse to journey. And just at hand, merely around the corner, one may secure a change of scene compared to which Arabian Nights transformations are but probabilities. Enter the room devoted to the Greek vases, and you are as far from Cæsar and the great Frenchman as from the busy avenue outside. At another time the Spectator might have seen these earthenware vessels as bits of pottery, but he was caught by the charm of the drawings upon them, and conjured before his mind the Greek decorator, who was to his day what the illustrator is to ours, and who filled these terra cotta surfaces with figures and groups—dances, huntings, religious services, bridals—and so preserved for us the dreams of his time.

There was no one to distract the Spectator from his wandering in Olympia. Now and then an investigator would make a hasty traversal of the room, but, commonly, as indifferently as a bee might pass over honeyless flowers. There is something pitiful in the blindness and deafness of the ordinary uninstructed visitor to these collections, and the Spectator wondered whether it might not be wise to supply a placard, or other form of information, if for no other reason than to awaken a knowledge of ignorance in the passer-by. On the day of the Spectator's visit many throngs of children were wandering about under the guidance of pedagogues—true "child-leaders," as the Greek word means—and the Spectator wondered whether the trustees would take kindly to the suggestion of establishing a Children's Room. For this the Museum has ample material, and such an exhibition as might here be gathered would plant in thousands of children that desire to know more which is the beginning of wisdom. Such a room has been established in Washington with success, and there is even a Children's Museum in our sister borough across the East River.

The Spectator would gladly enliven these annals of an afternoon by more of human interest, but in the parts of the museum where he wandered the only more animated figures than the casts themselves were a few rather somnolent attendants, save for the birds of passage that flitted unknowingly through the ancient air and spoke not, lest all the white ghosts might follow on their trail.

HUMPTY DUMPTY'S QUESTION, AND ITS ANSWER

In an article entitled "The Passing of Humpty Dumpty," published in The Outlook for January 7, Ernest Hamlin Abbott, a member of The Outlook's editorial staff, gave an account of the principles involved in the application of science to the management of industry and the consequent astonishing results. He contrasted these principles with the methods followed by the traditional manager. This article called forth a number of letters of inquiry for further information. These letters showed the widespread interest in the subject on the part of the managers of large industrial concerns. In addition to these letters, there came the following article by Mr. Fagan, who, as our readers will note, takes a critical attitude toward the subject of scientific management. Mr. Fagan is a towerman on the Boston and Maine Railroad. He has contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" a number of articles on the conditions of labor on American railways. Those of our readers who treasure "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" will remember that Humpty Dumpty made any word mean whatever he wanted it to mean, asserted his mastery over words, in fact, and quite magnanimously explained that he paid them extra for extra work. Mr. Abbott took Humpty Dumpty as a type of the traditional or "born" manager, in contrast with the man who is manager by virtue of scientific training.—THE EDITORS.

I—WHICH IS TO BE MASTER?

BY J. O. FAGAN

"'THE question is,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'which is to be master—that's all.'"

There is a more definite and a clearer interpretation of the situation on American railways in Humpty Dumpty's simple question than is to be found in all the scientific data and conclusions that have been given to the public during the past ten years. This is the preliminary question in regard to capital and labor that confronts management of every description.

In explaining this statement let me begin with a quotation from the article in the issue of The Outlook for January 7 on "The Passing of Humpty Dumpty," as follows: "Whether it is a football team or a college faculty, a shoe factory or a railway, a machine-shop or a hotel, every body of men engaged in a common task requires management."

It must be remembered that the railway manager of to-day, call him Humpty Dumpty if you will, is no fool. Once upon a time, according to The Outlook, he could be looked upon as a "born manager," fully equipped and competent. Since then, of course, he has had his ups and downs, but he has done his best to keep pace with the times. To a considerable extent, like the rest of us, he has tried to profit by his experience, and one way and another he has been mounted on the wheels of progress. In fact, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, he actually has to-day a planning department, and early and late he keeps constantly before him, to the best of his ability, its two principal features, namely, "What to do" and "How to do it."

Furthermore, putting aside for the present all questions relating to his ability to work out his own plans in his own way and to utilize the resources behind him, he is much more likely, with all his inside experience and training, to understand the possibilities and difficulties of the situation than any combination of outside opinion whatsoever.

For one thing, then, the manager of the modern railway does not, either deliberately or ignorantly, play fast and loose with the problems of economy and efficiency in his own workshops. But his work up to the present time, though painstaking and fairly successful, has been in the nature of a compromise, for the reason that the flat installment of a scientific system minus the requisite ability and authority to maintain it is bound to result in industrial confusion. As a matter of fact, American railways to-day are to a

great extent in a state of industrial confusion, because they are actually tied up, scientifically and otherwise, in problems relating to Humpty Dumpty's pertinent inquiry, "Which is to be master?"—scientific management or scientific labor—"that's all." By "scientific" labor is meant the systematizing of labor by and for the laborers, under the organizations whose officers plan their movements and direct their strategy. This scientific direction has for its object the pecuniary advantage of the laborer regardless of the welfare of society as a whole.

But while scientific management has been explained and elucidated with infinite detail by distinguished authority, notably by Mr. Brandeis, so far as the present writer is aware *scientific labor* has never yet been presented to America's public opinion, either one way or another, with the emphasis that should properly be attached to it. The Outlook has referred to the importance of the general discussion, however, in these words: "This is something that concerns us all. It is not merely of interest to those engaged in business."

At the outset, therefore, it will be well for the writer to state clearly the object he has in view in writing this article. My purpose is not in any way to try to disprove or minimize any theories whatever of scientific management on railways, or the possibilities of economies connected with them. My contention is simply contained in the facts that the present-day management on American railways thoroughly believes in scientific methods with a view to economy in operation, and that scientific labor, on the other hand, is unalterably opposed to anything and everything of the kind. Consequently, if it can be demonstrated that scientific labor is more powerful than scientific management in the particular field covered by these proposed methods, it surely follows that public attention should be directed to this fact, and that nearly all arguments, measures of reform, and scholarly advice should be directed at scientific labor, upon whose consent and assistance in the matter scientific economies of every description are absolutely dependent.

Getting closer to my subject, it must now be understood that my interpretation of present-day management is directed almost exclusively at the railways, for, after all, the heart of our problem is the proposed scientific method by means of which the railways of the country "may be expected to make a saving estimated at a million dollars a day."

Now, on every railway in this country there are what may aptly be called two great streams, or sources, either of influence or authority, under direction of which it becomes everywhere possible to move trains, regulate traffic, secure revenue, pay wages, and keep the different and complex departments of the railway business moving along harmoniously and efficiently. I refer, of course, to the work, function, and spirit of the manager and the employee.

As an actual fact, then, the managing department is scientifically conducted only in spots. The business and interests of the employee, on the other hand, represented by the compact and yet all-comprehensive term "labor," are scientifically planned and engineered from the center to the circumference every day in the year. The reason for this remarkable and significant state of affairs is spread over the surface of things. Management on railways cannot be scientifically conducted either in small or great because it is neither compact, definite, nor clothed in any wide or sufficient sense with the necessary authority. In other words, it is at the beck and call, and in many ways actually under the thumb, of a number of extraneous influences, such as public opinion, National and State regulation, political direction or misdirection, as well as a number of social and industrial forces which criticise, attack, and try to mold it from every conceivable quarter. Through the midst of it all management, as best it can, steers, of necessity, a very haphazard and unscientific course. This description applies to the railway as a whole, and particularly to the operating department. Never mind, such seems to be the will of the people.

But now, turning to the other arm of the economy and efficiency problem on railways, we find labor, as I have said, scientific in every fiber of its trunk and branches, for the very good reason that it has a "What to do" and "How to do it"

department that has knowingly and very scientifically divorced itself from the outside world. In the history of American railways "labor" has never yet received even a jar or a check from public opinion, nor have the public interests been permitted to penetrate its solid and invulnerable front. The implied bargain between the rank and file and the executive department of labor places the latter in absolute and supreme control. This implied bargain is not an industrial secret. It is to be read in every new schedule that is presented for the manager's signature. Shorn of its frills, it reads something like this: "Get the money and shave the conditions." This is the scientific formula behind which is intrenched the solid vote of the rank and file. And thus the management of the present day, call it what you will, doing its level best under sternest regulation and under multifarious guidance and criticism, is having a boisterous time of it.

Such, at any rate, is the ground plan, the actual status, and the inside history of the "What to do" and "How to do it" departments of labor on American railways. The question naturally follows, What kind of human creatures are these millions of highly organized and scientifically generaled railway men, anyway? There can be but one answer. They rank very high—in fact, they are among the very best and strongest fellows on earth. Only step outside the charmed circle of the railway man's organized effort and you may well rub your eyes. True, these results have been obtained partially, at any rate, at the expense of society. Nevertheless, the verdict upon the whole must be "Good for him." He has simply treated his side of the situation, which The Outlook refers to as "the natural interest of the worker," in a purely scientific manner. He is not now at war with anybody. He has taken the scientific cue from Mr. Emerson, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Brandeis, and handled his concerns as those gentlemen do bricks and pig iron, and he has won out. Consequently, if the public has any interest in scientific economy, or if the managers are called upon to save a million dollars a day, they must simply get on to their jobs.

The writer has lived among railway men for something like thirty years. As it seems to him, from the educational, social, and industrial standpoints these men have almost, if not quite, solved the problem, as it concerns them, of wages and conditions. At any rate, they have solved the riddle of "What to get" and "How to get it." Industrially they are world wonders. For the scientific ascendency of labor on railways is complete and the rewards are unlimited. The practical demonstration of this state of affairs is to be met with on every side.

Now that we know the attitude and strength of scientific labor, the next question is, What is this combination doing on the railways to-day? Having noted its ascendency as a practical institution, what kind of a stumbling-block, for instance, is it in the way of saving a million dollars a day? Of course a mass of theoretical data about the fundamentals of scientific management is extremely useful, yet surely it is pardonable to inquire if any or all of it can be practically, even if remotely, put into operation?

Let us take the railway to-day just as we find it and treat the question in a sane and intelligent way. For example, taking a wide sweep of the situation, after your brick or your pig iron has been scientifically handled and placed right side up, how many of these bricks is scientific labor actually willing to lay in an hour? In all such matters scientific labor proposes to keep pace in its own behalf with that scientific management which aims towards industrial efficiency.

Again, supposing scientific management, overlooking the operating department, sees all sorts of jobs, situations, and dangers calling by all means for scientific treatment and protection. Scientific management, we are told, "necessarily involves the scientific selection of the workman." So the question arises, Can the manager select his men on the railway to-day? Can he select his best man as Mr. Emerson would select his best tool or as the bricklayer selects his most suitable brick? By no means. Scientific labor refuses to be handled in this way, and insists upon the seniority method, which is a social wrong and an economic waste.

Again applying scientific methods to its own affairs and wiping out every indication of it from the side of the manage-

ment, scientific labor insists that one man is as good as another if he covers the same or a similar job. According to this view, there is no difference in boilermakers or towermen. In this way the scientific organization of labor is kept intact and scientific management drops out of the question.

There is no use whatever to multiply illustrations; the situation and prospects in railway shops are working out in a line with those on the road. All this goes to show that if scientific management is a good thing on railways, the literature on the subject should at least be directed at the forces that are in its way if the possibilities of economical operation are to be taken advantage of.

But while I am about it, I may just as well say a word or two about another much-abused and little-understood situation on railways, scientifically termed co-operation. The idea on railways is still in the embryo state. That is to say, no mortal can tell what it is or what it is not. On nearly every railway the manager has had occasion to say to committees:

"Look here, boys, you get this extra twenty-five cents a day, but I tell you frankly I don't like it. It strikes at the very root of what you may call honest relations between managers and men. Go home now and think it over. Perhaps in your hearts some of you will conclude you are not as much in, after all. I am trying to treat you fellows in a human way; you, on the other hand, treat the whole business from the standpoint of your organization. You may be right, but I doubt it."

The matter seldom ends there. The manager at times meets one of these men on the street, and the committeeman strikes in somewhat as follows:

"Mr. So-and-So, you seem to be always contending for a principle, a mere question of right and wrong. I wish we could do the same, but I am afraid that is sometimes impossible for us. You understand it even better than I do. On some out-of-the-way railway in some Western State a certain concession is secured because of peculiar local conditions. The twenty-five cents you kicked about the other day arose in this way. Well, you see, if they get it out there, we must also get it on our road. The cohesion of labor interests depends upon this kind of treatment."

Labor treats the idea scientifically, I say, with results that are most perplexing.

To illustrate this point it will have to be taken for granted that co-operation, no matter where or when, must be flexible. It must be willing to move down upon occasion as well as up. It must be willing to give as well as to take. But this reasonable principle has practically been killed over a wide area of railway life by the dictum of scientific labor never to yield a word in matters relating to conditions or a cent in the matter of pay. Of course there may be an exception or two, but this is, in fact, a blanket understanding. Over and over again scientific management has tested its co-operative relationship with scientific labor. In a time almost of panic, when a number of railways were actually tottering, and even when the rank and file of the men in some places were willing to help out, the headquarters of scientific labor sent a telegram to all concerned, putting a stop to it in words very much as follows: "Labor is not to be trifled with."

But now, under these circumstances, even supposing scientific management should be able to save a million dollars a day, what does any reasonable person suppose would become of it? If what has happened in the past can be taken as an indication of what will happen in the future, it can be confidently assumed that scientific labor will find a way to turn most of it back into its own treasury.

In the opinion of the writer, however, a frank explanation and a general understanding of scientific labor on railways to-day is necessary, for one good and sufficient reason. Saving a million dollars a day is a practical proposition that has actually very little relationship with theories that may or may not be practically in force twenty years hence. The problem relates to the saving of money and the adjustment of rates here and now. The whole business should be shorn of the theoretical treatment that is being applied to it. In other words, looking over the field and taking into account the standing of scientific labor in the matter, what practical basis is there for a supposition that the

railway is to-day, or ever will be, a field for scientific saving, without the consent of the principal party concerned in it? Scientific labor holds the key to the situation, and there is not the slightest indication that the bars will ever come down until public opinion takes a hand in the game in its own interests. Coming back again to Humpty Dumpty, "The question is, which is to be master"—scientific labor or scientific management—"that's all."

II—ANSWER, "BOTH!"

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

IN Mr. Fagan's article there are two assumptions. First, it is assumed that the state of war between capital and labor is necessarily permanent. Second, it is assumed that "scientific labor" consists in a high degree of organization for securing labor's share of the spoil of industry.

In showing that in any industry established on a war basis scientific management is useless, Mr. Fagan's argument is altogether convincing and unanswerable. There seems to be no practicable way, as Mr. Fagan makes clear, by which the railways of the country can compel great organized bodies of railway employees to become obedient and submissive. Mr. Fagan states the present issue conclusively when he quotes Humpty Dumpty's question, "Which is to be master?" He makes it plain that the railway business of the country—and he might have included our general industrial system—is on a war basis. It consists of a struggle with men representing capital on the one side, and men representing labor on the other.

Mr. Fagan has rendered a real service by showing how indecisive that struggle is. There is something pathetic in Humpty Dumpty's question as it is applied to the present industrial condition. As I pointed out in the article to which Mr. Fagan refers, Humpty Dumpty is a type of the traditional manager of industrial concerns. It is no wonder that he puts his position in the form of a question. Under present conditions, no one can tell, from one day to another, who is to be master. From Humpty Dumpty's point of view, the war basis is permanent; and the only pertinent question is as to who will win.

So long as the manager of a railway, or of a manufacturing concern, looks upon his problems from Humpty Dumpty's point of view, he will cut a figure of pathetic helplessness. Mr. Fagan has put Humpty Dumpty's case with appealing forcefulness. And the pathos of his situation is emphasized by his disappointment over scientific management. He has evidently heard of the wonders accomplished by this new principle of business, but upon examination he finds that it can bring him no consolation. Why? Because he has expected of it that it would show him how he could win his battles against labor, and he finds that it will do nothing of the kind. Humpty Dumpty has no use for scientific management, for the simple reason that scientific management has no place for Humpty Dumpty.

What Mr. Fagan, as spokesman for Humpty Dumpty, assumes—that industry must involve a struggle between capital and labor—is without foundation. It is one of the prerequisites for the adoption of scientific management that this attitude of antagonism on the part of capital toward labor should be absolutely and without qualification abandoned. The moment any manager attempts to use a device to get more labor out of his employees at their expense, that moment he makes scientific management in his shop or his concern impossible. Scientific management is not a system by which men can be driven to put forth more effort. It is a system by which, in the first place, men can get more and better results with the same effort as, or even with less effort than, before, and, in the second place, they can get for themselves an exactly fair share of the increased rewards for increased efficiency. If a railway manager, adopting Mr. Fagan's—that is,

Humpty Dumpty's—point of view, thinks that by means of scientific management he can get the upper hand in a struggle with his men, he will arouse his men's antagonism, and he ought to arouse it. What those men will oppose is not, however, scientific management, but the manager's misconception of it. And in doing so they act intelligently.

Now for the second assumption. Mr. Fagan uses throughout his article to designate the highly organized unions the term "scientific labor." Many readers of his article will fail to recognize the fact that Mr. Fagan here uses the word "scientific" in a very loose sense. Every period has its own vocabulary; and one of the words in the vocabulary of the present period is this word "scientific." It has become a cant term to denote anything efficient—"scientific boxing," for instance. Of course this is not the sense in which it is used in the phrase scientific management. There it is used in the exact sense of the laboratory. As a matter of fact, the labor on the railways of this country, taken as a whole, is very far from scientific. In fact, so far from "scientific labor," in the accurate use of that term, being opposed to scientific management, it is an essential element in scientific management. The very object of scientific management is to put at the disposal of labor all the aid that science can offer. To quote Mr. Brandeis: "The management, instead of undertaking to order and compel work, is aiding the workman to accomplish the results. It is aiding him in this way: By using every effort to make possible the largest accomplishment, invoking science in its highest form to the humblest occupation of the humblest worker."

As soon as a manager takes this view of his duty to the laborer, unskilled as well as skilled, recognizing that it is his duty to give to every laborer under his management each new benefit that science discloses, he will find his old labor problem disappear. If a new labor problem takes its place, it will be simply that of making clear to those under him that these benefits are indeed benefits to them. And as his spirit of antagonism vanishes, he will see that the spirit of antagonism on the part of employees will find it difficult to survive. This is not theory; it is the report of actual experience.

The great obstacle to the adoption of scientific management is not the labor union—it is the traditional manager; it is not Mr. Fagan's hobgoblin, "scientific labor;" it is Mr. Fagan's ward and client, Humpty Dumpty.

Fortunately, the ordinary man of business in America, I am convinced, is not wedded to tradition. He is open-eyed and open-minded. He has a prejudice in favor of that which is new. When he learns of some novel device or some fresh idea, he does not first sit down and elaborate arguments against it; he rather starts up to find what it is and what there is in it for him. Humpty Dumpty is not an American type. He is in the minority. His question will be answered. Who will be master? Not he.

It is science that has built our bridges, our sky-scrapers, our machinery. It is science that has coaxed brilliant colors out of petroleum waste. It is science that has sent men flying above the clouds. So it is science that is going to make labor efficient, honorable, and free from crippling fatigue—science in the hands of the enlightened manager.

Even with the assistance of all the king's horses and all the king's men, I do not believe that Mr. Fagan can put Humpty Dumpty together again.

THE JAPANESE IN MANCHURIA

BY JEREMIAH W. JENKS

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Mr. Jenks has had unusual opportunities for studying the situation in the Far East. In 1901–2, as a special Commissioner of the War Department, he spent a year in visiting the possessions of Great Britain and Holland (Egypt, India, Burma, the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States, Java, and Sumatra) in order to study with care the policies of those countries in dealing with their dependencies. It was thought that much might be learned which would aid the United States in her government of the Philippines. In 1903–4, at the request of the Chinese Government, Mr. Jenks, as a member of the Commission on International Exchange, with Messrs. Hugh H. Hanna and Charles A. Conant, visited Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, and Russia, to discuss with the Governments of those countries the best methods for China to adopt in reforming her monetary system. Mr. Jenks then spent a good part of a year in China in working on the problem with the Chinese Government. He likewise visited Japan to consult at length with the Government and the financiers regarding the problem. Since then his interest and his personal relations with the East have continued. For years he has thus been in close touch and on terms of friendly intercourse with several of the statesmen of China and Japan as well as of other countries in relation to Far Eastern affairs.—THE EDITORS.

SO much of a sensational nature has been said of late regarding the relations of the United States and Japan in connection with the "control of the Pacific," with Manchuria and with China, that I welcome the opportunity to present, in as dispassionate a way as possible, my opinions on the question.

While I have highly valued friends in Japan and China and the United States who have often talked with me regarding the conditions under discussion, I am expressing here only my own views, and presume that no one of my friends would agree with all of them.

THE ENTRANCE OF JAPAN INTO MANCHURIA

Japan came into control of the railways in southern Manchuria and into a position to exert her present great influence on politics and trade in that country as the result of the Russo-Japanese War. That war the Japanese statesmen had doubtless considered inevitable from the time that Russia had secured its lease of Port Arthur from China in 1898. It will be recalled that at the close of the China-Japan War in 1895 Japan had at first expected to retain Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula, but that Russia, acting in conjunction with Germany and France, protested against this retention on the ground that it would endanger the peace of the Far East. The protest was made in such terms that Japan thought it wise to yield and to accept in lieu of this territory an additional money indemnity of 30,000,000 taels. When it became evident, from Russia's lease of Port Arthur and from the securing by Germany and France of other territorial concessions from China, that their motives had not been unselfish in their protest against Japan's retention of Port Arthur, Japan naturally felt aggrieved. A glance at the map shows the situation. Japan practically controlled the water route between the Russian ports of Vladivostok and Dalny, with the adjacent Port Arthur, a position intolerable to Russia; while Russia's evident designs upon Korea and Manchuria created a position intolerable to Japan. These facts rendered war inevitable; the only question was, when?

JAPAN AGREES TO MAINTAIN THE INTEGRITY OF CHINA

Japan entered upon the war with a declaration that she would maintain the integrity of China's territory (communication to Chinese Government, February 17, 1904). Later she declared (French-Japanese Treaty, June 10, 1907; Russo-Japanese Treaty, July 17–30, 1907), as she had joined the other nations in declaring earlier, in favor of the open-door policy for trade—that is, that no discrimination should be made against any nations in their trade with China, including Man-

churia. I assume that Japan intends to live up to these declarations: first, because Japan has heretofore always tried to keep faith with the Western Powers; second, because, in my judgment, it would not pay her not to keep faith in regard to Manchuria.

IMPROBABILITY OF WAR BETWEEN JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

So much has been said about the possibility of war between Japan and the United States that this most improbable catastrophe for both nations should be mentioned first.

Every American knows that the United States will never be the aggressor in a war against Japan. She would have nothing to gain by such a war, and the loss in men and property would be enormous. It would be a distinct block to her progress, and public sentiment would not tolerate it.

But (and I say this primarily for the comfort of a few fearsome Americans), in my judgment, Japan, likewise, could in no way afford to be the aggressor, for the following reasons:

THE HEBREW FINANCIERS OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

1. It would be impossible for Japan for some time to come to finance such a war. The financiers would not now let Japan fight the United States. The great war loans for the Russo-Japanese War were mostly made to Japan by Jews. As long as Japan could offer fair security we can well imagine—indeed, there is excellent authority for believing—that they loaned money to secure the punishment of Russia, the persecutor of Jews, with more than their usual cheerfulness. On the other hand, the United States is the haven to which persecuted Hebrews flee. With possibly one exception, no other country offers them such opportunities, and this would doubtless weigh somewhat even in the question of making a war loan.

JAPAN'S CREDIT

2. Japan could not now offer so good security as before the Russo-Japanese War. Her credit at the close of the war was strained to the utmost. Her loans were declining in value. Those war debts are not yet paid. Her people could not bear higher taxes without crippling industry. Before the end of the war the local rulers said that they had practically reached the limit of their resources, and mere boys were being sent to the front. No investor of sane judgment would advance money to a country so hampered, to fight so hopeless a contest.

THE RESOURCES OF JAPAN

3. To be sure, in case of war, if an attack were made with little notice, Japan might quite possibly gain some advantage at first. The Philippine Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, even our Pacific Coast, might possibly be attacked with some success; but no one who knows at all the spirit of the American people and who compares their resources with those of Japan can doubt for a moment the ultimate outcome. With a larger naval force, with a population twice as large, with wealth many times greater, with an absolutely smaller interest-bearing debt on which the interest burden is less than one-half, with resources for taxation which could, in case of need, yield an annual income greater than any fund or loan which Japan could possibly make, the overwhelming victory of the United States in the long run would be certain.

THE ATTITUDE OF JAPAN'S NEIGHBORS—CHINA

4. Moreover, Japan could not find herself engaged in a war with the United States without imminent danger to her present position in the Far East. First, the Chinese feel very restive over the present attitude of Japan in Manchuria. The Chinese army is rapidly becoming more effective. The Japanese, as individuals, in their treatment of the Chinese have in many instances aroused hostility, and it would not be unlikely that, with a little encouragement when Japan was under severe pressure, the Chinese would promptly seize such an opportunity to regain unquestioned control of southern Manchuria and its railways. They would not have to seek far for excuses.

ATTITUDE OF RUSSIA

5. Again, does any one imagine that Russia would long maintain her present friendly relations with Japan if the latter country were straining her resources in a war with

the United States? Korea would still be tempting to Russian statesmen, and possibly other territory of Japan might not be safe.

ATTITUDE OF GREAT BRITAIN

6. Finally, is it probable that the alliance with Great Britain would stand the strain of an aggressive war with the United States brought on by a violation of Japan's repeated declarations of good faith in her dealings with China and other nations in Manchuria, especially when the violation of those declarations would be clearly contrary to the interests of Great Britain?

7. Japan, too, is bending every resource to become a great manufacturing and commercial nation, and her plans are marked by great intelligence and persistent, far-sighted effort. A war with America would block this progress for years to come, even though its result were not immediately disastrous from the military view-point.

ATTITUDE OF THE COMMERCIAL NATIONS REGARDING JAPAN

But, setting aside the question of war as so unlikely as to be practically impossible, Japan cannot afford to push far any infringements of her announced policy of the open door in Manchuria. By so doing she would gain the hostility (which, though short of war, might be very harmful) of not only the United States, but also of Germany and the other commercial nations, including even her ally, Great Britain. Even now public opinion in the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and China is turning distinctly against her on the ground that indirectly, if not directly, they think she is closing the open door and giving to Japanese merchants trade advantages at the expense of the Germans, English, and Americans. Even the conservative London "Times" has not hesitated to criticise sharply the action of the British Government in apparently condoning such offenses on the part of the Japanese.

CHINESE COMPETITION

But consider the question from another view-point. Would Japan be seriously the loser in abandoning any attempt at permanent political control in Manchuria? Would she not even gain in some ways?

Before the China-Japan War China asserted her claim over Korea. At present she assents somewhat enviously and fearfully to Japan's control; but there is little doubt that if Japan were to withdraw definitively from Manchuria, China would acquiesce cheerfully in her permanent control of Korea. This insures, as a matter of fact, a large extension of Japanese territory in a country well suited to Japanese development.

Again, the experience of the last few years, when many immigrants from other sections of China have been coming into Manchuria and entering into competition with the Japanese farmers and shopkeepers, shows that at the present time the Japanese cannot stand competition on equal terms with the Chinese, owing in part, perhaps, to the higher standard of living that has obtained of late years in Japan, in part to the personal qualities of the different races. Japanese shopkeepers and farmers both, in repeated instances in different sections of Manchuria, have been compelled to withdraw before the diligent, patient, persistent Chinese. This is a fact recognized not only by foreign observers, but also by the Japanese statesmen themselves. And this makes it evident that unless the Japanese obtain a political control so secure that they can practically exclude Chinese, Manchuria will not become a territory especially suitable for Japanese colonization, even though with political control it might be profitable for them as a source of revenue, taxing Chinese within their territory. But even in this way the burden of maintaining their position against China and Russia, to say nothing of other Powers, would for long far outweigh any possible advantages.

JAPAN'S ADVANTAGE IN FOREIGN TRADE

But though in local business the Chinese competitors are the stronger, this by no means implies that the Japanese do not gain in their foreign trade in spite of the competition of the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and Russia. In very many cases (for example, in cotton goods) for competition on equal terms the Japanese have the advantage, and these other nations will find it impossible to supplant her. In other lines (petroleum, railway sup-

plies), to be sure, she will find herself at a disadvantage as compared with these nations, but this is true in all international trade. In the long run there is no doubt that each nation secures the greatest advantage by confining itself to those lines of industry in which the gifts of its people and its natural resources give it normally the predominance. From her nearness to Manchuria, with her better railway and steamship connections, Japan has decidedly the advantage over any of her foreign competitors—an advantage which she is fully entitled to use to the utmost, even though she has not a colonization advantage as against the Chinese.

TERRITORY FOR EXPANSION

Much has been said about the need of Japan securing foreign territory into which she can send her surplus population; and even some Japanese, as well as foreigners, have ventured to suggest that this would justify Japan in securing and maintaining political control of Manchuria. It is asked, If the United States excludes the Japanese from California and from Hawaii, if Canada is averse to the immigration of many Japanese, where shall they go? But that is a problem that the nations of the world need not seriously trouble themselves about. Japan has absolute control over Formosa and Korea, both of which furnish opportunities for a vastly greater population than they now possess. If the Japanese wish, they can exclude the Chinese from Formosa and Korea. Moreover, Hakkaido and Saghalien are by no means densely populated, and for years to come Japan will find all the room needed, with the more modern methods of production, in the territory now under her control. Indeed, Count Okuma is reported to have said in a recent interview that she can readily accommodate double her present population.

Again, the pressure of population upon the territory in Japan is probably not greater than it is in China, and why should Japan place any claim upon Manchurian territory which belongs to China, when China's need is as great as her own?

HAS JAPAN A MORAL CLAIM TO MANCHURIA?

A most suggestive article published in "Harper's Weekly," February 5, 1910, by Adachi Sinnosuké, puts forward the claim that Japan has really a moral right to Manchuria, because she had, after the China-Japan War, in her first draft of the peace treaty with China, secured the concession of Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula, a claim that she was forced to abandon by Russia and the other European Powers. But it should be remembered that when she surrendered this claim she received from China a large added indemnity, a fact which relieves China, at any rate, from obligation. Moreover, her chief enemy, as later events have abundantly proved, was really Russia. On her she has had her revenge. From her she has since taken pay in Korea, in Saghalien, and particularly in safety from future aggression on the part of Russia, provided, and only provided, that China develops rapidly her own strength in Manchuria.

JAPAN WON FOREIGN SYMPATHY BY HER ATTITUDE IN WAR

We should also call attention again to the fact that at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War Japan deliberately placed herself on record before the world as not seeking an extension of territory in Manchuria but as intending to maintain China's territorial integrity. There can be no doubt that the sympathy felt for Japan throughout that war in the United States and in other countries was based largely on this declaration. There can be, likewise, no doubt that if Japan were deliberately to abandon this position (an event not to be anticipated) this friendly attitude would be promptly changed. Indeed, as has already been said, the mere charges of bad faith have cooled the friendly feeling in many quarters.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA

Within a few years, if the great Powers, and especially the United States, deal justly with the Far Eastern situation, particularly in encouraging by proper means the development of China, that country will be able to take care of herself and of her own rights, especially if her statesmen in the near future realize the absolute necessity of unselfish, patriotic, intelligent, honest administration. Her army is increasing in numbers and efficiency, and

wise administration will soon so develop her financial resources that she will stand secure against outside aggression.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CHINA'S TRADE DEMANDS THE OPEN DOOR

There can be no doubt that if one takes a long look ahead it is of the greatest importance for the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, and for Japan as well, to remain on good terms with China. There can be no doubt that both from the commercial and the military point of view China's development, commercially and politically, will be only a benefit to those Powers, and that the opportunities in the long run are far greater with her than with Japan. The best trading nation is the richest nation. The possibilities of the increase of wealth in China are practically unlimited—far greater than is possible with Japan, even though Japan were to annex Manchuria. Let one consider the profit of America's trade now with Great Britain as compared with what it was fifty years ago, or our trade with Great Britain as compared with that with any less prosperous country, and it will be seen that the advantages of trading with a rich country far more than outweigh the possible danger of competition. With all these things in mind, we can see that it will pay these leading Western commercial nations to insist—and, if necessary, to insist with very great urgency—on the maintenance of the open-door policy in China. When one looks ahead for some decades, it appears clear that the open-door policy in the Far East may well become in the not distant future a doctrine as essential to our interests as is now the maintenance, by whatever means necessary, of the Monroe Doctrine.

THE PEACE OF THE FAR EAST DEMANDS THE INTEGRITY OF CHINA'S TERRITORY

Moreover, the permanent stability not only of trade interests but also of political interests and the maintenance of peace seem, on the whole, more likely with Manchuria ultimately in the political control of China than in that of Japan; and doubtless the Japanese statesmen (for, after all, the events of the last few years show that there are no more far-sighted statesmen than the Japanese) recognize this fact. Indeed, in an interview mentioned in the Japan "Times" of June 21, 1910, Viscount Hayashi said that the chief object of the Franco-Japanese Treaty was "to respect the sovereignty of China," which he characterized as "the very keynote of Oriental peace," an expression which seems to me as wise as it is happily put.

THE POSITION OF RUSSIA

In the first place, Russia would clearly be as well off, probably better off, with Manchuria in China's possession than in Japan's. While the present relations between Japan and Russia are friendly, should it later become necessary for Russia to choose her permanent neighbor while abiding permanently in what is now her own territory, there can be little doubt that she would prefer China to Japan as a neighbor, for both commercial and political reasons.

THE POSITION OF THE COMMERCIAL NATIONS

In the second place, with the sole exception possibly of Japan, the rest of the world would be better off with China in control. If what has been said previously with reference to the relative merits as farmers and tradesmen of the Chinese and Japanese is true, Manchuria will have a better development under China than under Japan. Moreover, this development will be far more for the interests of the rest of the world, since the development under China would be with the open door; whereas the development under Japan could not be so successful in her own interest if the open-door policy is maintained. There can be little doubt (and this is said with full recognition of the right and duty of the statesmen of every country to put in the foreground the interests of their own country)—there can be little doubt that if the Japanese really secure political control of Manchuria, they will close the door.

THE OPEN-DOOR POLICY MUST BE MAINTAINED

With all of these considerations in mind; with the most friendly, even cordial, feeling toward Japan; but with eyes open to the exact conditions obtaining in the Far East, it seems clearly the duty of the great

commercial nations, and especially the duty of the United States, to insist upon the maintenance of the open door by whatever means is necessary, as one of the fixed policies, commercial and political, of our Government, and to make ready and keep ready means for its maintenance.

THE ATTITUDE OF JAPAN

Probably many Japanese will differ from the opinions here expressed, but some will agree. The question is not one of sentiment, but of fact; not what we might wish, but what is the real outlook to a friendly observer.

The far-sighted Japanese statesmen who so patiently, persistently, and wisely planned for a series of years their movements against Russia's schemes, then fought so skillfully and heroically, and, as they declared, unselfishly, their noble war against her, and then with equal far-sightedness and with almost marvelous self-restraint and wisdom accepted the terms of peace that were necessary, though to many disappointing, surely recognize to-day that under existing conditions it is still the part of wisdom and of true patriotism to abide by their promises regarding Manchuria. It is also a satisfaction to know that the peculiar genius of the Japanese people, which leads them, in their devotion to and reverence for their Emperor, to sacrifice everything, even their lives, at the behest of that Emperor, will enable these far-sighted statesmen, whatever outburst of popular feeling may come, to carry out the policy, however unpleasant, that must inure to the permanent advantage of their country.

ETERNAL LIFE

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

This is the second of a series of Lenten Sermons. Other sermons in this series will be written by the Rev. Dr. Francis G. Peabody, the Rev. Dr. Edward Judson, and the Very Rev. Alexander P. Doyle.—THE EDITORS.

Oh that I knew where I might find him,
That I might come even to his seat!
Behold, I go forward, but he is not there;
And backward, but I cannot perceive him;
On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him;
He hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.[1]

THE trouble with Job was that he did not look in the right place for God. He looked before and behind, on the right hand and on the left, but he did not look within; and God dwells in man and we know him only as we see him in ourselves. God is an experience, or at least we know him only as he is an experience. The knowledge of God must be always a knowledge of God within ourselves. This is pre-eminently the message of the Old and the New Testament. The Gospel might be said to be summed up in the word Immanuel, which, being interpreted, is "God with us."

[1] Job xxiii. 3, 8, 9.

This is the message which greeted Israel at the very beginning of its history. Its people had been delivered from Egypt, had crossed the Red Sea, had traversed the desert, and were encamped in the great plain at the foot of Mount Sinai. There the first message of Jehovah to them was, "If ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, . . . ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests." The priest had direct access to God. The people of Israel, if they would obey God's voice and keep his covenant, should have such direct access to God. They should need no priestly mediator, no interpreter, between themselves and Jehovah. No curtain should hide the Holy of Holies from their vision or exclude them from entering it. God would be their Great Companion. He would dwell with them and they with him.

A few centuries passed away and the great unknown prophet who revived the faith of Israel and reinterpreted its law

repeated in the Book of Deuteronomy this message, Immanuel, God with us:

For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.[1]

The Word of God is God speaking to man. This speech of God to man is not, says the prophet, afar off, that you must go to find it. It is not a secret mystery hidden from the common people and revealed only to the priests. It is in thy mouth and in thy heart. Look within, and thou shalt see the speaker. Listen to the still, small voice of thine own heart, and thou shalt hear him.

More centuries passed away, and the Psalmist repeated in another form the same truth, God in the heart of humanity:

Answer me when I call,
O God of my righteousness. . . .
Jehovah will hear when I call upon him.
Stand in awe, and sin not:
Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.[2]

To commune with your own heart is to talk to God. To listen to the communings of your own heart in the hours of silence and sacredness is to listen to God. To commune with what we sometimes call our better selves is to commune with the Father of our spirits.

This message of the lawgiver, of the renewer of the law, of the Psalmist, is also the message of the prophet Isaiah:

For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.[3]

Jesus repeats this message to his disciples in that last and most sacred interview with them which immediately precedes his passion. "If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."[1] Paul repeats the same message when he bids the Ephesian Christians pray that Christ may dwell in their hearts by faith that they may be filled with all the fullness of God.[2] Trope and metaphor are exhausted by the Bible in the illustration of this truth. God is our husband; we are married to him and live with him. God is our father; we are his children living in constant fellowship with him. We are a temple; God dwells in us. He is bread; we eat him and he becomes bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. He is a Way, and we walk on him, a garment and we put him on, a rocky fastness in which we find refuge from our enemy, a sunshine in which we live and move and have our being.

A child asks his father, "Where is the air? I hear men talking about it. My teacher tells me I could not live without the air, but I cannot find it. I can neither see it nor hear it nor touch it. How can I find the air?" And the father replies, "Come out with me on to the porch this bright spring morning." They go together on the porch and the father says, "Now, draw a long breath;" and the boy draws a long breath, and his blood flows through his veins with quickened current, and his youthful spirit, stimulated, calls on him for some new activity. "That, my boy," says the father, "is the air." We know God when we breathe him into ourselves. Inspiration means in-breathing.

All men, with rare exceptions, believe that God is, and that he is the creator of the world and of men. There are but few atheists. There are more deists who believe that God is, and is the creator of the world, but now has little or nothing to do with it. He has wound it up and set it going as a child winds up and sets going his toy automobile or motor boat. Still more men are theists. They believe not only that God is, but that he has something to do with the world of nature and the world of men; but they generally think that he has to do with men through special mediators. They believe that God dwells in a few men. He dwells in the hierarchy, in the Pope, the archbishops, and the

[1] Deuteronomy xxx. 11-14.
[2] Psalm iv. 1, 3, 4.
[3] Isaiah lvii. 15.

[1] John xiv. 15-17.
[2] Ephes. iii. 17, 19.

bishops; perhaps in the priests or specially holy ministers who are not priests; or they believe that he dwelt in men in olden times, that he dwelt in Abraham and Moses and David and Isaiah, and in some pre-eminent way in Jesus Christ. The Bible is to them a kind of phonograph which repeats the voices that have been spoken into it by prophets of olden time, and these voices are the only voice of God that we can know. Or they may even believe that God is in special saints to-day: in the sacred poet, like John G. Whittier, or the great preacher, like Phillips Brooks, or in some sainted father or mother unknown outside of the village life or the home circle. But these divine personages are few and these divine experiences rare, so they are content to go to the Church or to the Bible for a message about God.

But humanity wants not a message but a person, not a theology but a life, not what other men have said about God, but God himself. And it is the teaching of the Bible not merely that God is in man, but that God is in *all* men; that he has made not merely bishops and priests, prophets and apostles, sacred poets and saints, in his image, and is akin to them and can speak to them and they can hear him; but that he has made *all* men in his image, all men are of kin to him, and to all men he speaks and all men can hear him. This is the meaning of that message of the first chapter of Genesis, "God created man in his own image." What man? Every man. The white man, the red man, the yellow man, the black man; the wise man and the foolish man; the rich man and the poor man; the good man and the wicked man. We may blur and dim and mar his image, but we cannot entirely destroy it. We may be blind to his presence and deaf to his voice, but we cannot escape that presence nor get beyond the sound of that voice.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.[1]

[1] Psalm cxxxix. 7-10.

We find him alike in heaven and in hell because we cannot flee from ourselves, and whatsoever we are and whithersoever we go, still he is in us. Paul is preaching to a pagan congregation in Athens—so pagan a city that the ancient satirists said it was easier to find a god than a man within its walls. So far as we know, there was not a disciple of Christ nor even a disciple of Moses in the congregation. It is to this audience that Paul says, We are his offspring, and he quotes a pagan poet, not an Old Testament writer, in support of his statement. Pagan as well as Christian, idolater as well as true believer, are the offspring of God. What does Jesus mean when he bids his disciples go into all the world and preach the Glad Tidings to every creature? What is the Glad Tidings but this: You are the offspring of God. He is your Father. Not even your sins can separate you from his sympathy and his life. He is your companion and seeks your companionship. In him you live and move and have your being. To listen to his voice, to understand his counsels, to walk in his way, is the secret of life and of happiness.

"Our Father which art in heaven"—who may utter these words? Every one may utter them. The scholarly congregation which gathers in the college chapel, the Negro congregation in the Black Belt with a conception of religion little above that of their pagan ancestry in Africa, the white-robed and white-souled saints in the nunnery; the tramps and vagabonds gathered from the slums and the lodging-houses, and the convicts gathered in the prison chapel—all may say "Our Father." He is the Father of all the living. From him they all derive their life, in them all he lives, by him they all live. The Bible is but a guide-post which points to God. We are not to stop at the guide-post, but to go on to him to whom it points. The story of Abraham is told that, like Abraham, we may follow whither the unknown voice calls us; the story of Moses, that, like him, we may hear the law which Moses does not give but only interprets; the Psalms of David, that we may sing the same songs, uttering the same experiences of penitence, prayer, and praise; the message of Isaiah, that the hope which cheered him may be in our lives and

hearts to cheer us; the missionary consecration of Paul is narrated that we may hear the same voice which he heard and give ourselves to the same life of unselfish service. The Bible is a book of human experiences written that we may have the same experiences which they had who wrote it.

And as God is in man and in all men, so he is in all experiences of all men. There is no real distinction between secular and religious. Religion is not a special calling. It is a call to do all things in a spirit of love and loyalty. It is a mistake to suppose that we can find God only in the sanctuary or the closet, in the hour of silence and of retirement from the busy world. When was God in Jesus Christ? Now and then? in special experiences? or was he in Christ all the time, and does the whole of Christ's life manifest the Divine Spirit which was within him? Surely no one who has any faith in Christianity can doubt what answer must be given to that question. Jesus Christ gathered thousands of people before him on the hillside, or a score of them in the courtyard of a house, and taught them. When he was a teacher, God was in him. He went out from his teaching to heal the paralytic, the lame, the halt and the blind, and the leper. When he was a doctor, God was in him. Until he was thirty years of age he worked at his father's bench with his father's tools. When he was a carpenter, God was in him. After his death the disciples abandoned their faith in him as the Messiah and went back to their fishing. One morning in the early dawn, when they had fished all night and caught nothing, they saw a solitary figure on the shore. The stranger called out to them, Boys, have you anything to eat? They answered, No. He told them where to throw their nets. Something recalled an experience three years before, and John said to Peter, It is the Lord; and Peter flung himself into the sea and swam ashore, and there he found that Jesus had kindled a fire and was broiling a fish for their breakfast. God was in Christ when he was a cook.

We make a great mistake when we confine inspiration to exceptional activities and make it the gift of exceptional natures. It is the air we breathe. God is the universal guide, the All-Father. We cannot easily think of anything more prosaic, anything which less calls for the inspiration, the companionship, the co-operative counsels of the Eternal, than plowing. Have you ever read in the Book of Isaiah the plowman's ode:

Listen, and hear ye my voice,
Attend, and hear ye my speech.
Is the plowman never done with his plowing,
With the opening and harrowing of ground?
Does he not, when its surface is leveled,
Scatter fennel, and sow cummin broadcast,
And duly set wheat there and barley,
And for its border plant spelt?
It is Jehovah who has taught these right courses,
It is his God who has trained him.

We do not thrash fennel with sledges,
Nor are cart-wheels rolled over cummin.
But fennel is threshed with a staff,
And cummin is threshed with a rod.
Do we ever crush bread-corn to pieces?
Nay, the threshing goes on not forever,
But when over it cart-wheels are driven,
Or sledges, our care is never to crush it.
This also from Jahveh proceeds:
Wonderful counsel, great wisdom has he.[1]

Inspiration is God speaking to man. Prayer is man speaking to God. In our thought we have banished inspiration from our common life. We have banished it to the past, and thought it the peculiar prerogative of ancient prophets and apostles. No wonder that we have banished prayer also. If we think God never speaks to us now, how can we go on speaking to him? Who would have the patience to carry on for a lifetime a monologue to an eternally silent being who gave no response? Prayer is not merely talking *to* God; it is talking *with* God. To listen to him is at least as important as speaking to him. "We are so busy talking to God," says Savonarola, "that we have no time to hear him." Even good people in our day are so busy, not perhaps talking to God but trying to serve him in his children, that they have no time to listen to him. We all need to have sacred occasions when we can be still and know that God is God. This also is prayer; this also is inspiration. But prayer and inspiration should not be confined to these hours of silence. They should be the commonplace experiences of our daily life. When the Apostle commands us to pray without ceasing, he

[1] Isaiah xxviii. 23–29, Cheney's translation.

means exactly what he says. Prayer should be the carrying on of all our life in fellowship with the Great Companion.

In all this there is nothing strange, mystical, miraculous, or truly supernatural. There is nothing which is either against nature or an exception to nature. I am simply pointing out to you that the common experience of mankind in converse with one another is to be carried forward and upward and made an experience of converse with our Father.

How do you hold communion with absent or deceased friends? You recall some incident, some counsel, some kindly service, some word of inspiration, some tone of voice. You recall their companionship, their love, through memory. They enter into you. Their life mingles with your life. You look within and see them and hear them. How do you hold converse with the great men of the past? With Homer, or Job, or Dante, or Shakespeare, or Browning? What do you mean by saying you read a book? Not merely do the words imprint themselves on the retina of your eye. Through that imprinting the experiences of the author imprint themselves upon your soul. If you cannot make their experiences your own, you are not truly reading. Through imagination they enter into you; you look within, and in their experiences reproduced in your own soul you hold companionship with them. How do you hold converse with present living friends? Only by sharing their thoughts and their feelings. A word, a pressure of the hand, a smile, a tear, a glance of the eye, a deep silence, may suffice. These are only the doors through which the experience from one soul flits into another soul. Only as thus your experience and your friend's experience intermingle are you really at one. If you really hold converse with another, he enters into you and you look within and find his life reproduced there. In the same way God enters into us. The memory of a past experience, the experience of some other soul vividly narrated, a rare beauty of nature, a noble action in a man, a solitude, a silence, may be the door. Through that door God enters into the soul; we look within and find him there. Memory, imagination, sympathy, faith, are all words for expressing this intermingling of spirit with spirit:

> Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
> Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

O God, in whom we live and move and have our being, and who dost also live and move and have some measure of thy being in us, thy children, we do not ask for thy presence, for we know that we are always in thy presence. We ask that we may have the eyes to see thee, and the ears to hear thy still, small voice, and the hearts to welcome thee; that we may always walk in thy way, inspired by thy companionship. Amen.

THE BOHEMIAN

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

"YOU confounded Polack!" snapped Bulkeley, as he bustled into his office an hour late; "what makes you always keep it so hot in here?"

Vaclav, the Bohemian bookkeeper, reached down and closed the damper without a word. As he did so a curious transformation might have been noticed in his face. The sallow cheeks lost their oily look and slowly turned a dull red. The little sunken, pig-like eyes with the muddy whites grew larger and clearer and seemed to expand outward, so that the cheek-bones lost their Indian-like prominence. The whole homely countenance assumed, at a word, a curious beauty, a striking human dignity.

With the mien of a connoisseur of air his employer sniffed delicately at the atmosphere through a long, thin nose.

"Faugh! Seems to me I can smell

garlic and sauerkraut and all kinds of abominations in here."

To a dispassionate observer it would have been clear that Bulkeley was suffering from an attack of "morning after," and was merely discharging his extra nerves at the first convenient, safe target.

"Why do you Polacks live so like pigs," anyway?" he went on. "It's a disgrace to Cleveland. It's an outrage—"

He never finished what he had in mind. The small brownish hand of Vaclav took Bulkeley on the right ear so that he stumbled over the tall brass cuspidor.

"Have that for your 'Polack'!" cried the bookkeeper. Then, before Bulkeley could recover, a cuff on the opposite ear knocked off his immaculate derby.

"Have that for your 'sauerkraut,' and that for your 'garlic'!"

With his full strength Bulkeley struck out instinctively. But his fists found only sharp elbow bone and painfully tough arm muscle. Then he clinched.

The pair swung across the narrow office and crashed against the partition. The bookkeeper did not utter a sound, but Bulkeley cursed as he struggled, until he found that it was better to save his breath for the battle. He was forced backward upon something hard. This turned hot, and he realized that he had been maneuvered against the stove. He jumped aside, and the other writhed from his grip.

"Have that for your 'pig'!" cried Vaclav, with a crashing blow on the long, bleak nose.

Bulkeley sat down abruptly upon the floor and clapped both hands to his face.

"You get up again," announced the bookkeeper, "so I pay you all them 'Polacks,' all them 'pigs,' all—all, what you call me these five years, now."

Bulkeley made no move. His eyes were fixed upon the still clenched Slavic fists with an expression of astonishment in which a kind of admiration unwillingly joined.

"Get up, so I'll pay you for all them bad jokes, them shoulder shrugs, them looks that say me I'm dirt under feet, that deny me I'm member of humanity race."

The head of the business began an angry phrase, but Vaclav interposed: "Now you going to chase me out o' here, to be course. Don't bother yourself. I'll chase myself out already. But first you got to hear few things."

He walked over to the door, turned the key, and slid it into his pocket.

"Why you all time been picking at me? On account that you're born American and accidentally by perchance I'm born Bohemian? You think because of that I should be all time humble? I tell you one thing: there is nobody prouder as a Bohemian!"

With his head erect and his eyes aglow the little bookkeeper was such a changed being that Bulkeley, even in his painful position, noticed it and was almost startled.

The bookkeeper raised his voice a little: "We got good right to be proud as you—p'r'aps prouder."

He looked searchingly into the American's angry eyes.

"Say, I heard you went a year to college. Didn't they never learn you how a Bohemian girl refused to marry George Washington? Or how a Bohemian man wouldn't come and be President of Harvard College when they asked him?"

"You young wildcat!" growled Bulkeley; "where'd you learn all that stuff? Where'd you find out how to scrap like this?"

"Wait!" commanded the bookkeeper. "You see, your race knows about us—absolute nothing at all. We Bohemians look you stupid and clumsy. But you Americans—if we are stupid, how are you? You got anybody ever wrote such music like our Smetana? Didn't you have to get Dvořák over here to write the 'New World Symphony'?"

Bulkeley glanced across wistfully at the telephone, then dubiously upward at the gesticulating fists of his late employee.

Vaclav understood in a flash.

"Aha! you want call the cop on me."

"You've about hit the nail on the head there, my boy," answered the other.

"Don't bother yourself," the Bohemian retorted. "I'll go along by you without no cop to the station-house. Don't you believe it? Have you ever caught me to a lie yet?"

"Can't say I have," returned Bulkeley, thoughtfully. "Put on your coat, then."

Vaclav held up his hand, palm out.

Then he courteously placed a chair for the prostrate man.

"Wait little bit. Few more things yet I got to say you. From your standpoint of view, you belong to the most civilized race of the world, ain't that right?"

"Well?"

"What, then, were you Americans doing when we were listening to the songs of our greatest poets? I tell you: enjoying the howlings of wolves. Again, what were you doing when in Prague we were building our wondrous Hradcin? Making little blockhouses against them Indians. Yes, I know you Americans know how to kill men all right—you got generals in your history even so great as our blind general, Zizka. But tell me, for love of Lord, you ever had any spirit-general to take and lead the humanity soul like John Huss?"

Bulkeley was squirming impatiently in his revolving chair.

"Still already," the bookkeeper added, "I bet to good conscience you never heard yet a Bohemian boast like I boast to-day. We work hard with shut mouth. We save up. We obey law except when some American makes with us like he wouldn't with no dog."

His words caught in his throat with almost the effect of a sob. A furrow of attention had been deepening between Bulkeley's eyes. When Vaclav ceased talking, the American said, "Hm-hm," meditatively, almost coolly, scowled as if from a twinge of pain, and put his hand to his nose, which had turned a fiery red. Fishing a hand-mirror from his pocket, he examined the organ tenderly. When he spoke, his tones were incisive:

"Well, now it's time to cut out the hot air and take what's coming to you."

Vaclav turned stolidly and slipped on his jacket and thin overcoat and gay Bohemian muffler.

"Aw-right," he assented; "I got time to finish along the way."

He produced the key and opened the door. Then, from force of habit, or incorrigible courtesy, he stepped aside for Bulkeley to go first.

The two passed the machine-shop windows as though nothing had happened. When they reached the street, Vaclav began talking rapidly:

"For years now you call me 'Polack.' You try make me just same with them poor Poles and Griners and Little Russians. To you we are all together 'Polacks.' It shows only how uncivilized you are, you young American peoples, that you can make such foolish mistake. I swear you that us Bohemians are one, two, three centuries before some o' them other peoples you call 'Polacks' 'long with us."

He glanced keenly at Bulkeley, who instantly attempted to disguise the look of interest that he had allowed to creep into his eyes.

"Ah, you don't want believe me? You want, believe then, reports of your own Government? Well, how many Little Russians come over here can't read and write? United States report say five out of ten. That's right; I got the paper home—can show you. How many Griners and Croatians can't read and write? 'Bout three out o' ten. But how many Bohemians?" He snapped his arms outward from his chest. "Only three out of hunderd!"

"By gad!" exclaimed Bulkeley, involuntarily.

"You think," the other pursued, "that them Germans is pretty smart people, what? I tell you truth of Lord, twice so many illiterate Germans come in this country as Bohemians. 'Nother thing I'd like find out pretty well: you native Americans, you got only three out of hunderd can't read and write?"

He broke suddenly into a bitter laugh.

"Ah! it shows only how blind you are, you Americans. This here young country, it ain't already out o' second reader in school, yet it considers to know all, all. And you look on us sons of ancient, wonderful Bohemia with despise. You call us 'Polacks'!"

He flung forth the word with inconceivable disgust, as though it were an unclean thing.

Bulkeley reddened, but said nothing.

"You're even surprised a 'Polack' like me can fight, ain't that right? You didn't know most Bohemians train the body just so good as the mind, in great national turner societies called *Sokols*. Because I couldn't talk good you thought I couldn't fight good. One moment. Say me, how many languages you spik?"

"Nothing but United States," answered Bulkeley; "that's good enough for me any time."

"I spik three," said Vaclav, quietly, "besides this little bit of English."

"The deuce you do!" exclaimed the other.

"Well," said Vaclav, "that's Bohemians. We don't run 'round blowing what we can do. And we are patient like we are proud; don't shut the fist unless we got to. Now you can go 'head and put me in the workhouse, all right. You should only understand I'll be the first Bohemian there this year."

The American glanced down at his late assailant. The illumination of his homely features had died to the hue of cold ashes. He was staring straight ahead of him with that look of unutterable sadness that comes only into Slavic faces. Bulkeley followed the direction of his eyes and saw that they were fixed on the uncompromising façade of the Fourth Precinct Station, half a block ahead. And then, unaccountably, the bookkeeper's consumptive, stoop-shouldered wife and three children slipped across his mental field of vision.

With loving solicitude he felt of his nose. The keen, snowy air had done it good.

He seized Vaclav by the arm and stopped him in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Look here, young fellow," he began, brusquely, and then cleared his throat twice. "All this you've been spieling about your blood being as good as mine is Greek to me."

Once more he cleared his throat with terrible vigor. "But I guess it must be straight goods. I never yet knew you to tell me a word out of the way about anything."

Vaclav stood motionless, gazing stupidly at the ground.

"Compared to some others, in certain ways," Bulkeley continued, "we Yankees may be pretty poor pickings, after all, though it never occurred to me exactly in that light before. But there's one thing we *have* got"— here he deliberately began to stretch his hand out toward Vaclav, palm up—"that's sporting blood."

A NEW WORK ON THE CONSTITUTION[1]

OURS is the only country where the acts of the highest legislative body may be declared unconstitutional and void. So familiar are we with this attitude that we do not even know that it is strange. One can scarcely read a daily paper in which the validity of some law is not questioned. Moreover, these discussions are not academic, but vital. They affect every man in his daily relations—the laboring man in his attempt to raise wages and shorten hours, the business man through inter-State commerce and corporate management, the social reformer striving to protect children or to secure better factory conditions, the statesman, be he follower of Jefferson or of Hamilton. And yet we wonder how many even intelligent Americans have read the United States Constitution at one sitting. We are debtors to any one who will give us light on the powers conferred and limitations imposed by that great document.

Professor Westel W. Willoughby in his commentaries undertakes its study. He thus describes his own purpose: "To ascertain, and to discuss critically, the broad principles upon which have been founded the decisions rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States in the leading cases, and thus to present, as a systematic whole, a statement of the underlying doctrines by which our complex system of constitutional jurisprudence is governed." Dr. David K. Watson's recent work on the Constitution (reviewed by The Outlook January 28) treats its subject both historically and as interpreted by the courts. Professor Willoughby expressly confines himself to the interpretation and construction found in

[1] Constitutional Law of the United States. By Westel W. Willoughby. Baker, Voorhis & Co., New York. $12.

the decisions of the Supreme Court. This limited treatment practically withdraws the book from the general reader, for it is only those already familiar with Constitutional questions and accustomed to weigh court opinions who are qualified to judge the author's work. The self-imposed restriction of field, however, tends toward thoroughness in the ground covered.

Professor Willoughby's treatment of his theme is logical, and follows the general line the student of Constitutional law would expect. His first chapter, "The Supremacy of the Constitution," is largely occupied with a study of Marbury vs. Madison, which for all time has established that supremacy. "The Principles of Constitutional Construction" next occupy his attention, and it may be interesting to note in passing that Professor Willoughby thinks that possibly undue emphasis has been given to the Preamble in interpreting the Constitution. To him the real significance of the phrase "We, the People of the United States," is "that the Constitution is to be ratified, not by the State Legislatures, but in conventions, for it indicates that the Union was one that the State Legislatures were not competent to create; that, in other words, it was to be not a mere league or confederacy such as then existing State governments might enter into, but a fundamental Union resulting in the creating of a new 'National State,' which, according to the political philosophy of that date, only the people acting in their original sovereign capacity were able to create."

Only the principal subjects covered can be mentioned here: Division of Powers between the United States and the States, the Supremacy of Federal Authority (and all that that connotes), American Citizenship as Contrasted with State Citizenship, Power to Acquire Territory, Distinction between Incorporated and Unincorporated Territory, the Insular Cases, Treaty-Making Power, General Powers of Congress, Inter-State and Foreign Commerce, Prohibitions on Congress, Prohibitions on the States, Federal Judiciary, and Powers and Duties of the President. The single topic occupying the greatest space in Professor Willoughby's work is the "Commerce Clause," and he calls attention to the significant fact that during the first ninety years under the Constitution only seventy-seven cases involving this clause came before the Supreme Court, while in the eighteen years following 1880 one hundred and thirty-six such cases were brought there for determination.

Professor Willoughby is eminently fair in stating positions with which apparently he himself does not agree, and when reviewing majority opinions calls attention to any strong dissent given by the minority in the court. He is never dogmatic, but, like every good teacher, presents the facts pro and con, leaving the reader to pass his own judgment; stimulating thought rather than supplying information. We are confident that he has very clear convictions and on the proper occasion would maintain them. We believe the book should, and will, find constant use among students of Constitutional questions, and that it will be of genuine service to both bench and bar in helping to clarify thought regarding those Constitutional questions. The commentaries seem to us worthy followers of those of Story, Kent, and Miller in their field.

THE NEW BOOKS

"The Book of Decorative Furniture," by Edwin Foley, is a real encyclopædia both in form and contents. A substantially bound quarto, it contains a thousand text illustrations and one hundred colored plates from the author's drawings, several valuable and unique charts, and colored sheets of wood samples showing their texture and grain. The detailed chart of British woodwork styles, with their correlations and contemporaries, from 1475 to 1815, is to be found in this form nowhere else, and will be of exceptional value to the student. The author is an enthusiast in his study, and has spared no pains to make his work as complete as possible. The first volume, which is under review, closes in the reign of George I in 1727. It is full of interesting bits of curious information, such as a man who has devoted his life to this branch can collect. The linen-fold panel decoration, for instance, which we admire in the halls of Cambridge and Oxford, was based upon and emblematic of the veil covering the chalice at the consecration of the Host in Roman Catholic ritual. It appeared toward the conclusion of the Gothic era in France and Flanders, and thence traveled to England. Trestle tables, oak presses, chests, coffers, stools, and benches are described and pictured in profusion. Inlaying, painting, and gilding, the use of different woods, metal, ivory, and porcelain, all enter into the fascinating subject of decorative furniture. For reference in a public library or for practical service to a student this volume is invaluable. The colored plates are carefully drawn and are doubtless accurate, but many of them suffer from excess of color, and so lack the artistic effect they might produce. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $7.50.)

It is a fortunate thing for Douglas Jerrold that his reputation does not rest solely on the writings which his grandson, Walter Jerrold, has gathered together and reprinted in his "Douglas Jerrold and 'Punch.'" Otherwise the present generation would wonder how Jerrold ever came to be classified by his contemporaries with Dickens and Thackeray. Nearly two-thirds of the volume is taken up with a reprint of four of Jerrold's "Punch" serials, two of which are unfinished fragments, while none of the four can be called really entertaining. Satirical they are, to be sure, but too often the satire is painfully labored. Mr. Jerrold's excuse for reprinting these serials is that they have been "hitherto unknown," but most admirers of their author will wish that in their stead had been given some parts at least of the famous "Caudle Lectures" and of the delightful "Story of a Feather," neither of which is as widely read to-day as it ought to be. The first third of the book, the biographical and historical portion, is much better, and gives an informing account of Jerrold's connection with "Punch" and of the qualities that made him not only popular as a wit but forceful as a social reformer. It seems likely, indeed, that he will ultimately be best known in this latter rôle, for his humor dealt largely with topics of a wholly transitory interest. Not even Dickens, however, excelled him among the writers of the day as an ardent advocate of all measures designed to benefit the poor and weak and wretched, in whose behalf Jerrold vigorously and perpetually contended that the rights of poverty should be considered as much as the rights of property. His stinging flings at the hypocritical and heartless in high places constitute quite the best passages which his grandson has reproduced, and help us to understand both why Jerrold was so highly thought of and why his services on "Punch" contributed signally to its early and pronounced success as an opinion-molding periodical. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.)

Lord Rosebery's "Chatham," dealing with the comparatively obscure period of William Pitt's youth and early manhood, has ample reason for existence in the new light it throws on this phase of the great War Minister's career, and in its brilliant literary treatment of its perennially interesting subject. It is by no means as erudite as Dr. von Ruville's monumental but ill-natured biography, and it presents a less clearly defined portrait than that given us a few years ago by Mr. Frederic Harrison; but it supplements both von Ruville and Harrison, as also Macaulay and Thackeray, in several important respects; and, particularly in the political chapters, it affords a view of Pitt that could be presented only by one who, like Pitt himself, was intimately familiar with the workings of statecraft. The one striking defect is undue enlargement on certain details of Pitt's personal life, especially his relations with his sister Ann, concerning which, however, Lord Rosebery seeks to excuse himself on the ground that, "though the narrative of this episode has swollen beyond all limit and proportion, the space is not lost, for it is invaluable to the student of Pitt's career. It lights up the only expressed tenderness in his life, it is the one relief to his somber nature, it is the sole record that we have of the unbending of that grim and stately figure." The Pitt that Lord Rosebery depicts is a man perpetually "playing a part," yet thoroughly honest, and, if aided by the influence of his Temple-Grenville connection, rising to power through sheer ability. There are no illusions in Lord Rosebery's mind regarding the political environment in which Pitt moved; and from the pen of few other writers have we had so scathing an arraignment of the conditions under which England was then governed, or so stern an indictment of the men who did the governing. For Walpole, and even for Newcastle,

oddly enough, Lord Rosebery shows a degree of sympathy not to be found in any other of Pitt's biographers; but in the main he pillories the leaders of the period in language which, if not always judicially impartial, almost always commands the reader's assent. Vigor, too, is added to his pages by the occasional interjection of flashes of his own political philosophy. Unquestionably, this is one of the season's biographies that is worth while. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.)

No review could quite do justice to Mr. G. K. Chesterton's delightful "William Blake." Occasionally the note is strained; occasionally there is too much trying for effect, and the result seems but smartness. But in general we have such "quotable" estimates of the poet-painter as:

He went through the ordinary fights and flirtations of boyhood; and one day he happened to be talking about the unreasonable ways of some girl to another girl. The other girl (her name was Katherine Boucher) listened with apparent patience until Blake used some phrase or mentioned some incident which (she said) she really thought was pathetic, or, popularly speaking, "hard on him." "Do you?" said William Blake, with great suddenness. "Then I love you." After a long pause the girl said, in a leisurely manner, "I love you, too." In this brief and extraordinary manner was decided a marriage of which the unbroken tenderness was tried by a long life of wild experiments and wilder opinions, and which was never truly darkened until the day when Blake, dying, in an astonishing ecstasy, named her only after God.

Or take this of Blake's art:

No one can understand Blake's pictures; no one can understand a hundred allusions in his epigrams, satires, and art criticism, who does not first of all realize that William Blake was a fanatic on the subject of the firm line. The thing he loved most in art was that lucidity and decision of outline which can be seen best in the cartoons of Raphael, in the Elgin Marbles, and in the simpler designs of Michael Angelo. The thing that he hated most in art was the thing which we now call Impressionism—the substitution of atmosphere for shape, the sacrifice of form to tint, the cloudland of the mere colorist.

But the little book contains many other Chestertonian comments on other things besides the comment on Blake. Take this on Ireland:

It is probably true that Ireland, if she were free from oppression, would produce more pure mystics than England. And, for the same reason, she would still produce fewer poets. A poet may be vague, and a mystic hates vagueness. A poet is a man who mixes up heaven and earth unconsciously. A mystic is a man who separates heaven and earth, even if he enjoys them both. Broadly, the English type is he who sees the elves entangled in the forests of Arcady, like Shakespeare and Keats; the Irish type is he who sees the fairies quite distinct from the forests, like Blake and Mr. W. B. Yeats.

Or this on spiritualism:

There is no danger to health in being a mystic; but there may be some danger to health in being a spiritualist. It would be a very poor pun to say that a taste for spirits is bad for the health; nevertheless, oddly enough, though a poor pun it is a perfectly correbt philosophical parallel. The difference between having a real religion and having a mere curiosity about psychic marvels is really very like the difference between drinking beer and drinking brandy, between drinking wine and drinking gin. Beer is a food as well as a stimulant; so a positive religion is a comfort as well as an adventure. A man drinks his wine because it is his favorite wine, the pleasure of his palate or the vintage of his valley. A man drinks alcohol merely because it is alcoholic. So a man calls upon his gods because they are good, or at any rate good to him, because they are the idols that protect his tribe or the saints that have blessed his birthday. But spiritualists call upon spirits merely because they are spirits; they ask for ghosts merely because they are ghosts. I have often been haunted with a fancy that the creeds of men might be paralleled and represented in their beverages. Wine might stand for genuine Catholicism and ale for genuine Protestantism; for these, at least, are real religions with comfort and strength in them. Clean cold Agnosticism would be clean cold water, an excellent thing, if you can get it. Most modern ethical and idealistic movements might be well represented by soda water—which is a fuss about nothing. Mr. Bernard Shaw's philosophy is exactly like black coffee—it awakens, but it does not really inspire. Modern hygienic materialism is very like cocoa; it would be impossible to express one's contempt for it in stronger terms than that. Sometimes, very rarely, one may come across something that may honestly be compared to milk, an ancient and heathen mildness, an earthly yet sustaining mercy—the milk of human kindness. You can find it in a few pagan poets and a few old fables; but it is everywhere dying out.

(E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 75c.)

"The Canon in Residence" is a clever and distinctly original bit of fiction by a new English writer, Victor L. Whitechurch. The Canon, a very proper and scholarly young clergyman traveling in Switzerland, is forced by the loss of his own clerical garments to put on "sporty" clothes, and decides to study humanity from the non-ministerial point of view. He learns things worth knowing, becomes declericalized, so to speak, and at home takes a manly, public-spirited stand. Incidentally, his little adventure involves odd and embarrassing incidents. The story is entertaining and something more. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.50.)

Mr. Holman Day's "The Skipper and the Skipped" relates the adventures of a masterful but good-hearted sea captain who retires inland, under stress of rheumatism, to the peaceful occupation of toll-gate keeping. But he finds occasion for all his native pugnacity. How he overcomes the neighborhood bully, marries the bully's excellent sister, is made first selectman despite himself, and bosses the whole town, is the groundwork of a series of chapters, really almost separate stories, some of which are hilariously amusing, others too farcical to please. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.)

The Outlook

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THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

The country was startled, but not alarmed, last week by the announcement that orders had been issued from the War Department for the mobilization near the frontier between the United States and Mexico of a very large part of the United States regular army available for active service. Troops to the number of twenty thousand were set in motion by these orders, and have since been concentrating at San Antonio, where a suitable camp has been rapidly prepared for them, while some two thousand marines have proceeded to our naval station at Guantanamo, in Cuba, and a squadron of five fast cruisers, with their auxiliaries, has been sent to Galveston. The order for these extensive military movements states that the troops are being mobilized "for purposes of field instruction." It was inevitable, however, that the press, in view of the disturbed condition of things now existing in Mexico, should instantly begin to seek for other reasons. Such reasons, it is now generally admitted, do exist, but they are not of a character to inspire fear of reckless or uncalled-for action on the part of our Government. Everything that has been done by our Government with regard to this military movement has taken place with the knowledge of the Mexican Government, and the explanations offered to President Diaz by President Taft have been in the fullest degree satisfactory. There is nothing, indeed, which could possibly give the Mexican Government alarm, for no dispute of any sort now exists between that Government and ours, nor are there at this moment any serious causes for a break in the amicable relations between the two countries. There might, however, be reason to apprehend that misunderstandings should arise if our Government were not very much alive to the necessity of doing everything in its power to assure neutrality on the Mexican border, to prevent the territory of the United States from being used as a recruiting place for the Mexican insurgents, and to fulfill its obligations in the matter of restraining the passing across the border of arms and ammunition for the service of the Mexican insurgents.

THE PRESENT SITUATION

The present insurrection in Mexico is not, apparently, of great proportions so far as the number of men engaged is concerned. Nor is Madero, or any of his leaders, likely to attempt to meet any large body of the Government forces in the open field. But the recent scene of action has been near the border of the United States, and the insurgents have cut the railways and are carrying on a series of skirmishes and attacks. To what extent Americans of a not very responsible type, adventurers who always flock to scenes of disturbances, are joining the insurgents, is indicated by the report of an engagement last week at Casas Grandes, in which Madero's forces were routed; these reports state that no fewer than thirty-six Americans in Madero's troops were captured in that battle, and that several Americans were killed. Beyond this necessity of guarding our border and maintaining the obligations of international law, it must be noted also that, apart from the military situation in Mexico, there is a disturbed political condition, that doubts are expressed as to what may take place if President Diaz should die, resign, or become incapable of ruling, and that the lives, rights, and property of Americans in Mexico must be safeguarded by our Government. There have been reports, not confirmed positively as we write, that

one or more foreign Governments have become disturbed as to the possibilities of a general political break-up in Mexico, and that intimation has been given to the United States that European Governments, in view of our Monroe Doctrine and the position we assume towards the republics south of us on account of the Doctrine, will look to us to do everything in our power to prevent Mexico falling into such a condition as we have seen in recent years in Venezuela and Nicaragua. All these considerations (as well as the value for purposes of military education of such a large and sudden movement) have probably influenced President Taft and the War Department in making what is not at all a hostile, but rather a friendly, demonstration on our southern border. No one questions the right of a nation to move its troops within its own territory wherever it chooses; such an action may be regarded as suspicious and even hostile where the relations between the two countries justify that suspicion; but in this case there is absolutely nothing to indicate even the possibility of unfriendly action on our side toward the present Government of Mexico. As was seen years ago in Cuba, intervention is not a measure lightly to be entered upon, nor at all likely to occur unless a very serious and wide-extended cause of complaint exists, or such a state of affairs arises as practically amounts to anarchy and the total failure of a foreign Government to guard properly the safety and security of Americans within its territory. The United States is in a special sense responsible for decent government and good order in the southern nations of America, and it is not averse to showing the world that it is ready and able to act promptly and effectively if need be.

A DISCREDITED SENATOR

Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, is now a member of the United States Senate in regular standing; some recent significant echoes of public opinion indicate, however, that it would hardly be accurate to add, in good standing. It is true that on his arrival in Chicago on Sunday, March 5, he was greeted by a large number of admiring constituents who celebrated his home-coming with a reception, speeches, and bands of music. Popularity, however, is not always an indication of political integrity. On the same day in Rockford, Illinois, there was held a mass-meeting of nearly two thousand citizens at which resolutions were passed calling for the resignations of Senator Lorimer and Senator Cullom—for the first, because of an expressed belief that Senator Lorimer was elected "by and through the use of corrupt and illegal methods," and for the second, because Senator Cullom voted to retain Senator Lorimer in his seat. During the meeting the bell of a neighboring church tolled forty-six times as a melancholy recognition of the forty-six votes which enabled Senator Lorimer to remain in the United States Senate. The Assembly of the California Legislature has passed the following resolution:

> Whereas the Senate of the United States has brought itself low in the sight of the people and also brought upon them profound humiliation by its action in deliberately seating as representative of the people a man concerning whom it has been clearly and notoriously shown that bribery was used in his election, now therefore be it resolved, that in seating William Lorimer as a member of the United States Senate this Nation has been humiliated, that the esteem with which the United States Senate is held has thereby been lowered, that it is with regret that we see the names of our United States Senators (Senators Flint and Perkins) among the forty-six who voted to seat this man, and we feel that such flagrant corruption should not have gone unrebuked by the United States Senate.

The California Legislature is a Republican body, and therefore this condemnation cannot be ascribed to partisan politics. Many other meetings and formal resolutions in various parts of the country have expressed similar protests. It is difficult to understand how any self-respecting man can retain a public office in the face of such condemnation as has been laid upon Senator Lorimer, not merely by the country at large, but by forty of his colleagues in the Senate of the United States, including the ablest and most high-minded members of that body.

MR. BALLINGER RESIGNS

After two years of service in the midst of criticism, controversy, and investigation, Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, has resigned. The policy

that he has pursued in office has aroused such antagonism that from almost the first week of his term he has devoted his strength not solely to his executive work, but also to what he has regarded as measures of self-defense. The consequent strain upon his health is the reason he assigns for his withdrawal. It now appears that he once before offered his resignation, but at the President's request remained in office until after the adjournment of Congress. Why Congress, which ordered the investigation of Mr. Ballinger's Department, took no action on the reports of the investigating committee has never been officially explained. In the letter accepting "with great reluctance" his resignation, President Taft declares that Mr. Ballinger has been the "object of one of the most unscrupulous conspiracies for the defamation of character that history can show," and that "the impressions" of him as a man and a public officer were the "result of a malicious and unprincipled plan for the use of the press" to misrepresent him. The President continues:

> With the hypocritical pretense that they did not accuse you of corruption in order to avoid the necessity that even the worst criminal is entitled to—to wit, that of a definitely formulated charge of some misconduct—they showered you with suspicion, and by the most pettifogging methods exploited to the public matters which had no relevancy to an issue of either corruption or inefficiency in office, but which, paraded before a hysterical body of headline readers, served to blacken your character and to obscure the proper issue of your honesty and effectiveness as a public servant.

Who "they" are the President does not say. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that The Outlook has been among those who not only have not accused Mr. Ballinger of corruption, but have said that the evidence did not compel the conclusion that Mr. Ballinger had been guilty of any deliberate wrong intent. Nevertheless, The Outlook has found the evidence overwhelmingly conclusive that Mr. Ballinger has not been a fit head of the Department of the Interior. At the close of the investigation by a Committee of Congress of the Department we printed our review, "The Ballinger Case," and stated our conclusions. It is unnecessary to make any full summary of them here; it is sufficient to quote the concluding sentence of that review: "The verdict of history will be that he did not understand either the spirit and purposes of the people of his time or the duties and functions of his great office." That his occupancy of that office has resulted in what the President has called a "cruel tragedy" is due in no small degree to the fact that a question which was exclusively a matter for prompt and final as well as just decision by the executive branch of the Government was allowed to become a subject of legislative interference and long-drawn-out public debate. The Ballinger case is a lesson to all future executive officers in State and Nation. It has, however, been productive of great good, by reducing to concrete form the great issues involved in Conservation, and thus enabling the American people to understand their nature and importance.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

Coincident with the announcement of Mr. Ballinger's retirement as head of the Interior Department came last week the welcome news of the appointment, as his successor, of Mr. Walter L. Fisher. President Taft, in making this appointment, has shown fine tolerance, great breadth of mind, and a high order of wisdom. His letter to Mr. Ballinger shows how strongly his feelings have been enlisted on Mr. Ballinger's behalf in this controversy; and yet, in choosing a new head of the Department, he has taken a man who is in many ways Mr. Ballinger's antithesis. Mr. Fisher is one of the most prominent and useful citizens of Chicago. It is interesting to note that, unlike the appointment of Mr. Ballinger, the appointment of Mr. Fisher has been disregardful of geographical considerations. Mr. Fisher is resident of not only the same city but also the same ward as two other members of the Cabinet. Born in Wheeling, Virginia (now West Virginia), on the second Independence Day of the Civil War, graduated at twenty-one years of age from Hanover College in Indiana, of which his father was President, admitted to the bar in 1888, he has for the past eleven years been one of the most forceful and able leaders on behalf of popular and

efficient government. Although he had before held public office, he began his distinguished service on behalf of the public welfare in 1901 by becoming the Secretary of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago. In 1906 he was chosen President of the League. This organization has achieved extraordinary results in the municipal government of Chicago. It found the City Council corrupt and inefficient. Instead of trying to abolish it, as other cities have done, the League set about the task of making the Council a real municipal legislature; and it has succeeded. Chicago has had an especially difficult transit problem, in which corruption, bad management, and public indifference have been factors. Mr. Fisher, as a leader in the League, and later as special counsel to Mayor Dunne, did more, probably, than any other one man to bring order out of chaos. This is the more extraordinary inasmuch as he supported the political opponent of the Mayor who selected him. That he was virtually forced finally to retire did not prevent his actual success. He has therefore shown a high degree of executive ability. He is a ready and effective speaker. Most significant of all, he is one of the leaders of what is known as the Conservation Movement. When, in 1909, the National Conservation Association, of which at first President Eliot and later Mr. Gifford Pinchot became President, was formed, Mr. Fisher, in conjunction with Mr. Pinchot, drew up its declaration of principles. He has been from the beginning, and still is, Vice-President of the Association. He has declared himself a believer in the power of the Federal Government to control the water powers on non-navigable streams. This is one of the crucial questions in Conservation. It is a satisfaction to be assured that the head of the Interior Department is not one who willingly will let this untold water power—the "white coal" of the future—fall into the hands of a privileged few. His legal knowledge regarding the powers of the Government has been tested by his experience in practicing before the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and has been recognized by his appointment as a member of the committee to investigate railway securities. His standards regarding honesty in the public service are indicated by what he has done as counsel for the Merriam Commission in investigating corruption in Chicago. No one can tell what success will attend him as Secretary of the Interior, but his first-hand experience with the power and craft of special interests, his proved ability and aggressive honesty, and his convictions regarding the power of the Government he is to serve, furnish him with some of the essential materials of success. He will begin his term as a member of the Cabinet supported by the good will of the country.

THE TARIFF BOARD

Last week President Taft announced the appointment of two new members of the Tariff Board. They are Thomas W. Page, Professor of Economics in the University of Virginia, and ex-Representative William M. Howard, of Georgia. Both are Democrats. As one member of the present Board is supposed to be quite "Democratic" in sentiment, the addition of these two Democrats certainly makes the Board non-partisan. It is interesting to know that, had the Tariff Board Bill passed, providing for a non-partisan, permanent Board of five members, the same men would have been added to the existing three members of the present body in constituting the new Board. In these latest appointments the President has given another indication of his conviction of many years that the tariff should be taken out of politics. He was anxious to have the Tariff Board Bill passed. But, as it did not pass, he felt that he had power to create a temporary Board of exactly the same character. The existing Board is the creature of the President, not of Congress. The commission contemplated in the Tariff Board Bill would have been the creature of Congress, not the President; and would have been compelled to report to Congress. Though Congress may ask, as the Senate did the other day, for a report from the Board on certain commodities, the Board is not in duty bound to reply unless by permission of the President. But when the results of its work are published, they may prove to have practically as much economic and moral influence on the country as if had they been reported directly

to the legislative branch. Established under the authority given by Congress to the President to use "such persons as may be required" to assist him in the application of the maximum and minimum section of the Tariff Law, a wide latitude was given for the acquisition, under circumstances favorable to its accuracy, of information respecting the cost of production of goods at home and abroad, not only throwing much light on the operation of the present tariff, but of primary importance as officially collected data upon which future executive action and executive recommendations may be based. Thus, without any mandate of law, the President organized the "persons" into a Tariff Board, and has obtained from them not only the benefit outlined by Congress, but another and more important benefit, directly connected with the public welfare. For he has now at hand a mass of information, not of a partisan or prejudiced character, ready for use whenever a new tariff is desirable. Certainly, in connection with the Tariff Board, Mr. Taft has leaned toward a liberal, rather than a narrow, conception of duty. The liberal interpretation, we submit, is the proper one under any circumstances, but especially at the present time, when special interests are endeavoring unduly to dominate Governmental action. Because of the inability of Congress to get the facts from impartial sources, statements have been quoted in Congressional tariff debates of the most contradictory character. Such differences in statistics would not be apparent in the conclusions of a non-partisan Tariff Board. While Congress is not bound by anything that the present Tariff Board does, it will be practically impossible for Congressmen to ignore either the desire of most manufacturers to co-operate with the Tariff Board or the Board's own findings. An indication that Congress does appreciate these things is shown not only by its appropriation last month of $225,000 for the Board's expenditure during the ensuing fiscal year, but also by its request for a statement of the wool schedule by December 1. Thus the "non-partisan" permanent idea has already become effective in so far as the "non-partisan" is concerned. It remains with Congress to make the "permanent" effective.

A POSTAL INVESTIGATION

A few hours before final adjournment on March 4, the Senate, as already reported in these columns, abandoned the "rider" on the Post-Office Appropriations Bill increasing the rate of postage on the advertising pages of certain magazines and periodicals. In place of this proposed legislation the Senate and the House passed a joint resolution providing for a Commission to investigate the cost of transporting and handling second-class mail, and appropriating the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars to pay the expenses of such a Commission. The Commission is to be appointed by the President, and is to consist of three persons, "one of whom shall be a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the other two of whom shall hold no office, and no one of whom shall be connected with the Post-Office Department or have any interest in any business directly or indirectly affected by the publishing of magazines or newspapers using the mails of the United States." The country is to be congratulated upon this outcome of a very bitter controversy. The creation of this Commission is not only an effective step in the direction of an impartial investigation of the question at issue between the Administration and the periodical publishers, but it may lead, as we hope it will, to an improvement in the general efficiency of the Post-Office Department. There is, however, some doubt whether the language of the resolution may be so construed as to enable the Commission to receive sufficient evidence to make its findings as broad as the public service requires. This can be determined only after the Commission is organized and determines upon the rules which shall govern its procedure. If, for example, it should find that it costs the Government nine cents a pound, as the Postmaster-General claims that it does, to carry second-class matter through the mails, without making any inquiry as to whether this cost is a reasonable one or whether it is based upon the application of efficient business methods, we do not think the country will be satisfied until Congress makes provision for a more complete inquiry. It is quite clear that the smallness of the appropriation for the expenses of the Commission places some-

what narrow limits upon the scope of the investigation. But in any event its deliberations must call general attention to several phases of the postal service which are of vital interest to the public. In one respect the resolution creating the Commission is open to objection. We heartily welcome the attempt of the President to make the Commission one of dignity and authority; the appointment of Justice Hughes as the head of the Commission is a complete assurance that its work and deliberations will be conducted on a high plane; but it seems to us inappropriate that a Justice of the Supreme Court should be one of its members. The Commission, as we read the resolution, is to perform the functions of a sort of grand jury; it is to investigate facts, sift evidence, and make a presentment to the President upon which he may base his recommendation to Congress next December for some specific legislation. A Judge of what has been well called "the highest court in Christendom" ought not to be asked to leave the bench to become a juryman in a case so limited as that which the resolution presents to the Commission, especially in view of the fact that the Justices of the Supreme Court are already overworked in considering great and important questions of Constitutional law.

THE PRESIDENT'S NEW SECRETARY

The Hon. Charles Dewey Hilles, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is to be Secretary to the President. Mr. Hilles is nearly forty-four years old, and is a native of Ohio. He received his early education there, became superintendent of the boys' industrial school at Lancaster, Ohio, and then superintendent of the New York Juvenile Asylum at Dobbs Ferry. An indication of his administration of these two schools is shown by the fact that under him buildings were erected by them at a total cost of two million dollars. Nearly two years ago he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, but he remains an active director of the New York Juvenile Asylum, of the Dobbs Ferry Hospital, of the National Conference on Charities and Correction, the National Conference on the Education of Backward, Truant, and Delinquent Children, and is a member of the executive committee of the Playground Association of America. Mr. Hilles's addresses before the Conference of Charities and Correction at four of its recent annual meetings were marked features of those gatherings. An authority on child education, we hope that his transfer will mean a greater influence from the White House in behalf of the bill providing for a Children's Bureau in one of the Executive Departments. Mr. Hilles replaces Mr. Charles Dyer Norton, who also had been an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury before becoming Secretary to the President. Mr. Norton resigns his office to become vice-president of one of the three largest banks in the country. He retires from the White House having well accomplished his plans for reorganizing the work there. His ideal was to create a permanent staff, so as to maintain White House standards and traditions smoothly and uninterruptedly one generation after another. To do this, salaries had to be increased. The new staff is headed by an Executive Clerk who has the assistance of a Chief Clerk and an Appointment Clerk. All of them receive larger salaries than those paid to the former Assistant Secretaries, that position being abolished. The new scheme of recompense enables men to take the positions of Executive Clerk and Chief Clerk, finding them comparatively well paid, honorable and interesting. Thus men adapted to the work will be likely to continue at it and to enjoy it. The readjustment of the scale of pay was gladly accepted by the legislators at the Capitol, because the total amount estimated was less than the total appropriation under the old arrangement—this because a number of superfluous minor positions were abolished. After the bill had passed the House and gone to the Senate, it was proposed to raise the salary of the Secretary from $6,000 to $10,000, if possible, so that a President might be able to bring into that office a man who perhaps could be secured only for such salary. With some opposition from those chronic objectors, Senators Bailey and Davis, the provision passed the Senate, but, in conference with the House, the increased salary was reduced from $10,000 to $7,500. We are sorry that it was.

For, excellent as are the abilities of the late and present incumbent, and fine as is their spirit in sacrificing far larger salaries in order to serve the President, it is clear that the President's office should be better fortified; in particular, that the Secretary to the President should, in dignity and reward, be close to the Cabinet officers in official rank.

THE RAILWAYS AND PRIVATE PROFIT

Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, who with such signal ability conducted before the Inter-State Commerce Commission the case of the opponents of increased railway rates, has again shown his broad-minded understanding of economic and industrial conditions by publicly espousing the right of the railways to large profits when they are earned by efficiency and good service. At a hearing before the Railroad Securities Commission last week he stated the case in the following language: "Railroading being a private business, the corporation must, in order to secure capital as well as ability and zeal in management, offer the ordinary incentives of private business, namely, liberal money rewards." As our readers know, Mr. Brandeis is an earnest advocate of the application to the railway business of what is now known as "scientific management." Railways which successfully employ this means of securing efficiency are entitled, he believes, to the increased profits accruing from it. To this end Mr. Brandeis makes two practical suggestions. The first is that the principle of a sliding scale of dividends, which is in successful operation in the gas business in Boston, should be adopted in the railway business of the country. This principle is "that the greater the service to the public, the greater should be the profit to those furnishing that service." and is the exact opposite of a rule fixing a maximum return on capital of a specified rate per cent. Mr. Brandeis admits that the problem presented in the case of the Boston Gas Company was a simple one, while that involved in adapting the sliding scale idea to the railways is "infinitely more difficult." But he believes that the Inter-State Commerce Commission can in time devise a workable method. "The simple ultimate unit costs of each operation in every department of every railroad ought to be ascertained. They should be properly supervised, analyzed, classified, and compared; so that each railroad should have the benefit of knowing the lowest unit cost of each operation attained by any American railroad and how it was attained." This, Mr. Brandeis suggests, could be done by the establishment of a Federal Bureau of Railways and the maintenance of an Experimental Station in Railway Economics which would correspond to the experimental stations in the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Brandeis points out that the Federal Government now undertakes with excellent results, through a special bureau of the Department of Agriculture, to promote scientific road-building throughout the United States. An experimental station in railway economics would be of "service in testing the inventions made and methods suggested by others and bringing to the attention of the railroads those of special value." In a recent address on the achievements of modern democracy Mr. Edward A. Filene, of Boston, calls attention to the industrial as well as financial advantages of the sliding scale system under which the Boston Gas Company conducts its business. It not only is paying a dividend of nine per cent "with the approbation and good will of the public," but its workmen are becoming stockholders, and the company has lately put upon its directorate a workman elected by the workmen stockholders. Neither the "sliding scale" nor "scientific management" nor any other device can be a panacea for industrial and financial tribulations, but, novel as they are, these new methods are capable of being developed into great practical aids in solving some of the acute railway problems of the time.

SPIELHAGEN AND UHDE

A generation ago Friedrich Spielhagen, the novelist, who died recently at the age of eighty-two, was widely read both in Germany and in this country, where his stories appeared in excellent translations. It was at the time when Americans were still reading Freytag's "Debit and Credit" and philosophical novels

like Auerbach's "On the Heights." Spielhagen's "Hammer and Anvil" and "Problematic Characters" were much cruder as fiction, but they were charged with the spirit of revolt, and they appealed strongly to young readers. In a much less brilliant way there was in them something of the quality which stirred all Germany when Schiller's "The Robbers" first appeared. They dealt with the mental and social revolt in its early stages. They were unconventional, and chanted the praises of the free life; but they were innocent and old-fashioned compared with its current expressions. They had, however, this taking quality: they were hopeful. The pose of pessimism had not been popularly adopted, and there were still those among the German novelists who believed that the problems of life could be solved by courage, audacity, and youth. Fritz von Uhde, the painter, who died about the same time, at the age of sixty-three, began life as a historical and *genre* painter of unusual correctness in matters of technique. His unconventional conceptions of Biblical stories made no small sensation both in German and French art. These ancient stories gained a certain effectiveness through the medium of modern settings and of interpretation in the modern spirit. Readers of The Outlook will perhaps remember "The Wise Men from the East," in the Magdeburg Museum, and "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me," in the Leipsic Museum. The whole intellectual climate has changed in Germany since Spielhagen and Uhde began their work. They belong to the days of infancy compared with the disillusioned, end-of-the-world writers and painters of to-day.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

The death of Fogazzaro has stirred all Italy. For Fogazzaro has occupied the first place among modern Italian novelists. His pre-eminence was due, not merely to his creative power, but to the nobility of sentiment dominating his productions, and to the fact that his novels marked the turning-point dividing naturalistic from psychological fiction. Antonio Fogazzaro was born at Vicenza in 1842. He took up the practice of law, but soon turned from it to the profession of letters. His first work was "Miranda," a romance in verse, and his first prose novel, "Malombra." In both of them he lavishes poetic imagination to excess. His innate poetical spirit vitalized every later work, but he expressed himself with an appealing restraint. To this quality he added a keen observation, humor, benevolence, wide sympathy, and a restless striving to attain ultimate truth, no matter what lay in the way. This last-named quality was of service to the State, for Fogazzaro, an honored member of the Italian Senate, sketched Italian political conditions to the life, especially in "Daniele Cortis," in character-drawing the best of all his novels. But the best known are the three constituting a trilogy—"Piccolo Mondo Antico," "Piccolo Mondo Moderno," and "Il Santo," published in English under the titles "The Patriot," "The Sinner," and "The Saint." Of these, from the standpoint of the historical, the first is the most notable. It instantly challenges comparison with Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," not only in the reproduction of a historic picture, in the analysis of the psychic evolution of the lovers, but also in a certain delicate, delicious humor, and in the moral teaching accompanying each event, yet never tiresomely emphasized. "Il Santo," however, caused more comment than did any of Fogazzaro's other eighteen books; for, more vividly than do they, it describes the struggle in Italy between Christian democracy and the Roman hierarchy. The Vatican censors—the Congregation of the Index—placed it upon the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum." As a devout and dutiful son of the Church, Fogazzaro then wrote to a friend: "I have resolved to give to the decree that obedience which is my duty as a Catholic; that is to say, not to discuss it and not to work in contradiction to it by authorizing other translations and reprints besides those which were contracted for before the announcement of the decree." To those who knew Fogazzaro personally and who appreciated his gentle manner and refined appearance, it seemed pathetic that a man of his philosophical and retiring temperament should suddenly find himself a storm-center of criticism of the harshest sort. Yet no

one, we think, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, whether religious or not, can read "Il Santo" without a feeling that Fogazzaro was in it not so much a novelist as a philosopher, priest, and preacher.

CONCERNING VIVISECTION

The assumption of certain of the anti-vivisection reformers that vivisection is accompanied with needless cruelty requires continual exposure because the assumption is continually repeated. In fact, vivisection has been of incomparable service in protecting human life, preserving humanity from needless suffering, and preventing the spread of human disease. And this vivisection is generally carried on by humane men with the greatest care to prevent needless suffering in the animal world. These men are constantly discussing the various questions which arise relating to the use of animals in experimentation. They bring their expert knowledge to bear on the question how they can devise new methods for the care of animals, can ascertain the best qualities of food for their use, and can prevent disease among the animals which at the same time cause them needless suffering and destroy valuable property and nullify valuable experiments. These experimental workers are not only humane, but they are clever and resourceful in searching out, in their scientific use of animals, how to reduce pain, discomfort, and sacrifice of human life. These facts are illustrated by the following code of rules regarding animals, which have been adopted by the Committee on Research Defense of the American Medical Association, which have been sent to every research laboratory in the country, and which are habitually, if not universally, observed in laboratory investigation:

RULES REGARDING ANIMALS

I. Vagrant dogs and cats brought to this laboratory and purchased here shall be held at least as long as at the city pound and shall be returned to their owners if claimed and identified.

II. Animals in the laboratory shall receive every consideration for their bodily comfort; they shall be kindly treated, properly fed, and their surroundings kept in the best possible sanitary condition.

III. No operations on animals shall be made except with the sanction of the director of the laboratory, who holds himself responsible for the importance of the problems studied and for the propriety of the procedures used in the solution of these problems.

IV. In any operation likely to cause greater discomfort than that attending anæsthetization the animal shall first be rendered incapable of perceiving pain and shall be maintained in that condition until the operation is ended.

V. Exceptions to this rule will be made by the director alone, and then only when anæsthesia would defeat the object of the experiment. In such cases an anæsthetic shall be used so far as possible and may be discontinued only so long as is absolutely essential for the necessary observations.

VI. At the conclusion of the experiment the animal shall be killed painlessly. Exceptions to this rule will be made only when continuance of the animal's life is necessary to determine the result of the experiment. In that case, the same aseptic precautions should be observed during the operation, and, so far as possible, the same care shall be taken to minimize discomforts during the convalescence as in a hospital for human beings.

DIRECTOR OF THE LABORATORY.

In the presence of these facts, objections to vivisection, as generally practiced in the laboratories of the United States, seem to us explicable only on the ground that objectors are either ignorant of the facts, or controlled in their action not by humane consideration but by sentimentalism.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES OF METALS

Some years ago scientific men in Russia were astonished to find that some bars of pure tin which had lain a long time in a warehouse had turned from a white metal into a pile of gray powder. An analysis of the powder showed it to be as pure tin as were the bars. Scientists were unable to determine the cause of this disintegration, and researches have been carried on ever since in an endeavor to ascertain it. Professor Ernest Cohen, of the University of Utrecht, published the result of his researches in "La Technique" in 1910. He found that the "disease" was not confined to pig tin, but occasionally attacked organ pipes of tin, and that the same cause, or something similar, produced disintegrations in lead and copper, and in their alloys. He was unable to determine the

cause, but found that the action took place only within certain circumscribed temperatures; that by keeping the tin at a very low temperature for a long time it was gradually converted into the gray powder, and conversely, that by keeping the gray powder at a temperature of about eighty degrees for some time it returned to the normal white condition. He found likewise that the change in other metals was due to an alteration from an amorphous into a crystalline condition; but, in his researches, he discovered the most interesting facts—that the tin especially might resist the action of the low temperature unless "inoculated" with some of the gray powder; that as soon as the tin was brought in contact with some of the powder the metal began to swell and to disintegrate, and that the "disease" extended until the whole mass was changed; and that the process was strangely like that of "infection," which gives rise to some of the diseases of plants and animals. Experimenting with other metals, he found that if the product of their alteration came in contact with sheets of copper or lead or polished rolls or many alloys, the disintegration commenced at the point of contact, and rapidly extended, and that this took place at any temperature. Professor Cohen recommended that valuable metallic objects in museums, etc., should be carefully inspected from time to time, and that if any indicated that they were "infected" they should be immediately removed from the case containing other metals, and that, as temperature has much to do with the phenomena, it should not be allowed to fall below seventy degrees. In the article entitled "The Search for the Origin of Life," which was published in The Outlook of December 31, 1910, the writer, Dr. Ledoux, mentioned the fact that the processes of crystallization and of amorphous growth in mineral substances in some cases resembled very closely the process of growth of organic matter through cell multiplication. It would seem from the latest report of Professor Cohen, which is published in a recent number of the French journal "Métaux et Alliages," that no created thing is immune from "disease," considered independently of the ordinary chemical processes of oxidation, reduction, etc.

NATIONALISM AND THE JUDICIARY

This editorial concludes Mr. Roosevelt's discussion of the Judiciary. It will be followed by editorials on "Nationalism and Democracy" and "Nationalism and International Relations."—The Editors.

In the Knight Sugar Case, treated in last week's Outlook, the Supreme Court decided against popular rights because against the right of the people of the United States, acting through the Government of the United States, to deal with a matter of vital concern, as to which the Constitution had clearly conferred exclusive power on the National Government. In the New York Bakeshop Case the Court decided against the principle of popular rights under the guise of deciding against the right of a State to act.

In this decision the Court by a bare majority of one upset a law regulating the hours of labor under unhygienic conditions, and they did this in the name of liberty of contract. All I have to say in this matter, all that I said last fall in my address to the Denver Legislature, has been said, in stronger language than I have used, by the Justices of the Supreme Court themselves. In the Supreme Court of the United States in October last Mr. Justice Holmes delivered the opinion of the Court on a matter affecting the laws of the State of Oklahoma, and in the course of his opinion he stated the general policy as follows:

> We must be cautious about pressing the broad words of the Fourteenth Amendment to a dryly logical extreme. Many laws which it would be vain to ask the Court to overthrow could be shown, easily enough, to transgress a scholastic interpretation of one or another of the great guarantees in the Bill of Rights. They more or less limit the liberty of the individual or they diminish property to a certain extent. We have few scientifically certain criteria of legislation, and as it often is difficult to mark the line where what is called the police power of the States is limited by the Constitution of the United States, judges should be slow to read into the latter a *nolumus mutare* as against the lawmaking power. . . . It may be said in a general way that the police power extends to all the great public needs. *It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage, or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately*

necessary to the public welfare. [The italics are mine.]

In Roscoe Pound's article on "Liberty of Contract," in the "Yale Law Journal" for May, 1909, he speaks of the effort to realize true human justice through law as "the sociological movement in jurisprudence, the movement for the adjustment of principles and doctrines to the human conditions they are to govern rather than to assume first principles, the movement for putting the human factor in the central place and relegating logic to its true position as an instrument." In his article he takes up case after case of perversion of justice through insistence by the courts on an academic instead of a real liberty of contract. When he comes to speak of this particular Bakeshop Case, he says: "In Lochner vs. New York, a bare majority of the Supreme Court of the United States took a reactionary view, as it had fairly become by this time, of a statute prescribing the hours of labor in bakeries;" and he sums up the case as follows, in comment upon the decision of Mr. Justice Peckham:

It will be seen that this opinion assumes two propositions of fact: (1) That the public has no concern in how long a baker works, because the time he works has no effect on the product of his labor; (2) that there is nothing in the trade of baking, as carried on in large cities, inimical to the health of those who are employed in it for long hours at a stretch. Here again study of the facts has shown that the Legislature was right and the Court was wrong. Actual investigation has shown that the output of shops in which the only kind of men who can be had to work for unreasonable hours under unsanitary conditions are employed is not at all what the public ought to eat, and that long hours in shops of the sort are distinctly injurious to health. But the decisive objection to the position of the majority is put by Mr. Justice Holmes in a few sentences that deserve to become classical: "This case is decided upon an economic theory which a large part of the country does not entertain. If it were a question whether I agree with that theory, I should desire to study it further and long before making up my mind. But I do not conceive that to be my duty, because I strongly believe that *my agreement or disagreement has nothing to do with the right of a majority to embody their opinions in law. . . . The Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's Social Statics. . . . A constitution is not intended to embody a particular economic theory*, whether of paternalism and the organic relation of the citizen to the State or of *laissez faire. It is made for people of fundamentally differing views*, and the accident of our finding certain opinions natural and familiar or novel and even shocking ought not to conclude our judgment upon the question whether statutes embodying them conflict with the Constitution of the United States."

Sir Frederick Pollock, the great English lawyer, commented on the case as follows: "How can the Supreme Court at Washington have conclusive judicial knowledge of the conditions affecting bakeries in New York? If it has not such knowledge as matter of fact, can it be matter of law that no conditions can reasonably be supposed to exist which would make such an enactment Constitutional?" In concluding his article, Mr. Pound writes as follows:

What, then, is the hope for future labor legislation? On the whole, one must say that it is bright. Not only do the cases last noted afford many means for escape from the line of decisions first considered, but there are indications that the courts are ready to seek such escape. The opinion of Mr. Justice Day in McLean vs. Arkansas especially is fraught with promise of a return on the part of the Federal Supreme Court to its sounder views prior to the Lochner and Adair cases. Even the Court of Appeals of New York has recently approved this significant remark: "Under a judicial system which has for centuries magnified the sacredness of individual rights, there is much less danger of doing injustice to the individual than there is in overlooking the obligations of those in authority to organized society." Possibly the decisions first considered, or some of them, were not without good effect. Doubtless much of the earlier legislation was crude and some of it was premature. But, on the other hand, those decisions wrought an injury to the courts and to the public regard for law, and for Constitutional law in particular, far beyond any incidental good. An acute and well-informed observer said recently: "From my own experience, I should say, perhaps, that the one symptom among workingmen which most definitely indicates a class feeling is a growing distrust of the integrity of the courts, the belief that the present judge has been a corporation attorney, that his sympathies and experience and his whole view of life are on the corporation side." The attitude of many of our courts on the subject of liberty of contract is so certain to be misapprehended, is so out of the range of ordinary understanding, the decisions themselves are so academic and so artificial in their reasoning, that they cannot fail to engender such feelings. Thus, those decisions do an injury beyond the failure of a few acts. These acts can be replaced as legislatures learn how to comply with the

letter of the decisions and to evade the spirit of them. But the lost respect for courts and law cannot be replaced. The evil of those cases will live after them in impaired authority of the courts long after the decisions themselves are forgotten.

I have quoted at length from this law writer, just as I have quoted at length from other lawyers and from judges, because the representatives of the great capitalistic classes in the press and at the bar have persuaded many good men that in some way I have made improper, or at least revolutionary, attacks upon the Supreme Court. Whether or not I am to be condemned for taking the stand I did is of very small consequence; if it were of consequence, I should be quite content to rest my case on the utterances of the Supreme Court justices and other judges and eminent lawyers above quoted. But the thing that is vitally important is that the people of the United States and the courts should be in proper relation. The people must heartily respect the courts and must realize that ordinarily the court knows more than the people can know of any given case, and must normally without question acquiesce in every judicial decision. Moreover, all public men and publicists must refrain from criticism of the courts unless it is not only true but rendered absolutely necessary by the circumstances of the case. On the other hand, the courts in their turn must understand that in a real and not a conventional or perfunctory or academic sense they are the servants of the people and responsible to the people.

Proposals have been made to secure by the use of the recall, or in other fashion, a more direct popular control of the Federal judiciary. The need that there should be some such control is of course recognized by the existence of the right of impeachment, a right, however, which neither can nor ought to be applied save in the rarest cases. As conservative States as New York and Massachusetts have provided for removing judges on address by a sufficient majority of the two houses of the Legislature, and the right has never been abused; the provision in the New York Constitution was put in by the conservative Constitutional Convention in which Messrs. Choate and Root were the leaders.

In certain States the proposal has been made to require all Federal judges to be elected for short terms. I do not agree with this proposal. Neither do I believe in the recall—using the word in the ordinary sense—as applied to our Federal judges. I do not wish to see steps taken which would hurt the usefulness and dignity of our fine National judiciary. The introduction in principle of the methods for removing judges which are provided in the Constitutions of New York and Massachusetts would, I believe, work well. If this is objected to, then the only alternative is that there shall be full and free and effective criticism of the court whenever the court acts on some great question of policy and principle, as to which the people have a right to decide, and where their decision, and not that of their servants, must ultimately stand. In the Knight Sugar Case, for instance, it is not only the right but the duty of all far-sighted citizens to say that the decision amounted to a partial nullification of one of the most important objects which the Constitution was designed to forward. In the New York Bakeshop Case it is our duty to say that it is for the people of a State to decide whether they intend to be true to the school of political economy of the eighteenth-century individualistic philosophers or whether they intend to act on the principles set forth in such books (to mention two among many) as those by Professor Ross on "Social Control" and by Father Ryan on "A Living Wage." We who on the whole accept the principles set forth in books like these may be right, or we may be wrong, and judges may agree or disagree with us; but if we make up a decisive and permanent majority of the State or Nation, we have a right to try the experiment of putting the principles into practice. I believe with all my heart in the duty of moderation, in the duty of self-restraint and self-mastery, on the part of the people. I feel that when the people are corrupted it is far worse than when any Legislature is corrupted; and I feel that we owe it to ourselves to see that our representatives in executive, in legislative, and, above all, in judicial offices, receive high honor, and that the utmost respect is paid to them when they act conscientiously and fearlessly. It is immensely to

the popular interest that the judge shall pay heed to his conscience, first of all, and shall show personal independence, no less than broad and generous sympathy with popular needs and wishes. But I also feel that in our country, when a great question of policy arises, and when, not by snap judgment, not by any trick, not in response to any sudden emotion, but as the evident expression of permanent popular will, the people have determined what a given policy is, it should be carried into effect. The men who denounce the free and fair criticism of the judiciary, the frank expression of popular opinion, necessary to produce this result, are themselves doing all in their power to render necessary the adoption of some more direct method of popular control.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE SIXTY-FIRST CONGRESS

The turmoil, confusion, and inefficiency which marked the closing hours of the Sixty-first Congress ought not to blind the country to a perception of its real character and achievements. In some respects its record is notably good, in others notably bad.

This Congress will probably be longest remembered for its failure to carry out, with regard to the tariff, the expressed purpose of the party by which its majority was elected, and to respond to the manifest desire of the great body of citizens irrespective of party. The Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, while it contained many excellent and desirable features, has proved to be distinctly inadequate in its dealing with the policy of protection. The clearest proof of this is that the passage of the bill resulted in the election of a Democratic House and a reduction of the Republican majority in the Senate, so that the new Congress will undoubtedly undertake at least a partial if not an entire revision of the tariff. When President Taft, with a sincere desire to correct some of the evils of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, endeavored to establish by a treaty with Canada the sound commercial principle of reciprocity in international trade, the Sixty-first Congress, partly from an inability to understand the force of public opinion, partly from the lack of intelligent leadership, partly because it became embroiled in personal wrangles that diverted its attention from great questions of public policy, and partly owing to the pressure of special interests, did not let the question even come to a vote. The course of Congress in tariff legislation has been exceedingly disappointing. The result is that we shall have during the next two years a political situation in Washington which is always unfortunate so far as constructive legislation is concerned—an Executive representing one great party and a House of Representatives representing the other. This appears to us to express the greatest and most serious defect of the Congress whose term expired on March 4. The defeat of the proposed Amendment providing for the popular election of United States Senators cannot be called a failure, because it undoubtedly expressed the sincere conviction of a majority of the Senators, arrived at after due argument and deliberation; but even in this the Senate placed itself in opposition to the popular sentiment of the country. But the failure of Congress to take any action on certain other measures of importance, such as those providing for a Children's Bureau, for Federal control of water powers, for an increase of the Federal power regarding employers' liability and workmen's compensation, and for the promotion of army officers by merit as well as by seniority, was not due to conviction, but to inefficient and loose methods of parliamentary practice. If we add the action of the United States Senate in voting, upon technical grounds, to retain Senator Lorimer, when it was unanimously admitted that his election was tainted in a notorious degree with corruption, we have a record which is not a little disheartening to those who believe in popular representative government.

But this is not the whole of the picture. There is another and more cheering side, which cannot perhaps be better presented than by making a list of some, out of a really surprisingly large number of instances, of the useful achievements of this Congress. It forms an interesting catalogue of good deeds. We name, for example:

The adoption of the principle of a

tariff commission for the scientific study of tariff questions.

The establishment of practical free trade with the Philippines.

The Corporation Tax Law, another step in the direction of Government supervision of industry.

The establishment of Postal Savings Banks, an achievement of more importance to the country than any other fiscal act since the establishment of National banks.

Legislation strengthening the Inter-State Commerce Commission and increasing its power to regulate railway rates.

The creation of a Commission of marked ability to investigate the capitalization of railways.

Legislation which gives the Inter-State Commerce Commission special powers in investigating railway accidents, thus tending to safeguard the lives of thousands of passengers and employees.

Legislation in support of the principle of Conservation, as, for instance, the placing of Appalachian and White Mountain forests under the protection of the Federal Government.

The creation of a Bureau of Mines to minimize the danger to miners.

Various improvements in the Federal court system and the administration of justice.

Legislation essential to the construction, maintenance, and defense of the Panama Canal.

The enactment into law of executive orders of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, improving and strengthening our consular and diplomatic service, including a provision for the construction of embassy and legation buildings abroad.

From the point of view of The Outlook, Congress also deserves credit for declining to enact certain proposed bills. Among these, a bill creating a ship subsidy, a bill increasing the expenditure for military pensions by over fifty million dollars a year, and a bill transferring the controversy on the Cunningham claims in Alaska from the Department of the Interior to the courts, failed to pass.

In large measure, the sins of omission committed by this Congress were due to the increasing tendency to crowd important matters into the last days of the session. Then, by protracted and tricky filibustering, against which in the Senate especially there seems to be no adequate protection through the rules, legislation of the largest consequence and supply bills carrying hundreds of millions of dollars were tossed about amid confusion. Thus Congress actually could not, in some instances, pass laws which its own majority favored, and men of normally small influence obstructed the real will of the people and the legislators. There is a warning in this which the Sixty-second Congress should heed.

"YOU CANNOT CHANGE HUMAN NATURE"

So it is often said. But if that is true, Christianity is not true. For the avowed object of Jesus Christ was to change human nature. His whole hope of making this a better and a happier world was based on his belief that men's nature can be changed. "It hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies." What is that but a change of nature? "The princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them. . . . But whosoever will be great among you, let him be your servant." What is that but a change of nature? That a man's nature may be so radically changed that it may be said of him that he is born again is perhaps the most fundamental doctrine of Christianity.

And Christianity has accomplished, and on a great scale, a change in human nature. Human nature is not the same in democratic America in the twentieth century that it was in Rome in the first century. Worship is not the same in a Christian church that it was in the Temple of Venus, with its hundreds of professional prostitutes. The resemblance between a crowd in a university stadium watching a football game and a crowd in the Roman Coliseum watching a gladiatorial combat is superficial; the contrast is radical. Imagine the modern ladies turning down their thumbs to indicate that the unsuccessful player is to be killed!

And it does not take twenty centuries to make the change. It is made in a lifetime. Mr. George takes a tough out

of the streets of New York City; he is trained in the George Junior Republic, is fitted for college, graduates with honor, and becomes a self-respecting and valued citizen. This has been done again and again. Does it involve no change in the tough's nature?

A recent report of Professor Franz Boas, of Columbia University, gives definite psychical and physiological refutation to the saying, You cannot change human nature. The Immigration Commission desired to get accurate and authoritative information on the question whether the immigrant population remained essentially foreign or became essentially American. There was a general impression that under the changed conditions they changed their habits of life and their ways of thinking, and thus became Americans. Is this impression justified? And if so, is the change in habit of life and thought accompanied by any real change in character, discernible in physical changes in the body? In order to get light on these questions an investigation was initiated and put under the charge of Professor Boas, a recognized expert. His preliminary report is included in the reports of the Commission. A fuller report is promised later. But enough has already been done to demonstrate the fact that human nature is being changed to-day in America in a remarkable degree—changed not only in habits of life and thought, but in the physical formation of the head, as shown by careful measurements. Thirteen trained observers have been employed in this work. The measurements have been confined to immigrants living in the congested parts of New York City. It is reasonable to suppose that more marked results would be shown if the investigation could be extended into rural populations. They have been mainly confined to Sicilians and East European Hebrews, popularly supposed to be the least subject to American influence. Of the Hebrews, 5,999 individuals have been examined. The result is the discovery of marked changes in the heads of children of these immigrants born in this country as compared with children of the same mothers born in the Old World. The residence of the mother in this country produces a marked effect in the head of the child. "The difference between the foreign-born and those born ten years and more after the arrival of the mother are throughout greater than the differences between the foreign-born and those born less than ten years after the arrival of the mother." And this difference moves in different directions. "The East European Hebrew, who has a very round head, becomes more long-headed; the South Italian, who in Italy has an exceedingly long head, becomes more short-headed; so that both approach a uniform type in this country, so far as the roundness of the head is concerned."

We share with the Immigration Commission the hope that this investigation may be continued. It promises, in our judgment, to have a very important bearing on the problems of public education and criminal reform as well as on that of immigration. It would be both interesting and valuable to have a similar investigation on the Pacific Coast, or in Hawaii, concerning the American-born children of the Chinese and the Japanese. But enough has already been done to justify the conclusion of Professor Boas:

> I think, therefore, that we are justified in the conclusion that the removal of the East European Hebrew to America is accompanied by a marked change in type, which does not affect the young child born abroad and growing up in American environment, but which makes itself felt among the children born in America, even a short time after the arrival of the parents in this country. The change of type seems to be very rapid, but the changes continue to increase; so that the descendants of immigrants born a long time after the arrival of the parents in this country differ more from their parents than do those born a short time after the arrival of the parents in the United States.

Whether these changes in the physical conformation of the head are due to climate, food, or the democratic spirit, or to some other more obscure cause, is a debatable question. Personally, we think that they indicate the truth that spiritual development has power to modify materially the physical organs of the spirit. However that may be, the facts definitely show that we can change human nature, for America is doing it, and, what is remarkable, changing the nature of the child, even in his physical characteristics, and even in the form of the head, which has

always been regarded as one of the most permanent hereditary features, and making this change in the child by prenatal influence exerted upon him through the mother.

BOSWELL AND GOLDSMITH

The most unpromising figure in the group that listened to Dr. Johnson's aggressive talk was an Irishman; an awkward, grown-up child in the presence of Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick, but a child whose genius has given him a place by himself not only in the writing of his time but in English literature. Posterity is greatly interested in Johnson, stands a good deal in awe of Burke, who was a man of the first order of brain, has a hearty liking for Sir Joshua and his trumpet, but loves Oliver Goldsmith. As a matter of sound Anglo-Saxon judgment, this love is not quite legitimate. If love ought to follow regularity of habit and symmetry of character, Goldsmith has received much to which he was not entitled; for he was a wayward and irresponsible Irishman, who did many things that were reprehensible and left undone many things that are commendable. He was a bohemian Celt in the most highly organized conventionally prudent and moral country in the world. There was a strain of wildness in his taste as well as in his habits; Johnson was abominably careless in dress, Goldsmith would have worn the rainbow complacently if he could have laid hands on it. As it was, he did what he could to run its gayest colors to earth, and light up dirty London streets and somber London drawing-rooms.

Goldsmith was at times a real vagabond; not a picturesque flute-player under a vine in Sorrento, but a shabby wanderer, half-famished, drenched with sudden rains, a victim of the worst fortunes of the open road. But he was always the "beloved vagabond." The plain fact is that we love, not what is admirable, but what is lovable. There are hosts of trustworthy people who keep the law but are never taken to the hearts of their fellows, because they lack the generosity of spirit, the warmth of nature, the capacity for companionship which draws us, not with bands of steel, but with the compelling power of sunlight. Right-thinking, right-feeling, and right-acting people keep the conscience and sanity of the world, but its heart is in the hands of those ardent souls whose sympathy flows like a fountain, whose presence is cheer, and whose capacity for love covers a multitude of faults. The business of life is conducted by the prompt, the methodical, the reliable; but the joy of life, the sense of its freedom and beauty, are largely in the keeping of those who stray through the ways of the world like children in a garden, whose expectation of food and raiment, though often disappointed, never fades into the common day. In an ideal condition perfect sanity of habit and the qualities which draw out our hearts in spite of ourselves will always go together; meantime it must be frankly confessed that they are often miles apart, and that the prodigal gets the inheritance of love while the elder brother gets the colder reward of confidence and respect.

Lovers of Goldsmith, like lovers of Charles Lamb, are not in the habit of explaining or extenuating faults which are so obvious that they are part of the literary tradition; they are content to say, as an American critic said of "Trilby," "It is a book to make the Pharisee love the Publican"—a form of service not too common in society. Nevertheless they will find comfort in the thoroughgoing way in which Mr. Moore deals with Boswell in his recently published "Life of Oliver Goldsmith,"[1] and a deeper sense of sympathy for an ill-starred poet and lover whose heart was wiser than his head in a world in which, unfortunately, hearts are not trumps. Boswell was neither regular nor generous; he wrote an immortal biography, but he was both a boor and a bore, and often a sot. He had one great admiration; but, if Mr. Moore is right, he was guilty of incredible meanness of nature and of persistent and malicious falsehood. In building up a great memorial to Johnson he incidentally amused himself by maligning a greater than Johnson. As a result of a critical study of impressions of Goldsmith conveyed by other contemporaries like Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Moore is

[1] The Life of Oliver Goldsmith. By Frank Frankfort Moore. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

convinced that Boswell systematically misrepresented Goldsmith by suppression of facts, by distortion, and by putting into his mouth the words of others. If Boswell is to be believed, the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was a coxcomb, a liar, a braggart, a plagiarizer, and a hypocrite. And the meanness of the attack lies in the fact that it is put in the mouth of Johnson himself, who asked, three months after Goldsmith's death, "Was ever poet so trusted before?" Everybody trusted him; those who appealed to him for help, and those, in turn, to whom he appealed.

Boswell was the last man of his time to understand Goldsmith. He was of the type of Scotchman to whom the generous, easy-going Celtic way of taking the world as a special provision for the support of the ardent and generous who lack the practical sense was abhorrent and even incomprehensible. The charm of Goldsmith's wit and sentiment was lost on him, while its effect on others infuriated him; and Goldsmith's rise to fame and the magic which drew all hearts to him must have awakened bitter jealousy.

The situation was tragic for the generous, volatile, careless young Irishman whose genius was the rarest of his time, and who was helpless in the hands of a merciless reporter of unscrupulous mind, bent on making all things subsidiary to one central figure, and whose colossal vanity suffered no rivals in Johnson's affection. It is an extraordinary tribute to the personality of Goldsmith that, while his obvious faults of life have never been ignored, the evil qualities with which Boswell endowed him have failed to confuse the instinct which has rested in the childlike goodness of his heart while fully aware of the childlike irresponsibility of his career.

Goldsmith came of an improvident country and an improvident family, and never, under any circumstances, could have been other than a borrower to whom the day of payment was always an Irish adaptation of the Spanish "to-morrow." Poverty and wealth would have been alike to him; if he had had more money, he would have given more away; not a pound would have stayed by him. His gayety was inextinguishable, as his misfortunes were interminable; the debtors' prison could not destroy the first, nor could the Bank of England have kept him permanently in funds. His inability to deal with life on the practical side was simply grotesque; to attach moral responsibility to him is absurd.

The delicate genius which gave the world those classics of unaffected and tender simplicity, "The Deserted Village" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the spontaneous and charming wit which gave us "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Good-Natured Man," needed to make the world no other payment for such care as it bestowed on Goldsmith. He paid the price of his open-heartedness, his open-handedness, and his childlike innocence of practical sagacity. His life, which had a fountain-like quality of joy and hope in its depths, was touched with a heart-breaking pathos of loneliness, homelessness, and privation. But when the news of his death came, Burke burst into tears, Reynolds laid down his brushes, left his painting-room, and spent the day in solitude; Johnson mourned for him to the day of his death; and when, sixty years later, the Jessamy Bride was laid to rest, there was found in her possession a small gold locket in which she had kept a lock of Goldsmith's hair. To those who love greatly not only shall much be forgiven, but they shall have love in overflowing measure.

THE SPECTATOR

Collecting, in all its multiform branches, has always possessed for the Spectator a sovereign fascination. He supposes that, counting from the days when he pursued picture-cards in sets down to his present absorbing mania for United States copper cents, he has collected more kinds of things than any other man living. Certainly he has collected more things than Mrs. Spectator's housewifely soul has found strictly desirable, more even than he himself knew what to do with. He remembers how one summer when he was idling on the Connecticut shore, trying to recover from a more than ordinarily severe case of editorial fag, somebody put him up to collecting "garnets" from the sands of the Sound!

It must have been an edifying sight, the Spectator propped on his elbows, face

downward, on the sand, seriously combing the beach through his fingers in eager search for certain tiny clear red stones, which he carefully treasured in a pill-bottle. All the same it is a pursuit which the Spectator confidently recommends to any wretched victim of neurasthenia. So soothing in the sense of righteous accumulation, so peacefully occupying to the mind! That pill-bottle, however, was just one of the things the Spectator never knew what to do with. When he discovered that no child could be found young enough to take an interest in his vial with its glitter of little red gems, he became distinctly sensitive about it. He believes that finally he found for it oblivion in the lively waters of the North River.

Considering the mortifying tendency of collections to clutter the abode of the collector, the Spectator surveys his newest hobby with peculiar delight. For it takes literally no room at all. People are not always clamoring to be allowed to consign it to the ash-heap or to present it to the washerwoman's children. He keeps it stored in an inner recess of his own capacious intellect. For his latest fad is the collection of the tricks and manners of his fellow-men. For example, for a twelve-month past he has been gathering data about other people's Carcassonnes, other people's visions of the unattainable. The poem is in the back of everybody's head:

"A dream I had when life was new.

. . . . . .

Alas! our dreams! they come not true.
I thought to see fair Carcassonne.

. . . . . .

Who has not had his Carcassonne?"

These cherished secret enthusiasms of ours on which we lavish so much more thought than upon the things that count in terms of success or fame, or even of dollars and cents, what a curious collection they make, humorous and yet pathetic! "I've always wanted—" When a man begins like that, the Spectator pricks up his ears to see what queer, incongruous thing this fellow-mortal has set his heart on.

Something remote from what he has, of course. The man who writes masterly detective stories is sure in his heart that nature intended him for a font of lyric poetry. The woman to whom fortune has apportioned the lot of homely comforter to a brood of fledglings large and small believes that she might have had a brilliant career upon the operatic stage. But these are commonplaces. Permit the Spectator to present some of the high novelties of his collection.

He was assisting the other day at the unpacking of a windfall—the antique library of a good friend's deceased grandfather. Among the dusty books was a file of the "Country Gentleman" from 1857. Dipping at random into the quaint volumes, the Spectator was moved to remark: "But I thought your grandfather was a lawyer. Did he indulge in agriculture on the side?" His friend looked up with a tender smile. "Oh, no," said he. "That was one of grandfather's nicest oddities. He never touched a spade in his life, nor any other tool, for that matter. Had hands long and fine, like a lady's. And he never made any proxy experiments with farming, or even gardening. But the 'Country Gentleman' was his Gospel. He knew it by heart. He could discuss the virtues of osage orange hedges and subsoil drainage like the veriest farmer. In fact"—with a rueful laugh of reminiscence—"he did discourse on them, in season and out of season, to any reluctant listener he could buttonhole." "Doubtless," suggested the Spectator, "it was a case of the city man longing for the soil." "Not a bit of it," replied his friend. "That was the richness of the thing. All the while grandfather was poring over the 'Country Gentleman,' the thirteen workable acres of his village estate were lying waste about him. A country lawyer in those days was not pushed with work. But the nearest grandfather ever got to tilling the soil was one spring when he had a field plowed up, bought a sack of corn, carried it out, and deposited it, unopened, in the furrows. The spring rains soaked the sack, the summer suns baked it, and finally the snows of winter buried it out of sight. Oh, no, grandfather was never anything but an agricultural dreamer. But it was his lifelong satisfaction and resource. I suppose,

if he had gone into it practically, the glamour would have gone."

The dream's the thing. To realize is to destroy it. It is this which takes the heartache out of other people's Carcassonnes. One knows that the longing is really more wistful pleasure than pain. The Spectator knows a tired city oculist whose dream it is to turn for a season journeyman photographer. His idea is to buy him a covered spring-wagon and tour the inner fastnesses of rural New England on the lookout for human types. His profession brings him people, but always people on a formal plane, always people viewed in the same light, with skeleton goggles on their noses, their eyes screwed up, and their natural vivacity strained in the effort conscientiously to discriminate between lenses. He wants to refresh himself by unconstrained relations with country folk with natural flavor about them. He believes the camera and the cart would make him young again.

Within a stone's throw of this man's office lives a surgeon with quite another notion of bliss. When he thinks of himself realizing his life's desire, he sees himself crawling on all fours into the dark mouth of an African cave, following a creeping native who bears a torch. His nerves are strung deliciously taut, his eyes straining into the blackness ahead for two burning points of feline fire—the eyes of an angry lion! Maybe this man's dream ought not to be classed as a rarity. But so far is it from *his* Carcassonne that the Spectator can no more believe in it than he can understand why a certain cherubic-looking church tenor should confess to an ambition to become lion-tamer for Bostock or Hagenbeck.

Take a widely different case. In the town where the Spectator passed his young manhood lived a plain little maiden lady of fifty or more who was known for a blending of wisdom and piety. Half philanthropist, half bluestocking, she commanded the Spectator's sincere, if remote, regard. After the death of this austere little personage, her seamstress rather brutally betrayed the secret ambition of her life, which was, forsooth, to become a leader of fashion! The poor soul—for her purse was lean—had lain awake o' nights considering how to keep her bits of gowns in the height of the Paris mode. It was said that she always cannily postponed her annual season with the dressmaker until after the New York Horse Show, that she might have the latest word on sleeves! Meanwhile not a word to a soul, save to the faithless seamstress. The friends who knew her best never suspected that she bestowed upon her cheap little costumes more than a condescending attention. If asked which of all the worthies of time, living or dead, Miss Pettigrew would have cared most to meet, they would have said, without hesitation, John Stuart Mill. In which they greatly erred. Miss Pettigrew would have been distinctly interested in the shade of John Stuart Mill. But she would have given the eyes out of her head for a glimpse of the great wizard in cloth, Worth, of Paris. Which only goes to show what children we are in our hearts.

It would be a pity to regard Miss Pettigrew's story as a sad one. Her little vanities furnished the secret zest of a not very high-savored life. However, to obliterate the tinge of melancholy, here's the comfortable case of Miss Marsh. A lone spinster, but not a bit "lorn," her capable finger was briskly stirring in every beneficent civic pie. In pure food campaigns, milk crusades, anti-tuberculosis projects, and plots to feed school-children, none so active as she. Her sleeping hours and the few she allowed herself for leisure were spent in one boarding-house after another, for she was quite without family attachments. And her hobby? The collection of choice recipes! No, she had not so much as a chafing-dish in her rooms. She just collected recipes. Her note-book would have made the fortune of some lucky contributor to a woman's monthly. Allowed to delve into the delightfully suggestive pages of this toothsome volume, Mrs. Spectator one day burst out, "Oh, Miss Marsh! Why *don't* you have a little housekeeping suite of your own and treat yourself to a debauch of fancy cooking? How you would revel in a kitchenette!" But Miss Marsh was wise in her day and

generation. "My dear," said she, "I should tire of recipes in a week. You cannot have your dream and eat it too!"

The Spectator can well understand that himself. One watermelon lives in his fancy. What a melon, round and firm, vividly green without, the color of concentrated sunsets within! A melon he remembers tasting? Friends, it was a melon which came out to meet him as he lay quarantined in New York Harbor during the cholera scare of '92. A melon which the ruthless ship's doctor ordered sternly ashore. As the laden fruit-barge drew away from the steamer's side one special striped beauty in the mound on deck imprinted itself indelibly upon the Spectator's heart. It remains, and will remain, *the* melon of the world for him.

THE LAST DAYS OF CONGRESS

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

WHO killed Cock Robin? Who put to death the Tariff Board Bill, the measure desired by the Administration, the majority in both houses of Congress, and the country—a measure important in itself, but much more important as a symbol? Let us see.

It is the morning of the 4th of March. In less than three hours the Sixty-first Congress will have passed into history, and with it, for the first time in sixteen years, the Republican control of the lower branch of the National Legislature. For twenty-four hours the House has been in session. In session, but not at work, for the House has performed its duties promptly, and now is only waiting for the ponderous and unwieldy machinery of the Senate to grind out the grist to which the two houses in conference must give the final refining touch. Through the night faithful members of both parties in the House have held the fort, passing the time with speeches from retiring veterans and budding orators, with singing, marked by wonderful "close harmony" and heart-piercing "barber-shop" chords, and with mild skylarking.

But, now at the eleventh hour, with less than two hundred minutes left of the session (even including the thirty or forty which a dying Congress is used to take forcible possession of by turning back the clock), both sides are girding themselves for a last struggle. One controversial measure remains to be fought over. The Democratic minority show no disposition to hold up the great appropriation bills, but they have served notice that they have no intention of allowing the Tariff Board Bill to become law if they can help it. The question is, Can they help it? The bill has passed the House days before by a substantial majority. In the Senate it has been the object of determined opposition, and its course has been obstructed by a determined filibuster, but at half-past eight this last morning it has been brought to a vote and passed. But the Senate has added two amendments to the bill, and it must be passed again by the House. The Republican majority—with a preponderance of at least fifty votes—is united in favor of it. Manifestly it is the will of a majority of the House that the bill shall become law; but the minority have at their disposal sundry weapons in the shape of parliamentary devices. So here are the materials for a very pretty conflict—a substantial majority plus the rules on one side, a determined minority plus the rules plus the slipping minutes on the other.

The main resource of the majority in the House is the Rules Committee. So at this juncture the Chairman of that Committee brings in a rule providing that the Tariff Board Bill with the Senate amendments shall be immediately considered, without regard to any pending business and without debate. With such a rule the majority must surely have its way. But will it?

As the rule is brought in, the House is in confusion. The oblong chamber, with its concentric, semicircular rows of school-desks for nearly four hundred members, is no place for orderly debate, hardly a

place for the decent and intelligent transaction of public business. It is too vast, the distances are too great; and the members, influenced doubtless by the physical characteristics of their surroundings, feel too little constrained to attention and orderliness. From the knots and groups of Congressmen scattered over the chamber rises a continuous hum and buzz of conversation; the aisles are filled with members moving up and down and standing about. The stereotyped phrase of the Speaker, punctuated by the nervous fall of the ivory gavel, "The House will be in order!" sounds like a sterile prophecy, an impotent admonition. The House will not be in order unless it pleases, and it takes an extraordinarily intense moment or an extraordinarily dull one to make it please.

(Be it noted, that when the Sixty-second Congress meets in regular session next December, all this will be changed. The desks are to go, the members to be drawn closer together, and a premium put, not upon indulgence in private conversation and personal business, but upon devotion to the function of legislation, with which, in theory, the House is primarily charged.)

As he presents the rule, the Chairman of the Committee moves the previous question upon it, the adoption of which would have the effect of shutting off debate. The majority is determined to give a last demonstration of "steam-roller" methods in its finest manner. But on the Democratic side a member whose mild look and youthful appearance hardly give evidence of his ability as a parliamentarian and a fighter, interposes first one, then another, then another, motion to delay action. For the minority cannot defeat the bill by votes (they have not got them); they must defeat it by obstruction and delay. But the Speaker, swinging the gavel vigorously in a sinewy left hand, stamps every motion as "dilatory" and rules them all out of order. A roll-call is the final resource of the opposition, for a roll-call in the House consumes at least forty minutes, and the relentless hands of the clock are the minority's best ally. The "yeas and nays" are ordered and the clerk calls the roll. In an atmosphere of rapidly rising excitement the previous question is ordered—for the majority have the votes. As the vote is being announced, a conference report is presented on the General Deficiency Bill. This is one of the big appropriation bills which must be passed before adjournment if the Government is to have money with which to "carry on." Conference reports on appropriation bills have the right of way, and the minority transfer their attentions to it. The excitement has become pandemonium. The space before the Speaker's chair and the desks of the clerks is filled with a throng of members, some trying, at the top of their lungs, to make sure that their votes have been properly recorded on the roll-call just ended, others endeavoring, at the top of their lungs, to register points of order and dilatory motions against the impending vote, others, at the top of their lungs, just enjoying themselves. The Speaker's arm works like a flail, his voice shrills out demands for order and rulings against every dilatory suggestion. The sergeant-at-arms, "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," takes the mace, emblem of the awful dignity of the House, and advances into the riot, with an effect entirely incommensurate with the solemn significance of his action. The clerk calls the roll, and the Deficiency Bill is passed—for the majority have the votes. But the precious minutes are being eaten up, all too swiftly. Roll-calls are powerful weapons of offense when time is short.

Then the roll-call on the rule itself begins and proceeds, to an accompaniment of tempest and riot. Once ended, it is recapitulated by the clerk, for dozens of members have not heard their names and are besieging the clerk's desk, clamoring for a chance to vote. The rule is adopted, of course—for the majority have the votes.

Then the Tariff Board Bill itself, which days before had been enacted by the House with the aid of nearly twoscore Democratic votes, comes before the House. But not to be voted on yet a while. The minority have another arrow in their quiver. The young parliamentarian—Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York—moves to recommit the bill with the Senate amendments to the Committee on Ways and Means. On the Republican side points of order bristle like the hedgehog's quills. The Speaker, imperturbable and

inflexible, consults his precedents, hears both sides on the point of order, and rules that the motion is in order. One more point scored for the minority. (Perhaps there is a little of the irony of things in the fact that the Speaker's last ruling of a long and despotic career is against his own party and in favor of the despised minority. But then again perhaps "Uncle Joe" is not so sorry to see the Tariff Board Bill, of which he has not been one of the most enthusiastic advocates, jeopardized.) Again the clerk calls the roll, in comparative quiet. The situation has become too tense for disorder. Twenty, thirty names have been called when the Republican leader, Mr. Payne, walks down the aisle, addresses the Speaker, and, on behalf of the majority, throws up the sponge. There is not sufficient time to pass the bill before twelve o'clock, and two appropriation bills remain for final action. The majority surrenders.

So the Tariff Board Bill, in spite of the best efforts of a strong and united majority, is beaten by the Democrats. Or rather by the Democrats in alliance with the inexorable hands of the clock. For you can easily see that, with another hour or so to spare, the "steam-roller" of the majority could have crushed flat every obstruction that ingenuity could desire. Who killed Cock Robin? The Democrats? Perhaps.

That is the way they do things in the House. Legislation by steam-roller, tempered by the time limit, one might call it; or, shifting the point of view, legislation by riot, subject to the mailed fist.

But what of the Senate? To traverse the length of the Capitol from the popular chamber to the upper house is like walking from a boiler factory into a Quaker meeting. Outwardly in the Senate all is quiet, dignified, orderly, restrained. Apparently the methods of legislation are those not of warfare but of peace, apparently the victory on any disputed point goes not to the heaviest battalions but to the strongest case. On the surface there is no evidence of such a tyranny as forces legislation through the House at the will of the majority. But perhaps if we look we may find a tyranny more hopeless than that of the House because it is vastly more irresponsible.

It is shortly after one o'clock of the morning of March 4. The business before the Senate is the ratification of the Constitution of the new State of New Mexico. Several brief speeches have been made in favor of the measure, when the Senator from Oklahoma rises to address the Senate. He opposes the ratification unless the Constitution of the sister State, Arizona, shall be ratified at the same time. Mr. Owen wants both States admitted at the same time, but there are plenty of Senators who will not have Arizona's Constitution, with its horrific provisions of initiative, referendum, and recall (recall of judges, at that!), at any price. The majority manifestly wants to admit New Mexico here and now, but Mr. Owen, constituting one-ninety-second of the body, is not willing, and wishes to be heard before the vote is taken. "I have much to say on this question," says the Senator; "it will take a good many hours." This, under the polite usage of the Senate, is a formula for announcing a "filibuster," for warning his colleagues that a vote shall not be taken until the Senator making the threat has exhausted either the time available or his own endurance. For in the Senate a vote may not be taken while any Senator wishes to speak on a question. The famed "courtesy of the Senate" requires perfect freedom of debate, perfect liberty on the part of any Senator to hold up the transaction of business to the limit of his resources.

So the Senator from Oklahoma has the floor, and nothing may be done until he yields it. For four hours he holds it, until in the gray dawn a recess is ordered until seven o'clock. But does he speak steadily for those four hours? Oh, no, not at all. He merely holds the floor, while routine business goes on around him in a steady flow. Always, however, by his august permission, for he has the floor.

Conference reports on appropriation bills are presented, debated, and adopted, bills are reported from committees, debated and voted upon, joint resolutions are considered, the Senate goes into executive session for over an hour to confirm appointments, messages from the President and from the House of Representatives are received and acted upon, and all the while

the Senator from Oklahoma has the floor, and the one matter which he is determined to block cannot be brought up. The formula runs like this:

Mr. HALE. Mr. President—

The VICE-PRESIDENT. Does the Senator from Oklahoma yield to the Senator from Maine?

Mr. OWEN. I do.

Mr. HALE. I present the conference report on the sundry civil appropriation bill.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The report will be read.

The report is read, discussed, and acted upon, and the Senator from Oklahoma resumes his speech, only to yield to the next Senator who wishes to bring up some other non-controversial matter. The Senator holds the floor for four hours, and again after the recess for another hour, but in the course of that time he speaks for perhaps fifteen minutes. But two things have been satisfied—the "courtesy of the Senate" and the Senator's desire to prevent action on the New Mexico Constitution. The fact that a majority of the Senate wants to enact that particular piece of legislation is apparently negligible in comparison with those two considerations—this fetish of "courtesy" and the obstinacy of a single one among the ninety-two members of the Senate. Is not this tyranny, and irresponsible tyranny at that? How has this irresponsible tyranny worked at this last session of the Sixty-first Congress? What are its fruits? Perhaps in the answer to this question lies hidden the answer to the question, Who killed Cock Robin?

A week before the session ended, the House, moving with the ease of a smoothly meshed and well-oiled machine, had passed all the important legislation before it. It only remained for the Senate to act, and for the two houses to resolve any differences that might arise between them. The Senate had before it the question of the election of William Lorimer, the Tariff Board Bill, and the big appropriation bills. The way of all these measures was blocked by the first two, which disputed for precedence. The "Regular" Republicans were determined that a vote should be had on the Lorimer case, the Democrats were determined to block a vote on the Tariff Board Bill, the "Insurgents" were determined that there should be no vote on the Lorimer case unless there was a vote on the Tariff Board—and the appropriation bills *must* be passed. Exhausting filibusters—straining the tradition of Senatorial "courtesy" to the snapping point—were maintained against the two controversial measures, while the supply bills meekly waited the outcome of the "shindy." At last the Republican leaders, anxious not to have the money bills wait too long and perhaps fall by the way, and feverishly desirous of getting a vote on the Lorimer case, delivered themselves into the hands of the Insurgents. An agreement was made that the Insurgents' filibuster against the Lorimer case would be given up, and that the Regular Republicans would "pitch in" and do their utmost to help the Insurgents pass the Tariff Board Bill. The bargain was struck, a vote taken on the Lorimer case, Lorimer retained his seat (though forty of his fellow-Senators recorded their belief that his election had been so corrupt as not to entitle him to his seat), and the struggle for a vote on the Tariff Board continued. A few Democrats, relying still upon the famous "courtesy," kept up their filibuster, but in the early morning hours of Thursday, by a keen parliamentary maneuver, their flank was turned, and a vote ordered for Saturday morning at half-past eight.

When Saturday morning came, the bill was passed, with two minor amendments, but too late. In the House the minority whetted their knives, and Cock Robin was slain. But who killed him? The blades were the blades of the House's minority, but the treachery which exposed his breast to the stroke was "the courtesy of the Senate." Doubtless the supineness and procrastination of the Senate leaders, which delayed action on the appropriation bills until a woefully late hour, helped on the betrayal. But in the last analysis it was the filibuster—the fine flower of Senatorial courtesy—which allowed a minority in the House to kill a measure upon which the Administration, the majority in both houses, and the country were united. If the riotous close of the Sixty-first Congress showed anything, it showed that the United States

Senate needs new rules. It showed that "the courtesy of the Senate" is an outworn fetish, that "legislation by unanimous consent" may be a charming ideal, but that it will not work. The Senate needs a new code of procedure which will allow the will of the majority, after making every proper allowance for the rights of the minority, to be promptly and efficiently enforced.

At this point it occurs to me that I have not mentioned a measure in which the whole country has manifested great interest during the past few weeks. The omission recalls the comment of a Western paper a short time ago upon the activity, or lack of it, of the Insurgent Senator from its State. It said in substance: "We understand that Senator —— is in Washington. We believe there is also in Washington a measure providing for Canadian reciprocity. But, so far as we can learn, they have not met." The bill to carry out the provisions of the reciprocity agreement made with Canada by President Taft passed the House with promptness. But in the last days of the session there was in the Senate the novel and anomalous spectacle of the most important Administration measure utterly ignored and without a friend to champion it. To every appearance, neither Canadian reciprocity nor the Administration had a supporter in the Senate. No effort was made by any one to bring the matter to a vote. Not even the warning of the President that a special session would be called if the matter was not given consideration aroused a single Senator to activity. This condition in the Senate gives point to two comments upon the political history of the last session of the Sixty-first Congress which are universally heard in Washington.

The first comment is that the President is now "playing a lone hand." Early in his Administration he alienated the Progressive element of his party in Congress. His remarkable attempt to discipline them by withholding patronage was hardly redeemed by his even more remarkable action later in acknowledging that he had tried to discipline them and declaring that he would do so no more. But during the first session of this Congress the President worked with the "Regular" Republican leaders in Congress. Now, however, if the signs and the sayings are to be trusted, he is dissatisfied with them and is working in matters of legislation with neither wing of his party. The chief fruit of this policy of "going it alone" is the reciprocity agreement with Canada. But perhaps it would be a truer statement of the case to say that in this matter the President is "going it alone" only so far as Congress is concerned. On Canadian reciprocity as the first step toward a downward revision of the tariff the country is with him and behind him.

The second comment, the truth of which is also borne out by every appearance, is that the Progressive Republicans in Congress have, as a body, done little to strengthen themselves during the present session. In the matter of Canadian reciprocity especially they have missed a great opportunity. The Progressives in Congress are a body of men whom the country has had a right to expect to take a broad, unselfish, patriotic view of any question. They have "insurged," in season and out, against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill and in favor of a real downward revision of the tariff. The reciprocity agreement with Canada was the first attempt to revise the tariff downward, and the country could only expect the Progressives to take the broad view of the question and uphold the President's hands. Doubtless it was difficult for a Representative or a Senator from the farming States to support a measure whose reductions affected chiefly agricultural products, but there were in the House a few who were big enough to do it. As one of these Progressive Congressmen said in talking of the matter, "I may be met, when I go home, with an elmwood club, but at least I have the satisfaction of knowing that I did not play the local political game." That is just what most of the Progressives have done. They have played the local political game instead of the broad National game, the game of the special interests of their own constituents instead of the game of all the people. It is a matter for deep regret that by so doing they have probably weakened their influence and done no good to the movement which they represented in Congress.

HAROLD J. HOWLAND.

INDUSTRY AND DEMOCRACY

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN

THE THIRD OF FIVE ARTICLES BY DR. GLADDEN DEALING WITH PROBLEMS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL

WHAT is commonly called the Labor Question is something more than a problem of economic organization; it deals with all that is most fundamental in the life of the commonwealth. It challenges the postulates of our political science; the answer to it involves the validity of the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence and the permanency of the Constitution of the United States. To answer it in one way means the surrender of popular government; to answer it in another way means the fulfillment and completion of democracy.

The great fact of the age is Democracy, the coronation of the common man. For the past hundred years he has been steadily coming to his own. Not only in the republics, the United States and France and Switzerland, not only in free England and her colonies, but in all the states described as monarchical, the enfranchisement of the common man has been going forward. The Emperor of Germany, who declares that he rules by the will of God, nevertheless is compelled to ask the common man for the revenues by which he rules; even the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey have been compelled to stoop to him, and the lords of political privilege everywhere have discovered that there is no stability for the throne that is not "broad-based upon the people's will." Popular government is everywhere in the ascendant, and not only is government of the people, by the people, for the people, not going to perish from the earth, it is going to possess the earth, and that at no distant day. Monarchical forms may linger long, as in England, but the democratic fact will prevail everywhere as it prevails there.

In our own country we have given, in theory, the most unreserved expression to the principle of political democracy; the principle is yet but imperfectly worked out here, as everywhere, and we have much exacting business upon our hands in completing and developing our democratic institutions—work that will call for a great deal of patience and toil and self-denial; but we believe, most of us, in the principle; we have committed ourselves to it, and we expect, by means of it, to unify the diverse races now thronging upon this continent and to make of them a strong, free, self-governing people.

But there is one department of our life, and this the largest interest of all, which has not been democratized. Our industries are still largely on an autocratic or feudalistic basis. We have been trying to correlate a political democracy with an industrial feudalism. They do not work well together. I do not think that they will endure together. They are antagonistic principles. The development of the large system of industry accentuates the antagonism. We may say what Lincoln said of slavery and freedom: the country will become eventually all democratic or all feudalistic. The workingmen will lose their political liberty or they will gain their industrial liberty. I do not think that they will lose their votes; I think that they will gain their right to have a voice in determining what wages they shall receive and under what conditions they shall work.

Let me explain what I mean when I say that the basis of our present industry is feudalistic. I am speaking, of course, of the large system of industry under which the world's work is now mainly done, and I am assuming, also, that there is no organization of the laborers, since that is the condition which industrial feudalism holds up as the ideal and struggles to establish. Under this system the capitalist manager assumes the exclusive right to fix the rate of wages, the hours of labor, the conditions under which the work is done. He cannot, of course, discuss these matters with each of his one thousand or ten thousand workmen; there can, therefore, be no semblance of a bar-

gain in the case; it is an ultimatum; the employer presents it, the workingman can take it or leave it. It would be absurd for a single laborer to propose to chaffer about wages or hours of labor with the American Steel Corporation or the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Out of these circumstances very naturally grows the assumption, on the part of the employer, that the right as well as the power to fix the laborer's wages belongs exclusively to him. When, therefore, any man or any body of men proposes to have something to say about it, he indignantly resents this proposal; he calls it interfering with his business. What he says to them is precisely this: "It is none of your business what wages you shall receive; it is my business to tell you how much you can have, and I cannot permit any one to dictate to me about my business."

Of course the employer would say that the workingman, or the group of workingmen, to whom he presents this ultimatum can seek employment elsewhere; but he would also say, if he is morally consistent, that all other employers ought to treat workmen in the same way that he treats them; and if all do, then the workingman's right to have something to say about the wages he shall receive is practically denied. Under such a regimen he becomes a beneficiary, a dependent; reversing Sir Henry Maine's phrase, he has gone back from contract to status; he is not a free man; he has sunk into servitude. This is what I mean when I say that the basis of our present industry is feudalistic.

The workingmen found out, a good while ago, that the only possible way of preserving and enforcing their right of contract in the sale of their labor was by uniting together and insisting on collective bargaining with their employers. If the capitalist manager's one thousand or ten thousand employees unite in presenting their demands, they may succeed in getting some attention to them. By union and organization they may keep themselves from being reduced to a position of dependence and servitude, and may establish their right to a share in the wealth created by their labor and a voice in the distribution of the product of industry.

This means, of course, the recognition of a partnership of the men in the business by which they earn their livelihood; their employer has invested his money in it, and they have invested their lives; they are entitled to such recognition. When this right is recognized, they are not any longer subjects; they are fellow-citizens and freemen; the common man has come to his own in the industrial realm; our democracy has completed itself.

Long ago we gave the common man the right to take part in making the laws of the State and the Nation and in choosing the men who should administer those laws; we let him say who shall be our Presidents and our Governors and our judges; but we have been afraid that it would never do to let him have anything to say about the wages he should receive or the hours he should work. I do not think that this fear is rational; at any rate, the thing that he asks for is his right, and we have got to give him his right and teach him how to use it. And since, under the present industrial system, it is impossible for him to assert and maintain this right without organization, all who love justice and freedom ought to encourage him to organize, and stand by him and see that he gets the fruits of his organization.

There is no other way, I repeat, under the pressure of the stupendous combinations of capital, to rescue labor from degradation except by the firm organization of labor. There is no salvation for our democracy under the wage system but in this concerted resistance of the wage-workers. That they are prone to abuse their power has been fully admitted, and we all know how impossible are some of their methods, and how needful it sometimes is to resist and defeat their aggressions. The acquisition of power by those who have long been deprived of it is apt to be attended by outbreaks of willfulness and arrogance. Patience and firmness will be needed in dealing with such cases. But as soon as we have made up our minds to be just it will be easier to be patient and firm. We can stand up against other people's wrongs much more successfully when they know that we are ready to concede and maintain their rights. I do not expect to see lawlessness disappear from trade-unionism so long as there is so strong a disposition among employers

to insist on making trade unions outlaws. When workmen's right to combine for the protection of their interests is fully and frankly conceded, we shall, I believe, soon see a great diminution of violence. At any rate, we shall then be in a position to deal with it, if it appears, sternly and effectively.

I do not, however, indulge the expectation that no mistakes will ever be made and no wrongs committed by workingmen after their right to combine is fully recognized. They are human, like the rest of us; and if they sometimes act foolishly and selfishly, those of us who never make any mistakes or do any mean things ourselves will be warranted in stoning them with stones.

The fact that they do sometimes act unreasonably and even brutally is constantly and passionately cited as a reason why they should not be permitted to combine. But I seem to remember to have somewhere heard it intimated that corporations have been known to behave lawlessly and flagitiously. Shall we therefore have no corporations? If power is to be denied to all who abuse it, most of us will have to go powerless for the rest of our days. If those who have most abused it are to be the first to be deprived of it, then I say deliberately that there are ten reasons for prohibiting corporations where there is one for prohibiting trade unions.

The power that men need to make them men must be given to them even though they may sometimes abuse it. That is the principle of democracy; and the time has come when the principle of democracy must be unreservedly accepted and unflinchingly applied to the organization of our industries. The common man, the workingman, must be a freeman. He must not be required or permitted to occupy a dependent or servile position in the industrial world.

It is well to get clearly before our minds the issue which confronts us. The question is whether we are ready to see our democracy complete itself. To that question the answer will not be unanimous. We have among us not a few lords of privilege who have been practicing feudalism long enough to lose their faith in democracy. Men who mount to affluence in a decade or two are quite apt to acquire contempt for those who earn their daily bread by manual labor. Some of them have sense enough to conceal it, but there are many who blurt it out with no misgiving. "Mr. Worldly Wiseman," to whom Mr. Finley Dunne has introduced us in his "Interpreter's House," is not an imaginary type; his cynicisms are but faithful reports of what may be heard anywhere in the rich men's clubs and the smoking-rooms of the American liners. The people who think that popular government is a delusion, that our public school system is a curse, and that what we want is an American House of Lords to overawe and hold in check the insurgent democracy, may be met with here and there in the resorts frequented by the new rich. The funniest thing for many a moon is the spectacle of these people beating their breasts with alarm lest Theodore Roosevelt should make himself a king!

The existence of a considerable revolt against democracy in our American citizenship is a fact to be reckoned with. It is not a matter of wonder. Many of these people are living a life which in all its features is at war with the first principles of democracy. They could hardly be expected to maintain their faith in a social theory which all their practice flouts.

There are many others whose lives are simpler, but who are beginning to shrink from the burdens which democracy imposes. Most of us have been inclined to assume that democracy was a sort of automatic device; given universal suffrage and free schools, and the machinery would run without much superintendence. It begins to be evident that this is a mistaken theory. Democracy is precisely the kind of government which requires of its citizen the largest amount of gratuitous service. We can have the best government in the world with such citizens as are now upon our soil; but only when men of intelligence and force face the responsibilities of citizenship, and give time and toil and patience to the work of training and guiding the voters. Good government under any system is a costly product, and under a democracy the cost must be paid by the entire body of competent citizens. It is a war in which there is no discharge; the vigilance which is the price of liberty is not only eternal, it is universal.

Now, it is a melancholy fact that a good

many of our well-to-do and not evil-minded citizens are getting tired of the responsibilities of democracy; they find that it is a strenuous business, and they would fain be rid of it. They would rather give their days to gain and their nights to pleasure than to shoulder the task of governing this republic. Some of them talk very pessimistically about the future of popular government, and even hint now and then at the beneficence of a dictatorship. Such men are not likely to welcome the suggestion of the extension of democracy to the industrial realm. The existing feudalistic régime suits them better. They do not relish the task which would be thrust upon them by the democratization of our industries. They are right in thinking that it is a difficult task. Perhaps they deem it impossible. Before coming to that conclusion, however, it may be well for them to consider a few of the alternatives.

There are some difficulties, I believe, in maintaining the feudalistic régime. The employer who refuses to recognize the right of his men to have anything to say about wages or hours of labor does not always have an easy and quiet time of it. Troubles of a pretty serious nature do arise, even under such management. Are not the frictions and collisions and losses of the autocratic régime quite as injurious as any that would be likely to arise under a more friendly arrangement?

The man who thinks it would be difficult to lead his employees in the peaceful paths of productive industry may well consider whether it is any easier to drive them. He may even find it profitable to consult his own experience in answering that question.

It is prudent, also, to remember that we are dealing here with one of those secular forces against which it is futile to contend. If anything is clearly written in the book of destiny, so far as its pages have thus far been turned over, it is that democracy is going to complete itself. That process has been moving steadily forward during the past century, and it is not likely to be arrested. Feudalism has made its last stand in the industrial realm, but it is not probable that it can hold that fortress. The prevalence of the large system of industry will not be suffered to degrade our wage-workers to the condition of serfs. There has never been a day when such a result was less probable than it is to-day. If the employing class should put itself in opposition to this movement for the emancipation of the working class, the employing class would cease to exist; the wage system would be destroyed; industry would be reorganized on a new basis.

It is well, therefore, for our captains of industry to consider carefully what may be involved in their refusal to recognize or tolerate the only method by which the workingman can assert and maintain his rights. It is a perilous thing, as history shows, to deny the manhood of the common man. Kingdoms and thrones have been shaken by that refusal; the kingdom of capitalism is by no means secure against such an overturning. The danger of the hour, as it appears to me, is that our captains of industry will array against themselves the gathering might of resistless democracy and be trampled in the dust. It would be far better for them, and for the common man, and for all the rest of us, if they would keep the leadership of industry. Leadership they can have, if they have sense to claim it and wit to exercise it—leadership, but not lordship. Industrial democracy wants leaders, but not autocrats; and large rewards and precious—not billions of dollars, but blessing and honor—are waiting for those who have the vision and the courage for this high service.

Industrial democracy means giving the wage-workers, through collective bargaining, a voice in the determination of their share in the joint product. It does not mean the domination of the business by the men and the subjugation of the employer, though this is the employer's apprehension, and this is the notion that sometimes gets into the workingman's head. Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., for whom I have great respect, spoke only the other day of the prospect that the working class was about to become the ruling class. Pardon, Mr. Hardie, but in a democracy there are no ruling classes. We call no man master, not even the walking delegate. An inverted feudalism, with the common man on top, would be no whit better than the old-fashioned sort with the common man under foot. We will have neither of them.

You are not going to tyrannize over us, Mr. Keir Hardie, with your labor organizations, and we do not believe that you really want to do any such thing. You are going to stand by our side with power in the industrial realm to assert and maintain your rights as men, and with a sense of justice in your breasts which will enable you fully to recognize the rights of your capitalist employer; and we are going to work together, all classes—men of capital, men of organizing talent, men of skill, men of brains and men of brawn—to build a real commonwealth.

So shall we realize our democracy. It has never been anything more than the skeleton of a democracy; so long as industry is feudalistic it cannot be. But when the common man is emancipated and called into partnership by the captain of industry, we shall have a real democracy. No superhuman vision is needed to discern the fact that the confusions and corruptions of our political democracy are largely due to the disorganizing influence of this industrial feudalism, in constant contact with it, and continually thrusting its alien conceptions and ideals into the political arena. When industry is fairly democratized, it will be much easier to reform our politics.

The relinquishment of autocratic power is not apt to be a welcome suggestion; the cases are few in which it is surrendered without a deadly struggle. But within the last generation we have seen the feudal rulers of Japan resigning their power and entering heartily into the life of the commonwealth, with great honor to themselves and great profit to their nation. It is not incredible that many of our own captains of industry will discern the wisdom of a similar sacrifice. Indeed, there are those among them to whom this solution of the labor problem seems altogether feasible.

The late William Henry Baldwin, Jr., whose biography has been so admirably written by Mr. John Graham Brooks,[1] was a type of the class of employers to whom the democratization of industry is the way of life and peace. As a railway superintendent and president he had large experience in dealing with men, and all the positions taken in this article were held by him with the utmost firmness. In the book to which I have referred, and which ought to be read by every American employer, these opinions of his are set forth with great fullness. Speaking of the extension of collective bargaining, he says: "The advantages of this system are very obvious in that it is a system founded on an intelligent treatment of each question at issue, and *encourages education*, and, as far as we can see to-day, is the most advanced method and liable to produce the best results. Collective bargaining and voluntary arbitration are possible, however, *only when the employer recognizes the right of the employed to have a voice in the fixing of wages and terms of employment.*"

"In the spirit of fair play," says Mr. Brooks, "he asks the simplest question: 'If these billions of capital have to be organized to protect themselves against disputing rivalries, do not the laborers working for these organizations have the same need of combination? Do they not need it for the same reason? Is capital exposed to cutthroat competition in any greater degree than labor is exposed to it? How can capital have the face to ask for combination, in order to free itself from a murderous competition, when labor suffers every whit as much from the same cause?' I have heard Baldwin," his biographer goes on, "very eloquent on this subject. The deepest thing in him was his sense of justice. He felt it like an insult that the more powerful party should stoop to ask such odds against the weaker and more defenseless party." "'We men at the top,' said Baldwin, 'must have combination, we must have our representatives and "walking delegates." We have everything that powerful organization can ask, with the ablest lawyers to do our bidding. Labor, to protect its rights and standards, needs organization, at least as much as we need it. For capital to use its strength and skill to take this weapon from the working men and women is an outrage.'" And again: "'I need, as an employer, an organization among my employees, because they know their needs better than I can know them, and they are therefore the safeguard upon which I must depend in order to prevent me from doing them an injustice.'"

[1] "An American Citizen." By J. G. Brooks. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

This is getting right at the nerve of the whole matter. No wiser, braver, saner words were ever spoken. The labor question will be speedily settled when such a spirit of justice and fair play, such a recognition of the elemental rights of manhood, gets possession of the hearts of employers. Of the habit of mind which cannot concede so much as this one can say nothing better than that it is unsportsmanlike. We give even the wild creatures a chance for their lives; and so long as the industrial struggle continues, the chivalrous employer will not insist that his employees shall go into the contest with their hands tied behind them.

Beyond this question of personal honor between employer and employee is one that touches very deeply the foundations of our social structure. "If capital refuses to labor what capital asks and takes for itself, what are the final consequences of that injustice? How, in the long run, is labor to take this defeat of what it believes to be its rights? Those capitalist managers really hostile to the unions said to him in excuse that the unions checked and hindered the development of business prosperity. Baldwin had his answer: 'Even if that is true, it is better to get rich at a somewhat slower pace than to make millions of wage-earners lose faith in your justice and fairness.'"

Is it too much to expect that our captains of industry will give sober heed to words like these, spoken by one of their own number?

It is not, however, necessary to assume that the democratization of industry will prove any serious obstruction to the healthy growth of business. If the trade unions have often shown themselves to be tyrannical and greedy, we must remember that they have been fighting, thus far, in an arena where belligerent rights were denied them; it is not to be wondered at that they have sometimes taken unfair advantages. When their rights are fully recognized, better conduct may be looked for. So long as they are treated as enemies it is not logical to ask them to behave as friends.

It would be interesting to study the origins of those trade unions which have made trouble for employers. The cases are not all alike, but in many instances something like this has happened: Some dissatisfaction on the part of the men has shown itself, and it becomes known to the employer that steps are being taken for the organization of a union. At once his displeasure is manifested. He feels that the action is hostile to his interest; his entire attitude toward it is unfriendly from the start. It becomes well understood among the men that those who join the union are exposing themselves to the ill will of the employer; that those who refuse to join may expect his favor. Thus the interests of the men are divided, and the non-unionist contingent is fostered by the manager as a force to check and defeat the unionists in the event of a struggle. Under such circumstances bad temper is generated on both sides, and the relations of all parties are badly strained. The manager refuses to recognize the union; that, he insists, would be an injustice to the loyal men who have refused to join it. If a union with such a history should prove to be a disturbing and refractory element in the business, it would not be a miracle.

Suppose, now, that when the first signs of an uprising among the men appear, the employer, instead of treating it with suspicion or hostility, welcomes it. Suppose that he goes out among the men and says to them, what Baldwin would have said: "Certainly, men, you must organize. I mean to treat you fairly, but I do not want you to be dependent on my favor; I insist that you shall have the power to stand for your own rights. And I want all the men in this shop to join this union. No man will curry favor with me by staying out of it. I am going to be friends with the union, and I expect the union to be my friend. This is not my business, not your business, it is our business. I shall study your interest and you will study mine; we will consult together about it all the while; I think we can make it go together. If you ask me for what I cannot give, I shall tell you so. And I hope you will learn to believe that I am telling you the truth. I shall stand for my rights if you are mean and unreasonable, and you will stand for yours if you think I am unjust, but if we must fight we will stand on the level and fight fair. I hope that there will be no fighting."

Now, it is possible that a group of American workingmen could be found who would make trouble for an employer who took that attitude and consistently maintained it, but I do not believe that there are many such groups. It would be visionary to expect that any method which man could devise would wholly remove friction and discontent, and a strong and firm hand would often be needed in carrying out such a purpose as this, but one may confidently predict that peace and prosperity are made nearer by this approach than on the lines of industrial feudalism.

It will be observed also that such a line of policy eliminates the question of the closed shop. If the employer wishes all his employees to belong to the union, and makes it clear that union men are favored, the reason for a closed shop practically disappears. The employer's reason for an open shop is his need of a force near at hand to fight the union; when he makes the union his ally instead of his enemy, non-unionism becomes both to him and to his men a negligible quantity. The man who takes up a purpose of this kind, whether he is proprietor or general manager, cannot be guaranteed an easy job. It will not be possible for him to turn it over to subordinates; he will have to keep close to it himself. It will call for labor, for self-control, for faith in men, for all the best qualities of mind and heart. Neither in the State nor in the factory will our democracy be fulfilled without patient, heroic, self-denying work. But the work will be rewarding. Can any compensation be higher or finer than that of the man who wins, as Baldwin won, the loyal affection of scores or hundreds or thousands of men; who helps them to stand on their own feet and work out their own fortunes; who makes them see that the industry by which they gain their livelihood is one in which they have a real stake. so that they are not merely dependents on it, but, in a true sense, partners in it; who sees growing up around him a community of friendly men with some sense of the dignities of manhood and the responsibilities of citizenship? No vocation can be more sacred than this, and no reward more satisfying.

BUSINESS RELIABILITY[1]

BY HERBERT G. STOCKWELL

AS he was about to leave the courthouse a message was handed to a young attorney requesting his presence in the office of a well-known financier, whence he immediately proceeded.

"Mr. A——," said the financier, "how would you like to become vice-president and attorney for the B—— Manufacturing Company?"

"Any association with you, sir, would be a pleasure," replied the young lawyer without hesitation.

The financier explained: "My associates tell me that you have a good knowledge of business and accounts, as well as ability as a lawyer; and, more important still, you are thoroughly reliable. We want you to take charge of the office affairs of the company, consulting, of course, with the company's general counsel in any legal matters of importance. The salary is $5,000 per year. Will you take it?"

"When do I begin work?" laconically replied the young man.

A few other details were arranged, and he went home, hardly daring to believe in his "good luck" until he had actually begun his duties in the office of the B—— Company.

Does this story sound like romance? Let me assure you that it is based upon a real occurrence which happened only recently.

Do not think this an isolated case. There are to-day many financial institutions and industrial plants whose elderly

[1] The fifth of a series of five articles by Mr. Stockwell. Other articles will be found in The Outlook for January 14, February 11, February 18, and March 4.—THE EDITORS.

presidents desire to be relieved from their responsibilities so soon as suitable young men can be found for their offices. Thus, emerging from the rank and file of business and professional struggles, many candidates for higher honors are, without their own knowledge, closely scrutinized for evidences of presidential timber.

Look at the history of any one of a number of the young men who have recently been "brought out" as presidents of large corporations. Does not our curiosity become stimulated into hopeful endeavor? Few of these men have been required to mount round after round of the ladder they began to climb. Many of them, through exhibition of extra ability, have been suddenly transplanted from the occupations in which their training was acquired to the heads of the corporations which they have been called upon to lead.

Another capitalist said to a friend the other day: "Do you know that the hardest part of my work consists in securing brainy assistants? I tell you that I have enough undeveloped matters in my office to employ twenty bright men, but I can't find them."

If the younger men engaged in business or professions could only realize the extent to which they are needed and are being watched by the prominent men in the community, with what care would they attend to their daily business transactions!

EVERY BUSINESS ENGAGEMENT SHOULD BE FAITHFULLY KEPT

No one habit is harder to form than the prompt keeping of business engagements. If a business man has an appointment with another, nothing should be allowed to prevent a punctual appearance at the time and place fixed for the meeting. When unavoidable accidents prevent, nothing short of immediate and full explanation and apology will remove the unsatisfactory impression created by the broken engagement.

This habit of "being there on time" is especially important when the engagement is between a young business man and a man of affairs: for this meeting, unknowingly to the young man, may have been arranged by the elder man as a test of character. He may consider the failure to arrive as an evidence of deficiency in reliability. Once disappointed, it is hard to overcome the distrust, unduly magnified by so slight an occurrence perhaps, but still firm enough to resist dislodgment.

FAILURE TO DELIVER GOODS WHEN PROMISED

Another form of broken engagements frequently retards the career of a business man. How exasperating to have a manufacturer or merchant fail in his promise to deliver merchandise at the specified time, thus upsetting our entire calculations in planned events! How hardly do we in future give him our entire confidence!

Many young men do not fully comprehend the slow process of character-building. One dishonored promise may, unless clearly excusable, knock down at a blow the structure which has taken years to erect. If they could but see how much easier it is to destroy than to create reputations for reliability, every man would give as constant heed to the exact performance of each and every verbal contract or engagement as most men do to those which can be enforced against them in law.

With what admiration we all contemplate the man whose "word is as good as his bond"! When such a man speaks, our pencils fly quickly back into our pockets. We have no need for a signed memorandum of the transaction. If he says, "I will take it," or "You may count on me," you know that when the time arrives for him to "make good" he will be ready for you. Did this enviable reputation attach itself to him in one notorious occurrence? Not so easily do men yield up their business confidence. Reputations for the possession of many other traits of character may be quickly earned by the willing or foisted upon the unwilling man, but the reputation for reliability is of slow growth. You may be sure that he who possesses this valuable treasure has nurtured and guarded it carefully from youth up. Its possession inspires the confidence of all those who have experienced business contact with its possessor. They do not have to watch him!

DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

Goods manufactured or sold by the man of reliability may be depended upon to turn out in the exact quality, size,

or weight as marked on the outside of the package. Advertisements of such men are read in the belief that the goods may be purchased in faith that what is said about them is the truth. If we go into the store of a reliable merchant and meet with some seeming trickery on the part of his clerks, we know that we have but to get the ear of the proprietor to have the wrong set right; and he will thank us for calling attention to the error. Sometimes our unfortunate experiences in dealing with the very large stores lead us to believe that the proprietors are indifferent to this quality. If we remember that the growth of a business may become so rapid as to outstride its organization, we know that the fault lies in the limit of human capacity for personal supervision of all details by the proprietor. In but few of such cases does the owner himself strive to win your confidence, and he may not have been successful in training his clerks.

REPRESENTATIVES OF RELIABLE BUSINESS MEN

With what assurance does the attorney, clerk, salesman, or agent of a man whose reputation for reliability is established go forth to represent his principal! What a difference between his view of business transactions and that of the representative of a man upon whom dependence cannot be placed! Far away from the proprietor of the business as he may go, the representative of the reliable man knows what to do in any question involving right or wrong. By these unwritten but none the less binding instructions he knows that his chief would have him decide the matter in accordance with right principles. His path is much smoother than that of the representative who never knows what his principal will do in any given question. How much easier to learn and be guided by simple rules establishing reliability than to attempt to follow the intricate paths of chicanery!

REPUTATION AT BANK

Methods of business to-day are such that it is difficult for any business man to avoid borrowing money, either directly from a bank or by means of "merchandise" notes. Most men attend to such obligations when due, even though extensions of time must be asked, but too many business men are careless in this respect. In numerous banks on any given day, if you could look over the bank examiner's shoulder, you would find several overdue notes classified as "dishonored paper," which have been neglected through mere carelessness. In many cases the makers of the notes will go to the bank in a day or two and either pay the full amount thereof or effect renewals. In cases of pure neglect the bank sustains no loss, but the business man who does not attend promptly to such matters suffers a severe loss—a loss of reputation for reliability. When any man finds that he will not be able to pay his note in full, he should go to the bank several days before the note becomes due and explain his position frankly. If believed, and entitled to a renewal with or without a payment on account, he will obtain the accommodation. In any event, by giving the matter his prompt attention his reputation as a man who will do his best will remain untarnished.

MERCANTILE CREDIT BASED LARGELY UPON RELIABLE HABITS

Besides the mere statements of a man's net worth, important consideration is often given by mercantile agencies to his business reputation for reliability. Three extracts from reports of men each conducting a business of moderate dimensions may be interesting as examples illustrating this thought. In each of these three cases the financial strength or net worth taken by itself would not entitle him to the good rating given:

A—The opinion is expressed by those knowing him that he would not be liable to contract any personal indebtedness which he did not see his way clear to meet at maturity.

B—Our relations with him have been such that we are not familiar with his affairs in detail, but we believe him to be a reliable man.

C—Among the trade he stands well, and his bank speaks well of him. He can be relied on to do what he promises.

Who would think that the hard-headed sleuths of a mercantile agency would deem these things worthy of report! Yet those familiar with "credits" know the intrinsic value of business reliability, and gladly

welcome reports including observations of that nature.

CONTRACTORS' PECULIAR TEMPTATIONS

When a customer can see and handle a definite article, he can protect himself in a measure from deceit, but in any form of business involving construction to be performed after the contract is made the buyer must rely more or less upon the contractors' reliability. Special opportunities for taking advantage of the buyer's ignorance lead many contractors to indulge in "tricks of the trade," which may often be carried through without the practice of "legal" fraud. Many things arise in the course of a building operation easily interpretable and chargeable as *extras* by a sharp contractor to which a reliable man would attend without question as coming within the spirit, if not the letter, of the terms of the contract.

To a decorating contractor came an applicant for the position of foreman. "I will guarantee that you will get 'extras' amounting to at least twenty per cent more than your contracts on any job I have charge of," said he. The contractor, without hesitation, said: "You are just the man I am *not* looking for. This is a reliable firm."

Go back to the man who taught you that, foreman, and compare his business, from all angles, with that of the firm who rejected you.

ALLOWING USE OF HIS NAME BY OTHERS

Business men who jealously guard their reputations in their own affairs too often slacken their watchfulness when their names are used in connection with promotions. One of the most flagrant corporation swindles practiced in recent years was made possible by prominent business men who allowed their names to be used as directors of the company. They were known to be reliable, therefore the company with which they were connected must be reliable. Not one of these directors made a dollar in the swindle, but their reputations for reliability rightly suffered among the thousands of those who lost their savings.

Another picture comes to mind in which I see an entirely different type of director. He sits on the boards of half a dozen large financial institutions, in not one of which does any other director assume that this man will "go along" without having the matter fully explained, nor unless it meets with his approval. He is "no man's man." In all of his affairs, private or public, he can be trusted to do all that he says, or leads people to believe, he will do.

GOOD WILL

What a capital building power is reliability! The reliable business man is secretly accumulating property other than the dollars shown on his books, which can some day be turned into money. This hidden capital is called good will, and it is well worth working for.

Good will in a successful business has a much more tangible value than is commonly realized. When a man sells his business, he expects to be paid well for this asset, although it is not shown in the inventory, yet many scarcely think of the means by which it is created. Good will is acquired only by those who patiently, day by day, adhere to simple business principles, one of which was so well expressed by a successful manufacturer who was asked for a definition of reliability: "When a man does what he agrees to—that's reliability!"

STUDYING RELIABLE MEN

A manufacturer who has risen rapidly into a position of National importance was once asked, "How did you acquire a knowledge of the business so quickly?" His answer was short and to the point: "I didn't study the business, I studied its president." This answer, intended to be partly humorous, contained a germ of serious instruction. Knowledge of the business itself must be carefully acquired by any one who would advance, but that is not all. To the men at the head of the business we must go to learn of basic business qualities. As we study them we can scarcely fail to observe that of the many priceless possessions of our great business men none is regarded more highly than the unpurchasable reputation for reliability.

THE REVEALING OF THE HEART

2 COR. III. 5-18

BY THE REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY

PLUMMER PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN MORALS IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

This is the third of a series of Lenten Sermons. Other sermons in this series will be by the Rev. Dr. Edward Judson and the Very Rev. Alexander P. Doyle.—THE EDITORS.

That the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.—Luke ii. 35.

THIS is the prophecy of the aged Simeon as he stands in the Temple, a few days after the birth of Jesus, holding the baby in his arms. There is hardly any more beautiful scene in history. The old man has been waiting for the consolation of Israel; he is a just and devout man; the Holy Ghost is upon him; and now in his old age he is permitted to see the hope of his nation fulfilled. The lingering past holds the new-born future in its arms, and the old man sings: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Then, still holding the child high before the people, the old man goes on to tell what is to happen now that this boy is born. He "is set," says Simeon, "for the fall and rising again of many in Israel;" and we remember how soon it came to pass that fishermen rose to be Apostles, and Pharisees fell under the judgment of Christ. He is to be a sign, goes on Simeon, "which shall be spoken against;" and we remember how soon it happened that the way of Jesus was beset by misinterpretation, slander, and shame. Then, finally, and with a still finer instinct, old Simeon prophesies that, as the last sign of the Messiahship of Jesus, "the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." People, that is to say, who should come into relation with Jesus would not only learn many and wonderful thoughts out of his heart, but they would also have revealed unto themselves the thoughts of their own hearts; and he, on his side, would not only understand these thoughts of other hearts, but he would enable people to understand their own thoughts and would reveal to them the self which lay within themselves. The gift of Jesus to many a life was to be not only a revealing of the mysteries of God, but a revealing of one's own spiritual capacity, the consciousness of one's power, the renewal of one's self-respect, the discovery that within one's heart lay thoughts which were better than one had ever dreamed were there.

So stands the man of the old order looking into the promise of the new; and few things are more wonderful in the story of Jesus than the way in which this prophecy of Simeon soon came to be fulfilled. One after another the people of the New Testament come into the presence of Jesus, some of them sympathizers, some enemies, some puzzled, some impetuous, some neutral, some timid; and to many of the questions which they ask of him they get no satisfying reply. They often remain bewildered about the relation of Christ to his Father and the mission of Christ to the world. Yet, as they pass out of his presence, one thing has been revealed which was perhaps the last thing they had expected. It is the thoughts of their own hearts. They have had themselves disclosed to themselves; and their interior characters, motives, capacities, and sins, which had been hitherto only half understood even by themselves, are clarified, interpreted, and illuminated by their intercourse with Jesus Christ. Here, for instance, comes Nathanael, doubtful, wary, asking, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and Jesus looks on him and through him, reads his character—faithful, pure, fit for discipleship—and says of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!" and Nathanael, who fancied that he was observing and judging Jesus, is turned back upon himself, and says, "Whence knowest thou *me?*" Then Peter comes, inconstant, wavering, more like shifting sand than solid rock, and Jesus looks through him also, and, beneath all the blunders he is to make, and the self-reproach which is

to be his, perceives the underlying capacity for ultimate leadership, and says of him, fickle, impetuous, as he seems to himself, "Thou shalt be called a rock." Then Pilate comes, wary, sagacious, anxious to be unentangled in the case of Jesus, and his temporizing, worldly wisdom is laid bare at a stroke as Jesus says, "Thou sayest that I am a king," and instead of judging Jesus, Pilate is judged and condemned. So they come, and so they pass: the woman of Samaria, touched with a wonder she had not thought was hers to feel; the woman who was a sinner, recalled to the virtue she had thought was lost. It is as though these figures came up out of the shadow and passed before the penetrating rays of the person of Jesus, and he shone on them for a moment and revealed to them a self within themselves, and they passed on with a sense of significance and power given to their obscure and insignificant lives.

Such was the extraordinary fulfillment of the old man's prophecy, and it remains a promise which gives courage and hope to many a modern life. This is a wonderful time and a wonderful America in which it is our privilege to live: a time, we are told, of the greatest diffusion of general prosperity recorded in the history of the world; a time of quite unprecedented transformations in industry, of amazing increase in productiveness and power. Never before was the world so highly organized or so mechanically perfect; and yet out of this aggregated life there issues one new peril, which threatens to rob all these gains of half their glory. It is the peril of a suppressed and undiscovered personality, the merging of the individual in the movement of the mass, the risk that in this vast organization of efficiency the thoughts of many hearts shall remain quite unrevealed. Here is this mighty movement of industrial and political life, with its huge aggregation of material forces and of masses of men; but in this vast mechanism of the modern world, where is the place for the individual soul? What is it but one part of the great machine, one little wheel interlocking and revolving with the rest? A workman, a clerk, a factory hand, a teacher, a scholar, looks at his life, so fragmentary, so mechanical, so impersonal, and cries out: "Why should I have any thought in my heart? Why should I have any heart? What am I but one shuttle in the great mill of modern life as it weaves the rich product of the modern time?" I stood once by the deathbed of such a man—a clerk in a vast establishment—and we talked together of the death that seemed approaching, and the man looked up into my face out of the sad story of a depersonalized and mechanical life, and said, "Sir, I have been dead and buried for twenty years." That is the seamy side of our material development. It is what the economists call the "cost of progress," or the "anonymousness of industry," where a human life, instead of having revealed to it the thoughts of its own heart, is simply one more cog in the great machine.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and
I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is
more and more."

When one turns to the other end of life, from its work to its play, from the routine of industrial life to the routine of social life, is it not much the same? How mechanical, formal, oppressive, unreal, it often seems! What is it that brings to many a young man or woman a great sense of recoil from the habits and demands of modern life, its conventionalism, its uniformity, its incessant round of social obligations and routine? It is the same fear that the thoughts of one's own heart may be crushed by the weight of the mass, so that personality, individuality, originality, liberty, life itself, may be lost. The very slang of the day exhibits the social world as an aggregate and impersonal movement, in which the individual sinks. One person says that he "keeps up with the procession," as though the problem of his life were that of a little boy who keeps step with the band; another person says that he is "in the swim," as though he were a kind of conscious chip in the middle of a resistless current; and out of all this submerging civilization many a young life lifts itself up and cries: "Oh, to be myself! Oh, to be taken out of this stream of things and to find a place where I may stand on my feet! What shall it profit me if I gain all the world and lose my

own soul? Somehow, somewhere, O world in which I seem irrevocably set, reveal to me the thoughts of my own heart!" It is often said that what young people of the present time most need is humility. They think too much of themselves; they need chastening and correcting—the "taking down" of their conceit; and it would certainly be excessive to maintain that there is no such need, or that the young person of the present age is altogether ready for the blessing pronounced upon the poor in spirit. Yet it is quite certain that the chief fault of young people to-day is of the opposite kind. It is not their sense of self-sufficiency which most obstructs their moral growth, but their sense of insignificance. For one young life that thinks too much of itself, a hundred think too little of themselves; for one who needs self-suppression, a score need self-respect; for one who needs "taking down," a dozen need lifting up. A young man or woman looks at the demands of duty or religion, and says: "This is not a call to me. I am neither a hero nor a saint. What part have I in tasks like these?" Another young life is beset by the conventions and traditions of his set, his clique, his college, and says, "Who am I to resist or control or divert these social laws?" The mass overcomes the person, and the thoughts of many hearts are unrevealed. What is it, then, which these young lives need? It is moral courage, the sense of capacity, the restoration of faith in their own thoughts. They may need the rebuking of mistakes, but they need much more the fortifying of self-respect. They need a conviction of sin, but they need still more a conviction of power. A great flood of conventionalism and conformity has swept over the modern world, and bears on its crest a wave of personal discouragement and impotency, until many a life finds itself almost drowned beneath the choking pressure of the world's work or the paralyzing *ennui* of the world's play; and the recovery of faith, not in God or in Christ alone, but in one's self, the rescue of the life from the things that crush the life, becomes the elementary desire and prayer of many a modern soul.

Now, to people living thus in an age of machinery, to people thus swept along by the swift stream of living, yet thirsty for the water of life, there comes this first message of the religion of Jesus Christ. The Christian religion begins with one great assumption—that human beings are children of God; that neither dullness nor hardness nor lack of opportunity altogether robs one of the right to be good and to do good; that this is what people are made for; that when any child of God, even in a far country of sin and shame, turns to the Father, then, as was said of the Prodigal, "he comes to himself;" that it was not his true self which had wandered away, but that he had wandered away from his true self; that the thoughts of one's own heart which call him to his best are the call of God to the inheritance which all the time belonged to the child. Believing all this, Jesus believed in people just as they were. He believed in them even when they did not believe in themselves. He believed in Peter, though Peter denied him; he believed in Thomas, though Thomas doubted him; he discerned the potential capacity of men before they had recognized it themselves. He took them just as they were, and through his faith in them created in them the character which they had not supposed they could assume, until the secrets which were hidden from them in their own hearts were through his faith in them finally revealed. It was a pedagogical instinct in Jesus. He had the mind of the born teacher. He knew that little can be got out of a life by a teacher except by the teacher's faith that each life is made for something, and that to draw out the Divine intention for that life is the teacher's task and joy. That, indeed, is what millions of people have meant by being saved by Jesus Christ. It is not that they have been saved from torment, or saved from themselves, but that they have been saved *to* themselves, so that the possibilities of their own nature have been revealed to them, and the thoughts of their own hearts which they had lost have been found. I was reading a while ago a little book in which the author told the story of his own life, and in the preface he had written: "This is a book with but one intention—that, in being read, it may read you." That is what might be said of the influ-

ence of the Gospels. They are the story of a life; but, in being read, they read you. They report to you, not only the story of Jesus, but the story of your own experience. It is not only you that find their meaning; but, as Coleridge said, they "find you." In his letter to the Corinthians the Apostle Paul tells the same story in a striking figure. It is, he says, as though the Christian were set before a wonder-working mirror, in which was reflected the glory of God. At first the image of this glory dazzles the beholder, and he puts a veil between it and himself; but gradually, as he looks again into the mirror, he discerns his own features reflected back to him, but touched with something of that glory which was itself too bright to bear, until at last his own image is changed into the image of the Divine likeness, so that the looker-on becomes like that on which he looks. "Beholding," the Apostle says, "as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image . . . by the Spirit of the Lord." That, he thought, is what may happen as one looks steadily into the mirror of God. It is not that he shall be all at once made perfect, but that by degrees the veil shall be drawn away before the magic glass, and he shall see his imperfect thoughts touched with the glory of God's intention, until that which he is changes before him into that which he prays to be, as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Here, then, is an aspect of the religion of Jesus Christ which may make a starting-point for rational discipleship. It is not the whole of his gospel; it is not the profoundest part of his gospel; but it may be the first gift of his religion to many a timid, hesitating, bewildered life. When one recalls the motives which through the Christian centuries have operated most strongly to stir the higher life, they turn out, in the main, to have been two. On the one hand is the motive of self-reproach, on the other hand is the motive of self-respect. One is the scorn of sin, the other is the desire for holiness. Both of these motives have a legitimate part in the creation of the Christian character; but the first and expulsive force which drives out evil has had an enormously greater place than the second and attractive force which draws to good. The first is the cry of Paul: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and it has been taken up by teachers of religion, as though the secret of holiness lay in the confession of helplessness. In Jesus, however, we hear for the most part the other note. He too understands the power of self-reproach; he too welcomes the confession, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" but with Jesus the sense of impotency is but a step on the way to the sense of strength, like a soldier's sudden sinking of heart when he is summoned to charge. The call of God, as Jesus heard it, is the call of a commander who has faith in his men, the call to courage, to advance, to victory. Jesus does not merely tell men that they are weak, he makes them believe that they are strong. He bids them never to believe in less than their own best. He shows them the way up the heights they desire to scale, and goes before them on that hard path, so that they follow in his steps where they had thought they could not go. That is the Christian method—the renewal of courage by the communication of power, the transfiguration of life in the mirror of God so that it is changed by that into which it looks. Discipleship brings with it self-discovery. Returning to the Father is coming to one's self. The Christian life develops unsuspected power. Intimacy with Jesus Christ is the revelation of one's own heart.

There are many things which people want to get from their religion and which religion does not seem to bestow. They want to be assured of their future; they want to be saved from their past; they want the present made easier; and all these prayers seem to leave them just about where they were. The old routine, the inexorable machinery, still environs them, and they begin to wonder what their religious faith was meant to do. One of the most striking facts in the ministry of Jesus is that the same business in which his disciples were engaged when he first met them was the business in which he left them at the end. They were fishermen tending their nets at the beginning of the Gospel of Matthew; and they were fishermen still tending their nets at the end of the Gospel of John. What, then, did Jesus do for them? The old life, just

as it was, had become to them a new life, because they discovered within it a possible companionship with the creative work of God, so that the same persons who had cast their nets with the dull stolidity of many a modern fisherman found themselves called to put forth into the deep and catch men. That is the miracle which religion still waits to perform. The work of faith is not to transform one's circumstances or lessen the pressure of routine, but to disentangle from that routine the thoughts of the heart, as the fingers of Peter and Andrew disentangled themselves from the meshes of their nets as they rose up and followed Christ. In the midst of the inevitable routine and detail of the world a life starts up and says: "I am not a cog; I am not a wheel; I am not a chip; I am a child of God, a partaker of the Divine nature, a laborer with God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ." Then experience is transformed from prose to poetry, and the ideals of life become its realities, and the secrets of the heart are revealed; and as one looks into the magic mirror of God his little fragmentary, fruitless life is changed into some dim reflection of the glory of the Lord. The tapestry weavers of Paris, it is said, did their work at the back of the picture which they created, where they saw only the fragments of their task and the loose ends which were left behind; but from time to time the workman might rise from the corner where he worked and go round to the other side and see the total picture in which each had his slight but essential share. That is religion—the going round to the other side of things, the seeing the whole of that in which one has his fragmentary part; and that is what gives to life its dignity, patience, and joy. The loose ends fall into their places when one sees the Master Craftsman's plan, and the thoughts of many hearts are at last united, interpreted, and revealed.

GETTING THE NIGHT NEWS

BY SHEPARD A. MORGAN

MOST readers seem to regard a morning newspaper as a matter-of-fact miracle, something that is put together by a subtle mechanism and makes its appearance in some unknowable way just in time for breakfast. It may be that there is no familiar thing which is got together in a manner so foreign to common knowledge. People do not know how this or that got into the paper, how it came to be found out or how it came to be written. Somebody must have written it, that is clear; but if you ask how somebody came to do it, the answer comes back, "Why, of course, somebody must have been there."

Perhaps he was, but the chances are that he was not. A very considerable part of the episodes related to the public every morning cannot be foreseen, and that in itself is reason enough why the man who wrote the story did not see the incident. Some readers, having suspected this truth, tell you that the facts written in the newspapers are not so at all. "The facts are all dressed up," they say, "so as to make what you call stories. That's what they really are, you know. Most of them are fiction."

These persons are as much out of the way as the one who assumes the presence of a conscientious and perceptive reporter at every incident noted in the newspaper. By its very nature news that cannot be foreseen has to be ascertained from those who took part in the episode that made it, or deduced from such physical evidences as are left behind after the incident is over. Plays, baseball games, public meetings and dinners, the opera—these are told of by men who saw at least a part of what they describe. But most of the emergency news, and especially the emergency news that comes late at night, is told on second-hand, and sometimes even on third or fourth hand, information.

By the time the night force comes to work—just what the night force is com-

posed of will appear later on—the day city editor has mapped out the paper in so far as he has information. He has assigned men to cover all the prearranged evening events that seem worth the trouble, and he has provided for getting all the news that has shown itself in the morning and afternoon. This last includes everything from automobile accidents to bank failures, and some of it may even be ready for the copy reader by the time the night city editor gets to the office.

The special characteristic of night work is the uncertainty of it. One never knows what is going to happen next. An evening may start as quietly as a June morning, but that is no sign that it is going to remain so. A newspaper office—and especially is this true of New York—is the prey of every wind that sweeps over the world. It is conceivable that an accident in New South Wales may have a New York "end to it," as the Park Row phrase is, and cause a flutter in the newspaper offices there; and it is certain that the wrecking of the London-Liverpool boat train would set them by the ears. This is because New Yorkers have interests everywhere and are to be found everywhere.

One is not to understand that a newspaper office set by the ears is a newspaper office distracted. Distraction costs minutes, and these are fetishes to be worshiped. No matter what happens, the editions must go to press on time. Otherwise you who live a night's journey from New York will miss your paper in the morning. Moreover, it is your right to have all the news up to the minute that the last piece of copy goes to the composing-room. So it is clear that the office cannot lose its head.

Obviously, all this is a matter of organization and direction. The burden of getting the night news of the city into the paper—and in places like New York telegraph and cable despatches are apt to add much to the mass of local news—rests upon the night city editor. Every incident of the least moment passes under his inspection, so that he can, as it were, keep his fingers on the pulse of the city and the district within a hundred miles of it. The men who received special evening assignments from the day city editor report to him before they write what they saw or learned, and the progress of every episode of an emergency character is told to him as it is known.

This last is the special field of the night force. The things that happen in a hurry and have to be told in a hurry are taken care of by men in and out of the office who for the time being do nothing else. The system under which they work is in essentials the same on all the metropolitan papers, varying in details according to the importance attached to local news and the amount of assistance derived from local news bureaus.

This system is not greatly unlike that which an antique furniture shop in New York used to utilize in gathering and marketing its wares. The plan worked so well that the proprietor bought altogether too much old furniture and failed. He had five or six collectors working through the country districts picking up what fine old pieces they could. Four-posters and spinnets and secretaries came tumbling into the New York shop, and there a young man looked them over to see if they needed new legs or new tops or simply some good coats of varnish and rubbing down. Then he passed each piece on to a good workman who did the job, making it ready for the show window.

Most of the collectors of emergency news at night do not write a word of it themselves. They are gatherers of facts pure and simple. Their work is not to be discounted on that account, however, for the ability to collect news is hardly second to the power of writing it.

These men are spread out over the city at night like policemen on their beats. They are as regularly a part of the newspaper's force as the copy-readers, for newspapers in these days cannot trust to chance informants. They keep watch over the police stations, the hospitals, and other centers for emergency news, and report frequently to their offices by telephone, telling what they know and asking for orders.

The man who receives what the district men collect and who tries to find out what parts are missing so that they can be found and slipped into place as swiftly as possible is called variously "the long wait man" (because he stays at work longer than any of the other news-gatherers) or

the "rewrite man." This person is the spider at the center of the web, and he is the first to know what is going on at the remotest edge. He is, so to speak, the first sieve for night news, and it is his duty to see that his paper has a chance to print in intelligible form something about everything that happens. Whether it does or not is another matter.

On busy evenings this man does hardly any writing at all. He becomes for the time scarcely anything but an executive. He has his hands full finding out what the district men have to send in, picking the flaws and opening the way toward finding the missing parts, making such assignments as the night city editor directs or as the incoming news suggests, and keeping an eye on what is being written.

With him are working three or four men who take notes on what the district men have to report and then write the stories as though they had been there themselves. These men are clearly important units in the news-getting system. Some of them are drawn from the swiftest and best writers on the paper. Sometimes, indeed often, they have to undertake some of the biggest features in the day's news.

This also is a great school for the "cub," the newly made reporter. He gets his first ideas of news values on the "short wait," as this task is called, and in it he gets his first lessons in writing against time. A reporter without speed is like a Christian without charity; he has nothing. A first-rate man is able to write intelligible, vivid English at a speed of scarcely less than twenty-five hundred words an hour, and again and again he will find that his knack at his typewriter is the only thing that saves him from missing his edition and the newspaper's readers from complete ignorance as to some essential item in the day's history.

No newspaper is dependent upon its district men or upon chance informants for the first hint on emergency news. In New York, as in most large American cities, the report of an accident or a crime is sent to Police Headquarters almost as soon as it occurs. It may come simply as a call for an ambulance, with the added legend, "Boy fell from roof," or "Train derailed in subway," or "Woman shot."

The greatness of possibility hidden behind any one of these barren statements of fact is such that none of them can be overlooked. In order that the work of finding out the truth may begin at the earliest moment, the newspapers keep men of discrimination and experience at Police Headquarters who look out for just such early reports. They hear, too, of important arrests almost as soon as they are made, of raids upon gambling-rooms and other unlawful resorts, and of all the manifold activities of the police. They have their own fire gongs like those in the fire-engine houses, and learn of a fire as quickly as do the firemen themselves.

These reports, and also those from the Coroner's office, where the first statements are made of sudden deaths, are sent into the city rooms of the newspapers by telephone. Usually an office boy writes them out and carries them to the rewrite desk, but in cases of great urgency the report is made directly to the long wait man or to the night city editor himself.

Sometimes, of course, a reporter on his way to an assignment will see something that suggests itself as a story and will tell his office of it so that it can be looked into. Sometimes also a station man picks up the threads of a story before the first tip, as the phrase is, reaches the office, or a reader with a sense of responsibility lets drop a word that something has happened or is about to happen. There is also the host of persons, publicity agents and the like, who are interested in getting certain pieces of news printed. They send in typewritten statements, which sometimes can be remodeled, after proper verification, into items worthy of a place in the paper.

But, by all odds, the most probable first source of information in matters of an emergency character is Police Headquarters. In most instances the first intimation is a statement that an ambulance has been called for, or that a fire alarm has been sent in. The men in the office have the city mapped out in their heads with fair accuracy, and they know with tolerable assurance what districts are apt to yield the best stories under the special circumstances indicated on the police slips.

The district man is called for and is

told what has happened. He learns from the police station of the precinct in which the incident is supposed to have occurred how grave a matter it appears to be, and, if it warrants the trouble, he starts off full tilt for the place where the episode took place. He has an advantage over a man sent from the office in that he is minutes nearer the distressed locality. How great this advantage is nobody outside of the newspaper business can comprehend.

In most instances second reports come from Police Headquarters, telling in the curious phraseology of the police what has happened. Mrs. Mary Foley, of — East Thirty-eighth Street, has attempted suicide by gas at residence [the police always speak in that way] and has been removed to Bellevue Hospital, a prisoner. Or, Hyman Horowitz, thirty-four years, married, of 24 Essex Street,[1] has been struck on head with blunt instrument during altercation with wife, Sarah [these also are the usual police phrases], and has received contusions and lacerations to same. He has been removed to Gouverneur Hospital. Or, Francesca Zucca, housework, address unknown, has been removed from Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue to Bellevue Hospital, insane. Or, John Golubowsky has fallen from scaffold and has been attended and home. Or, Kee Lee, in laundry at — West One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street, has been assaulted by three unidentified men (who escaped), receiving possible fracture of skull, contusions, and lacerations.

These and many others like them are dumped into the hoppers of the newspaper offices every night. On the chance that there may be enough of the unusual in the attempt of Mrs. Foley upon her life to redeem the narrative from a depiction of drab misery, the district man makes a more or less casual inquiry into it. Mrs. Foley's story, if it were known, would undoubtedly make the backbone of a novel, but it is scarcely probable that it would be news. Most people do not like to read of wretchedness in a newspaper unless there is some element that is unfamiliar. The episodes of Hyman Horowitz, Kee Lee, and the rest promise little more, and some of them might be safely neglected.

On one evening a few weeks back among the reports were two or three stabbings, a bomb explosion in an Italian settlement in Greenwich Village, a hold-up, three cases like Mrs. Foley's, eight or nine fires, one of which was on a lighter alongside a steamship pier, and a surface car accident in which a boy was carried four blocks on the fender of the car before the motorman noticed him. Altogether they made about four inches in the paper. The incident of the boy was by all odds the most promising because of the element of novelty. On the same night a spurned mendicant cast a brick through a window of somebody's house on Fifth Avenue, injuring nobody and doing very little damage. Because brick-throwing is uncommon on Fifth Avenue, and because the aggrieved owner possessed a name widely known, the story was written for two-thirds of a column and was placed in the most prominent spot in the paper.

News is not democratic. If there is a hint that an automobile has been wrecked by a Seventh Avenue car at Thirty-ninth Street at half an hour, say, before midnight, there is every likelihood that the story will be one of the very greatest importance. The possibility is, of course, that somebody's motor omnibus taking half a dozen opera-goers home from the Metropolitan has been overturned and that some of them are badly hurt.

The office can spare no time and no effort in getting the facts at the very earliest moment. If the up-State readers are to learn anything about the incident in the next morning's papers, something must be in the hands of the compositors within half an hour of the time the report is received. The station man in whose district the accident occurred is told of it in case he has not started already, and other station men are hurried over as auxiliaries as swiftly as they can be found. Possibly a man is sent from the office as an additional safeguard.

But the main dependence, at least for the first details, is placed upon the telephone. The rewrite men undertake to reach everybody in the vicinity who may have an item of news to furnish. The press representative of the opera-house

[1] This address is in a park. East Side tipsters often use it when they send in false stories.

may have something, a cigar-store on the corner may have something, a garage or a drug-store or a cab-stand may have something. The hospitals which offer ambulance service in that district may be able to tell how serious the accident is, and at the end of a few minutes may be able to furnish names and the extent of injuries.

And when the names come in, either as the rewrite men get them or as they are learned by the men on the spot, there will be more hints as to the nature of the accident. The books and the filing cases in the office will be searched to establish who the injured are, so that the readers in the morning can tell at a glance whether John Smith the lawyer or John Smith the broker is the man who was hurt, and whether the Frederick Jones mentioned is the man whose leg was broken at polo last summer.

The bits are patched together as they come in, conflicting details are either left out or the more credible version is accepted to the exclusion of the other, and by the time the paper goes to press there will be a connected and reasonably complete story of what the accident was. For the second edition, which goes up an hour and a quarter later, there ought to be as complete a narrative as the occasion demands.

With what speed all this is done and with what sacrifice of nervous energy, nobody can realize who has not had a part in it. But there are compensations in the work. It is vital, and in its own manner it throws into play whatever powers of shrewd discrimination and swift expression a man may have.

The men who do this work are chiefly young men. They are in the business from a variety of motives, and stay in it through a variety of aspirations. But in the statement of the facts, no matter how yellow or how conservative their papers may be, they seem to have one moving characteristic in common. They try to get such news as appeals most to their several audiences and to tell it in the way that pleases those audiences. It may be that the readers of the newspapers are in reality the dictators of what the newspapers are.

THE NEW BOOKS

"Corruption in American Politics and Life," by Robert C. Brooks, Professor of Political Science in the University of Cincinnati, is of a character which suggests, on the one hand, the magazine writer, on the other hand the academic lecturer. It is a current discussion of a current public topic. It furnishes discussion of principles rather than knowledge of facts. The chapter on "Campaign Contributions" gives some information concerning recent legislation on that subject, but the book as a whole is less specific and informing than, for example, Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth." We do not find in it any account of the Crédit Mobilier, nor of the methods of Tammany Hall, nor of boss rule and how it operates. The discussion is popular rather than scientific, and ethical rather than historical. But the writer is rational and discriminating. He gives a fair showing to views which he does not entertain, and appeals to the reason, not to the prejudices, of his readers in his replies. His ethical standards are high, but he is not a doctrinaire, and his judgments concerning the nature and extent of corruption in the United States are eminently sane. The book might be characterized in a sentence as a well-balanced, high-minded, and judicial treatment from an ethical point of view of facts which are generally well known to intelligent readers of the newspaper and periodical literature of their country. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25.)

"Robinetta," written by the combined literary effort of Kate Douglas Wiggin, Jane Findlater, Mary Findlater, and Allan McAulay, is a pleasing story of a young American widow and orphan who visits her mother's ancestral home in England, presided over by an exceedingly grim and unreceptive Englishwoman of high family, broad acres, and narrow means. The charm of the American girl in time makes an impression even on this aunt-in-law, while Robinetta captures offhand the affection of a jolly midshipman cousin (a capital type of English boy and the best character in the book), of her mother's old nurse, and, last but not least, of a visiting young lawyer. Her adventures with the three are told with fun and also with not a little real feeling and charm. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.10.)

Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Denry the Audacious" is another story of his favorite Five Towns, but, as compared with "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Clayhanger," is slight

and light. Yet it is an amusing trifle, relating with gusto the astonishing success of a cheeky young man who follows sudden impulses to actions which first make people stare, then laugh, and finally put him down as a queer but clever genius. There is nothing bad about him, and his ventures socially, financially, and matrimonially make entertaining reading. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Louis XI and François Villon have appeared before this in many a romance and play, but Mr. Hamilton Drummond's "The Justice of the King" puts them in a new setting and to a considerable extent in new lights of character. They are, moreover, here the cause of action and passion in others—a brave boy soldier and a great-hearted girl, the guardian of the Dauphin, who is distrusted and all but given over to assassination by his royal father. As a tale of movement and plot this romance is intensely alive, and it is far superior in style and charm to the average novel of its class. The originality of the story in the large and of the incidents in detail is nowhere more evident than in the closing chapters. The author is to be commended for refraining from an attempt to reproduce old times by labored diction. The stream of the narrative flows fresh and clear. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

"Alise of Astra," by Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, is a capital plot-story of that type of which "The Prisoner of Zenda" was the forerunner. The incidents are well invented and artfully combined. If the romance cannot claim a high place as regards intellectual value or subtle study of human nature, it may nevertheless receive praise for its careful construction and its success in maintaining the reader's interest. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

We can best give our readers an idea of Mr. Carl S. Vrooman's volume on railways by giving first the descriptive title-page and next an interpretation of the title in the opening sentence of the introduction: "American Railway Problems in the Light of European Experience; or, Government Regulation vs. Government Operation of Railways." "Slowly but surely, the more intelligent among our citizens are coming to recognize that the only solution for our railway problem lies in the working out for ourselves of the most effective possible system of railway regulation, while at the same time taking the precaution to make gradual preparation for that consummation which all serious students of the subject recognize to be at least possible, and which most authorities, even when opposed to it theoretically, recognize as the most probable *ultimate* solution of the transportation problem, *i.e.*, public ownership and operation." With this paragraph, except the last clause, The Outlook is in entire agreement. What the weight of *authorities* is on this subject we do not venture to affirm; but we are hopeful that America will work out the railway problem as it has worked out the banking problem. Prior to 1863 we had as many banking systems as States, and a wholly fragmentary and unsatisfactory bank currency. A plan was then contrived which preserved individual initiative and enterprise and also secured Governmental supervision and control, and as a result the United States has a currency which only needs more flexibility to be the best paper currency in the world. That the same *method* can be applied to our railway problem we do not affirm. But we believe that it is possible to apply to that problem the same *principle;* that a way can be found by which a similar individual initiative and enterprise can be secured in the railway world with a Governmental supervision and control which will protect and promote the rights and interests of the public. Two great changes have taken place in the dominant opinion among railway managers in the last ten years, and both look in this direction. Railway men have come to see that a considerable measure of Federal control is for the highest interests of the stockholders, and they are coming to see that the railways are public highways and that to be permanently successful as private enterprises they must be administered in the public interest. Mr. Vrooman tells the story of the failure of European attempts at railway regulation by government and of the success of European State ownership and administration. He knows his subject, and he writes with a purpose to be absolutely fair, and, while he is frankly in favor of Government ownership and operation, he does not write as one whose study of the subject has been merely that of an advocate seeking to get facts to support his contention. There are, however, two distinguishing characteristics of America which he does not appear to take account of. One is our Federal system. The Federal ownership and operation of our railways would make the maintenance of independent State governments at least a new if not a more difficult problem. The other is our democratic spirit, which makes the conversion of private enterprise into public enterprise normal and natural. (Oxford University Press, New York. $2.)

Professor Adolf Harnack's work on "The Constitution and Law of the Church in the First Two Centuries" appears in English in less than a year from its publication at Leipsic. It exhibits the historical development of the apostolic and post-apostolic age as contradicting the Catholic and the old Protestant doctrine that "the Church is a deliberate and direct foundation of Christ." To quote its opening sentence: "In no other department of Church history is the opposition between the ecclesiastical and the historical standpoint so great as in that dealing with the earliest constitution of the Church and the history of ecclesiastical law." The details thus pointedly summarized must be

passed over. It deserves mention here that the primitive community distinguished itself from the synagogue by adopting as its name "the most solemn expression which Judaism used for the whole body of the people in relation to the worship of God" (in Hebrew, *Qāhāl;* translated into the Greek, *ekklesia;* in our version, *church*). Appended to this work is an essay on "Primitive Christianity and Catholicism." In the form of a critique on Sohm's monograph on "The Essence and Origin of Catholicism" Harnack adopts, and also expands, Sohm's brief definition of Catholicism as "the making of the Church as a legal body equivalent to the true Church of Christ." A second appendix is devoted to the origin of the Trinitarian formula—Father, Son, and Spirit. The inclusion of this triplicity under the term "name"—a "mode of expression [which] is not Greek"—Harnack regards as evidence that it originated, not in the Gentile-Christian world, but in Palestine, perhaps between 50 and 80 A.D. Concluding appendices on the various early meanings of the terms "Gospel," "Word of God," "Word of Christ," "afford further evidence of the evolution and freedom which is the general characteristic of the Christian religion." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.)

"The Old Testament Narrative, Separated Out, Set in Connected Order, and Edited by Alfred Dwight Sheffield" meets a present need. It transforms the more or less disconnected and repetitious story of Israel into modern shape, presenting it in the order of events, without repetition, as a connected whole from the earliest time to the successful issue of the Maccabean revolution. The text is that of the common version, with corrections. A sufficiency of critical aid is supplied in its Introduction, together with brief foot-notes and, at points touching the history of other nations, archæological illustrations. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.)

Williams College has been represented in literature and journalism by such names as Bryant, Prime, Stoddard, Scudder, Franklin Carter, Henry Mills Alden, Washington Gladden, Stanley Hall, Cuthbert Hall, Leverett W. Spring, Henry Loomis Nelson, George L. Raymond, George E. MacLean, Isaac Henderson, Bliss Perry, Rollo Ogden, F. J. Mather, and others. When these men were undergraduates, they wrote for the literary periodicals of the college. Some of their output in that direction doubtless deserves resurrection. Williams men ought to be grateful to Edwin Partridge Lehman and Julian Park, editors of the "Williams Literary Monthly," for publishing some of this material in a small, compact, well-printed volume under the title "A Williams Anthology." While it is interesting to read the worth-while verse written 'way back in the '50s by that famous Kansan John J. Ingalls, and that more famous Ohioan James A. Garfield, it is even more interesting to note the steady advance in the literary quality of the poetry to the standard set by the present generation of Williams graduates as represented by such men as Benedict, Underwood, Livingston, Tenney, Adams, Banks, Ketchum, Eastman, Brady, Westermann, and, in particular, by the editors themselves. From them we have a body of verse enough to mark the beginning of a "Berkshire School" of poets; certainly enough to challenge comparison with any published in the entire collegiate press. (Privately Printed, Williamstown, Massachusetts.)

There are some who would find it difficult to tell how much their conceptions of some of Dickens's characters are due to Dickens directly and how much to the familiar pictures that bear the names "Phiz" and "George Cruikshank." In the Centenary Edition of Dickens, comprising thirty-six volumes, the familiar illustrations appear. The print is good, the binding is tasteful, and the price is reasonable. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1 per volume.)

Now that Mr. John Redmond has come to be regarded as holding the balance of power and as being the maker and unmaker of Cabinets, his speeches and addresses take on a somewhat new importance. Those delivered during recent years have been collected in a well-printed volume entitled "Home Rule," and are useful, not only as disclosing Mr. Redmond's personal point of view, but as reviewing the history of legislation and attempted legislation for the benefit of Ireland from the time when Mr. Gladstone proposed his first Home Rule Bill to the present. (The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.)

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, the accomplished editor of the "British Weekly," tells us in the preface to his recent book, "The Round of the Clock," that it "was commenced and carried through under the influence of Oliver Wendell Holmes." Holmes, in "The New Portfolio," humorously tells the story of the race run by a college class through life from their start on commencement day, and divides it into ten-year periods. Nicoll reckons from infancy to age in five-year periods, for which he quotes Scott in "The Abbot:" "At the revolution of every five years we find ourselves another, and yet the same." For these periods he takes the twelve hours indicated by the clock from six in the morning to six in the evening, each intervening minute space on the dial representing a year, and thus gives "the story of our life from year to year," reaching "the cataracts" at fifty-five, and "the zeniths" at sixty. The story here ceases, but the annals continue as successive birthdays are passed in the lengthened evenings of life till ninety-seven. Such is the outline of a work richly filled with material drawn from a wide range of reading in literature, history, biography, and science, and wrought into charming lit-

erary form. "There are, I think," says the author, "not a few who like to know on their birthdays how others were faring at the same age, and for these this book has been published." (Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $1.25.)

As applied to the professor at the Collège de France, *Sir* Gaston Maspero has a queer sound. Be it remembered, however, that he is Director of Antiquities in Egypt and that England "runs" Egypt. His new book, "Egypt: Ancient Sites and Modern Scenes," deals with the aspect of the country as it has presented itself to him in his annual voyages up and down the Nile to inspect the monuments in his official capacity. His impressions of modern Egypt were of direct help to his understanding and appreciation of ancient Egypt, and this will be the case with every observer, though, of course, in not such far-reaching degree. For with many a scene of present-day life along the Nile the pictures in the old tombs, as we recall them, start to life. This sense of intimacy between present and past is specially to be noted in the author's description of a place whose present—for it is mostly submerged by the barrage—contrasts most acutely with its past; and this place is Philæ. The well-printed book ought to be in the hands of every one who has made or expects to make the Nile voyage. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $4.)

"The Interpretation of History," by Max Nordau, an interpretation fearfully and wonderfully made, regards history as "a melodrama on the theme of parasitism," and the philosophy of history as a "science of deceit," whose practical purpose is to oppress and deceive the present with the assistance of the past. When the reader comes upon the author's statement that the moons of Jupiter and Saturn rotate round their planets "in the opposite direction to that followed by all other moons," he finds a no less flagrant untruth. If professed atheism were always thus accompanied, as here, it would carry its antidote with it. There is evidently a demand for such vaporings, else who would publish them? But it would be difficult to find, except in the ravings of Nietzsche, an equal contempt for the consensus of serious minds. (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $2.)

As might be expected from one who has spent much time in Japan and who is a very keen observer, Dr. George Trumbull Ladd's "Rare Days in Japan" offers a welcome opportunity to the ordinary reader of becoming better acquainted with the real life lived in that far-away land. It may be that the author is in some respects somewhat prejudiced; it may be that some of his statements will seem overdrawn; but as a whole his book is certainly illuminating and inspiring, and will be a stimulus towards the acquirement of further knowledge concerning a particularly interesting land and folk. Dr. Ladd has had the very uncommon advantage of seeing the Japanese Court at close range. He had private audience with the Emperor no less than four times, and knows at first hand about the workings of the Court and of Parliament. His chapters on these subjects are thus of peculiar interest. The book is also instructive in its account of the status of Buddhism in Japan. Few realize the closer relations of Buddhism and Christianity there. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.)

Mr. Allen French's book on "The Siege of Boston" is a popular account, graphic in manner, not only of the siege itself, but of the events which led up to it, and practically, therefore, of the history of Boston in the Revolution up to the time of the Evacuation. The narrative is one that should interest young people, for, without being written specifically for them, it has the dramatic setting and quick movement they like. From records, histories, and letters Mr. French gathers incidents and illustrative anecdotes, many of which will be new to most readers. The account is well proportioned and of sustained animation. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

In his small volume on "Kant and His Philosophical Revolution" Professor R. M. Wenley, of the University of Michigan, has made a difficult subject for the general reader as attractive and simple as possible. The opening chapter on Kant's "larger environment"—the origins and condition of his native Germany—is a winsome introduction, followed by an "intellectual perspective" of the science and philosophy of his time. The man himself appears next under the molding influences of his "nearer environment," his parentage, home and school training, religious and academic influences, social and civic life. No morose recluse, but something even of a *bon vivant* did he become, though steeled against all seduction from the vigor and rigor of his regnant purpose. In assurance of its triumph he penned a great prophecy: "After a hundred years people will begin to understand me rightly, and will then study my books anew and appreciate them." The fact is that all the lines of modern philosophy radiate from Kant's epoch-making work, the "Critique of Pure Reason." This effected a revolution like that which Copernicus effected in men's idea of the relation of the earth to the solar system. Kant showed that the universe of knowledge is not a datum to the mind, but a construct by the mind using as tools its own laws and forms. Thenceforward the seat of authority was established in the self-conscious mind. This dissolution of the previous intellectual order matured through a period of development under various influences. These are interestingly traced by Dr. Wenley, who lucidly exhibits its theoretical consequences, and its results, as Kant's central principle unfolded in the subsequent advance of philosophy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.)

The Outlook

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THE CORPORATION TAX

Last week the United States Supreme Court unanimously affirmed the constitutionality of the Corporation Tax Law. The law was passed in August, 1909, as a section of the Payne Tariff Bill, and is one of the features of that bill which The Outlook heartily commended at the time of its passage, believing that it went far to compensate the country for some of the manifest defects of the Payne Tariff Law. Its proposal by President Taft and its passage by Congress excited an unusual volume of public comment and consideration. An examination of the files of The Outlook shows that the law, the principles involved, and its probable effect upon the country were discussed with unusual fullness in these pages for a period covering many weeks; its constitutionality was both attacked and defended by distinguished contributors to The Outlook. The fact is worth mentioning because it is an interesting commentary upon the calm acceptance by the American people of a decision by the Supreme Court of a question regarding which they have displayed the most vital and heated differences of opinion. The constitutionality of the law was attacked before the Supreme Court on the ground that it is an income or direct tax; that it discriminates unjustly between corporations and partnerships; that it interferes with the power of the separate States over the corporations which they create by taxing a State-given franchise; and that by making public the earnings and expenses of corporations it is a dangerously inquisitorial law. On these main grounds, as well as others less important, the Court decided unanimously against the objectors. In brief paraphrase of the opinion of Justice Day, it may be said that the Federal Government may lay an excise tax on special forms of doing business; that the corporation is such a special form; and as to publicity, the Government has the right to adopt such methods as will enable it efficiently to collect the tax. Under the law $27,000,000 in taxes was collected last year. But the revenue feature forms, in our judgment, the least important part of the law. Its important feature is that it provides a means by which publicity of accounting and Government supervision are assured in the regulation of industry by law.

TWO GOVERNORS—A CONTRAST

Governor Dix, of New York, and Governor Wilson, of the neighboring State of New Jersey, present a contrast that is not merely entertaining to students of politics, but is also instructive to the voter. Both Governors belong to the same party; but in every other respect they are antipodal. Governor Dix is a "business man" of the "practical" type, not given to saying much, not able to express himself very clearly except on matters of finance and investment, not a student of social problems; a man whose ability was supposed to be in the direction of the management of administrative affairs. Governor Wilson, on the other hand, is the proverbial "scholar in politics," a ready, witty, and forceful speaker, equipped with knowledge on a wide range of historical and political topics, and accustomed to draw upon that knowledge for the purposes of instruction—emphatically a student; a man whose administrative capacity has been tested principally in an academic environment. What is most interesting and significant is that the "scholar" avows his belief that a Governor should be a leader, and is showing

his faith by his works; while the "practical man" is basing his acts on a theory, a doctrine, of non-interference, and is showing his disbelief by his passiveness. Several weeks ago Dr. Wilson brought about a settlement of the tangled Senatorial issue in his State. Last week he appeared before a conference of the Democratic members of the New Jersey Legislature, told them what he expected them to do with regard to a measure to which he was convinced the party was pledged, and announced that if they did not act in accord with his recommendation he would take the stump and lay the case before the people. The conference voted to support the measure. Governor Dix has pursued the opposite course, if indeed anything so stationary can be called a course at all. As in New Jersey, so in New York there has been a tangled Senatorial situation. Governor Dix, besieged on all sides, urged to exert his influence, declined for weeks to interfere in what he regards as the prerogatives of the Legislature. So serious did the deadlock become as an obstruction to legislation that Governor Dix, long after sides had been taken, animosities stirred up, and the wills of the legislators and their bosses hardened into obstinacy, attempted in an apologetic letter to express his disapproval of the candidate of his party's caucus. This letter was as effective as a pebble thrown against a cliff. Governor Dix has avowed his belief that he should not interfere with legislation. He has, however, had an acquaintance at work drafting measures which have not apparently had the approval of some of his own chosen official advisers. His theories regarding non-interference with the courts are like his theories regarding non-interference with the Legislature; yet he sent an unsealed letter to the District Attorney of New York County requesting him, on the eve of the highly important investigation into alleged financial irregularities in the Carnegie Trust Company, to consult the Attorney-General. This letter from the Governor was delivered to the District Attorney by counsel for the defendants! Governor Dix has explained that this letter was not intended to call off the District Attorney from his prosecution. Furthermore, Governor Dix invited the Tammany boss to Albany, with the Mayor of New York, in order to receive their advice on the Senatorial situation. Just what good it can do to a Governor whose theory is that he can do nothing we cannot surmise. The people of New York had ample opportunity to learn what kind of Governor Mr. Dix would make by his passive ante-election campaign. They had no right to expect him to be a leader. Like many another so-called "practical man," he is really an inert theorist. His neighbor, Dr. Wilson—the student, the scholar, the thinker—is the really "practical man," the real executive.

GOVERNOR BASS A REAL GOVERNOR

A Governor who, like Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, believes that the executive should be leader is the Hon. Robert Perkins Bass, of New Hampshire. The Legislature of that State is called the General Court. In Governor Bass's first message to the General Court he called its members' attention to the fact that the platforms of both parties demand Progressive legislation, hence that legislators are in honor bound to do all in their power to carry out each and every pledge made to the people of New Hampshire and indorsed by them. The session is now drawing to a close. Bills have been introduced to enact the promises made to the people. No one of the bills demanded by the people of New Hampshire has yet been passed, and the only one of these measures finally acted upon was defeated. Such a condition of things has aroused the indignation of New Hampshire citizens in general and of their Governor in particular. In a special message just issued he says that the lower house has passed seven of the ten important bills introduced, the other three being still under consideration; in contrast with this is the record of the Senate, the upper house, which has not yet passed one of the reform measures. "In the main," says Governor Bass, "the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties were in agreement, and the appeal of each party to the voters was that, by reason of its record and the character of its candidates, it could be relied upon better than the other party to enact into law the reforms in regard to which

both agree. There is no doubt that the people of New Hampshire want the pledges of the platform redeemed." So far the Senate has frustrated the popular will to establish a Public Service Commission and a permanent Tax Commission to equalize taxation throughout the State and to make sure that certain corporations and companies shall bear their just share of taxation, to provide for workmen's compensation, and to provide for purity of elections. It is also interesting to note that Governor Bass has been one of the leaders in a movement included in the programme of the National Progressive Republican League to provide for the election of delegates to National Conventions under the Direct Primary Law; in this special message he again recommends it. The States of New Hampshire and New Jersey have as executives men who are also large enough to assume the full responsibility of leadership.

VIRGINIA VERSUS WEST VIRGINIA

The United States Supreme Court has now solved the arithmetical puzzle of how much of the Virginian debt West Virginia should bear. Of course West Virginia's claim was that it was not liable for any. But most opinions leaned the other way. The Supreme Court's did, unanimously. For Virginia had incurred a large outstanding bonded indebtedness largely through the influence of that part of the old Commonwealth now known as West Virginia. The money was to have been used for the development of that region, especially in the construction of railways, canals, and other avenues of commerce. Moreover, in the West Virginia Constitution it was agreed, as a part of the separation, that the new State should assume its equitable share of the debt. But the amount was never paid. It will be now. This taken for granted as an ultimate fact, the real question before the Court was as to the method of determining West Virginia's exact share of the debt. The Virginian contention has been to determine it on the basis of area and of population in 1861, when West Virginia parted company with the old Commonwealth. Not so the Supreme Court's view. The opinion, written by Mr. Justice Holmes and concurred in by all the other members of the Court, determines the share on the ratio of the assessed valuation of real and personal property in West Virginia to that of Virginia as it was returned for taxation in 1861. On this basis the Court found that Virginia should pay, after certain deductions were made, 76.5 per cent of the whole debt and West Virginia 23.5 per cent. The case is interesting for two reasons. First, its age. Ever since the Civil War Virginia has been endeavoring to obtain a settlement with her offspring. Second, the inter-State interest in the matter. As Justice Holmes said, this is no ordinary commercial suit, but a quasi-international difference. In deciding this case the Supreme Court has exercised a function which it has possessed since its establishment and which makes it the forerunner of the International Court at The Hague.

ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY: THE CIVIL SERVICE

A quarter-century ago the ambition of politicians for power was gratified in two directions. First, they had the power of appointment to the public service. The result was that some pot-house politician at a country cross-roads was often rewarded for party service by being appointed to a position which he was generally grotesquely unable to grace. The increasing domination of civil service rules, however, has limited the spoilsman's power. In contrast with the previous age that power looks like the map of Turkey as it exists to-day compared with the map of Turkey as it existed three hundred years ago. A realization of this comes from a reading of the Federal Civil Service Commission's just-published annual report—its twenty-seventh. Twenty-seven years ago there would have been a general outcry of "revolutionary" at any such recommendation as President Taft's in asking for legislation to permit him to arrange in various classes for examination, not only the first, second, and third class postmasters, but also all local officers whose appointments are now subject to confirmation by the Senate. If these recommendations were to be adopted, the spoilsmen would have comparatively few "jobs"

at their disposal. It is hardly necessary to state that the Commission joins the President in these recommendations. The most important actual change during the year was the classification by Executive order of assistant postmasters and of clerks in first and second class post-offices. The excellent results already shown by this reform will doubtless lend much strength to the recommendations above mentioned of the President and the Commission. Certainly the merit system is indispensable both to economy and to efficiency. These examinations require greater efficiency, and consequently a few efficient men can do the work formerly done by a larger number of comparatively inefficient men. Thus the examination system has promoted both economy and efficiency. At the same time it facilitates the extension of governmental activities to new fields because it furnishes the best practicable means of testing qualifications for scientific, technical, and professional work. A final result of the quarter of a century history is seen in the better spirit of co-operation on the part of administration officers and the public.

ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY: APPROPRIATIONS

Despite the above facts the power of certain Representatives and Senators at Washington during the past quarter-century has in another direction continued to be greater than it should be. We refer to the control of money bills. During the session of the Congress just closed a billion and twenty-five million dollars were appropriated. Since this is within a million dollars of the estimate submitted by the Executive to Congress, it testifies to the success of the President's effort in requiring closer scrutiny of the estimates by his Cabinet officers and thus reducing those estimates by millions of dollars. When the estimates are laid before Congress, they are considered in the House of Representatives by no less than eight committees. This plan of divided responsibility was adopted in 1885 by a Democratic House. But we note that ever since that date there has been an abnormal growth of public expenditures. In no inconsiderable degree this is due, we believe, to this very plan of divided responsibility. In order to have proper economy and efficiency, the present plan should be reversed. The eight appropriating jurisdictions ought to be consolidated into a single committee, to be of sufficient size to be representative of all sections of the country and of every branch of the public service. Now that the Democrats are again in control of the House of Representatives, will they have the courage to undo the wrong done by them in 1885?

THE CRAWFORD NOTCH IN DANGER

The news from New Hampshire is disquieting. It was supposed that when the Weeks Bill passed Congress, providing for the acquirement of forested watersheds, the White Mountains would thenceforth be saved from any unnecessary ax. But such is not the case. The ax is already at work, and it is at work in perhaps the most exquisite spot in the mountains, namely, the Crawford Notch. Many a lover of that place will read with indignation that lumbermen have already begun cutting down the forests which clothe its slopes. Although the State of New Hampshire has been singularly slothful in proper attention to its own forest interests, it is agreeable to know that a bill is now before the Legislature authorizing the Governor and Council to take possession of the Notch under the right of eminent domain and appropriating the sum of $100,000. Opposition to the measure comes largely from those who do not realize that the Crawford Notch forests are a State asset, that in time they will pay not only all interest charges but also the principal. This statement, however, is not accepted by many New Hampshire folk. Some of them may be surprised to know that the people of their State receive no less than $16,000,000 annually from their forests. But the chances for the passage of a Crawford Notch bill are much brighter now that New Hampshire has in its Governor a man who has shown great energy and far-sightedness in forestry work. Certainly, if the State will do its duty in saving the Crawford Notch, the Federal Government will be more apt to do its share in saving the whole White Mountain region.

MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES

Last week brought out little of a sensational nature as regards the concentrating of United States troops in Texas. The different bodies of the army set in motion by the order of the preceding week were rapidly brought into the camps at San Antonio and put into an effective condition for maneuvering on a large scale by brigades and divisions, while evident preparations also were made for guarding our southern border and thus to prevent any improper use of our territory by the insurgents in Mexico, or any illegal assistance to them from the American side of the line. A rather delicate question has arisen over the arrest of two young Americans who undoubtedly served in the army of insurrection. These young men are now imprisoned at Juarez; it is asserted by their friends that they were captured on American soil and practically kidnapped over the border; the Mexican authorities deny this, and claim that the young men were captured in Mexican territory. This raises an issue of fact and evidence, but there is little likelihood of strained relations between the two Governments, because both are anxious to deal with such subjects in a temperate and reasonable spirit. An indication of the increasing seriousness of the insurrection in Mexico has been the adoption by a permanent commission of the Mexican Congress of President Diaz's recommendation to suspend certain constitutional guarantees, and thus to make possible the immediate trial of men charged with the destruction of railway and telegraph lines, and those who burn or destroy property. The punishment of death may be applied after such an immediate trial. On their side, the insurrectos have issued a statement declaring that they are in arms for "a free Mexico and a fair election;" that President Diaz is not the real choice of the people; that the State of Chihuahua is practically in the hands of revolutionists, and that they expect to put ten thousand men in the field within a short time. *Per contra*, the Mexican Ambassador to Washington, Mr. de la Barra, thus describes the insurrection: "In the north, in a portion of the State of Chihuahua, some forces made up of malcontents who are against the local administration, without any military organization, properly speaking, keep up a guerrilla warfare in which they will soon be subdued by force of arms, notwithstanding the advantages that kind of warfare gives them in a mountainous country." The reports as to actual operations are contradictory, but apparently the insurrectos are very active in cutting railway communications, while there have been no engagements of any consequence since that at Casas Grandes referred to last week. Reports that further orders for the concentration of United States troops in Texas were about to be issued have been contradicted, and, apparently at the request of the Mexican Government, our Navy Department has withdrawn from Mexican waters the war-ships which had been directed to cruise along the Mexican coast and enter Mexican ports. Mr. Roosevelt's comment before the Toltec Club in El Paso last week expresses American sentiment exactly: "All the United States wishes to see in Mexico is prosperity; we wish to see it have the prosperity that means material well-being, industrial success, coupled with order, justice, and independence."

A PROPHETIC SPEECH

Sir Edward Grey, in the absence of the Premier acting as the leader of the English Government, recently made a speech in the House of Commons which has attracted very wide attention, and which may ten years hence take its place as an event of the first importance. In a debate on the British naval programme he called attention to the remarkable progress toward arbitration, but declared that a long step must still be taken before arbitration will reduce the expenditures for armaments. He declared that he should perhaps have thought it unprofitable to mention arbitration had it not been for the fact that "twice within the last twelve months the President of the United States has sketched out a step in advance more momentous than any one thing that any statesman in his position has ventured to say before. His words are pregnant with very far-reaching consequences. He recently made the statement that he does not see personally any reason why matters of national honor

should not be referred to a court of arbitration; and he expressed the opinion that if the United States could negotiate a positive agreement with some other nation to abide by the adjudication of an international arbitral court on every question that could not be settled by negotiation, no matter what was involved, a long step forward would be taken." Sir Edward declared that, in his judgment, a statement of this kind made by a man of Mr. Taft's position should not go without response, and added: "We should be delighted to receive such a proposal. I should feel it something so far-reaching in its consequences that it required not only the signature of both Governments, but the deliberately decided sanction of Parliament. That I believe would be obtained. . . . The great nations of the earth are in bondage, increasing bondage, and it is not impossible that in some of the future years they will discover, as individuals have discovered, that the law is a better remedy than force, and that, in all the time they have been in bondage, the prison door has been locked on the inside." These statements, made with great impressiveness of manner by the leader for the moment of the English Government, were received with applause. Mr. Balfour, speaking for the Unionists, declared that the party would cordially co-operate with the Government in such a reception of proposals looking to a permanent arbitration between the two Governments. The English press generally has spoken of Sir Edward's position with the warmest approval; the "Pall Mall Gazette" declared that it "carries with it the full strength of English feeling and influence;" and many of the leading newspapers on the Continent have risen above racial and party lines and have interpreted the speech of the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs as a pronouncement of extraordinary significance and hopefulness. It will be remembered that a similar treaty negotiated by Mr. Olney and Lord Pauncefote came within four votes of receiving confirmation by the United States Senate. Since that time the education of both peoples has made rapid strides; and when the President puts his suggestion into definite form, he will undoubtedly have the people of the United States behind him.

CAMORRISTS IN CAGES

Viterbo is a town of nearly twenty thousand people, twenty-five miles north of Rome. It is an old Etrurian town surrounded by ancient walls and towers. But its reputation in history has just received the accentuation of a very up-to-date modernism, for it has been chosen as the place for trial of thirty-four members of the Camorra, the Italian politico-social secret society. The Camorra exists, it is alleged, apparently for the assassination of any who may provoke its displeasure. Among these was one Cuoccolo. Him the Camorra murdered, it is claimed, and for the reason of his opposition to Alfano, the head of the organization. Cuoccolo's wife was also murdered, because, so it is reported, had she been spared, knowing who her husband's murderers were, she would have denounced them. These crimes were revealed by an informer, one Abbatemaggio. Alfano and other Camorrists were arrested. The place of their trial is a former church. Like most in Italy, it is in the form of a cross. At the head of the cross, in the place once occupied by the choir, are the benches for the three judges, the prosecutor, and the clerk of the court. The left arm of the cross holds the seats for the jury; the right contains a great iron cage occupied by the thirty-four accused persons; and a smaller cage is occupied by Abbatemaggio, now isolated from his former associates. Between the two arms of the cross are the benches for the lawyers, and in the nave are seats for the witnesses. A place is also reserved for the public. The Italian Government's purpose in the trial is, we are sure, not only to punish murderers, but to rid Italy of an abominable secret organization. Yet so powerful is that organization that almost insurmountable difficulties arose regarding the selection of the jury. Though one was finally secured last week, the sense of intimidation will doubtless persist, influencing witnesses and jurors alike. The trial will be peculiarly interesting to Americans, for in the very first day's proceedings a report from the New York Police Department was read concerning the arrest of Alfano in America and what the American detectives had been able to discover concerning him and his associates. The report was signed

"Joseph Petrosino." Petrosino was murdered in 1909, at Palermo, Sicily.

NAPOLEON IN LONDON

On the first day of January, 1792, Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then a lieutenant of artillery and had been studying his profession at Valence and at Auxonne, was stricken off the rolls of the regiment because he had outstayed his leave in Corsica. Did he at that time or in 1793 pay a visit of several weeks to the city of London? This interesting question has been raised again by Lord Rosebery's reply to a correspondent who asked his opinion about an old and forgotten rumor to that effect, that he could not understand how anybody could credit it. Then up rose Mr. Burns, who quoted from McMichael's "Story of Charing Cross" the reported testimony of five London tradesmen living near George Street, Strand, that a young man named Bonaparte had lodged in that vicinity for five weeks in 1791 or 1792. McMichael quoted his story from Timbs, and Timbs is charged with having founded his statement on a letter which appeared in the Birmingham "Journal" in 1855. At this stage the recent discussion seemed to be on the point of dying, when Mr. Burns revived it by an extract from "Kelly's Wars," a book published during Napoleon's lifetime, in which it is stated that Napoleon had come to England, but that the object of his appearance there was not known; that he lodged for a short time in the Adelphi, in the Strand, probably about the middle of the year 1793. "Kelly's Wars," however, is a work without authority, and General Miranda, who is quoted by Kelly as having asserted that Napoleon was in England, left no memoirs, so that it is impossible to check up Kelly's reference to him. Mr. Burns affirmed that between 1786 and 1794 Napoleon cannot be easily traced, which is undoubtedly true, though it proves nothing except the fact that the young man was obscure and restless. The London "Outlook" is of opinion that if Napoleon ever was in London it was in the five months between May and October, 1792, when he was unemployed, discredited, and becoming desperate. It is of the opinion that the testimony of the tradesmen who united in the declaration about the young man Bonaparte cannot arbitrarily be set aside, and that they probably believed that their testimony was true. It urges, however, on the other hand, that old men who have lived in great times are always anxious to associate themselves with the greatness of the past, and that any lodger in George Street who called attention to himself by being what they called in London "Frenchy" might easily be identified with Napoleon when he became the foremost figure in the world. More conclusive, however, is the fact that Napoleon, who talked so much about himself, and who was so much interested in all the striking aspects of his career, never referred to the London visit; that to no one of his visitors at St. Helena did he ever speak of London; and that Bourrienne, who was with him in some of the most troubled days in Paris, does not mention such a visit. During the early period Napoleon was in desperate circumstances, indebted to his friends for his dinners and to the pawnshops for his lodgings. Under these circumstances it is almost incredible that he should have made what was then an expensive journey to London, and lived in a "genteel fashion." The story of the London residence of the great Corsican belongs in that borderland between history and fiction upon which both history and fiction occasionally draw for entertaining material.

COUNT TOLSTOY'S LITERARY REMAINS

The large class of readers in America who care more for Count Tolstoy's fiction than for his philosophy will be glad to learn that among the manuscripts left by him, in a more or less finished state, are two hitherto unknown dramas; three novels, or novelettes, one of which dates from his best literary period; and a large amount of interesting matter which was included in the first drafts of his sketches and novels, but which was subsequently stricken out because it could not pass the press censorship, because it was thought by the Countess Tolstoy to be objectionable, or because it did not meet the approval of the magazine editors to whom it was originally submitted. The dramas

are entitled, respectively, "A Learned Woman" and "A Living Corpse." The former has comparatively little interest, but the latter, which was suggested by the testimony taken in a Russian court in a remarkable criminal case, is said to be a work of originality and power. It is to be put on the stage of the Fine Arts Theater in Moscow next winter, and arrangements have already been made for its production in the principal cities of western Europe. The three unpublished stories are "Tikhon and Malanie," an unfinished novelette of Russian village life, which is said to contain character sketches and descriptions of extraordinary vividness; "Father Sergie," a story based on the life, temptation, and fall of a Russian hermit monk; and "Hadji Murat," a romantic, semi-historical tale of the Caucasus and of the struggle which the mountaineers of Daghestan made to preserve their independence under the leadership of their great hero Shamyl. The story last named is said to show all the freshness and originality of Count Tolstoy's talent in the earlier phases of its development, as well as the intimate knowledge of Caucasian scenery, customs, and character which gave so much charm to "The Cossacks." For readers who are familiar with the writings of Tolstoy as they now stand the passages stricken out prior to publication are likely to have quite as much interest as the works that are wholly new. "Childhood and Youth" was greatly mutilated by editorial and censorial excisions, and in the Sevastopol sketches—particularly "Sevastopol in August"—everything that reflected unfavorably upon Russian bureaucratic adminstration and the management of the war was either modified or wholly omitted. General Kuropatkin, in a recently published article, has expressed the opinion that in describing the heroic defense of Sevastopol Tolstoy rendered a great service to the Russian army; but when the passages that were stricken out by the press censor shall have been restored to the text, the service, from a military point of view, may not seem so great. In addition to the matter omitted from "Childhood and Youth" and the Sevastopol sketches, the next edition of Tolstoy's works will contain the concluding part of "Memoirs of a Marker," including Nekhludof's "Confession;" many new pages from the original manuscript of "The Invaders;" and an important scene from "War and Peace," which was strenuously objected to by the Countess Tolstoy, and which was three times stricken out by the author at her request. The book that will be most changed by the restoration of omitted matter is "The Cossacks." This idyl of Caucasian life, as originally written, was in two parts. Tolstoy gave it to Katkof, editor of the Moscow "Gazette" and the "Russian Messenger," in payment of a gambling debt; but he was so much displeased with the changes made by the editor in the text of the first part that he refused to furnish the manuscript of the second part, and the latter, consequently, has never been published. The new edition of Tolstoy's complete works, which will contain all of these changes and additions, is now in course of publication in St. Petersburg; but it has been delayed by the unfortunate struggle between the Countess Tolstoy and her daughter Alexandra for possession of the Count's manuscripts. Alexandra lays claim to them under the terms of her father's will, while her mother declares that most of them were given to her personally by her husband before his death. The contest may have to be settled by the courts.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

The Outlook commented several months ago on the admirable work being done in Rome by two American institutions—the American Academy and the American School of Classical Studies—the first housed in the Villa Mirafiore, with a delightful garden about it, and the other in the Villa Bonghi, not far from the Baths of Diocletian, in much smaller but very attractive grounds. These two institutions, working in different but not unrelated fields, have a certain essential kinship in their spirit and aims, and are now to be happily united. The union between the two schools is a natural outcome of their common work for American scholarship and art rather than an arbitrary consolidation imposed from without. A generous American woman, Mrs. Clara J. Heyland,

formerly Miss Jessup, of Philadelphia, devised to the Academy her former home, the Villa Aurelia, a spacious and handsome house, surrounded by ample grounds on the summit of the Janiculum Hill, the most conspicuous point in Rome. Americans will recall the equestrian statue of Garibaldi which stands on the hill, and in certain lights almost seems to have come out of the sky. The villa commands a very extensive view of the city of Rome, and of the surrounding country from the Alban Hills almost to the Mediterranean. It is near the famous Villa Pamfili Doria, which contains one of the choicest art collections in Rome, and is not far from the Spanish Academy and within easy walk of St. Peter's and the Vatican. The villa was partially destroyed when occupied as headquarters by Garibaldi during the siege of Rome. Part of this structure incorporates the old Aurelian wall of Rome. The Academy, organized by a group of artists, sculptors, and painters, was installed in Rome sixteen years ago, and was incorporated by Congress as a National institution ten years later. During its existence sixty-four students in architecture, painting, and sculpture have pursued advanced studies with notable success. The American School of Classical Studies was organized in the same year, and has been supported by the subscriptions of individuals and appropriations from a large group of American universities and colleges. Its staff of instructors has included some of the most eminent American classical scholars, and it has afforded facilities for the most advanced work in Roman archæology, literature, and ancient art. It has rendered great service to American education in training classical scholars, teachers, and investigators for American colleges and universities and for museums. The work in both schools is done wholly by post-graduates, and neither school duplicates the work of any existing institution. The Academy forms the same sort of home for advanced American students in the arts as that afforded by the French Academy to the holders of the Grand Prix de Rome. It supplies, not definite instruction, but expert advice and direction, puts its students in touch with works of art, and associates them in an artistic community. Both of the American institutions have been the centers of delightful hospitality and of the extraordinarily interesting social intercourse made possible by the presence of cultivated men and women from all nations. The delightful situation and ample housing provided for the two institutions should make the Villa Aurelia representative of the best in American thought and interpretative of the best in American life in a city which is still in many respects the art capital of the world.

SIR OLIVER LODGE ON CHRISTIAN REVELATION

The New York "Sun" reports briefly a lay sermon on Christian revelation from the scientific point of view recently delivered by Sir Oliver Lodge at a meeting of the National Free Church Council at Portsmouth, England. Speaking of the incarnation, Sir Oliver said, among other things, that God is revealed to us in a tangible and practical way in the person of Christ, the purpose of whose life was the disclosure to man of attributes of the Deity which otherwise could not have been discovered. Sir Oliver warned his listeners always to mistrust negations, which commonly signify blindness and prejudice unless they are established and formulated in the light of experience or mathematical proof. Even then, he went on to say, he would be ready to admit the possibility of higher generalizations which may uproot them. Sir Oliver, reviewing an ancient simile, illustrated the Christian conception of God by saying that, while the sun is the center of the solar system—a glorious object full of mystery and unknown forces—the sunlight is a friendly, home-like thing that touches common objects and conduces to comfort; it is not the sun, but the human terrestrial aspect of the sun. So, in like manner, Christ is the human, practical, workaday aspect of God. He is the sunshine, that fraction of the transcendental, cosmic Deity which suffuses the earth. Sir Oliver declared that miracles are no more impossible or lawless than the interference of a human being would seem to a colony of ants and bees. "The region of the miraculous," he said, "has been hastily and illegitimately denied. So long as we do not

imagine it to be a region denuded of a law and order of its own akin to the law and order of a psychological realm, our denial has no foundation." These brief and fragmentary statements strikingly illustrate the distinction between the narrowness of what has sometimes been miscalled the rational method of dealing with the ultimate questions of life and the method of reason. Of this latter method Sir Oliver Lodge is an interesting exponent, and his attitude shows the immense change of position which has taken place among scientific thinkers within the last generation.

THE AMERICAN INDEMNITY SCHOLARSHIPS IN CHINA

Last year the Hsio-Pu, or Chinese Board of Education, held an examination in Peking, the capital, to select students to be sent to America. In response to our remission of half of the indemnity paid by the Chinese Government as a result of American damages in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, the Chinese Government agreed to send out a hundred students every year for four years, and thereafter, for twenty-nine years, fifty students. These students are to study seven years each in America. Sixty-four dollars in gold a month is allowed to students studying in America, in addition to the payment of their traveling expenses. As the outcome of the examination of over six hundred applicants, forty-seven boys were despatched to this country under proper escort and were placed at American academies and technical schools of high standing, such as Phillips Academy at Andover, Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Cushing Academy at Ashburnham, Lawrence Academy at Groton, and Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham. Excellent reports have been received with reference to the behavior and study record in America of all of the pupils; indeed, some have carried off first prizes at the examinations held. The question has been asked, Why were these students not distributed in American universities instead of in academies? Because the Chinese Government wished to enable them to acquire a firmer foundation for their work. In addition, a Chinese student at home might, and probably would, be prepared beyond our university entrance examinations in some subjects and not up to them in others. The students themselves have expressed their appreciation of the opportunity to prepare themselves in our academies instead of being permitted at once to enter a university.

THE NEW THEATER

The founders of the New Theater have decided to erect another and smaller edifice than their present playhouse. This does not mean in any sense the failure of the important enterprise in which New York has been so deeply interested; it only means a definite recognition of the fact, seen very early in the history of the enterprise, that the present theater is too large for the main purpose of the founders. The New Theater is admirably equipped for high-class drama, and for the treatment of players and their profession on a very high plane, and it is also a beautiful building. The auditorium is, however, too large for the kind of play which the founders had in view. This was seen on the opening night at the initial performance of "Antony and Cleopatra." The entire audience felt that the auditorium was not scaled to the play; that it was better adapted for grand opera. A few of the new plays which make large scenic demands have been beautifully presented, among them "The Blue Bird" and "The Piper;" and such plays, the founders tell us, would undoubtedly have filled the theater for the entire season; but the aims of the founders and the demands of the regular constituency of the theater call for a wider range of plays. Although during the two seasons now closing the theater has been more liberally supported than any other in New York devoted exclusively to dramatic productions, the founders feel that it will best carry out their purpose to erect on a more convenient site a theater of moderate size especially adapted to the production of classical and high-class modern plays by a stock company; and the founders propose to provide for a term of years a guaranty fund which will correspond to the subsidy by which theaters with similar aspirations are supported in many of the capitals of Europe. They also hope to maintain the

present company of players as an organization by sending it on a tour through the country during the present year and until the new building is ready for occupancy. It is hoped that the present New Theater building, in co-operation with the Metropolitan Opera Company, will become the home for the production of such operas as require a smaller auditorium than that of the Metropolitan Opera-House. New York is under great obligations to the founders of the New Theater; and the faith and generosity with which they are trying an interesting and important experiment in the direction of establishing the art of the playwright and the player on a sound basis deserve the widest popular support.

PIER EXTENSION IN NEW YORK HARBOR

Mr. Dickinson, Secretary of War, has granted permission to the International Mercantile Marine Company to extend two of its Hudson River piers in the port of New York by a hundred feet, so as to accommodate its giant new liners. It would be dangerous for its new steamers to dock at piers shorter than their own length. It has been held that none of the existing area of waterway should be yielded so long as the largest steamships can be provided with suitable wharves at other points, even though this would require radical changes in the present system of constructing docks straight out from the shore. In other words, the piers in question could be employed as they are, while at other points, above and below, the desired length might be obtained by constructing—at an obtuse or acute angle to the shore — diagonal piers. While this suggestion may be followed in the future, for the present the cost seems prohibitive. Nor do the steamship companies favor the suggestion that piers of the desired length be constructed at other places in the harbor, for instance, at South Brooklyn or on the shores of Staten Island. Nor do they wish to develop other harbors, such as New London and Montauk Point, though doubtless at some future day those harbors may become the starting-places for a quick passage across the ocean. The port of New York City is infinitely the most convenient terminal, both to the companies and to their patrons. Hence Secretary Dickinson authorized extensions to the two piers in question, of temporary construction and removable by his order should they prove an obstruction to navigation. To some the matter may seem only of local interest. But we think it of National importance that the port of New York should be able to maintain its present commercial supremacy—a supremacy hardly threatened by reducing the fairway of the Hudson River to 2,650 feet. This width would still be much in excess of the fairway at other important ports; for instance, that of the Mersey at Liverpool is 2,000 to 2,400 feet, that of the Thames at the Tilbury Docks, London, is 1,600 feet, while in some parts of the London docks where large steamships continually come the width is reduced to 600 feet. At Antwerp the river is 2,000 feet wide, but in some turns only 1,000. At Hamburg and Rotterdam the rivers are 1,200 feet wide. It should be remembered also that twin-screw steamships of modern construction can turn and maneuver in much shorter distances than heretofore.

THE INCREASING OBSERVANCE OF LENT

It has been said that this is an irreligious age, but the increasing observance of the season of Lent is certainly no indication of it. And this observance is noticeable in a city where affairs of the world find most prominent place. Last year over fifty thousand people attended the Lenten noonday services at Trinity Church, New York City, a church located in the very heart of the financial district, for it stands in Broadway at the head of Wall Street. This year's Lent is noticeable because of the increasing number of churches holding noonday services in addition to the other services appropriate to the season. As might be expected, most of these are Protestant Episcopal churches. In addition, the striking fact is disclosed that others than Episcopalians are realizing the value to the religious life of the observance of Lent. In the borough of Manhattan, New York City, some forty Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, and other churches are having added services on week-days during Lent.

These include the Brick Presbyterian Church, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Broadway Tabernacle, and the Madison Avenue Methodist Church. Most of these added services are in the late afternoon, and it is gratifying to note that the number who have them is this year considerably larger than ever before. For the season of Lent is larger in its significance than are the bounds of the Roman Catholic or the Anglican communions. Such a season belongs to the Church Universal.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

It must be confessed that the events of the past two weeks on the Mexican frontier, coupled with the lack of any authorized or even definite statements from Washington, are very confusing. In spite of the confusion, there are certain important historical facts which stand out clearly. A brief consideration of these facts will throw some light upon the present situation.

When the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated more than eighty years ago, there was a natural fear on the part of the United States that if it permitted any European Power to obtain a further foothold in either North or South America, it would thus be giving its enemies the advantage of position in future attacks upon its own territory. In its original form the Monroe Doctrine was purely a measure of self-protection; it has grown from that limited form into a much larger doctrine. It is now, as the "Century Dictionary" defines it, "the doctrine of the non-intervention of European Powers in matters relating to the American continents." In his article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" Professor Theodore S. Woolsey, of Yale University, gives the following interpretation of it:

> Never having been formulated as law or in exact language, the Monroe Doctrine has meant different things to different persons at different times. It has grown with the consciousness of growth in power—a curious fact, since it is founded on the right of defending interests which must be less endangered as the United States becomes greater. It has become deeply rooted in the American heart, and a permanent part of the foreign policy of the United States. It tends to change into the principle that every portion of the American continent must be free from European control. It is still coupled, however, with the converse principle that America takes no part in European politics, as the disclaimer of the American delegates to the Peace Conference at The Hague proved.

To Mr. Woolsey's illuminating comment we add that the doctrine is still more closely coupled to its corollary, namely, that the United States undertakes to protect the rights of Europe in the Western Hemisphere which it forbids Europe to protect for itself. In its modern form the Monroe Doctrine is no longer merely a measure of self-protection; it is an assumption of international responsibility. The United States now says that it will be responsible to the rest of the civilized world for the maintenance of international law, order, and justice in the Western Hemisphere. The war with Spain and the freeing of Cuba; the building of the Panama Canal; President Cleveland's startling but effective interference in the affairs of Venezuela; the assertion of the responsibility of the United States in San Domingo, where we are still collecting the customs for the benefit both of the San Domingans and their European creditors—these National acts have all sprung from the Monroe Doctrine. It is a doctrine which is espoused not merely by American Presidents, diplomatists, members of Congress, and students of international law, but by the people at large. As a people we are determined not only to maintain law, order, and justice in our relations with the rest of the world, but to insist that our neighbors on this continent shall do likewise. We do not believe that there exists any National ambition for territorial aggrandizement in connection with the general American adherence to the Monroe Doctrine; our course in Cuba has satisfied Europe of our freedom from the land-grabbing motive, and it ought to satisfy our Mexican, Central American, and South American neighbors. Cuba may be an independent nation, governing herself and holding a respected place in the international family of nations, so long as, with sincerity and with a reasonable degree of success, she maintains the law, order, and justice which are essential to domestic

tranquillity and foreign peace; so may Mexico; so may the Central American States.

But in the last ten years it has become more and more clear to the people of Europe, as well as ourselves, that if we are to insist on prohibiting foreign intervention in North and South America, we must insist with equal effectiveness on preventing those social and political disorders which justly call for foreign intervention if they are not suppressed at home. Political conditions in Central America and even in Mexico which were tolerable a quarter of a century ago can no longer be permitted to exist, if for no other reason than because of the vital interests at stake in the Panama Canal. The United States has undertaken to build and maintain the Panama Canal; it believes that the Canal is necessary to the progress and protection of its own National life; but it also believes that in its administration of the Canal it acts as trustee for the rest of the civilized world. As such a trustee we have no ethical or political right whatever to seize Mexican or Central American territory, but we are entitled, not only by the instinctively recognized law of self-protection, but by the universally recognized justice and reason of the Monroe Doctrine, to insist that riots, brigandage, and habitual insurrection against whatever form of government may be in existence shall cease in the Spanish-American republics.

We turn now to a consideration of how these principles may be applied to the Mexican situation. All the indications point to two purposes which have prompted the Administration to mobilize troops on the Mexican frontier. The ostensible purpose is that which has been announced by the Administration itself, the desire of the War Department to conduct some army maneuvers on the open plains of Texas. The fundamental purpose we believe is to be found in the intention of the Government to say, not merely to the people of Mexico and Central America, but to the people of Europe, that we are prepared to assume all the responsibilities imposed upon us by our interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine.

The United States Government, by the conventional law of nations, is bound to prohibit by force the passage of filibustering expeditions from its own territory to that of Mexico, and Mexico may demand of us that prevention. There is, however, some question as to whether we can prevent by force the shipment of arms and ammunition from American soil to Mexican soil. By the express terms of the rules adopted at the second Peace Conference at The Hague, we are clearly not bound to prevent the export or transit of arms and ammunition for a recognized belligerent in time of war; but the question at once arises as to whether the Mexican insurrectionists are belligerents and as to whether the rule forbids the forcible seizure of arms and ammunition passing in the regular course of commerce to the insurrectionists. There are certain conditions under which human justice and equity ought to permit revolutionists to arm themselves. Do those conditions exist in this instance? Is the present Mexican Government despotic, arbitrary, unjust, and an obstructor of social progress? Or, if it is a just government, can it within a reasonable time, by its own efforts and without foreign assistance, suppress the insurrection, establish order, and protect legitimate foreign interests? Have those who assert that the insurrection is the heroic attempt of freemen to rid themselves of tyranny exhausted every reasonable and peaceable method of obtaining political reform? These questions must be answered conclusively before an armed intervention in Mexico can be sanctioned by the most ardent American supporter of the Monroe Doctrine. It is supremely important that the United States Government shall exercise the utmost wisdom and caution in defining and determining the condition of habitual and hopeless disorder which alone can justify an intervention under the Monroe Doctrine in Mexican affairs.

To recapitulate, we state our conclusions in three brief sentences:

The people and the Government of the United States are bound to exert a definite and forceful influence to promote law, order, and justice in the territory between the Rio Grande and the Panama Canal.

The army movement on the Texan frontier is a perfectly legitimate method of indicating, in a manner calculated to

arrest world-wide attention, that we shall perform, and as efficiently as we know how, the duties imposed upon us as a Nation by the Monroe Doctrine.

But the social and political condition of Mexico does not at this time justify our going beyond the limits of a demonstration into the field of actual intervention.

NATIONALISM AND DEMOCRACY

This is the tenth of the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on "Nationalism and Progress."—The Editors.

The true object of government has been happily defined as the effort to accomplish a general distribution of welfare. The true object of democracy should be to guarantee each man his rights, with the purpose that each man shall thereby be enabled better to do his duty. Government is a failure, no matter how well it preserves law and order, if it results only in securing to a few people an enormously disproportionate share of power and of material well-being, while the conditions for the great mass of men are such as to forbid them achieving success by hard, honest, intelligent work. Similarly, democracy means failure if it merely substitutes a big privileged for a small privileged class, and if this big privileged class in its turn desires nothing more than selfish material enjoyment. The man who receives what he has not earned and does not earn, the man who does not render service in full for all that he has, is out of place in a democratic community; and he is equally out of place, whether he be a man living in idle luxury on millions which he has not earned or which he has won in ways that represent no service to the State; or whether he be a man living in idle poverty, enjoying the luxury of squalid sloth, content to exist on some form of charity, or, what is still worse, on what is in its nature the plunder of the industrious. Effortless ease ignobly enjoyed and the avoidance of serious work render a man equally unfit for citizenship in a republic, whether he be a multi-millionaire or a tramp. The division between the worthy and the unworthy citizen must be drawn on conduct and character, and not on wealth or poverty. Arrogance and envy, the bitter scorn of the rich man for the poor man and the bitter hate of the poor man for the rich man, are merely the opposite sides of the same dark shield.

In this country at the moment our chief concern must be to deprive the special interests of the power to which they are not entitled and which they use for the corruption of our institutions and to our economic and social undoing. There are persons who contend that "special interests" is a vague and indeed a demagogic term, and incapable of definition. Undoubtedly it is difficult in certain cases to draw the line sharply between corporations which conduct themselves with entire propriety and are beneficial to the public, and other corporations which distinctly come in the category of the special interests, of the beneficiaries of special privilege. But such difficulties of demarcation on the border line always exist. Practically there is little difficulty in saying whether or not the average big concern is the beneficiary of special privilege. A special interest is one which has been given by law certain improper advantages as compared with the mass of our people, or which enjoys such advantages owing to the absence of needed laws. As regards certain great corporations, the facts are so patent—being often made so by confession or judicial proceeding—that no discussion of them is necessary. When the Sugar Trust, for instance, through its chief officer, testified that it subscribed to the campaign funds of both parties in order to protect itself from Governmental interference, the officer adding with cynical candor that it was Republican in Republican States and Democratic in Democratic States, it becomes easy to understand why its management should have been of such a character as to result in its having to return to the Government between two and three millions of dollars of which it had swindled the Government by debauching custom-house employees—and this aside from the fines it paid for illegally securing railway rebates. When the Southern Pacific dominated Californian politics and industry, there was no room for doubt as to its being a special

interest. Full Government reports of investigations undertaken by the order of Mr. Garfield when he was Secretary of the Interior showed clearly to those willing to see that the Standard Oil Company, in point of power, and of its relations to competitors, to the railways, and to consumers, embodied everything which we think of as typical when we speak of a special interest. In my judgment, the way for a democracy to deal with special interests of this character is plain. The Sugar Trust should be deprived of every particle of the tariff protection which it has abused. The same is, of course, true of the Standard Oil Company. The great railway should be put completely and effectively under the control of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Furthermore, as regards these two great trusts, the Sugar Trust and the Standard Oil Trust, the Bureau of Corporations in the Department of the Interior should be given precisely such control as the Railway Commission now exercises over railways, precisely such control as is exercised by the German Government at this moment over potash—a control which shall be efficient and thoroughgoing in every department of the business.

I mention these three corporations merely as examples, as showing what ought to be done with all corporations of similar type. Men who believe in the democratic principle should realize that true Nationalism is only another name for true democracy. The special interests which are powerful, and therefore potentially formidable, are always of Nation-wide, and not merely State-wide, power. I cannot too often repeat that true Nationalism represents in its essence merely a demand for the people's rights, for the rights of the whole people. Therefore true Nationalism means championship of the rights of the States when insistence on their rights offers the best method of securing popular rights, and championship of the power of the Federal Government when the rights of all the people are involved, because then the rights of the people as a whole can be secured only by the action of the Federal Government. So far as the great trusts are concerned, only the National Government can deal with them, for their economic power is achieved only by reason of their participation in inter-State commerce, and so only the Federal Government can effectively control them.[1]

The democracy, if it is to come to its own in this country, must set its face like steel against privilege and all the beneficiaries of privilege. It must war to cut out special privilege from our frame of government, and in doing so it must count upon the envenomed hostility, not only of the great industrial corporations and individuals who are the beneficiaries of privilege, but of their servants and adherents in the press and in public life.

Yet it is even more important that the people should be on their guard against themselves than it is that they should be

[1] In attacking special privilege, in attacking the great moneyed interests which have exercised so sinister a control over our political and social life, we have to count not only upon the open and avowed opposition of our enemies, but on their much more dangerous indirect opposition. I earnestly commend the reading of Judge Lindsey's book "The Beast" to all men who wish to understand the methods by which these great sinister interests work. Judge Lindsey has been a true friend of the people, a fearless and incorruptible champion of genuine popular rights, and the upholder of a high standard of popular duty. He has therefore been violently assailed and vilified by the orators and newspapers directly or indirectly subsidized by the interests. One of his illuminating experiences has been with certain journals of a nominally philanthropic type. One of these was a paper nominally issued in the interest of the protection of children and dumb animals by the State itself, and another a private paper of the same type. Each is designed to influence religious and philanthropic people who mean well and do not think deeply, or who are entirely intelligent but lack the means of ascertaining the facts. Each accordingly is filled with articles advocating virtue in the abstract, or virtue somewhere else, or virtue which does not interfere with the financial well-being of the great corrupt corporations. Each will praise temperance, for instance—especially in the shape of an impractical temperance agitation—and reproduce sermons in support of the family virtues; or support a campaign against race-track gambling; and then, having thus predisposed its auditors in its favor, insert a vicious assault upon Judge Lindsey in an effort to discredit him in the minds of religious people ignorant of the facts. As an amusing incident I may mention the fact that one of these papers last summer, not deeming it wise to attack me openly for my speeches in Denver and elsewhere against the corrupt special interests, endeavored to create a feeling against me among well-meaning sentimentalists because, forsooth, I had collected in Africa, for the National Museum, a group of wild ostriches consisting of cock, hen, and eggs! The writer trusted that those of his readers who ate hens' eggs and spring chickens could, nevertheless, be moved to horror at the thought of preserving in the National Museum, for the pleasure and instruction of hundreds of thousands of visitors, the only such group of wild ostriches to be found in any American museum.

I mention Judge Lindsey's experience in Colorado merely as a sample, not as unique. In New York City the press directly or indirectly influenced by and responsive to those special interests which are as a matter of rough convenience designated as the Wall Street interests is naturally very large, and any man engaged in the effort to bring about a genuine betterment of social, political, and industrial conditions, especially if he lives in New York or the neighborhood, must accept as a matter of course the virulent hostility of this portion of the press; and the hostility shown by certain papers which pride themselves upon representing the educated classes is marked by as much mendacity as is the case with the newspapers which are frankly "yellow."

on their guard against others. Each of us must hold his own against outsiders at times, but, after all, the chief dangers to each man dwell within that man's own heart and brain; and what is true of each of us individually is true of all of us in a mass. No man can do good work in the world for himself, for those whom he loves who are dependent upon him, or for the State at large, unless he has the great virtue of self-mastery, unless he can control his passions and appetites, and force head and hand to work according to the dictates of conscience. This is so obvious that to many people it will seem too obvious to need repetition. But, though obvious enough in theory, it is continually forgotten in practice; and the political leaders who address, not each man individually, but men in a mass, often forget to inculcate it even in theory. A flatterer is not a good companion for any man; and the public man who rises only by flattering his constituents is just as unsafe a companion for them. I do not mean that he should continually find fault with them or blame them. In private life, the nagging and fault-finding friend is often quite as unworthy a creature as the flatterer, and, moreover, cannot normally long remain a friend. So it is with the public man. Unless he genuinely loves and trusts the people, as Abraham Lincoln did, he has no real place in popular government. But he need be no more a flatterer than Abraham Lincoln; and, like Abraham Lincoln, he should steadily set before the people, not the ideal of mere ease and personal enjoyment, but the ideal of high achievement for noble ends, of work well worth doing which is worthily done.

The greatness of our Nation in the past has rested upon the fact that the people had power, and that they used it aright for great and worthy ends. Washington and Lincoln, each in the degree that his generation rendered possible, trusted to and believed in the people, steadfastly refused to represent anything save what was highest and best in the people, and by appealing to this highest and best brought it out and made it prominent. Each called upon his countrymen to lay down their lives for an ideal, and then called upon the survivors to perform the even harder task of leading their lives in such shape as to realize the ideal for which the dead men had died. Our aim, the aim of those of us who stand for true progress, for true Nationalism, for true democracy, is not only to give the people power, but, ourselves as part of the people, to try to see that the power is used aright, that it is used with wisdom, with courage, with self-restraint, and in a spirit of the broadest kindliness and charity toward all men.

At the moment we are engaged in a campaign to secure to the people the right to elect their Senators by popular vote. We hold that the recent exhibitions in Illinois, in New York, and in various other States amply warrant the change. Furthermore, we believe that, exactly as benefit came by the practical abolition of the electoral college and the substitution for it of the election of President by popular vote, so benefit will come by taking the election of the Senators away from the legislatures and giving it to the people. But it must ever be remembered that no benefit whatever will come from the change unless the people themselves are honest. A constituency which elects a Lee Neil Browne to the State Legislature has forfeited all right to complain about any deed of the Legislature which elects a Lorimer as Senator; and, indeed, such a district represents in our public life a greater menace than a corrupt Legislature itself. When corruption becomes widespread, it is not of the slightest consequence whether it is due to the efforts of great corporations to secure special privileges or to the sordid willingness of private individuals to make money out of their suffrages. In the "Review of Reviews" Dr. Albert Shaw recounts in vivid fashion just what occurred in Adams County, Ohio, where Judge Blair—a man to whom the whole Nation ought to be grateful—by a singular exhibition of fearlessness, ability, and honesty, uncovered a system of corruption so widespread that it had embraced a large minority, and possibly even a majority, of the voters of the county. If a condition of public morality such as Judge Blair exposed ever became general in this country, no shift of governmental form could save democracy from overthrow. The referendum, the

initiative, and the recall can serve a good purpose only if the heart of the people is sound. The Roman Republic fell, not because of the ambition of Cæsar or Augustus, but because it had already long ceased to be in any real sense a republic at all. When the sturdy Roman plebeian, who lived by his own labor, who voted without reward according to his own convictions, and who with his fellows formed in war the terrible Roman legion, had been changed into an idle creature who craved nothing in life save the gratification of a thirst for vapid excitement, who was fed by the State, and who directly or indirectly sold his vote to the highest bidder, then the end of the republic was at hand, and nothing could save it. The laws were the same as they had been, but the people behind the laws had changed, and so the laws counted for nothing.

We need good laws just as a carpenter needs good instruments. If he has no tools, the best carpenter alive cannot do good work. But the best tools will not make a good carpenter, any more than to give a coward a rifle will make him a good soldier. We wish to see the mass of our people move steadily upward to a higher social, industrial, and political level. To do this we wish to change the laws, and by this change to render it steadily easier for the right type of man, the right type of woman, to achieve better conditions. But unless the man and the woman are of the right type the laws can accomplish nothing. It rests within our own hands, it rests with us, the people of America, to determine our own fate; and character is the main factor in the determination. If betterment in social and industrial conditions means merely an increase in ease and sensual enjoyment, no good can permanently follow such betterment.

Nor will any one virtue suffice. Thrift and hard work will avail no more than a cultivated taste and an amiable philanthropy if there is willful sterility in marriage, if men and women forget the great primal and elemental law of racial well-being, and this whether the fault be due to vice in its crude and repulsive forms, or to timidity and unwillingness to run risk, or to cold and selfish shrinking from the trouble and labor which are inseparable from every kind of life that is really worth living.

Moreover, as it is in the things of the home, which are most important, so it is with the things outside the home, which are only less important. It is absolutely necessary that the people as a whole should have complete control of the instrumentalities of government, for only by obtaining and retaining such control can we work out the genuine principles of democracy on this continent; but, having obtained this, our fate will be evil if we use the power in a spirit of vindictiveness toward others, or in an effort to get for ourselves something which we have not earned.

I believe that the average American citizen wishes nothing save what he can honestly obtain for himself by hard work and decent living. This is one reason why I so heartily believe in democracy. I believe in the future of the American people because I believe that fundamentally and at heart the average man and the average woman of America are sound; that, however deeply they may at times err, yet they have in them, fundamentally, the power of self-mastery, of self-control, the power to live their lives in accordance with a high and fine ideal, to do strict justice to others, and to insist upon their rights only as a vantage-point for the better performance of their duties.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE OVERCROWDED CITY

To the dweller in the uplands of Wyoming, or on the wide prairies of Kansas, or on the fruit ranches of California, or on the hillsides of New England, or among the corn and cotton fields of the South, the problems of congested New York must seem alien. But there is a real analogy between the human body and the body politic. The inflammation of a single organ makes the whole body sick.

The whole Nation is concerned with the facts that have been gathered and published by a body of men appointed by the Mayor of New York City, known as the New York City Commission on Congestion of Population. When they report that in the Borough of Manhattan there is a block

whose density of population is 1,260 to the acre, they convey no idea of the conditions of human life which that fact involves. Suppose we attempt to put this statement into graphic form. Imagine a lot of land divided into spaces six feet square; and imagine each space occupied by a human being for the purposes of eating, sleeping, recreation, and home life in general. Even that really conveys no idea of what the fact involves. As Mr. Lawrence Veiller, formerly Deputy Tenement-House Commissioner of New York City, has said, "The only way that one can understand the real conditions is to go down into the streets of these districts and see the thousands of persons thronging them and making them impassable. So congested have become the conditions of some of the quarters of this city that it is not an exaggeration to say that there are more people living there than the land or the atmosphere can with safety sustain." In a book on the housing problem, recently published,[1] which concerns, not merely the citizens of the big cities, but also those of the smaller centers of population, Mr. Veiller, speaking as an expert, declares that the conditions of New York are without parallel in the civilized world—without parallel in Rome, London, Constantinople, Canton, Bombay. "In no other city," he declares, "are there the same appalling conditions with regard to lack of light and air in the homes of the poor."

In spite of tenement-house reform, of the efforts of the charitably inclined, of much beneficial and wise legislation for the improvement of social conditions, this congestion, the Commission declare, is increasing. They point out that there is a wide difference between "concentration" of population and "congestion" of population. The one implies simply a large population within a limited area, the other implies the overloading of the land. The reading of their figures that show how this congestion is increasing leaves one almost dazed.

What this overcrowding means to family life is scarcely even suggested by the statement of the Commission that, as the result of an investigation of a few crowded blocks, it was found that parents, children, and three to eight adult boarders occupied apartments of two, three, or four rooms. As a result of another investigation of ninety-one families in Brooklyn, it was discovered that over one-half had two or more occupants in each room. Children in a family are often required to occupy the same room with boarders.

Not only are the buildings themselves thus overcrowded, but the streets through which this mass of people must move and the children must play, and, indeed, all must find what air they can in the midst of the city's traffic, are thronged and choked. Though there seems to be as yet no limit to the height to which architects and engineers can raise buildings, there is a limit to the number of people to whom the streets can afford thoroughfare. This, however, is a matter for which the owners of the buildings that border such streets feel no responsibility. If they can fill their houses with people who can pay them a profitable rent, they do not concern themselves with the way in which those people go back and forth from their work.

The effects of such congestion upon the people are threefold. In the first place, there is the injury to the body. The children are the first to receive injury. The general death rate of children under five years of age in the city of New York is just under fifty-two per thousand; but in these congested blocks the death rate of such children ranges from nearly sixty to over ninety-two per thousand. It would seem as if the survivors would be fitted for their environment, but they are not. The ravages of consumption alone in that region show this. Then there is the effect upon the moral life of the people. The congested quarters are nurseries of crime. It is not true that the poor are particularly vicious, for, as Chief Magistrate McAdoo has stated, the people of the mountainous regions of Ireland, however impoverished, "lead clean, moral lives, stimulated under adverse conditions by high spiritual exaltation and deep reverence." It is the overcrowding that breeds crime and vice. In the third place, the effect of this overcrowding is economic.

[1] Housing Reform: A Handbook for Practical Use in American Cities. By Lawrence Veiller. Charities Publication Committee, New York. Price, postpaid, $1.25.

Congestion at once causes steadily increasing rents and low wages. "In fact," say the Commission, "low wages, high rent, increase of land value, and the cost of construction and labor all seem to work in a vicious circle, the effect of which is, indirectly at any rate, to increase congestion and to lower the standards of life of a large part of the population which is living in the congested districts."

In order to find any cure for these conditions there must be a study of their causes. They may all be grouped under the one head—the social irresponsibility of the American people. Here is a great city of some five million inhabitants, and yet it still allows buildings to be put up at any height without regard to their theft of light and air; it has allowed factories to be crowded together in one quarter without regard to the inevitably consequent piling up of humanity in their neighborhood; it has permitted conditions of labor which have made it absolutely necessary for these workers to live near their work; it has permitted its streets and thoroughfares to be rendered impassable; it has neglected to exercise ordinary foresight in providing adequate means of transit to and fro; it has provided an educational system which fits boys and girls for nothing but city life; it has done nothing effective to turn aside the incoming stream of alien immigrants, and it has done nothing of any consequence to distribute population among the outlying boroughs; and, what is worst of all, it has allowed its own land to fall into the hands of a comparatively few owners, so that in Manhattan Borough, which contains the most congested population, one-twentieth of the total assessed land value, as measured by its total assessed valuation, is owned by eight families, estates, and corporations. In other words, as this Commission most forcibly states, "private interest has been permitted to control the development not only of Manhattan but of the other boroughs rather than the public welfare."

Nowhere in the world can there be found better material for equipping with argument those who regard the only solution to be a destruction of the present social and political system than in New York. Are the American people going to allow in their metropolis the germs of revolt and revolution to flourish and grow? If the evils of anarchy are to be avoided, the city and State and the Nation must be ready to take measures that many will regard as radical.

The power of the public to determine when and how and where men shall build upon the land must be asserted. At present that power is exercised regarding the erection of tenement-houses. The New York Tenement-House Law is conspicuous as an example of what can be done. A part of that law that pertains to overcrowding is, however, unenforced because no adequate provision is made for its enforcement. This defect should be remedied.

The sovereign power of the people should be exercised for the proper distribution of factories.

Greater powers should be given to the State Department of Labor, and there should be co-operation between that department and the Bureau of Labor of the National Government. The recommendation of the Commission that there should be a National Department of Labor coordinate with a Department of Commerce seems to us of secondary consequence to this.

The whole question of the taxation of land should be considered with a view to rendering it impossible that a small landlord class should control the human destinies of the millions in Greater New York. Regarding this particular measure, the Commission on Congestion is very cautious. There is, however, no way by which any real remedy for the evils of congestion can be found, unless it includes such control over the land by the community as to eliminate the power of a land monopoly.

In the form in which it appears in the issue for March 7 of the "City Record," which is the official journal of the city of New York, the report of the Commission is useful principally to those who are willing to set aside time and energy for the study of the problems it propounds. We wish that some one with a gift for translating technical language into the language of the people would make of this report a document that would be intelligible to every reading and thinking American.

A MID-LENTEN THOUGHT

THE GREAT TEACHERS

The beautiful vision of the world reflected in Greek mythology and revealed in Greek art gained its radiance from an exclusion of sorrow and pain; Christianity, on the other hand, has always made its most powerful appeal because it is a religion of sorrow and pain. It is built on a profound faith in a loving God and soars like a winged thing above the dark mysteries of life, but it not only faces grief and calamity, it lives with them and plucks the heart out of their mystery by distilling from them a deeper peace.

The Christ whom it follows and with whom the peace of God came into the world was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," who was rejected by those whom he served and crucified by those he loved. In him men saw for the first time a truth which the boldest imagination could hardly have discovered, that God himself shares the human experience of suffering. Men have created many kinds of gods: gods of supreme power, of limitless energy, of ineffable beauty, of mysterious and elusive perfections of form, of appalling cruelty and relentless revengefulness; but a suffering God involved a depth of religious experience, a clarity of spiritual vision, beyond the reach of the imagination unaided by an incarnation of the spirit of God. And yet to declare that God is love is to declare that God suffers!

The passion of happiness deep in the human soul and prophetic of its highest possibilities is at war with this fact of suffering, which is as unescapable and universal as death itself. The mortal in us is always striving to put on immortality before it has risen to the height where that sublime transformation is accomplished, as the ripening of the grain comes at the end of sowing and watching, of shower and heat and harvesting. The golden bowl shrinks from the tool that makes it beautiful with a higher meaning, the clay from the hand that molds it into shapes of such exquisite line and form that the very material out of which it is fashioned seems changed into something more spiritual. We pray for strength, for purity, for the heavenly vision, and cry out against the education through which alone these great things can be attained. We demand as gifts those qualities which must grow out of our own natures through the testing and training of the sorrows of life.

The weak human faith and the short-sighted human vision would put out of life its most illuminating experiences and close the door against its greatest teachers. Sorrow and pain are not intruders from without; they are the companions of the spirit on its journey to God; they are not illusions of the human mind, to be banished by denying their existence; they are unescapable and divinely significant facts. They are to be faced with calmness and with the joy which comes to a strong man when great and sore burdens are laid on him; but they cannot be ignored or denied without putting the blight of unreality on the world and evading its deepest and richest educational processes. Happiness is not a present possession, but a goal to be touched at the end of the race; it is not release from pain and sorrow; it is peace in the midst of pain, and patient waiting for light in the time of darkness.

"I dreamed," wrote William Sharp to a friend, "that a beautiful spirit was standing beside me. He said, 'My brother, I have come to give you the supreme gift that will heal you and save you.' I answered eagerly, 'Give it me—what is it?' And the fair, radiant spirit smiled with beautiful solemn eyes and blew a breath into the tangled garden of my heart—and when I looked there I saw the tall white flower of Sorrow growing in the sunlight." The fortunate man is not he to whom ease of body and freedom from care and pain come, but he who gains courage and strength and radiant integrity through great and sore trials; the happy woman is not she whose life is a fair garden unswept by storms, but she in whose heart the flowers of purity and love grow close beside the flower of sorrow. For they whose garments are white have come through great tribulation. Lovers of ease flee from the teachers whose discipline is hard because they train for freedom and power and peace; but the wise do not turn from these mysterious teachers; they give them welcome, and pain and sorrow, in that divinely ordered

experience of growth which we call life, become their intimate companions and friends on the heavenly way.

NOTABLE NOVELS

Among the later English novelists of the day Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Locke, Mr. De Morgan, and Mr. Arnold Bennett are most worth serious reading. Mr. Hewlett has gained rather than lost in charm of style and a certain out-of-doors brilliancy of tone, but his later stories have not been novels; they have been fascinating grown-up fairy tales told in the country "beyond good and evil," where the moral consciousness has not been born and where impulse is law; and the law, to recall a Spanish maxim, is to be obeyed, but not enforced. Mr. Locke is a good old-fashioned romancer who uses modern settings for his dramas, and is unconventional without being lawless. He has a happy gift of fresh feeling for life and for style, and he is not afraid of his emotions; he loves his characters. Mr. Bennett has Trollope's faculty of minute observation, and has drawn pictures of the shopkeeping class in small English towns that need no confirmation of statistics; they verify themselves. Mr. De Morgan began to write late in life, and, like Dr. Weir Mitchell, has quietly picked up success and reputation as if they had been waiting for him. He winds himself leisurely into his stories and into the hearts of his readers. He is slow, discursive, ruminating; he wanders far afield, but he has such a pleasant way with him that we willingly go where he takes us. His stories were eminently companionable until he wrote "An Affair of Dishonor," the sub-title of which might well have been, "A story that ought not to have been written."

Mr. Galsworthy has substance and power. He has not written pleasant stories because he has reported unpleasant aspects of society. His "Man of Property" was as convincing as an official report; his "A Country House" struck very unpleasant notes, but contained some admirable character studies and a portrait of a mother of appealing beauty and pathos. "Fraternity" seemed to many readers a waste of power on shabby materials; a dreary futility blighted its interest. Two plays, "Strife," the story of a strike, and "Justice," a story of prison life, are too close to the bare facts for the highest effectiveness; but both show a power which has tragic possibilities. He is a novelist and dramatist to be reckoned with. In "The Patrician"[1] he has made a great advance in style, in vitality of characterization, and in human interest. It is not easy to recall a more vigorous and convincing study of the aristocratic type in its strength and weakness. The average society novelist fails to give the wonderful consistency of a type developed by generations of selected breeding, so to speak, and of the almost unshakable foundations of inherited spirit, point of view, personal dignity, on which this whole order of life rests. In Lady Casterley Mr. Galsworthy has painted a portrait of wonderful vitality: an old woman in whom social training has subdued every faculty of body and mind to an exquisite harmony, in whom pride is so ancient an inheritance that it has sunk below consciousness; a woman neither heartless nor ignorant of her fellow-creatures, but so deeply imbued with the spirit of her class that the order of the world is simply a reflection of her view of life.

Mr. Galsworthy has given the aristocratic type marvelous distinctness; on the one hand, its personal distinction, high spirit, dauntless courage, resolute independence, sense of loyalty to its own standards of honor; on the other, its inability to conceive of society as organized from within instead of held together by authority imposed from above, its lack of the sense of sharing in the fortunes of the race, its insensibility to the injustice of developing the few at the expense of the many. There is an unhappy love story, a bitter struggle, and a victory which means the defeat of happiness, but which is inevitable and makes the reader glad that the novelist was too wise and sane to take the short cut marked by confused people "the way to freedom," but which is the path to disillusion and misery.

The descendants of the German colonists who made homes for themselves on some of the best land in the New World and have been miscalled the "Pennsylvania Dutch"

[1] The Patrician. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

have had a number of chroniclers, but no portraiture so lifelike as that presented in "Hearts Contending,"[1] by Georg Schock, the pseudonym for a young woman who has written short stories, but who now makes her first venture in the field of the long story. The tragedy of the radical change in the fundamental conditions of life, which is part of the evolution of society, is told with impressive simplicity and power in this tale of a patriarchal family in revolt against an upright, rigid father, whose absolute rule has been tempered only by a high sense of responsibility. When the inevitable revolt of his children comes, and his world falls crashing down about his ears, his figure gains a tragic dignity. The narrative of this domestic drama lacks flow; it has a kind of static quality, but the story is weighty with the sense of fate and life. Its truth is not photographic but vital, and the chapter in which the tragedies culminate and the relatives sit in judgment on the smitten father has an element of Job-like dignity. "Hearts Contending" is a story worthy of serious attention.

Gustav Frenssen in his "Klaus Hinrich Baas,"[2] as in his former great success, "Jörn Uhl," portrays peasant life and character with the utmost fidelity. His realism is as searching as Arnold Bennett's, but his method is less minute. The story of Klaus is more cheerful than that of Jörn Uhl, and maintains the same feeling of quiet power. A few episodes are related with a bald coarseness not agreeable to English readers, and there is one incident on which the author seems to hang a theory of social relations which is not to be tolerated. In the main, however, the narrative is strong and sincere. Klaus is a self-reliant, determined lad; he becomes an honest, resourceful Hamburg merchant and financier. He is a materialist, perhaps, but he has imagination and originally an emotional side which might have led to romance had not his inherited solidity of character turned him toward concrete achievement. He is a typical self-made man of the recent commercial development of Germany, which has greatly modified German ideals and worked great changes in German society. Both in description of German country and city life and in the consistent development of individual men and women this book is remarkable. There are many interesting minor characters, some of whom make one think of Dickens. The novel is quietly forceful.

[1] Hearts Contending. By Georg Schock. Harper & Brothers, New York.
[2] Klaus Hinrich Baas. By Gustav Frenssen. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE SPECTATOR

"You'll have to sign this," said the superintendent of the colliery. So the Spectator sat down at the desk in the office, whose dark, dirty walls betokened its relationship to the coal business. Then he read over very carefully the paper which was laid before him:

THE LACKAWANNA & WYOMING COMPANY.
OFFICE COAL DEPARTMENT.

A. N. COAL,
Superintendent. January 3, 1911.

To James Black, Foreman,
Hardly Able Colliery.

You are hereby authorized to allow The Spectator to enter Hardly Able Colliery, for the purpose of sight-seeing, provided he signs the release below.

Signed, A. N. COAL,
Superintendent.
Per James Black,
Foreman.

IN CONSIDERATION of the above order, and as a condition upon which it is issued, I, the said Spectator, assume all risks of accidents, and do hereby release, quitclaim, and forever discharge the Lackawanna & Wyoming Company and all persons who might be held liable for or on account of any personal injury or other damage sustained by me while in said Colliery, or on the property of the said Company, under said order, whether the same be caused by the negligence of the said Company, or by its employees, or otherwise.

In presence of James Black.

Signed, THE SPECTATOR.

The Spectator signed the document with compressed lips and as firm a hand as if he were a French nobleman about to give up his life at the guillotine. For how could he possibly escape with his life from the big screens, the drums, the conveyers, the pony rollers, and the cruel crushers which he expected to find in the coal-breaker and which were all the more terrible to him because he knew absolutely nothing of what they were?

Before the Spectator extended a dark, tunnel-like opening under the big breaker.

The guide to whom he had been intrusted told him that this was where the cars were loaded to be sent away to the markets of far-away cities.

"Over two thousand tons," the guide told him in answer to a question as to how much coal was run through in a day. "You see," continued the guide, "the coal is sized up in the breaker, and each size goes into what we call pockets, which hold from fifty tons up to over one hundred and fifty. Don't you want to go under?"

The Spectator did, and he was presently in the midst of a blackness deep enough to necessitate lights on the caps or in the hands of the workmen. From the raised platform on which he stood he watched one of the men twist around a chute until it led directly into a gondola car, and then raise a lever, which permitted the coal to rush with a dull, hoarse rattle into the car.

"Don't you want to see them load a box car?" asked his guide. "Them's the hard ones."

"Then what do they send them here for?" the Spectator asked.

"Oh, they come East filled with grain or something, and the railways hate to send them back empty," was the reply.

The Spectator reflected over how a box car formerly laden with fragrant grain must feel to come into this black, dirty place and receive its load of coal. Of course there were the workmen, too, who had to come in here. But then they must be used to it. It was indeed quite a task to load the box car. The door was not large, and through this door the chute had to be swung. Arms, which the guide called "telegraphs," conveyed the coal from the chute to the two ends of the car, where men, working by the light of oil lamps, shoveled the coal into the corners of the car and leveled it to the required height. "If that were a telegraph," the Spectator mused, "then each piece of coal must be a telegram. And what various messages each one would convey: one to a factory, another to a church, one to a plain, matter-of-fact cooking-stove, another to an open grate where some woman or man or child would interpret its mystic story with the coloring of his own thoughts."

The Spectator had been to a vaudeville performance the day before at which an illustration of machine guns in action had been one of the acts. As he entered the main part of the breaker he was reminded of this feature by the sound of the clatter, clatter, of the pieces of coal as they rushed through the breaker. The grinding of mammoth machinery, the thumping and whirling of many tons of iron and steel, came into his comparison very appropriately as the heavier artillery of a battlefield, some remote, some very close at hand. It had been a long climb up from the ground, and the Spectator stood puffing for some moments near the entrance, to find a small breath of pure air in the midst of the dust which seemed to be everywhere. If he touched a sill, behold a cloud arose; if he advanced a step, it fluttered up from the floor, it blurred his sight, it filled his ears, it clogged his throat; alone it seemed sufficient to prevent more than a whisper. "Isn't it worse than usual?" he yelled, putting his mouth close to the ears of his guide. "Oh, this is nothing this morning," he was told. "You see, the air is pretty damp to-day, and that keeps the dust down a lot. You ought to be here on a clear, bright day. You kin hardly see five feet ahead of you in some parts." The Spectator decided that if he were a slate-picker he would pray for a continuous deluge the year around.

A little over a score of feet back from the point at which he had entered, and about nine feet higher, the guide pointed out an immense revolving screen of cylindrical shape which receives the coal after it has been crushed into various sizes. By means of different proportioned meshes of which it is formed, this cylinder allows the smallest-sized coal to drop into a chute directly beneath the screen, a larger size farther on into another chute, and so on until the largest-sized coal of all tumbles out of the end of the screen into a chute of its own. Athwart each of these chutes he saw, with a smile, what he supposed might be called seats on which the

slate-pickers sit. He noticed with interest how most of them stopped the coal in its downward rush with their feet, although a few of the most aristocratic indulged in the luxury of a board. From this mixture of refuse and genuine coal they picked out with their hands the slate and rock, which they tossed aside, allowing the coal to continue in its downward course toward the pockets below. As the boys were sitting there awkwardly, they suggested to his fancy that they were coming down a long toboggan backwards and were endeavoring to stop their progress with their hands. Some of the boys had on rough gloves to protect their hands, a few of the older foreigners had wound wire about their fingers, but the majority of them had, by a painful process, hardened their fingers until they were no longer sensitive to the hard, sharp fragments of rock.

Were their lives the same way? the Spectator asked himself as he watched each one performing that tiresome, monotonous, swinging motion; first tossing out a bit of slate with his right hand, then with the left, back and forth in irregular rhythm. Was the tragedy of their lives actually only in the heart of the sensitive person who saw what they might be and were not? Were these boys blunted and undesirous of a life which would be something more than mere living? The Spectator would not believe that this was so, but if it were, was not the tragedy infinitely deeper? "Are you ready to go up on the head?" he heard his guide ask. He had thought that he was very high up in the breaker already, but as he climbed up step after step through the thick dust he decided that he could not have been any higher than the chest.

From where he stood the Spectator was able to look down a long, steep plane to where two dark mouths opened out of the earth. As he gazed, he saw five loaded cars appear at one of the mouths and come hurrying up the plane, led by a wee bit of a low-lying car to which was attached the rope which was buzzing by him. As he watched these the Spectator could not help thinking of New York Harbor and the power of the tiny tug to convoy mammoth boats along the bay. As they came up over the end of the plane on to the level of the breaker a man jumped on the foremost car and unfastened it from its little guide, which slipped quietly underneath the train, while another was throwing sprags between the wheels of the cars to prevent their crashing through the breaker. In another moment the foremost car was uncoupled from the train and pushed forward on to a swinging platform. As the car flew up into the air the Spectator thought it would surely topple completely over. But it stopped just in time, at such an angle that the coal went rushing easily through the opened door of the front of the car into the crushers, to be broken up into various sizes.

The Spectator breathed a sigh of relief as he stepped over to make the acquaintance of the docking boss, whose fame was so familiar to him.

"Don't you ever make any mistakes?" he asked, as he watched this man cut off from each car the numbered ticket which each miner is supposed to tie on to the car which he loads, to indicate its owner.

"Well, we try to be as careful as we can," he replied, as he glanced over a car to see whether the coal was too much broken, too full of rock, or not up to the required height in the car.

The Spectator went over to one of the open windows and glanced out. The culm dump, where the waste of the breaker was piled to over a hundred feet in height, was almost purple in the moist atmosphere; in another direction rose the mist-enshrouded steeples and towers of the city. To the west and north stretched the Moosic Mountains, covered with a slight fall of snow and earning their privilege on this morning to be called part of the Blue Range.

One of the workingmen came up to him in a moment of leisure.

"It's a great view," he volunteered.

"Yes," responded the Spectator, abruptly. "It's good to be able to look off and know that this breaker isn't the whole world."

The New Secretary of the Interior

By George C. Sikes

IN accepting the position of Secretary of the Interior as successor to Richard A. Ballinger, Walter L. Fisher, of Chicago, has taken upon himself the task of dealing with one of the most difficult and important problems that confront the Nation—that of the proper conservation of natural resources. The people of Chicago were not surprised that President Taft should select Mr. Fisher for this onerous work. They have been accustomed to see him undertake in their behalf the solution of problems that baffled all others. And usually they have seen him succeed. Tackling hard jobs has been Mr. Fisher's specialty. When he accepted the position of traction counsel under Mayor Dunne, five years ago, to try to straighten out Chicago's traction tangle, which had been brought into even worse confusion by the Mayor's enthusiasm for immediate municipal ownership, a friend warned him that any man who thought he could solve Chicago's traction problem was presumptively crazy. Yet Mr. Fisher worked out a solution that was approved by the people on a referendum vote. In much the same manner he has been called upon to deal with one difficult task after another. As traction counsel he received a salary from the city, but his other activities of a public nature have been carried on without pay.

The problem of Conservation, though broader in scope, partakes very much of the nature of the questions with which Mr. Fisher has been dealing in Chicago. In his efforts to establish a proper relationship between the city and its local public service corporations Mr. Fisher has received a training which must prove of great value in the working out of a policy for the wise use, without wasteful exploitation, of such natural resources as water power, timber, and the products of the mines.

Mr. Fisher is forty-nine years of age. He was born in Wheeling, West Virginia. His father, Daniel Webster Fisher, was a Presbyterian clergyman, and for many years was President of Hanover College. Shortly after finishing his law course Mr. Fisher became special assessment attorney for the city of Chicago. After a comparatively brief service in that position, he engaged in the private practice of law, taking little part in public affairs.

In 1901 the Municipal Voters' League, an organization formed in 1896 for the improvement of the City Council, needed new leadership. Mr. Fisher took the position of secretary, and Mr. Charles R. Crane the presidency. Under the direction of these two men the League became even more of a factor in the field of municipal politics than it had been before. Mr. Fisher proved a genius at this line of work. He "liked the game," and took more pleasure in circumventing the gangsters and in driving from office the "Gray Wolves"—a term coined by him to characterize the corrupt aldermen—than he did in playing golf, of which sport he is fond.

In attempting to defeat bad candidates for aldermen and to elect good ones Mr. Fisher naturally was obliged to consider the problems that confronted the Council. Those that excited the most controversy and the greatest public interest had to do with the relation of the city to the public utility corporations, especially the street railway, gas, electric light, and telephone companies. Whenever a crisis arose, Mr. Fisher would be called in, usually not in an official capacity, but as a citizen adviser. It was the man's powerful intellectual grasp of the problems involved, his reputation for honesty and absolute fair-mindedness, and his comprehension of the popular point of view, that rendered his services in these cases indispensable.

Naturally, a man of his force did not escape vilification. The public utility interests at the outset of his career abused Mr. Fisher mercilessly, because he was interfering with the political methods which underlay their long-established policy of exploitation. Later they were glad enough to have his help in securing for themselves even fair treatment at the

hands of the representatives of a people exasperated by long-continued abuses. The extreme radicals in the community, too, have been at times bitter critics of Mr. Fisher. He has remarked occasionally that it was evident that he was pursuing a straight course "down the middle of the road," since he was getting bricks from both sides. However violent the antagonism during the period of a controversy, Mr. Fisher usually has had the respect of his opponents at its close. Lincoln Steffens once said of Fisher that he brought to the service of the people in their contests with powerful interests the kind of ability usually to be found only on the side of the corporations.

In 1905 Edward F. Dunne was elected Mayor of Chicago on the issue of immediate municipal ownership of street railways. Mr. Fisher had drafted the law authorizing municipal ownership, and had led the delegation of citizens that forced its passage through the Legislature—after several sensational incidents. One such incident was a revolutionary riot in the lower house of the Legislature, during the course of which the Speaker, who had tried to kill the bill under the gavel, fled in fear from the Speaker's chair to his private room and was not allowed to return and resume his duties until he agreed to give roll-calls on all important questions. It had not been Mr. Fisher's idea, however, that the city could actually municipalize at once under this law. The practical difficulties in the way, financial and others, were too great. While friendly to the municipal ownership idea, he is not a doctrinaire advocate. In fact, he objects to allowing doctrinaire notions to govern in the settlement of any important governmental problem. His fundamental philosophy is that the city itself should have full power to manage public utilities, or to intrust the operation to a private agency under public control, reserving the right on equitable terms to substitute the one form of management for the other at any time. With these powers in its possession, he would have the city adopt the one policy or the other in any particular exigency as might seem wise in view of the situation at the time.

After a year of floundering, Mayor Dunne and his radical advisers reached the conclusion that the street railways could not be municipalized "immediately." Following conferences, and agreement upon the main outlines of the course to be pursued, Mr. Fisher was made special traction counsel. Shortly before the close of Mr. Dunne's term as Mayor a plan of settlement was formulated which provided for a franchise grant to the companies, subject to termination by city purchase, on specified terms, at any time the city could raise the funds for the purpose. This plan had been worked out with the approval of the traction interests, the Council Committee, and Mayor Dunne. Shortly before its submission to the Council, however, Mayor Dunne, largely on account of political complications, turned against the settlement plan. Nevertheless, it was passed by the Council and approved by the people on a referendum vote, Mr. Fisher speaking for it and Mayor Dunne against it.

Mr. Fisher served as a member of the Municipal Ownership Commission named by the National Civic Federation, which made extensive investigations in this country and in Great Britain. The report submitted by this body, both in its recommendations as to policy, which showed the influence of Mr. Fisher's personality, and in its presentation of facts, is thought by many to be the best on the subject ever published in this country.

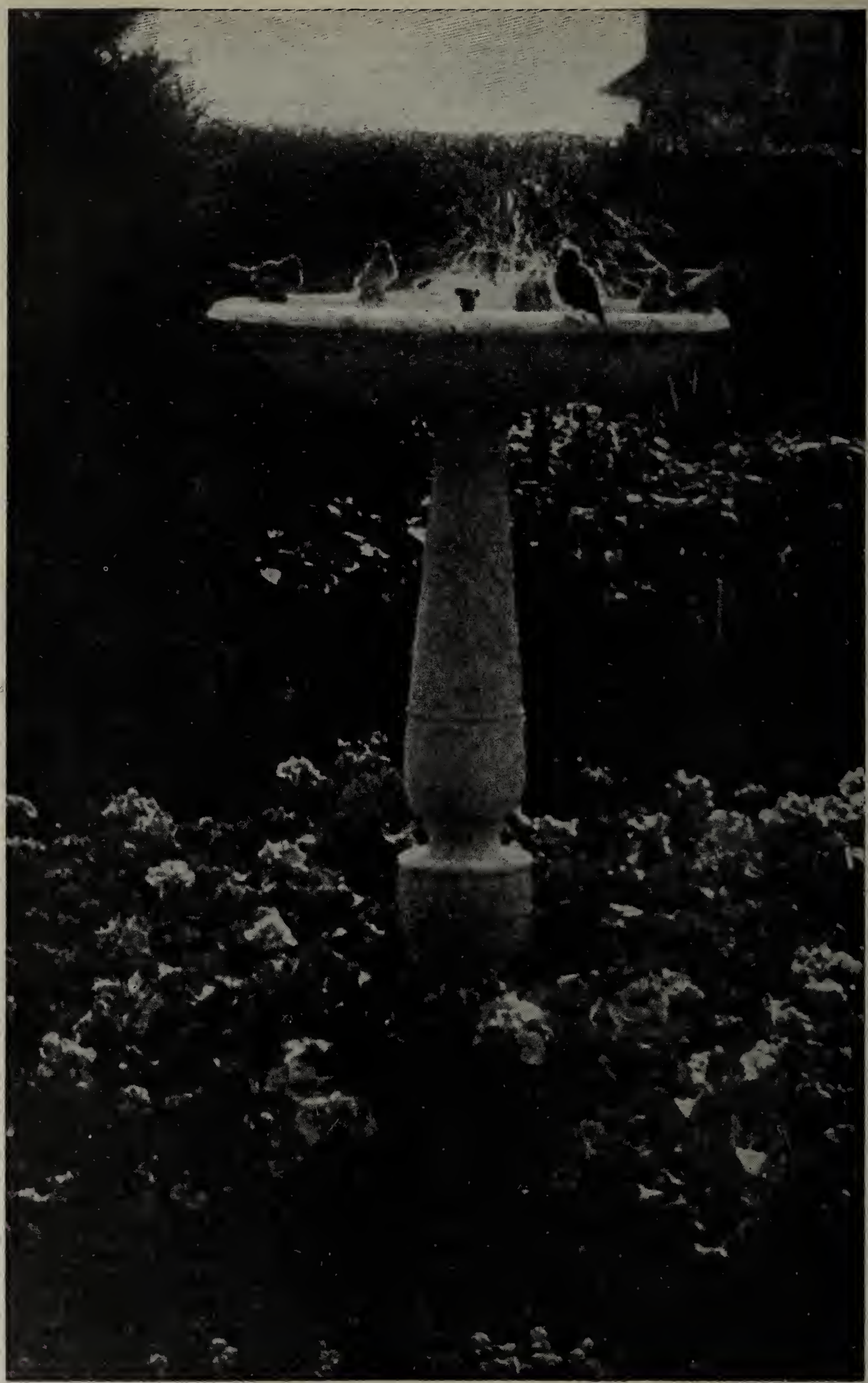
A notable tribute to Mr. Fisher's ability as a graft-fighter was his selection by the lawyer having the matter in hand, Mr. Murray Nelson, to take charge of the examination of witnesses in the Illinois Central graft case. That railway company, in the four years prior to December, 1909, had been defrauded of more than $2,500,000 through padded bills for repairs. The frauds were made possible by the connivance between important railway officials and the managers of five concerns engaged in the car repair business. The dishonesty was obviously an imitation of the corrupt system by which public money is stolen by politicians. Mr. Fisher's services have been enlisted in other cases of this general nature. He was a member of the Merriam Commission, created by resolution of the City Council, the Chairman of which, Alderman Charles E. Merriam, is now running for Mayor of Chicago, largely on the record made in that

WALTER L. FISHER

connection in disclosing dishonesty and waste in the management of city affairs. Mr. Fisher served as attorney for the Merriam Commission, without salary, and conducted the examination of witnesses. At the time of his appointment as Secretary of the Interior by President Taft he was about to be made attorney for a committee of the Illinois State Senate that is planning an investigation of the "jackpot" and other scandals of the Legislature which made William Lorimer United States Senator.

For some months Mr. Fisher has been serving as a member of the Securities Commission appointed by President Taft to outline a plan for the control by the Federal Government of the stock and bond issues of railway companies. In the recent rate hearings before the Inter-State Commerce Commission he appeared on behalf of certain shipping interests.

Mr. Fisher has been deeply interested in the Conservation movement, and is in touch with its leaders. He served a term as President of the Conservation League.



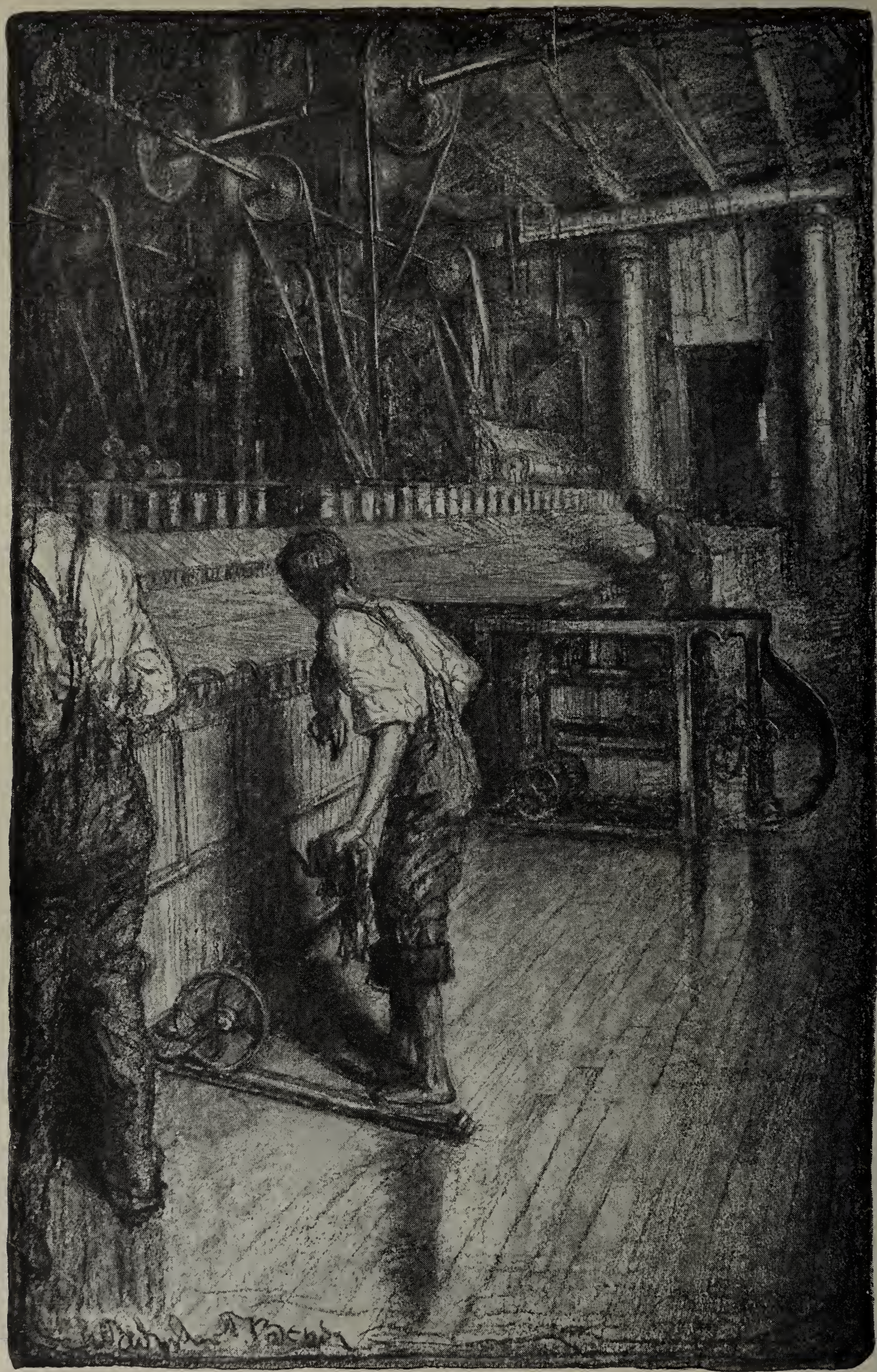
WINGED HERALDS

Our Tenantry

By Theron G. Strong

With Photographs by Martha Prentice Strong

Welcome are ye from far-off wandering,
Winged heralds of the balmy summer hours,
And for your home accept this offering—
Possession of our trees, and leafy bowers,
And deep-sequestered nooks to build your nests.
There, undisturbed, your little ones shall grow,
Protected by the shelter of your breasts;
And forth on joyful pinions shall ye go
To bring them sustenance, until your flight
They follow, on unsteady wing, to know
The gardens' bloom, and fountain-waters bright,
And learn the love that human hearts bestow.
And our reward shall be your happy throng,
Your wingings to and fro, and cheering song.



"ALL PARTS IN THE OPEN HAD GENERALLY TO BE CLEANED WHILE THEY WERE IN MOTION. OTHERWISE I HAD TO WAIT TILL NOONTIME"

Through the Mill

By Al Priddy

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

CHAPTER VII

SHORTLY after the raid we removed to the south end of the city. Our new home stood on a corner at the junction of four streets. On the opposite corner, buried among billows of maple branches, stood an orphans' home. Uncle Stanwood, besides having skill with a flute, could also play the piano. In our new home he placed a fifteen-dollar, first-model piano, far from new. Three of the ivories were missing, one of the keys had a habit of sticking, and the whole keyboard was a deep, rich yellow.

"Wife," said Uncle Stanwood when the furniture was in, "we must have a house-warming. The spinners want to come." It was arranged for the following Saturday night. The preparations for the house-warming were easily made. The beer man called and left a half-barrel of beer, several cases of lager, and a few bottles of port wine. By eight o'clock the house-warming programme was in full operation. Tom Fellows, a tall man with a poetic face, sang an original composition entitled "Just to Come with Me to Town." The accompaniment to this was the work of a local bandmaster. Then followed drinks. Tom Fellows was followed by a deep-voiced spinner by the name of Marvin, whose contribution was "White Wings, They Never Grow Weary," etc. Then drinks were passed and gossip was indulged. Then drinks again, and after that—drinks. After that the programme was a grand disorder of oaths, drunken boastings, and calls for "More beer!" I went to bed in the next room and cried bitterly, for I had seen my Uncle Stanwood limp in a corner and my Aunt Millie, with face aflame, in a violent rage over some reproachful words Uncle had passed with her a few minutes before.

The Sunday's sun lighted up a sickening scene late the next morning. Glasses with odorous dregs of liquor in them were scattered on chairs and window-sills. Chairs were overturned, and the parlor lamp, still burning, sent out an oily, smoky smell. Uncle was still sleeping where I had seen him the night before, and Aunt Millie lay abed with her clothes unremoved. In the kitchen stood the empty beer barrel and the lager bottles.

On Monday morning I began work in the mule spinning-room. In the mule-room there are no women. A majority of the spinners are Englishmen. Their sons fill the subordinate positions, generally. My uncle proposed to teach me how to "back-boy"—that is, the art of renewing the bobbins which supply the spindles with cotton rope.

My uncle had many confidential talks with me relative to the home and to my future.

"Al," he said one day, "it's a shame that you have to stand what you do from aunt and me, and it's not proper that it should be so. Make a man of yourself, Al. Don't waste your time. Get ahead, and let drink alone. I had the chance when I was younger. I saved up enough money to take me to Ireland, Paris, and the Isle of Man. I read good books and mixed with good company. It's the beer that brought me down." One day he proposed that I should begin to practice on the piano. He drilled me on the scales, and every night helped me with a lesson on the piano. I took three regular lessons under him. The last lesson was very difficult. I practiced it faithfully and laboriously for four evenings, but could not make out the tune. It was called "an exercise" in the lesson book. Finally, on the fifth night, Uncle called from the kitchen, "Al, hurry up the tune a little." I did, and to my amazement found that it resolved itself into the very simple melody known as "Home, Sweet Home."

Besides this instruction in music, Uncle Stanwood took a great interest in my choice of reading. "Best plan to have," he advised, "is to get a book you like and read all of that author's books and get through with him." He brought me Stanley Weyman's romances, then Dumas's

and Alger's series. He had me read at least two books a week, for the accomplishment of which he taught me the art of skipping.

Our new home was too near the saloons, and during the day, while we were at work, Aunt Millie patronized the beer wagons, which made daily rounds. In the evening she would persuade Uncle to share a few bottles with her. I cannot recollect three out of the innumerable nights they spent over their glasses when they failed to mix words and go to bed raging at one another.

Uncle and I always knew when Aunt had been drinking. Our dinners, brought by a neighbor's boy, indicated conditions faithfully. A cold meal meant a drunken aunt. These cold dinners generally consisted of jelly roll, soda-water, lamb's tongue, and store bread. With a sharp glance at the contents of the pail Uncle would look helplessly at me and murmur: "At it again, Al! What is the use of laboring if she goes on like this? She won't let me keep the pledge when I take it, and at the rate we are going we shall be fit subjects for the poor-farm."

One day no dinner came, and we had to work through the long afternoon without food. Aunt Millie was not at home at supper-time. Uncle went out and brought her home late that night; both were incoherent and helpless, and I put them to bed as best I could. The next morning Uncle did not go to work. Aunt Millie gave him a tongue-lashing, and the matter ended by Uncle packing a hand-bag and leaving for parts unknown, to return after a few days.

"Well, let him go, the old drunkard, that's what he is!" she cried, in great indignation. "We'll be better off without him. His drunken ways only make us worse off. Now off to work, Al, and remember that your pay has to keep us in groceries, pay the rent, and buy clothes." She omitted "beer" from the list. At that time I was earning four dollars and forty cents a week.

CHAPTER VIII

For the protection of minors like myself, two notices were posted in the mule-room, and in every room in the mill. They are rules which, if obeyed, would have reduced the seriousness of my mill work. The notices read:

"The cleaning of machinery while it is in motion is positively forbidden."

"All minors are hereby prohibited from working during the regular stopping hours."

If I had made any effort to obey the first law, I should not have retained my position more than two days. The mule-spinners were working by the piece, and would stop their mules only under the most exceptional stress. The back-boy who demanded that the machinery be stopped while he oiled the spindles or cleaned the fallers or the front and back wheels of the carriage was deemed incapable, unfit. It was even expected of me that I should with a hand brush clean pulleys whirling hundreds of revolutions a minute, at the risk of having my hand drawn over the belt. I had to clean fallers, which, if taken at the wrong minute, on the change, was like putting one's hands between the closing teeth of some wild creature. In cleaning the front spindles or oiling them I was in constant danger of being crushed between the carriage and the iron posts, which, when they met, left hardly an inch of space. Alfred Skinner, a close friend of mine, did get caught one day, and his body was pinned close and was crushed badly, but not too seriously to keep him from his work—at his own expense—for more than four days.

The most dangerous cleaning I had to do as a back-boy was the cleaning of the back wheels of the mule-carriage. The mule-carriage runs forward for about three yards on tracks. It starts from the frame, and spins the cotton thread as it moves ahead at a slow pace. Then, when the thread is spun, the carriage darts back swiftly and gathers the thread up on the spindles. This back motion is a swift rebound, just like a rubber ball which we throw and draw back by an elastic cord. The wheels of the carriage are about ten inches in diameter, and the tracks on which they run are sharp, like knives. It was dangerous enough to try to creep after these wheels while they were in motion, in an effort to clean them in record time, for the waste was always wrapping around the axles or being

"I CHOSE TO SPEND THAT TIME WITH SOME PAPER OR A BOOK WHICH I HAD SMUGGLED IN, RATHER THAN TO BREAK ANOTHER RULE BY TALKING WITH THE NEXT BACK-BOY"

lumped under the wheels, and there was the added danger of not crawling back swiftly enough ahead of the rebounding carriage. But when it is known that I had to creep, almost at full length, under the frame and a long steel shaft, and crawl back out of the way of the returning carriage, that I had to estimate just how low to duck, and be careful not to back into a post or a box which would block my retreat, the danger at its full may be realized. Yet that was the process, and no spinner would stop his mule for me. If I let the waste lump under the wheels, it would lift the carriage out of gear and break over a thousand threads. When that occurred, there were oaths from the spinner, a lecture from the second-hand, and all sorts of disagreeable criticisms from the hands who were called upon to piece the broken threads. So it came about that if the waste did get tangled, as it did at almost every wheel, we always risked much to get it untangled, and, in doing so, got into trouble. One day I had my little finger dragged on the track and the end nipped. Almost every back-boy of my acquaintance had had one of

his fingers either nipped or cut off altogether. Once in a while one of them would be caught as he backed and be severely maimed.

The only consolation we got in case of these accidents was a few days' "lay-off," always delightful, free treatment by the "company's butcher" (as we called the surgeon), and a loss of so many days' wages.

If a boy was absolutely bent on keeping that rule in regard to the cleaning of machinery, he had to leave that part of his work until the mill was stopped for dinner, or do it before the mill started in the morning. This, however, was jumping from the frying-pan into the fire, for it led to an infraction of the second rule, "All minors are hereby prohibited from working during the regular stopping hours."

It was absolutely impossible for me to do all my day's work in the ten and a half hours of the regular working day. I did not shirk my work, nor was I lazy. Neither was I undertaking more than would bring me an average wage. In fact, my weekly pay for the four mules was four dollars and a half. Not only was much of the dangerous cleaning left till the noon hour, or the hour before starting in the mornings, but there was always some unfinished chore ahead to be done before the mules started. In addition to all this, the spinners hired me to work for them during the stopping hours. They gave me a quarter for cleaning a mule-head, and so much a week for keeping their rollers in order, for helping them in piecing up whatever broken threads were found, and for work at many other details which they could leave until the noon hour.

Most of this extra work usually fell on Wednesdays and Fridays, the general cleaning days in the mill. Consequently, on these days I worked at full pressure. The hours I spent at work on Friday were divided as follows:

6 A.M. to 6:30 A.M., extra work.
6:30 to 12, regular work.
Fifteen minutes for dinner, but regularly eaten at odd minutes before noon so that I could be ready to put in a full hour.
12 to 1 P.M., extra work.
1 P.M. to 6 P.M., regular work. Against the rules to be found idle. This rule was vigorously enforced by the overseer.

From six in the morning until six at night I usually had thus but fifteen minutes, and sometimes not more than ten, for rest, and that was time taken out to bolt my cold dinner. Those twelve hours, at least twice a week, and very often three and four times in the week, left me at night worn out in strength to such a degree that I went to bed soon after supper and promised myself to make up for it on Sunday by lolling in bed till noon!

In the winter this extra work found me in the mill before all the lights were turned on, working by the dim rays which came from the one electric light in the main alley, and compelling me to work more by faith than by sight. I never stood in the daylight during those days, for it was dark again when I left my work at six o'clock.

Every once in a while a man or woman inspector would come into the mill in the morning or at noon to see if the overtime rule was being disobeyed. But we were always on the watch for them, and even suspected who they were at a distance. If they questioned us, we always told them that the work we were doing was merely extra work which we did at our own, and not the company's, option.

It must be borne in mind also that these long hours were spent in the midst of a somewhat vitiated atmosphere, never registering on the thermometer less than eighty-five degrees, and often kept at ninety-four. The air was ever filled with a whirling, half-invisible cloud of lint. Oil and hot grease were whirled on us from the newly lubricated shaftings over our heads. The floor was hot, and everything we touched, except the cotton, was greasy and odorous. Amidst all this we worked in a constant perspiration, even though we wore but a summer undershirt with the sleeves cut off and a pair of overalls with the legs rolled up above the knees. Our feet were always dirty with grease and oil, and it was impossible to protect ourselves with shoes, for with them we would slip on the dangerous parts of machinery, and, besides, there would have been little comfort wearing them in such a heat.

I have seen few prison rules which were more severe than the unwritten rules under which I worked in the mule-room.

"ON THE NEXT BLOCK WE CAME ACROSS A VENERABLE ISRAELITE, LONG-BEARDED AND SOMNOLENT, WATCHING FOR CUSTOM BEFORE HIS ONE-WINDOWED CLOTHING SHOP. 'JAKEY McCARTY LEAPED FORWARD AND GAVE A VIGOROUS YANK ON THE VENERABLE'S BEARD, AND WE BROKE INTO A RUN, WITH A SHRIEKING, HORRIFIED GROUP OF JEWS IN MAD PURSUIT"

Here is a list of those that were imposed upon me by a keen-eyed overseer, a surly second-hand, a spying third-hand, and sometimes a bad-tempered spinner:

"There must be no looking out of the windows."

"Under no circumstances must there be any reading of books or papers."

"Do not be seen in another part of the mill from your work."

"There must be no unnecessary talking."

"No operative must ever go out of doors or leave the room during working hours except on business."

"Sitting down is prohibited."

A rule about coming late to work was taken care of at the gate and the office. Promptly at the starting hour the watchman closed the gate, and did it with the precision of a machine. I have seen him shut out men and women who have been within three rods of the entrance! Then one had to go to the office, for a seven-foot fence, covered with four layers of barbed wire, made any other mode of entrance impossible. At the office one had to be examined by an official, who generally told the tardy one to go home and come on time the next day. One such experience would often mean the guilty one's discharge.

In order to prevent the first rule from infraction, the mill in which at this time I worked had put in glazed windows, so that from morning till night we never saw one square inch of the outside world unless we went out to dinner. When the sun shone in, the curtains had to be drawn in order to protect the moisture of the cotton.

There did come moments, far apart, when I would catch up with my work and have some spare time on my hands. I chose to spend that time with some paper or a book which I had smuggled in, rather than to break another rule by talking with the next back-boy. In order to get a chance to read, I had to see where the three bosses were, and then hide behind a box, or a post with a box in front of it, and read a chapter or two.

And if I did not want to take the risk which reading brought, and merely sat down, I had to do that very cautiously and guiltily. The bosses expected me to be on my feet for ten and a half hours every day.

To meet these exacting conditions I had insufficient strength. The muscles on my arms were no larger than eggs. I was still in a period of abnormal growth. I had to compete with young fellows who had arms knotted with pliant muscle, who could bend me during a test of strength and hardly breathe a bit the faster. In an attempt to improve my physique I took weights, jerked them up and down in a way that would have made a physical instructor wince, but exhausted rather than helped myself thereby. One of the back-boys, a veritable giant, one day completely humiliated me by tearing open my undershirt collar and thumping my chest with a force sufficient to make breathing painful for several days after, and he laughed as I doubled up. "Oh, say, he's chicken-breasted! He can't stand a feather touching him, can he?" Secretly I vowed at that time to develop a firmer and a stronger chest. To accomplish this, I inhaled and exhaled exaggerated gulps of the vitiated air of the mill, enthused by the false idea that the mere acts of lifting and lowering and throwing out the collar-bones would turn me into a second edition of Sandow, then advertising his lessons in the magazines.

But it was in my feelings that I suffered most. It was the terror of the mill that I felt. I never thought, at this time, of keeping away from work save as I had a toothache or felt ill. I grew afraid of the mill, but I knew of no other way to work. I felt that I must work! My aunt had trained me well by this time. I grew more and more hopeless when I thought about my future. If I had not been ambitious, my sufferings would have been lessened. It is the distant gleam from a lighthouse that makes the sinking of a ship three times more tragic than it would be if there were merely sullen rocks and the miserable moan of the storm about. I not only felt physically unfit for the work of the mill, and knew that I could not endure it for many years, but I also had read deeply, eagerly, believingly, in the literature of ambition, and sincerely, in my own blundering way, wanted to "make something of myself."

It was a series of five-cent novels which, more than anything else, raised this ambition in me. It was a series having to do with The Adventures of Frank Merriwell. This young man was a manly hero, who lived an ideal life among a group of selfish, unpopular, and even villainous students at Yale College. He had the Midas touch by which every character, however gross or mean, became pure gold at his touch. He stood for decency, the "square deal," clean living, and manly loyalty to all that was highest in the moral code. True, he always knocked a home run whenever he batted at the home plate. He always made a touchdown when the odds were against his team. He could do anything in a championship manner, from throwing a lasso to taking the highest honors in Shakespearean tragedy. But there was no uncertain sound about his moral rightness. He was a "man's man." The college atmosphere in these novels was pictured so vividly and winsomely that I, too, wanted to join in the student songs, take a part in the conversations in the dormitories, sit in the classes, and join in the "rushes." I speculated about the cost in money and how much brain would be called for to be a college student. It was a romantic world in which I moved as I read those novels. They gave me the moral challenge the boys' club had neglected to give. They aroused my ambition for a college career, such as my aunt and her friends never thought or cared to arouse. Besides arousing this ambition, these stories also were the only Bible from which I learned what was expected of a man, and to what end his inclinations should be directed. They taught me forgiveness of enemies, honesty in all dealings, fair play in sport, and clean living in the midst of viciousness.

To turn, then, from this dreamlike world to the long days of work, heat, sweat, weakness, and the monotonousness of the week's routine was as disheartening as it must have been to Moses to come down from Sinai from converse with God to the worship of the calf and the profane dancing of a forgetful people in the valley. Only, Moses was so angry at it that he broke his record of his vision. I nourished mine more zealously on account of it.

There came many hours of desperation at the circumstances in the midst of which I lived and labored. But never did the ambition for an education pass from me. On those winter days, when the electric lights were turned on at three in the afternoon, I always felt as if I were being plunged into a long night of weariness, though I had only three hours longer to work. The hands on the clock hardly crawled over the dial. Five minutes stretched out into a long hour. Though completely exhausted and hardly able to accomplish the work before me, I had still three long hours to work. It would be the same to-morrow, and the day after, and the same years ahead, so far as I then could judge. The outlook was certainly disheartening. But when, in addition to this, I stopped to think of home, with its murderous assaults, and the squandering, drunken habits of my foster parents, to the encouragement of which my small wages tended; when I thought of the sunlight and the cool, sweet air outside, which I was not permitted to enjoy, and which would mean strength to my flabby muscles, then I would come to the moment, the wild, insane moment, when suicide loomed up as a safe exit from it all. There was no dramatic hair-pulling or stagy ranting when I speculated on suicide. I thought about it with the same deliberation with which I would argue that two and two made four. Putting a heavy weight on the frame above my head, balancing it on the edge so that a light touch would let it fall, crashing in my skull, I would half lift a finger towards it and argue: "Well, it's just one instant of pain, and then—death and an end! Why not? There surely is a sufficient excuse! Now it is day after day of suffering and night after night of mental distress. Your money is helping keep two people in a constant state of brawling and fighting. You never have much money or time. Just think how much a relief it would be to end it all! All you have to do is to raise up your finger and it is done. You should close your eyes and not dodge, though. Don't dodge the weight. I'll bet you're afraid, just the same!" Yes, I was afraid. I always emerged from those stoical dreams with the assurance that self-destruction was a

coward's way of fighting against hardships.

One of the events which stimulated my ambition at this time was the advent of the College-Graduate Scrubber. He was a fat, lazy, slow-going man of thirty, who was also the first college graduate I had ever seen working in the mill. He was a great curiosity among us boys. There clustered around his lumpish head the ancient traditions of some American university. I secretly placed him on the peak of Olympus among the highest gods. I re-read my college novels with greater interest. *He* had lived in a dormitory. *He* had sat on a college fence. *He* had studied ever so many dry subjects, and *he* had rubbed shoulders with men in that dreamy, golden world which lay many leagues beyond what *we* could ever attain.

I used to watch him while he worked in his lazy way. But I did not see the sudsy mop he slapped from side to side, or judge him by the dull way he did his work. *He* was a *college graduate!* That thought lifted him above his mop and the pail of suds and the six dollars a week pay he received. I did not stop to think that the college had not taken *him* from the mill. I never stopped to ask whether he really was a college graduate. What he had done I wanted to do. From my talks with the scrubber, from his descriptions of his college days, and from his encouragements, I became more than ever out of sympathy with my mill work.

It has been said that ten righteous men can save a city. There were not quite ten really pure-minded men in the mule-room wherein I worked, but there were enough, if they had been so inclined, to have saved us boys from the immoral sweep of filthy communications which went through the mill from end to end during the noon hour and before the wheels started in the morning. Once in a while the men, most of them with boys of their own working in their vicinity, would stumble on a decent topic and continue it for some minutes, but those times were very exceptional. While they cleaned their rollers, cleaned their machines, or oiled, the spinners would *shout* what they had to say, sometimes being in communication with a man several hundred feet distant. During the noon hour nearly every spinner had to eat his dinner in the mill. They assembled in "Fat" Dunding's alley; an assembly of fathers and responsible citizens. "Fat" Dunding was the autocrat of the circle, however, and somehow it was impossible for him to get the conversation beyond brothels and lewd gossip. Once in a while some spinner would give a warning "hush" or would tell me to "run outside and not be around listening to things that weren't good for me," but it was infrequent when this caution was taken.

At this time I was working for two spinners, a French-Canadian and an Englishman. The Canadian was the best man in the mill, yet the rest of the spinners ostracized him because he was a Frenchman. This man was always kind to me, and made my work as easy as possible. The other man, on the contrary, was the most drunken and violent-tempered man in the mill, and held his position only by virtue of having married the overseer's sister. He was a stunted, bow-legged man, always in need of a shave. He wagged a profane and violent tongue, and had a reputation as a wife-beater—about which the men joked him. He always came to work on Monday mornings with severe headaches, in a surly, sullen mood, and filled himself with Jamaica ginger, which, on account of its alcoholic proportions, served the same palatable function as whisky, without making him unfit to walk up and down the alley at his work. My best could never please this man, and I was the butt of his profane vomitings. I was afraid of him, because by his complaints he could have prevailed upon his brother-in-law, the overseer, to discharge me.

CHAPTER IX

The mill-boys of the district in which I lived were organized into a "gang." After I had kicked the shins of the leader and inflicted severe pain upon that sensitive member I was admitted into the organization. We were wearing "knee-pants," but our juvenility ended there. We were called "the Point Road Gang." Our leader was a very pugnacious-tempered youth with a merry smile and long patience. We named him "Yellow Belly.' The roster included a German, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, several Englishmen and Americans.

The first winter of our organization we spent on a drug-store corner, keeping vigil over a capacious iron drinking-trough and discussing indoor bicycle-racing, then at its glory at "the Rink."

In the spring we built an outdoor horizontal bar and exercised ourselves every evening until darkness set in. Five of the gang, including myself, bought current five-cent novels and exchanged once a week. Jakey McCarty and I separated ourselves from the main body once a week and visited the public library for the purpose of getting a book. For this habit the gang dubbed us with the flattering title "libree-struck," which has the same significance as "sun-struck." The gang intended it as an admonition against too much progress.

A list of the activities of the gang would read like a record of the Hunnish invasion. For instance, every Saturday night we migrated up Water Street along the Jewish quarter and through the center of the city to a tall building devoted mainly to a social enterprise defined in its name, "Union for Good Works." Our chief reason for a visit to such a moral atmosphere was to get a five-cent bath. I recollect a very distinctive Saturday night when, during the migration, the following activities were indulged: As we passed along the section of Water Street where grocery stores abounded, directly opposite the police station, we arrayed ourselves in a single file. Before us, just above our heads, projecting from the doorways and window-sashes, were tin advertising signs. One by one we leaped in the air and with open palms pounded the signs into a noisy clatter. Before the clerks had appeared on the scene we had passed on and mixed with the crowd. Our next stop was before a Jewish butcher shop, from the front of which, on a large hook, dangled a cow's heart. Again forming in single file, each member of the gang gave the organ a resounding slap with the palm. While we were running one of the gang stepped back and impudently called to the irate son of Israel, "Say, daddy, we'll give yer five cents if you'll let us take three more slaps." On the next block we came across a venerable Israelite, long-bearded and somnolent, watching for custom before his one-windowed clothing shop. Jakey McCarty leaped forward and gave a vigorous yank on the venerable's beard, and we broke into a run, with a shrieking, horrified group of Jews in mad pursuit. When we reached the Union for Good Works and had taken our bath and paid our five cents, we retired to the game-room. While we were busy with a game of table ninepins Jakey stood off at the opposite end of the room plastering the frescoed walls of the Union for Good Works with the pasty contents of a silver package of cream cheese to which he had helped himself at the stall of a public market. When we arrived at the South End, late that night, and were preparing to disband, this same Jakey set on view a five-pound pail of lard, a cap, and several pounds of tobacco, which he carried home and presented to his mother!

Such are only characteristic mischiefs in which we reveled. Their humor appealed to us. One Fourth of July night we roamed the city, deliberately destroying front gardens, tearing down bunting and decorative flags, and emptying the morning's milk left on grocery steps by early milkmen; yet the moral aspect of such adventures never presented itself to us with any measure of persistence.

The only religious declaration the gang made came in the winter-time, when on Sunday afternoons we made a pilgrimage to the Water Street City Mission. There the teachers filled my memory with a list of names such as Samson, David, and Paul, and forgot to take us in hand and instruct us in the rights of property and the impressive need for a moral clean-up. Of course it was the policy of the mission to avoid dogmatic religious instruction, because its roll included children of all creeds. We enjoyed the entertainments and suppers the Mission furnished, lighted our cigarettes with the Sunday-school papers they gave us, and concluded among ourselves that the fun of the thing was worth while. I covertly liked the mission because the teachers were mainly wealthy young women from the aristocratic city churches, and I had never before seen such expensive dresses or such magnificent diamond rings.

During a certain portion of the winter

we also attended the drill practice of the city militia. After attending the first one we marched homeward with soldierly precision. When we neared home, I was thrust forward and called "Captain." As I marched on, my company threw icy snowballs at my head, and when I protested they bombarded me into flight.

When September came around and the evening schools opened, the gang was always on hand to take a part in the exercises. Four of us, Yellow Belly, Jakey, Dutchy, and myself, went with serious intentions. We planned to take arithmetic, grammar, and history.

A night school in a mill city on an opening night is a splendid commentary on the persistence of ambition. I sat in a back seat and looked on a sight which must have inspired the teachers. The man directly in front of me was a tall, bony Portuguese, the father of a family of grown-up children. He had come to study the first reader! The main portion of the scholars were foreigners, and were characterized by an intense desire to "larn de Eengleesh."

As soon as we were seated and the opening gong had sent its voice clanging through the halls, the gang began its operations. Dutchy, a very bright youth, pretended that he could not recite the alphabet. "Bunny," a young Englishman, tried to pass himself off as a Swede ignorant of English entirely. While the teachers were busy with conferences, books, cat-calls, and beans were in the air, and it was not until the special policeman on duty in the hall below had been called in that order was restored. These disturbances continued for the first week, and by that time I had become discouraged of further attendance.

The spinners at the South End, together with men from other of the mill departments, maintained a Workingmen's Club. They had their headquarters in a one-story frame building which stood on a corner in the midst of a tenement district. The main argument for the existence of the club was its liquor license. It was really a select saloon with the privilege of Sunday sales granted it. It was this club which inspired the gang to organize. We rented a small store, pasted the walls with pictures of actresses and baseball players, covered a small table with newspapers and cards, and began business.

The first week we occupied in sitting in front of our club, tilted back in chairs, "showing off" to the passers-by. The second week we spent indoors, indulging in boxing-matches, cards, and "twenty-for-five-cents" cigarettes. Every member of the club kept from work a day in order to lounge in the club and taste to the full his joys of membership. About the fourth week the landlord locked us out, declaring that we had become a "meddlin' set o' ne'er-do-wells."

It was in this gang that opposition to the manufacturers was first taught me. It might well have been called an embryo labor union, for whenever a circus or a fête came around and the mill authorities were determined to run their mill, we immediately resolved to keep from work. For the success of this purpose we planned, so far as we had charge of the planning, to work in the same room. There were six of us in the same mule-room, I recall, when Buffalo Bill came to the city for the first time. We six stayed away from our work in the afternoon, and the whole room was crippled and had to be closed. Two of the gang lost their work, but we called them heroes. For myself, I did not have the price of admission to the show, and had to content myself with a long-distance view from a tree-top.

(To be continued in the Magazine Number for May)

The Ordination of John Fairmeadow

By Norman Duncan

With Drawings by Herman Pfeifer

JOHN FAIRMEADOW, at work in a ministerial way among the lumberjacks of the remoter Minnesota woods, had never attended a theological seminary. At least, not for long; and John Fairmeadow was used to explaining the mischance in this way: "Why, hang it, boys, I never had time! Honest, I was too busy; and I've been too busy ever since." But John Fairmeadow, by fortunate grace of the Superior Body of that district, was nevertheless at work among the lumberjacks in a ministerial way. He was hard at work; he was at work night and day, every day in the week, summer and winter, with all the strength that he had—strength of mind and heart and spirit and arm. No sooner had he encountered the bedraggled community of Swamp's End in the lumber woods—being then on the lookout for a location—than he threw off his pack and began to work. "Boys," said he, "I'm looking for the worst town this side of hell. Is this it?" Assured that Swamp's End was indeed the worst town this side of hell—assured that it could *beat* hell—assured that many a man had moved from Swamp's End to hell to improve his situation—John Fairmeadow had decided to settle down on the spot. "Just the live little burg I've been looking for," said he. And he had never been moved to regret his decision: he had found the place. Moreover, through all these busy years he had looked forward to ordination, notwithstanding the missing seminary years. "Follow the course of study we prescribe," the Superior Body had said, "and we shall in good time ordain you—provided, of course, that you pass a satisfactory examination."

"That's almighty good in you, boys," said John Fairmeadow.

The Superior Body, in the persons of its committee, smiled indulgently and filed John Fairmeadow's introductions.

And now, at last, the great day had come. John Fairmeadow was to be examined for ordination. If all went well—and John Fairmeadow devoutly hoped that by some extraordinary chance all might go well—if all went well, John Fairmeadow would presently become a "real" minister. That was what the boys wanted; that was what they had, with many flattering apologies, suggested. The boys naturally wanted the "real thing." The boys *ought* to have the "real thing." Nothing was too good for the boys. John Fairmeadow was bound to give them the "real thing" if he could. Consequently John Fairmeadow had for weeks—for many months, indeed—concerned himself in his leisure moments (which were few) with the sources of Christian theology, with the nature of God, with an intimate examination of the claims of the Trinity to existence in fact, with the origin of sin, and with exegesis, apologetics, Church history, and the like; but he was not at all sure, with all his labor, that his information in respect to these abstruse affairs was either accurate or anything like complete. But John Fairmeadow must do the best he could. The examining committee would presently arrive; the committee would be ushered into One-Eyed Mag's little parlor below and would there proceed with an embarrassing inquisition into John Fairmeadow's qualifications for preaching the Gospel. John Fairmeadow thought little enough of those self-same qualifications, if theological learning were to constitute them; and doubtless the examining committee would think much less of them. But John Fairmeadow, industrious to the end, conned his great text-book of systematic theology, determined to acquit himself like a man, if for nothing else than to honor the boys.

Billy the Beast, who had lain since midnight trussed up on John Fairmeadow's bed, opened his eyes.

"Parson," said he, in amazement, "what the hell are you doin'?"

Fairmeadow proceeded with his reading: "'God dwells in the universe, and is active

in the whole of it, but is not to be conceived as wholly occupied by it, or exhausting his possibilities in conducting its processes.' "

" *Readin' ?*" Billy the Beast demanded.

" 'By the immanence of God,' " Fairmeadow read on, " ' is meant that he is everywhere and always present in the universe, nowhere absent from it, never separated—' "

" Gimme a drink," said Billy the Beast.

" No, Billy; you can't have a drink. 'The ideas of immanence and transcendence—' "

" Gimme a drink !"

" You don't *need* a drink, Billy," Fairmeadow protested, without looking up; " you'll pull through without a drink." He went on with his reading: " ' The ideas of immanence and transcendence are sometimes set in— ' "

" For God's sake," the Beast wailed, " gimme a drink !"

Fairmeadow scowled. " ' The ideas of immanence and transcendence,' " he read on, with a sigh, " ' are sometimes set in opposition to each other, and each has even had its advocate; but this is needless and wrong. Each conception needs the other. Transcendence without immanence—' "

A flow of soft profanity issued from the Beast's dry lips.

" Quit it !" Fairmeadow commanded. " You bother me."

Billy sighed.

" 'Transcendence without immanence,' " Fairmeadow read, scratching his bewildered head, " ' would give us Deism, cold and barren; immanence without transcendence would give us Pantheism, fatalistic and paralyzing. The two coexist in God—' "

" Say !"

" ' His omnipresent energy is His immanence; but so great is that—' "

" Say !"

" ' So great is that omnipresent energy that instead of being—' "

" Say !" Billy the Beast roared; " am I goin' t' get that drink or not ?"

Fairmeadow touched the Beast's pulse. " You are *not*," said he. " ' Instead of being the fully worked slave of the universe that He inhabits and maintains—' "

" Say !"

" ' God is its master.' "

" Say !"

Fairmeadow closed the book. " Look here, Billy !" said he. " You don't need a drink; you can pull through, this time, without a drink, and you're not going to get a drink. Be quiet. Go to sleep. Don't you see that you're bothering me ? Leave me alone. I've enough on my hands to trouble me as it is. If in half an hour I don't know a good deal more about God than I seem to know at this minute," he added impressively, " I'll flunk."

" Ye'll what ?"

" Flunk, I tell you !"

" That's awful !" said the Beast. " Is it deadly ?"

" Not necessarily," Fairmeadow replied; " but it's a very unpleasant experience."

When Billy the Beast had been completely informed—when he understood the nature and probable event of the impending examination—when he knew that examining committee was about to arrive with certain grave questions touching the nature of God—he fell quiet. " You go right ahead with your readin', parson," said he. " Ye'll need to. Don't ye mind *me*. An', say, parson !" said he; " if them sky-pilots says you don't know more about God than they do, you come up an' loose me. That's all you got t' do, parson. You jus' come up an' *turn me loose!* I'll fix it for ye." Fairmeadow was then permitted to reopen his text-book and to proceed to discover a great deal about God's spiritual purpose in the universe, and about his right of control throughout the universe, which the young fellow had not known before, at least in positive terms.

It was unfortunate, of course, that, the night before, John Fairmeadow had gone into the Café of Egyptian Delights; it was more unfortunate still that he had been moved to glance over the collection of stupefied sots in the snake-room. The collection had been large and varied; it was Sunday night. And, however unfortunate it was that John Fairmeadow had been led to glance it over, it was more unfortunate still that he had found Billy the Beast a conspicuous member of that snoring gathering—Billy the Beast evidently come close to the drunkard's most

"BILLY THE BEAST, WHO HAD LAIN SINCE MIDNIGHT TRUSSED UP ON JOHN FAIRMEADOW'S BED, OPENED HIS EYES"

terrible pass. John Fairmeadow forgot the text-book of systematic theology to which he had been hurrying; he forgot even that the committee was coming, that his ordination hung in the balance, that the boys wanted the "real thing," and that he had determined to give the boys the "real thing" if he could manage it. There was only one thing to do—only one business with which a lay preacher could then properly occupy himself. Fairmeadow went for his wheelbarrow; and, having come again, shouldered the Beast, carried him through the bar-room, flung him into the barrow, trundled him home, shouldered him upstairs, and put him to bed. Fairmeadow had thereupon spent the night with the erudite research into the origin of sin and the nature of God. It was not until past dawn—not until Billy the Beast had begun to stir and moan in his sleep—that Fairmeadow trussed him up with a length of stout rope which he kept in his little room above the Mother-Used-To-Make-It Restaurant for that very purpose.

"That's not too tight," he thought, when he had accomplished this admirable precaution; "that won't hurt him."

Billy muttered restlessly.

"I wonder," Fairmeadow thought, "if God will ever save this poor fellow from his wretchedness. I'll pray again," he determined.

The which he did.

When the committee arrived, Fairmeadow bade the shivering Beast behave himself, urged him to make no disturbing noise, implored him in particular to make no effort to escape, eased his bonds a little, denied his plea for a dram of liquor, peeped for the last time into the nature of God as disclosed in the ponderous text-book of theology, and went anxiously below to One-Eyed Mag's parlor, where a committee of two genially awaited him. They were fine fellows. John Fairmeadow

was instantly persuaded of it. One glance was sufficient. "Glad to see you, boys!" he exclaimed, heartily; "it's awfully good in you to come 'way out here to the backwoods and bother your heads with a stupid layman." And to this warm outburst—and to a hearty shake of the hand and to a friendly clap on the back—the examining committee responded with smiles equally warm. They were both young; and they were true to the type, in some respects curiously alike: they were smartly dressed in well-cut black, they were straight and virile, they displayed no marks of care, their eyes were frank, clear, intelligent. Fine fellows, both—young fellows of high ideals and easy consciences. Fairmeadow liked them. He was himself palpably inferior; he was big, and brown, and abrupt, and belligerent, and alert, and energetic, of course, but he lacked the refinement of his inquisitors—the small graces they so easily displayed—and his eyes, though frank and eager, were a bit bleared by his night's occupation, and his hair was tousled, and the legs of his trousers were tucked away in his boot-tops, and his attire was that of a lumberjack, and his face was seamed with weather and trouble. However, it seemed not to matter at all. The examining committee had evidently taken a fancy to John Fairmeadow.

"Boys," Fairmeadow apologized, "I'm afraid I'm going to make a fool of myself. You see, I've been awfully busy. Out here, you see, it's the hardest thing in the world to get a minute—"

There was a thump on the floor overhead.

"The hardest thing in the world," Fairmeadow repeated, frowning, his ears cocked for sounds from above, "to get a minute—"

The thump was repeated.

"Yes," Fairmeadow went on, awkwardly; "you see, boys, out here in the woods—"

The floor creaked overhead.

"I'm sure, Mr. Fairmeadow," one of the young ministers put in, to ease John Fairmeadow's embarrassment, "that you'll do very well. Now, let us not waste time. Let us—"

"Of course!" Fairmeadow agreed. "The sooner this thing is over," he added, with manifest anxiety to have it over and done with, the while listening, "the better I'll be pleased."

"Very well. Well, now, Mr. Fairmeadow—"

The examination of John Fairmeadow for ordination proceeded. It was not a great success. In the first place, the candidate seemed, for some strange reason, to have no realizing sense of the importance of the questions he was required to answer. Instead of heeding his examiners as a diligent student for the honor of ordination might very well be expected to do, he displayed an odd and completely unaccountable distraction; so that he frequently ejaculated, "I *beg* your pardon, boys! What *was* that last question?" Moreover, it was observed that his replies were confused, not altogether, it appeared, because of dense ignorance, but because, in part at least, of a lack of interest in the proceedings (from which his attention continuously wandered), and because of an acute and alert interest in respect to some mysterious happenings in a room above, these being quite foreign to the matter in hand. The committee was unfavorably impressed. Had the committee not been above indulging unkind suspicion, the committee might, without doing violence to its common sense, have suspected John Fairmeadow of laboring under a guilty conscience. John Fairmeadow displayed every symptom of the thing, and had it been at all possible for him to cheat the committee, under the committee's two noses, the candidate, such was his uneasiness and flushed condition and nervous demeanor, might fairly have been suspected of that disreputable business. In addition to this the candidate displayed no impressive acquaintance with the origin of sin, could barely scrape through an apology for the Trinity, was decidedly weak in respect to the origin of the Book of Genesis, was of doubtful acquaintance with the Church in mediæval times, and would be hanged (said he) if he could tell who was Cæsar of Rome when Paul preached in Athens!

The examination was eventually interrupted by a crash of glass proceeding from a room upstairs.

"Boys," said Fairmeadow, "you'll have to excuse me. I'm busy."

"Certainly," said the committee, politely. "And at your conven—"

"I am awfully sorry it has turned out this way," Fairmeadow apologized. "I've an unexpected little job on my hands. Nothing much," he added, hastily; "but it may take a little time."

The committee bowed sympathetically. "How long will it be before—"

"Not to-day, boys," Fairmeadow replied, hastily. "I've a little job on hand that will keep me all day. The fact is—"

At that moment the door was softly opened and a frowzy head was intruded into the examination chamber.

"I found yer bottle, parson," a hoarse voice whispered.

Fairmeadow flashed about in horror.

"Parson," Billy the Beast whispered, fixing the committee with a baleful glance, "is them there little dude sky-pilots givin' ye a square deal? If they hain't, parson—*I'm loose!*"

Fairmeadow was far too genuine a man to trouble about what the examining young ministers might suspect in respect to the bottle which Billy the Beast had discovered in his room. The bottle troubled him, nevertheless; it troubled him chiefly because Billy the Beast had all too evidently absorbed its contents, and was now, beyond question, not only in a mood to indulge all the devilish propensities and perversities which were accustomed to possess him when in liquor, but was helplessly bound towards the renewal of his debauch. Moreover, in that particular stage of intoxication he was a dangerous man: he craved fight—a gigantic, savage, unkempt, flaring-eyed barbarian, spoiling for fight, in which he would not scruple to use his feet and his teeth, as well as his fists, if he could successfully employ them. And he cavorted into the room forthwith in the manner of a fighting-man, advancing and retreating with quick little steps, and feinting with his fists. He advanced, in this threatening manner, upon the smart little ministers, who promptly rose, and in some agitation, to meet him; and he demanded, with every evidence of the intention of knocking their heads together, of wringing their neatly collared, slender necks, and of eating 'em up for dinner—he demanded whether or not it was their purpose to "flunk" the parson; adding, before John Fairmeadow could interrupt, that, by the Eternal, he would instantly put them through a sausage-grinder if they should display the least idea of "trying it on." It was an awkward moment for the young ministers; their intimate and authoritative acquaintance with the origin of sin, of course, could not, as they were well aware, preserve them from the sinful conduct presently to be manifested; but they were courageous young fellows notwithstanding, and stood bravely to their guns, drawn up with dignity and flushed with resentment.

"Easy, Billy!" Fairmeadow put in, harshly. "Take care!"

Billy leaned close to the younger young minister.

"I want t' pull your nose," said he, softly.

The younger young minister would not by any means permit the indignity.

"It *needs* pullin'," Billy urged.

"Stand off!"

"An' I *feel* jus' like pullin' it," Billy added.

"Stand off!"

"Now, young feller," the Beast went on, rolling up his sleeve, "I ain't goin' t' hurt ye. Stand still, an' it'll be over in a minute."

Fairmeadow's hand fell heavily on the Beast's shoulder. "That'll do!" said he. "No more of it!"

"But, parson—"

"No more of it, I say!"

Billy the Beast felt Fairmeadow's hand slip cautiously to his wrist. At the same moment he looked into Fairmeadow's eyes and discovered Fairmeadow's purpose. And he was not caught napping. He wrenched his hand free, leaped away with an oath, and stood on guard, eying big John Fairmeadow alertly. Fairmeadow slipped out of his jacket, muttered "Excuse me for a minute, boys," to the young ministers, with much politeness, and advanced cautiously to the attack. It was a memorable engagement; at least, it was never forgotten by the young ministers who had come to determine John Fairmeadow's qualifications for preaching the Gospel to the lumberjacks

of that section. But it was not a long engagement. John Fairmeadow was not used to long engagements of that nature; they were altogether opposed to his religion and ethical policy. He went swiftly to close quarters with the Beast, dodged a terrific swing, and struck once before he leaped away. But he had not struck hard enough. "Pshaw!" he grunted, disgusted and distressed. "I'll have to hit him again." He went in for the second time with a grim and cruel intention. It was with the purpose of hitting the Beast so hard and at a point so vital that the gigantic lumberjack would crumple up and lie still until he could be put to bed again. The affair must issue that way or John Fairmeadow's discourse would utterly fail of edifying Billy the Beast in any degree whatsoever. The Beast must not be permitted to escape to the saloons.

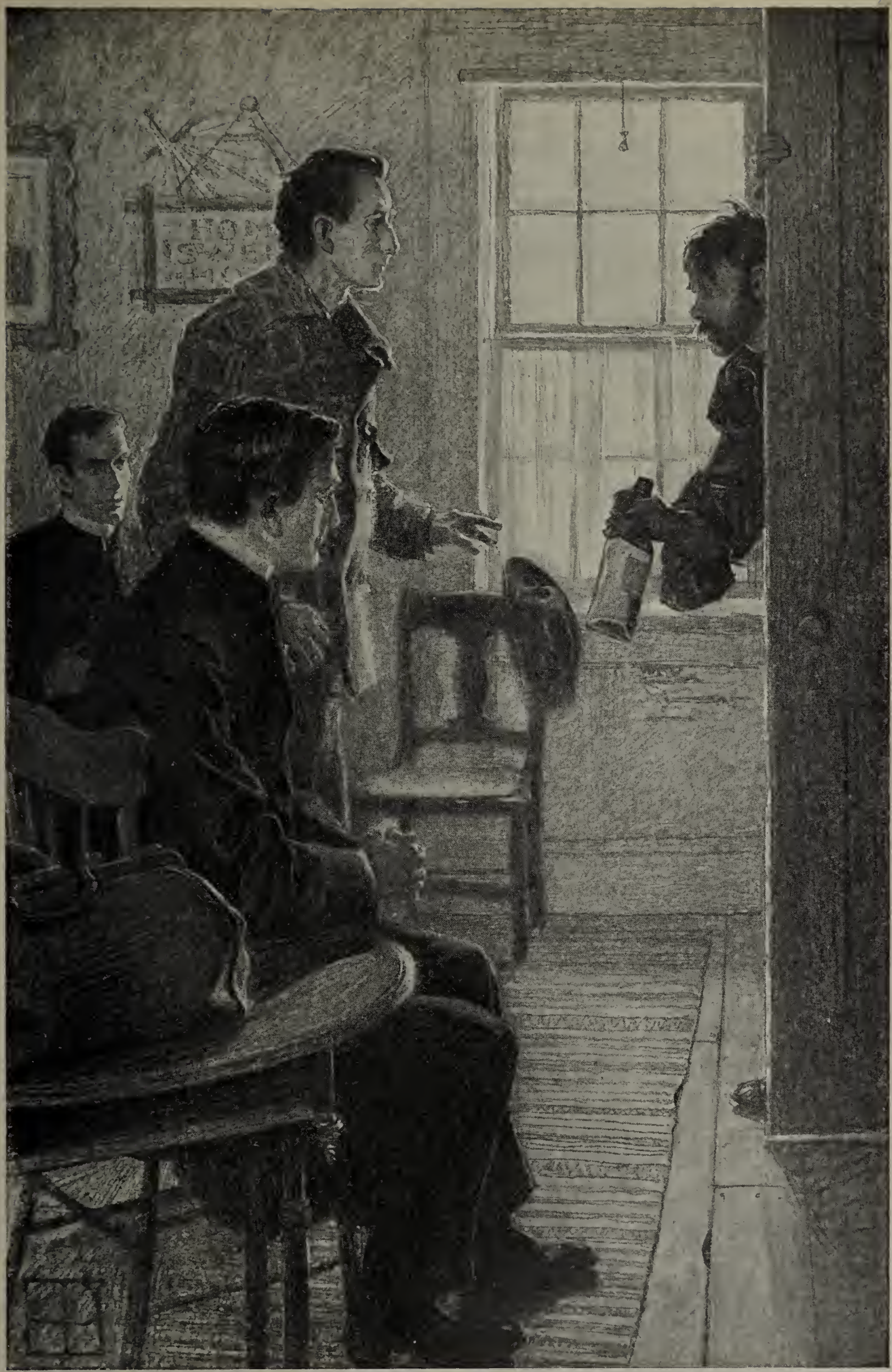
Fairmeadow advanced.

"D-d-don't hurt him!" the younger young minister feelingly stuttered.

Fairmeadow did not hurt the Beast. In fact—and greatly to his distress—Fairmeadow missed the Beast entirely. Whereupon the Beast, with a whoop of triumph, laid John Fairmeadow flat, leaped for the door, vanished from the room, and scampered off towards the Café of Egyption Delights. And Fairmeadow jumped up, ejaculated, "Excuse me, boys; we'll have to postpone this examination. I *must* save that man!" and took after the lumberjack. It was night before he returned; and he was worn out then, and infinitely depressed, and hopeless concerning himself, his ministry, and all the sinful sons of men; but he had Billy the Beast in the wheelbarrow, and he carried the man upstairs and put him to bed, determined to watch with more devotion until the sot had recovered his sobriety and could control himself on the way to the camps of the Canthook cutting. In the meantime the examining committee, having grown discouraged, had departed on the evening train, leaving word, in the form of a communication couched in terms of distinguished politeness, that their findings in respect to John Fairmeadow's qualifications for ordination would in due time be reported to the Body by which they had been commissioned, and would, no doubt, eventually be communicated to John Fairmeadow himself. With this John Fairmeadow must be content. But the issue was not in doubt in his mind. They would not ordain him. How could they? Why should they? John Fairmeadow was far better aware than the examining committee of his own wretched ignorance in all things concerning the origin of sin, the authorship of Genesis, the Church in the mediæval ages, and the government of Rome in the days of the Apostle Paul. "Hang it all," he ejaculated, while he sat with Billy the Beast, now and again feeling the wretched fellow's pulse, now and again wiping the sweat from his brow, "I've no *time* to cram up those things!" And having changed the subject of his thought, he came back with admirable resolution to the old question. "I wonder," he thought, "if Almighty God will ever save this man from his wretchedness. Anyhow," he determined, "I'm going to pray once more."

The which he did.

It turned out as Fairmeadow had foreseen. In the first place, Billy the Beast survived his debauch, expressed his contrition, and returned sober, if a bit white and tremulous, to the camps of the Canthook cutting; and, in the second place, the Superior Body would not sanction the ordination of John Fairmeadow. The communication to this effect was polite; it was exquisitely delicate, indeed—a very masterpiece of literary delicacy. It conveyed praise to John Fairmeadow, it congratulated him upon the work he was doing "in the Master's vineyard," it expressed the hope that he might live long to continue it, it furnished him with a benediction; but, in terms which could not be misunderstood, it at the same time assured John Fairmeadow that he would be no less serviceable to his Master and the Church—that his reward would be quite as sure and large—if he should continue to labor as a lay preacher and should forthwith and for all time abandon his ambition to enter the rough field of the woods as a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel. The communication left out a good deal. It left out, for example, the terms of the brief and rather humorous



"PARSON," BILLY THE BEAST WHISPERED, FIXING THE COMMITTEE WITH A BALEFUL GLANCE, "IS THEM THERE LITTLE DUDE SKY-PILOTS GIVIN' YE A SQUARE DEAL? IF THEY HAIN'T, PARSON—I'M LOOSE!"

discussion of the case which had taken place at a session of the Superior Body when the younger young minister of the examining committee had made his rather facetious report (he was a distinguished wag) of the occurrences in the little parlor of One-Eyed Mag's Mother-Used-to-Make-It Restaurant. It omitted, too, all reference to an exchange of opinions aboard train, in the evening of that unfortunate day, when the examining committee, with a revived sense of personal safety, was making all haste from the proximity of Billy the Beast and his like.

"What do you think, Jim?" the younger young minister inquired.

The other laughed.

"Come, now!" the younger insisted. "Be frank."

"He's a rough diamond."

"He *is* a diamond, though. That's sure. I like him."

"An admirable fellow! A splendid fellow!"

"Admirable!" the younger agreed.

"Splendid!" the other repeated. "I took a great fancy to him. But—"

"That's it," the younger interrupted, hastily. "That's the point! *But*—"

"There's the dignity of—"

"Of course! There's the dignity of the cloth to be considered."

"And—"

"Exactly!"

"I rather think he will do just as good work as a lay preacher."

"I agree with you," said the younger, emphatically. "Let us report in that way. He's pretty rough. A diamond, of course—but pretty rough. There's no reason in the world why he should be ordained. And I really think that the ministry should be protected against the invasion of ignorant and uncultivated men. I do, honestly."

Of all this, of course, John Fairmeadow knew nothing. His rejection from this body of accepted ministers—ministers in law and fact—cast him down a little, but did not discourage him; and it did not enter his head either to accuse the young committee of unfairness or to abandon the work in disgust. Nothing of the sort! It was not long, indeed, before he began to laugh at himself. "To think," he thought, in amusement with his ambition, "that a busy man like me could cram up all that stuff in the time I gave myself. What nonsense! And I never *shall* be able to cram it up. I'm too busy. But I must be ordained. If I'm to be as useful here as I might be, I must be ordained. I must have the sanction of my Church. I must have the backing of my Church. If I am to organize my work—and I *must* organize my work—I must be equal in standing with the other ministers of my Church. But I've no time—no time at all—to cram that systematic theology. They must ordain me without it. They *must!* And, by Jove, I'll tell 'em so!" It was with this object in view that John Fairmeadow replied to the communication of the Superior Body, genuinely congratulating the brethren upon the wisdom of their decision in his case, but requesting, as a peculiar indulgence, that he might have the honor of addressing the brethren in his own behalf at a future meeting. And in this John Fairmeadow displayed not only his wisdom but his goodness of heart. It was quite impossible for the Superior Body, with this limited knowledge of the applicant, to ordain John Fairmeadow, and John Fairmeadow had the good sense to know it.

The Superior Body was not behind in the display of good sense and kindness. John Fairmeadow was informed that he would in due course be notified of the time at which he would be expected to address the brethren. There was a long delay, to be sure, but in the meantime Fairmeadow was busy, and minded the months of delay not at all.

There came by and by to John Fairmeadow, busy and distracted, a politely phrased and cautious invitation to address the Superior Body—briefly to address the Superior Body—in relation to his ministerial activities in the lumber woods. John Fairmeadow was assured that the Superior Body was "back" of him in his "labor for the Lord;" that the Superior Body not only respected but prayed for him; that the brethren would be delighted to receive him, to listen to him, briefly of course, and that the brethren would doubtless be pleased to carry to their congregations news of his *most* interesting and peculiar work, to the end that some small sums might be raised to assist

it. Wherefore John Fairmeadow was urged to make an "impression"—to "hit the bull's-eye," now that he had the chance—to "strike while the iron was hot." He was indulgently warned, moreover, that the brethren were busy men; and he was "tipped off" in this connection that brevity would be a telling point in his favor. It was an earnest, interested, wholly agreeable letter, and John Fairmeadow was delighted with it. "Now," thought he, "that's *mighty* kind in the boys. It isn't what I expected to speak to them about; but I'll do my best." It will be observed that John Fairmeadow was flattered—flattered to be brought into an accepted relationship with the ordained of his profession. And doubtless John Fairmeadow, having applied his large energy and devotion to the task, would have composed a capital address—would both have "hit the bull's-eye" and "struck while the iron was hot"—had not Long Butcher Long, one of his parishioners, developed *delirium tremens* at that inopportune moment, and needed the closest sort of attention. Worse than that, John Fairmeadow was late: the Superior Body was already in session.

When Fairmeadow arrived in the anteroom of the church at the capital where the Superior Body was deliberating, his big hand was shaken by a diffident, white-cravated, frock-coated, pale-fingered, spectacled little man, the author of the politely phrased letter, and welcomed with caution. "We're mighty glad to have you with us, Mr. Fairmeadow," said the little gentleman, his manner conveying a due sense of the honor the Superior Body had conferred upon John Fairmeadow.

"That's all right, old man," Fairmeadow responded. "I'm glad, too."

The little gentleman peered at John Fairmeadow over his spectacles. "The Superior Body is sorry, of course," said he, "that the outcome of your examination was—unfortunate."

Fairmeadow laughed. "That's all right, old man," he replied. "I'm sorry, too. So are the boys. That's why I am."

"You see, Mr. Fairmeadow," the little gentleman began to stammer in apology, "we—we have to—"

"Don't mention it," said Fairmeadow.

The little gentleman was ill at ease. "If I were you, Mr. Fairmeadow," he said at last, "I shouldn't refer to the matter in my address to the brethren."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, nothing—would be—accomplished."

"No?" Fairmeadow inquired, amused.

"Nothing whatsoever. The Superior Body has made up its mind. In certain cases, of course, ordination is conferred upon men of—well—of limited theological education; but these are extraordinary cases, and the Superior Body, in discussing your case, has determined, Mr. Fairmeadow, that your usefulness would not be increased by—"

"Just so," Fairmeadow interrupted; "but the Superior Body knows nothing about it. In point of fact, my usefulness *would* be increased. My parishioners *want* an ordained minister. They're quite right, too. And for that reason I have sought—"

"My dear fellow!"

"Now," Fairmeadow went on, "I'd like to tell the boys in there—"

"My dear fellow! Don't *think* of such a thing. Take my advice. Let the matter drop. The Superior Body has had a full and free discussion of the standard of theological training it should demand of *all* applicants for ordination—"

"Theological training?" Fairmeadow laughed.

"Yes, of course," the little gentleman replied; "and in your case—"

"I'll tell 'em about mine."

"Theological training? You've had none!"

"Oh, yes, I have, old man," said Fairmeadow, confidently. "And I'm going to tell the boys in there all about it."

"My dear fellow!"

"That's all right, old man," said Fairmeadow, positively; "but, by Jove, I *will!*"

When the chairman's attention was at last distracted from the discussion under way for John Fairmeadow's introduction, he managed to shake hands in a quick, soft way, and to whisper: "Glad you've come. Very busy, just now. Be seated somewhere. I'll call on you in due course." Then he returned on tiptoe to his little table and once more smilingly faced the busy meeting of the black-coated brethren. John Fairmeadow sat down to

wait—to look and to listen and to marvel. The debate was prolonged and somewhat acrimonious. I have forgotten what it concerned. It was a point of order, perhaps; or it may have been the congregational squabble at Brown's Corners. I have forgotten. Perhaps it was the progress of missions among the Mohammedans of southern Arabia. This does not matter, however; it was prolonged, at any rate, and it was slightly acrimonious, so that the chairman must keep a tight rein on the brethren, who were used, at such times, being one family, to loose themselves somewhat from restraint. There were retort and rejoinder in plenty, some of it keen-edged; and there was a good deal of laughter, too. John Fairmeadow fidgeted in his pew. Time was passing; his train was due to leave within the hour; and Long Butcher Long, now reposing in the care of Plain Tom Hitch in the little room above the Mother-Used-to-Make-It at Swamp's End, would need John Fairmeadow's more knowing and more powerful attentions that night. So Fairmeadow stared and listened impatiently—and fidgeted in his pew—and wondered how much time a gathering of ordained ministers might waste with an easy conscience—and speculated upon the condition of all the parishioners who went lacking a shepherd in the meantime—and heartily wished "they'd get through." At last they did, of course; and the bewildered Fairmeadow wondered what the outcome of the discussion had been. It was not surprising: for the matter had "gone over."

In the midst of his effort to solve the riddle Fairmeadow heard the smiling chairman say:

"A few words from Brother Fairmeadow, reports of whose work among the degraded lumberjacks of our State have interested us so much, and who will *briefly* address us."

Fairmeadow rose, looked composedly around, put his hands in his pockets, squared his shoulders, and audibly sighed. Nobody knows why he sighed. I fancy that Fairmeadow himself had no idea at the time. But the sigh was so deep and frank you may believe that it was quite sufficient to procure attention and a curious silence in the church. There had been a good deal of talk about Fairmeadow. From many sources the brethren had learned a good deal about him. There had been a good deal of laughter, too. The examining committee had not failed to tell picturesque tales in the most humorous fashion in the world about the experience with Billy the Beast at Swamp's End. The Superior Body had laughed heartily in the leisure moments of the last session; and the congregations beyond—for the story was far too good to keep, embellished, as it had been, by the ingenuity of the examining committee—had echoed the laughter of the brethren. And Fairmeadow, now standing gravely before them all, clad in the lumber-woods way, still in mackinaw and heavy boots, was a figure good to look upon, if only on account of the admirable contrast he presented. A clean, true man, at work, hard at work, in the world; a big, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, long-legged body, evidently with a soul to match its excellencies, and with a glowing heart and a purpose lifted high. No wonder the brethren attended. It was an occurrence out of the ordinary—*quite* out of the ordinary, believe me. And while the big man in the mackinaw looked gravely round about upon them all, seeming to pause to look into the eyes of each, the brethren settled themselves to listen, stirred by an agreeable little thrill of impending excitement.

The chairman repeated, absently:

"Will briefly a-dress-ss us-s."

"Boys," Fairmeadow began, genially, in his big, warm way, "I'm almighty sorry I can't stay very long with you."

A little laughter was provoked.

"You see, boys," Fairmeadow went on, ingenuously, "I'm a busy man, and I must get back on the job by the 6:43. Otherwise I'd be glad to talk to you all night."

Somebody called:

"Talk as long as you like!"

"Thanks, old man," Fairmeadow replied. "I'd like to. Really, I would. But—"

"Go on! Go on!"

Fairmeadow nodded and smiled his acknowledgment of this genuine interest. "What I want to talk to you about," he began, "is something you've been a good deal bothered about, and that's my ordination—"

"The brother," said the chairman, promptly, "is out of order."

"That's all right, old man," Fairmeadow began, smiling; "but you see—

There were loud cries of—

"Let him go on! Go on, brother!"

The chairman bowed acquiescence; the wish of the brethren was evidently unanimous and far too fervent to be opposed.

"Thanks, boys," Fairmeadow responded, quietly. "That's just what I mean to do."

There was a round of applause.

Fairmeadow began at the beginning. It was a short speech. It did not take long. It was obediently brief. "Boys," said he, so gravely that his deep voice thrilled the heart of every man among them, "I am a redeemed drunkard; in this are my call and education and therein resides my right to ordination." After that the silence was not once broken. The good brethren—genuine, sympathetic fellows, every one—now sitting in the presence of a man who had suffered the fires of unrighteousness, listened, enthralled, to the story of those other days. There was not a whisper—not a movement. It was all frankly told: the tale of a young life falling into degradation—a tale of Bowery saloons, of park benches, of begging and filth and shivering nights, of hopelessness, of helpless, uttermost degradation. And then it became the narrative of a miracle—the ancient miracle of conversion worked anew in a darkened soul—and by this the brethren were more than ever amazed and uplifted. They had preached Power: they had not—not all of them—quite realized the greatness of that Power. And they were amazed—and they were uplifted. "And now, boys," Fairmeadow concluded, "I'm a rough man. God knows I'm nothing but a rough man. But you know why I'm here. You know the meaning of such a life as mine—know its significance in a world of men. You know my work, too. It's only a rough work: it's only a work for a rough man like me. You know whether or not I am called of God to do it. You know whether or not I am an instrument chosen of God to serve his purposes in these woods. I do not accuse you. God forbid! I shall go back to the woods—ordained or not—and I shall preach and work as I have never preached and worked before. You will not ordain me. No; you will not. I'm nothing but a rough man. But, boys"—the man's voice trembled—"we work in the same vineyard; let us be comrades."

He sat down.

"Brethren," said the chairman, reverently, "let us pray."

After that they ordained John Fairmeadow; and the Rev. John Fairmeadow, when he got back to Swamp's End, had much ado to keep the boys from celebrating the event according to the customs established.

COMPANIONSHIP

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

Beside a winter sea I held her hand;
  The sun, low sunken in a molten glare,
  Revealed a flitting radiance in her hair,
When darkness fell, and turned we to the land;
Reluctantly we climbed the oozing sand
  With tightened grasp, and, loving, scorned to care
  That moaning waves' complaining stilled us there
Against the din of earth's incessant band.

Oh, vast eternity, thou roaring sea
  Which through both day and darkness calleth on—
Oh, noisy time which babbleth constantly
  In earthly clamorings from sun to sun—
What if, hushed by ye twain, they silenced be,
  If two, together faring, walk as one?

A Railroad Yard at Night

By Harry Randolph Blythe

Faint forms of giant buildings in the night
Across the flat, steel spider-web are seen,
While like strange stars the lamps of red
and green
Hang in the ebon air at every height
In placid peace with all the lamps of white.
Beyond the bridge the weary cars convene,
Sunk in a slumber soundless and serene,
Wrapped well in robes of darkness recondite:
But here the trembling engines thunder by,
Drawing their trains of peopled palace cars,
The great black beasts of beauty sing and
sigh,
The whistles cut the air like scimetars,
And these much-traveled tracks of traffic lie
Gleaming of silver underneath the stars.

On the Trail of the Royal Chinook

By C. E. Fisher

THE line of whipping poles suddenly stopped swishing. The boats lay motionless, and the throng of fishermen stood quietly in the bobbing boats or sat on the rough thwarts. In the boat farthest west in line an angler of fat bulk was playing his fish. The others were interested spectators. For half an hour the fat man battled, perspiration dripping from his forehead and arms. Finally he turned to a companion, and, handing him the rod, dropped exhausted into his seat. Within a few moments the newer strength triumphed and the big Chinook was alongside. A swift blow with the gaff, and a forty-pounder floundered helplessly into the boat.

I had heard of royal sport. I had dreamed of a try at the Royal Chinook as he struggled up the limpid Willamette to the distant spawning-ground at the shadowy headquarters. Jack and I had planned this trip, and now we were right in the midst of the best fishing-ground in the West. We thought we were making an early start, but by the time we had reached the falls at Oregon City and had fought our way over the rapids in the small rowboat there was but one opening in the line of boats that spread from bank to bank, just without the edge of the "dead line." Oregon protects her salmon well. Within six hundred feet of the falls one is permitted to catch a Royal Chinook if he can. Beyond that point the State fish warden extends a protecting hand. Signs at either end of the "dead line" informed us that a severe penalty would be exacted should our ambition lead us to try to pass into protected area.

We anchored in thirty feet of swift water, and dropped over the rock anchor, which the two of us could scarcely handle. In our amateur efforts to get into line we caused more or less commotion among the other fishermen, who had long since "set" in a good position, and who resented our interference. Our boat was difficult to control in the swift water, and we bumped and bobbed into several others before we were at last steadied to anchor.

We watched the old-timers to "see how it was done." The first thing that caught my attention was the tackle used

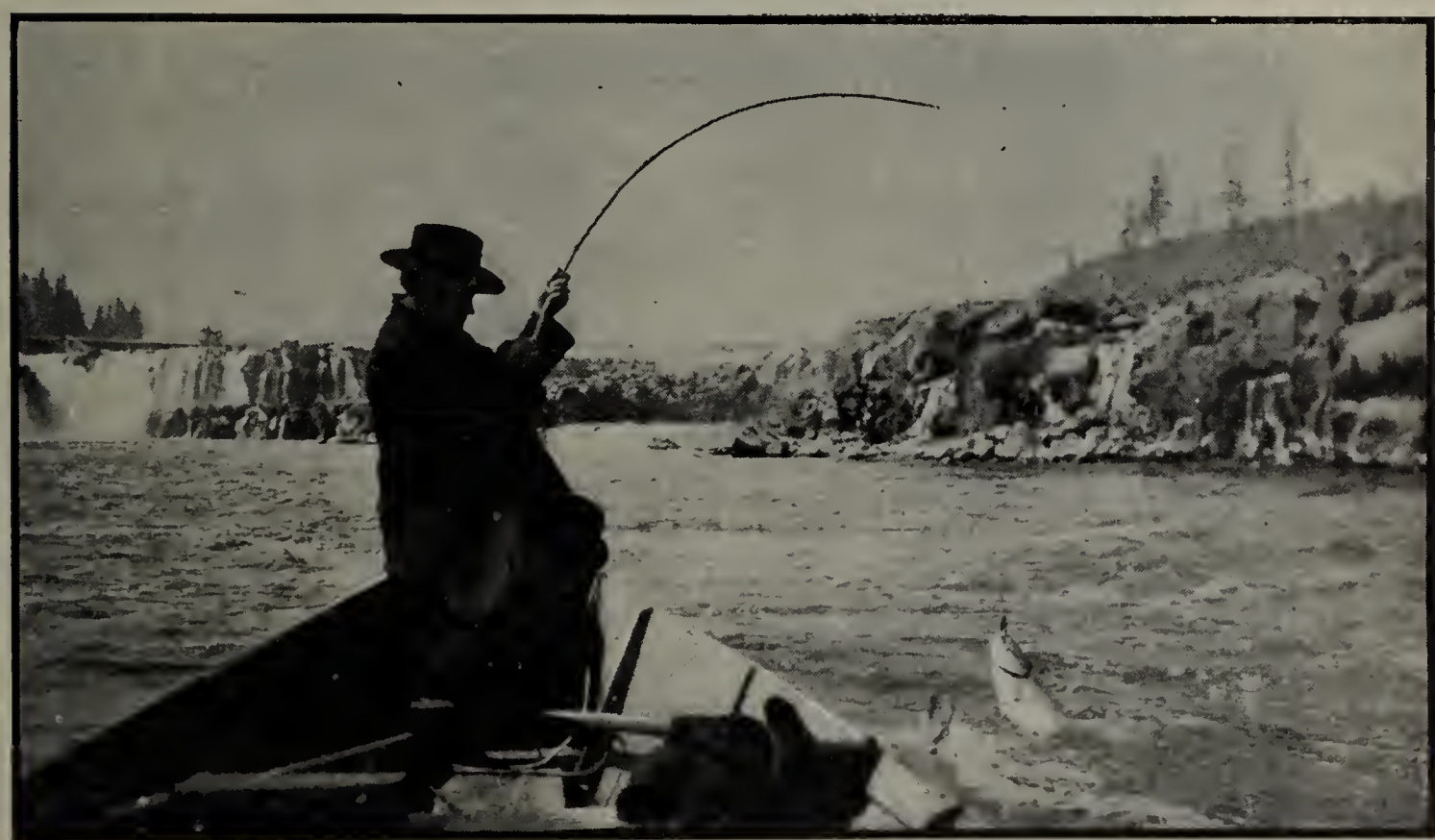
by veterans: a short, stout casting-rod, heavy reel, extra stout linen line. We had come prepared with an ample supply of spinner hooks, wire leaders, lead slugs, etc., but I looked at my light steel bait rod and small reel with dismay. How could they stand the terrific strain of casting the heavy sinker and spinner! Jack was examining his rod, after a cast. "She's bust!" he exclaimed, angrily. And sure enough the first fling had damaged his old bamboo pole. But Jack is somewhat of a mechanic, and in a few moments he had the rod wire-wound and ready for business again.

Then we settled down. Swish! swish! The lines went through the air. Plump! the spinners landed in the water as far as the light rod would allow us to fling them. And then slowly we wound in, anticipating at each cast a vicious tug from some Chinook. The minutes wagged into hours, and still no fish would come to bite. At length I made a beautiful cast. I started to reel in the line when my reel began to spin and the rod almost flew from my nervous hands. A thrill went over me. "I've got him! I've got him!" I shouted. But just as Jack turned to see what I had the line slackened, and I reeled in the remnants of my wire leader. The big fish had twisted the line and snapped the leader clean.

It was an ideal day, a wee bit cloudy, just enough to dim the sheen on the water and protect our eyes. The water was thundering over the falls, singing an inspiring chase song to the accompaniment of buzzing reels. The boats bobbed up and down. Perhaps fifty fishermen kept up a constant bombardment of the turbulent waters. Occasionally a line tightened and all ceased for a moment to watch a fish reeled in. More often a fisherman was seen to heave his anchor, draw in his rock—perhaps muttering unintelligible words meanwhile—float down to where his hook was caught, and vainly endeavor to save as much of his line as possible. It is said that, were it possible to drain the river-bed in this particular locality, a carload of spinner hooks would be found clinging to the rock. I lost six during the day.

Well-nigh exhausted, by noontime I was sitting in the boat resting, when Jack turned to me with a knowing grin. He said never a word; but I followed his eye to his line. It was taut, and his reel was beginning to hum.

"He's got one!" I heard several shout, and I was far more excited than the more stolid Jack, who was playing his fish like a veteran. Back and forth the line went. Now the reel sang, as the frightened and maddened fish made a desperate effort to escape. Now the fisherman was reeling in slowly and cautiously, as the fish relaxed his fight. He was close to the boat by this time, and I was standing ready with the gaff. "Don't let him get under the



BRINGING IN A LAME ONE

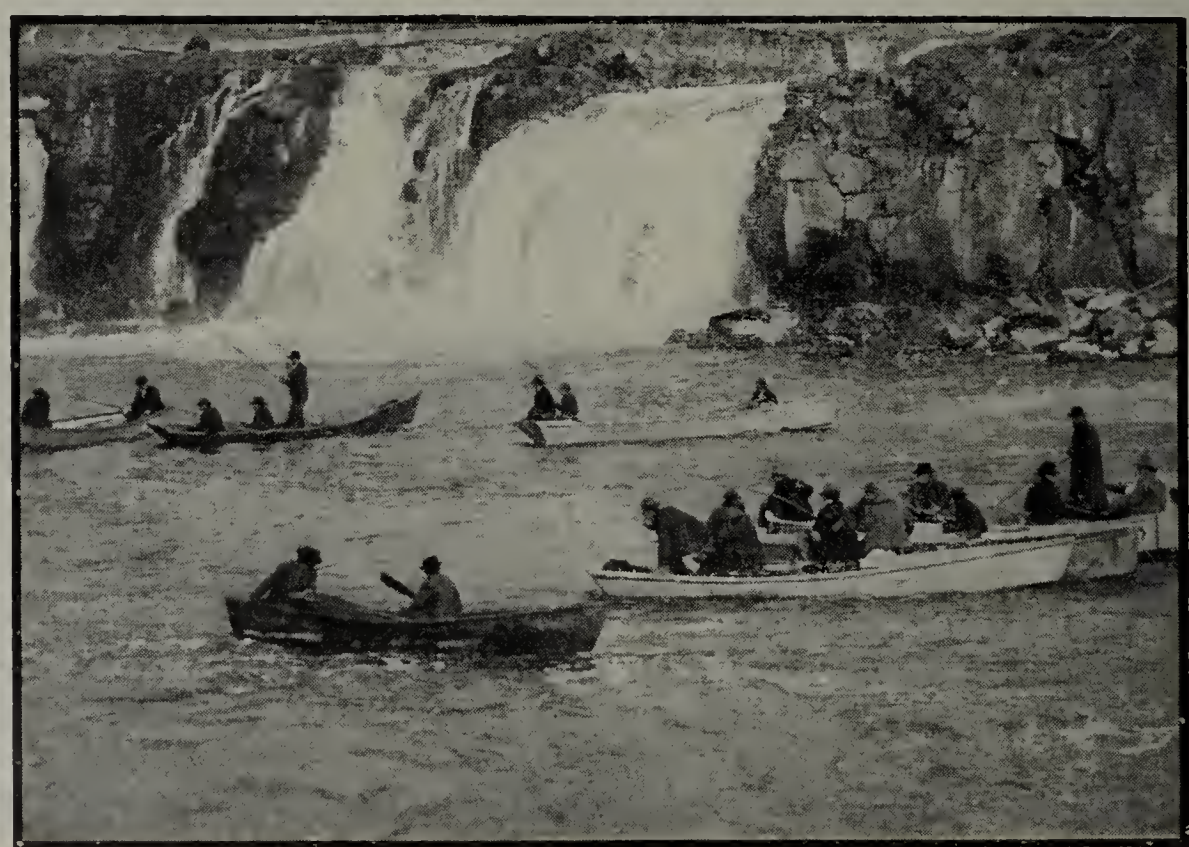
boat!" I shouted. "No danger," snorted Jack; but there was danger unless he was careful and retained his self-control. The Chinook would dart under one side, but a careful playing would bring him back safely, or allow the line to be carried around to the other side. "Ready!" shouted Jack. "Let him have it!" I made a cautious jab with the gaff. "Aw, what you afraid of?" said Jack, churlishly. "Hit him. Don't be afraid of hurting him." In my nervous state I presume that my efforts at gaffing the fish seemed more like a caress.

When the big gray body loomed up alongside the boat, I almost jumped overboard. I struck again with the gaff. The Chinook leaped a foot from the water and sent the reel spinning again. Once more Jack coaxed him in. "Soak him!" cried Jack. I soaked him all right, soaked him so hard and in so unsportsmanlike a way that he made a vicious leap, threw the hook, and made the water boil in his get-away.

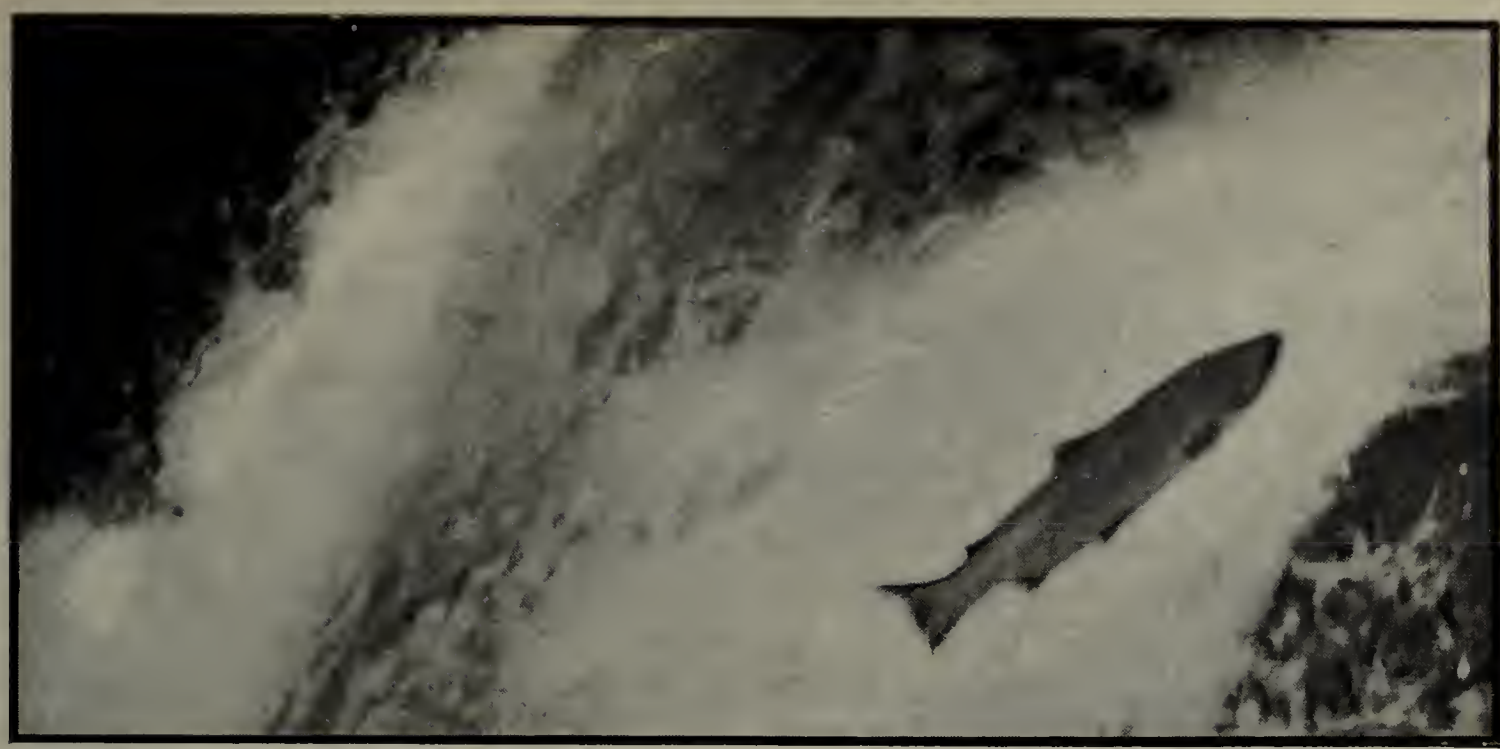
I was so chagrined that I could not stand to look at the grinning fishermen about, who were guffawing at my amateurish efforts. Jack was mad clean through, but he held his temper. I doubt that Jack would have done a better job at gaffing himself, although he professes to be efficient at the art. No one has seen him gaff a twenty-five-pound Chinook. He says he has gaffed many a muscallonge, but a muscallonge is not a Royal Chinook by several miles.

It was several minutes before I gained courage enough to stand up in the boat and look about. Just as I arose I saw a one-armed man playing a fish. And he landed him, too! A one-armed man landing a twenty-pounder made me feel like a couldn't-come-back prize-fighter. Within a few moments a woman who was in the boat nearest us hooked her fish, and brought him out safely, too. That ended it with me. A one-armed man and a woman had done what I had failed to do, and helped Jack fail to do!

Every spring, when the spawning season arrives, generally during the months of April and May, the Royal Chinook start on their long pilgrimage from the sea to fresh water. The fish start upstream, following the spring freshets. They travel by slow stages, making but a few miles each day. The journey is continued until they find suitable grounds for spawning. A nesting-place once determined, the male proceeds to dig out a hole with his long nose, or snout. The nests are generally in about four feet of clear water. As soon as the water reaches the proper temperature (fifty-four degrees) the female deposits the eggs, which are fertilized by the male fish. Then—strange provision of nature—the parentfish, both male and female, start to float down-stream, tail first, and die within a few days.



A NUMBER OF FISHERMEN SAT QUIETLY IN BOBBING BOATS



WHAT SPLENDID COURAGE HE DISPLAYED!

NO SALMON EVER LIVED THAT COULD JUMP THE FALLS

It is during the beginning of this pilgrimage from salt water to the spawning-ground that the sport of catching them is provided. No edible bait is used, for the salmon eat nothing from the time they leave salt water. The regulation enticement is a metal spinner about one inch in diameter, to which two strong steel hooks are attached, facing each other. Why the salmon strike at this dangerous object is not known. The assumption is that the glittering spinner, dragged over the fish's head time after time, angers him. Whatever the reason, he grabs the offensive object. Alas for him! there are barbed hooks, and he finds himself caught.

All day long the line of boats was being diminished by disgruntled fishermen leav-

ing, or augmented by enthusiastic newcomers. The number of fish taken during the entire day was about equal to the number of passing hours—a very dull day.

The sport at length grew tame. Our arms were wearied by the constant casting, and my own reel was long since past the singing—I had worn the ratchets down to a mere mass of rough-edged metal; not a tooth remained intact. Just as we were determined to pull in our anchor and return to shore a thing happened which caused us to settle back in the boat in delight and disgust. Paradoxical as this statement may seem, it nevertheless expresses our feelings. Not twenty feet within the "dead line," over in the forbidden territory, we heard a mighty splash. Turning quickly, we were just in time to see the riffles left from a jumping fish. But another followed, and then another, until the water was fairly boiling with playful Chinook—they had chosen this hour for recreation and rejoicing, happy, it may be, because of their deliverance from the pitfalls and snares laid for them during the day. I am of the opinion that those fish were laughing at us.

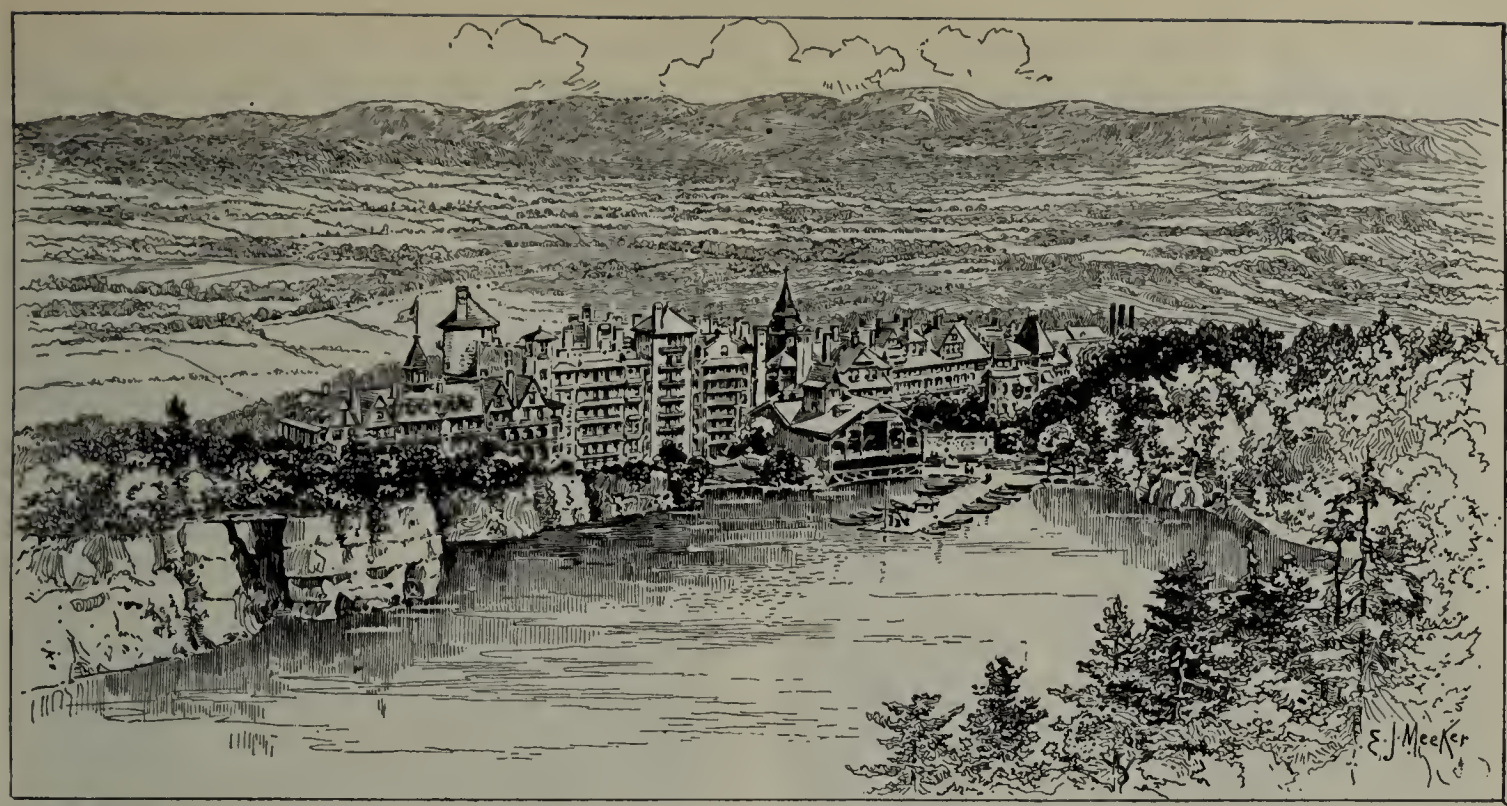
"Isn't that the limit!" snorted Jack. "Making sport of us. Let's paddle over to the fish-ladder."

Within a few moments we had pulled in our rock anchor, rowed over the forbidden ground—there is no penalty for merely rowing through it—and had anchored to shore rock near the falls. To one end of the falls the authorities have constructed a fish-ladder to enable the salmon to continue their way up-stream. No salmon ever lived that could jump the falls unless assistance is provided, and the ladder supplies this aid. It is merely a system of small falls, with resting-places. The Chinook makes one of the small falls, rests a bit, then another, and so on until he has gained the top. We watched a big, husky, eighteen or twenty-pound fish essay half a dozen futile attempts to make even one of the smaller falls. What splendid courage he displayed! The State authorities prosecute vigorously any attempt to take salmon at this point.

While the sport is still good with hook and line, the supply of salmon for commercial purposes is being greatly diminished. Recognizing that one of the great industries of the West is being jeopardized by the too-greedy commercial fishermen, the States of Washington and Oregon are constantly passing and enforcing more stringent laws for the protection of the fish. The number taken by hook and line are but a drop in the bucket to the catch each year for commercial purposes. Every method is employed for the capture of the fish by commercial fishermen: fish-wheels, fyke and hoop nets, gill nets, seines, tongs, hoes, drags, etc. A recent report from the Census Bureau covering the fishing industry in Oregon alone contains some interesting statistics. The total value of all fish taken during the year was $1,356,000, represented by 28,474,000 pounds of fish. Of this total 24,000,000 pounds were salmon, the value of which was about $1,300,000. Almost five thousand men were engaged in the fishing industry.

The State authorities and the United States Government have been co-operating to preserve and enhance the fish supply. The State has built and is operating several hatcheries, where millions of eggs are cared for and hatched each year. One of these, the largest salmon hatchery in the world, is located at Bonneville, on the Columbia, some thirty miles east of Portland. This hatchery has a capacity of 60,000,000 eggs. It contains 248 troughs, each sixteen feet long, in which the eggs are placed and hatched. The water supply comes from Tanner Creek, a small mountain stream, exceedingly fertile in natural fish food. This water is brought to the hatchery through a twelve-inch wooden pipe-line, with a flow of 3,000 gallons per minute, providing an ample supply of pure snow-water. There are also a number of similar hatcheries throughout the State, several being owned and operated privately. The young salmon are turned into the Columbia when able to care for themselves, and then make their way to salt water. They return no more to the fresh water until they have reached the age of spawning.

With hook and line, a well-anchored boat, a propititious day, and good luck, there is no sport to compare with fishing for a Royal Chinook. It is indeed royal sport with a royal quarry.



LAKE MOHONK DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER

A Moral Citadel

By Isabel C. Barrows

THIS is no Middle Age stronghold, no "mighty fortress," perched on an inaccessible rock. It lies open to all the winds that blow, amid smiling gardens and sunlit forests, while a beautiful mountain tarn reflects the gray stone towers and the beetling cliffs of Skytop. What matter that most of those familiar with Mohonk think of it as a model hostelry with luxury at command? Let them rejoice in its fireproof walls, its glorious open fires, its fine baths, and its palatial dining-hall, where nectar and ambrosia are daily served. We who look back to the early days in the quaint old structure that first received us, with the dining-room so low that a tall man could lay his hand on the ceiling, the parlors commonplace, and steam heat unknown, love the memory of those days of sweet simplicity which accorded so well with the high thinking and the warm hearts of the host and hostess who spelled hotel h-o-m-e.

Once upon a time there were two brothers, twin by birth and in ideals. They had long been school-teachers, and they loved nature and peace. In the course of years they found and settled on this beautiful Shawangunk range of low mountains, under the shadow of the Catskills, and at one end Mr. Albert K. Smiley built up Mohonk, and builded better than he knew. After improving his own dooryard and converting all his neighbors into industrious and helpful fellow-citizens, he looked abroad for other work to do. The powers-that-were in Washington promptly seized him and set him to studying the Indian question as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners. We had taught the Indians our vices and had not adopted their virtues, and little had been done to fit them to enter our civilized fold. So Mr. Smiley, and General Whittlesey, also of the Commission, were sent to Dakota on a special mission. While in Dakota they quite accidentally fell in with a number of mission workers and others who happened at that time to be investigating, for personal or official reasons, conditions among the Sioux, and it seemed a very natural thing for them to come together for an informal discussion of Sioux problems, which they did at the home of the Riggses, the well-known missionaries. Among those present were Bishop Hare and Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of the "Independent." The conference lasted four days, during which the Sioux problem was thoroughly discussed in detail. Mr. Smiley had been dissatisfied, and had openly expressed his dissatisfac-

tion, with the one-day meetings of the Board of Indian Commissioners in Washington, and the value of this conference in Dakota so impressed him that he then and there announced his intention of calling together his fellow-conferees and others for a conference at his Lake Mohonk home that fall. Thus originated the idea of the Mohonk Conferences, and as a result of that idea eight thousand guests have spent halcyon days in that ideal union of work and enjoyment afforded by those Conferences. It is to a sketch of the personal memories of the thirty-two of the forty-five Mohonk Conferences, Indian, Negro, and Arbitration, which she has attended, that the present writer addresses herself.

THE INDIAN CONFERENCE

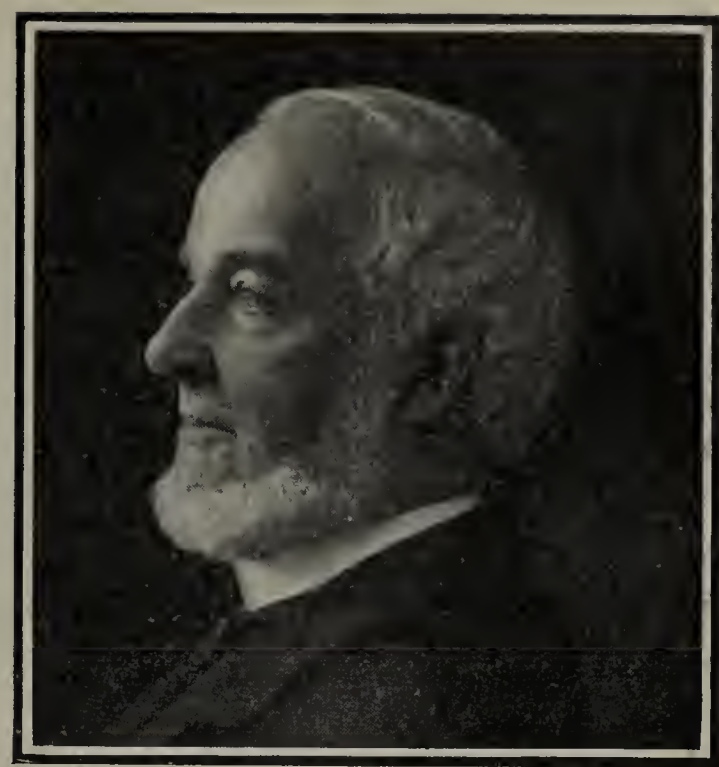
On the 10th of October, 1883, a little group of men and women gathered in the low-studded parlor, with the open fires and the magnificent rock crystals—found in the neighborhood—heaped high between the pillars. The men were General Fisk, genial, true, fearless, and wise; General Whittlesey, the patient saint whose judgment seemed as unerring as his manner was gracious; Mr. W. H. Lyon, the embodiment of rugged honesty; General Armstrong, that Bayard *sans reproche*, whose fiery zeal for the black people and the red had been kindled in his missionary home in Hawaii; Dr. Foster, alert and sympathetic; President Rhoads, of Bryn Mawr, solid in his honesty and kind in his ways; C. C. Painter, even then swinging his trenchant blade in behalf of the Indians, to whom he was faithful till death; Mr. Herbert Welsh, who acted as secretary, and others. That was the beginning of the Conference of the friends of the Indian which, without intermission, has met yearly upon the hilltop to study the characteristics of "the vanishing race," and how to make good citizens of them. Events shaped themselves with great deliberation, we thought then. The mills of the gods seemed endlessly slow. But to read the whole series of proceedings, three thousand pages, within a week, gives one an entirely different picture. It unrolls so fast that we wonder that we could have been impatient.

Mr. Smiley's idea was to have a conference of a week, but his guests convinced him that it would be difficult to hold the attendance for more than three days, which has since been the length of each Conference.

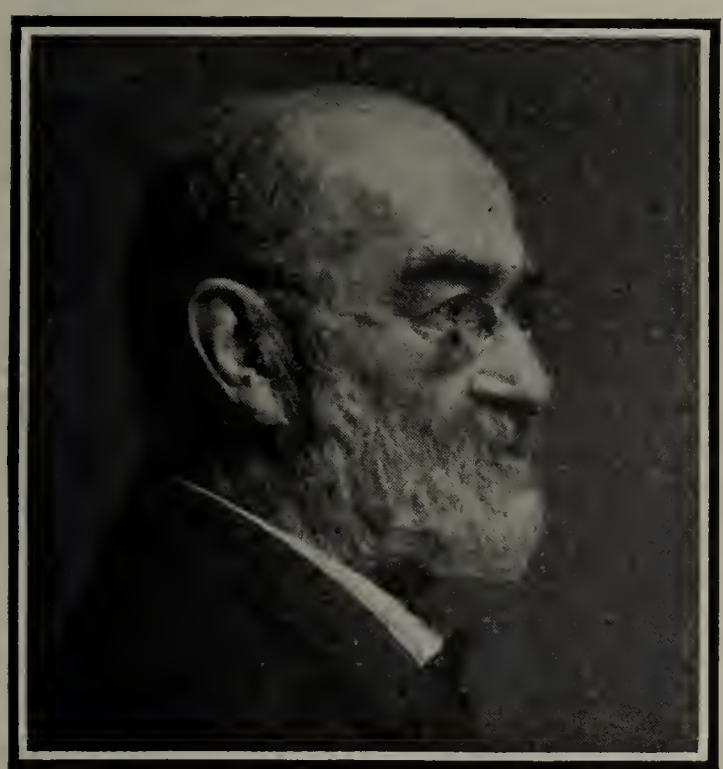
At the very first Conference, land, law, and education for the Indian led the way, and this for a quarter of a century was the burden of the demand. Incidentally agents, traders, rations, tribal funds, were discussed, and of course the religious side was seriously considered. It was urged that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs should be equal in power to the Commissioner of Education or the Commissioner of Agriculture. The Sioux bill to open the great reservation to white settlers was also under fire. The plan was to reimburse the Indians with a million dollars in cash, 25,000 breeding cows, and 1,000 bulls, letting the white men buy the land at fifty cents an acre.

Women from the first took a prominent part with their husbands and brothers at Mohonk. One of the earliest to share in the deliberations, as she was the first to allot land to Indians, was Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who "added fresh luster to American womanhood, representing, as she does, the scientific student and the practical humanitarian." Before the Dawes Bill was passed seven hundred acres of Omaha land were under the individual plow, thanks to her sterling work. Later she allotted land to the Winnebagoes and the Nez Percés. Helen Hunt Jackson had recently passed away, and tributes were paid to her memory, not alone on account of her charming writings, but because it was she who drew up the bill in behalf of the Mission Indians. And there was Miss Alice Robertson, glorying in the fact that nearly a hundred years of missionary labors lay behind her and her family, and that her father, for his love of liberty, had spent weary months and years in a Georgia prison, as one might do to-day in Russia. And Miss Cook, of the Indian Office, the best-known and the best-equipped employee in that office, who, after more than thirty years of service, keeps on the even tenor of her way, even correcting the figures of this article up to date. Republicans and Democrats have taken their turn at the wheel of state, but neither could spare this little pilot. And of

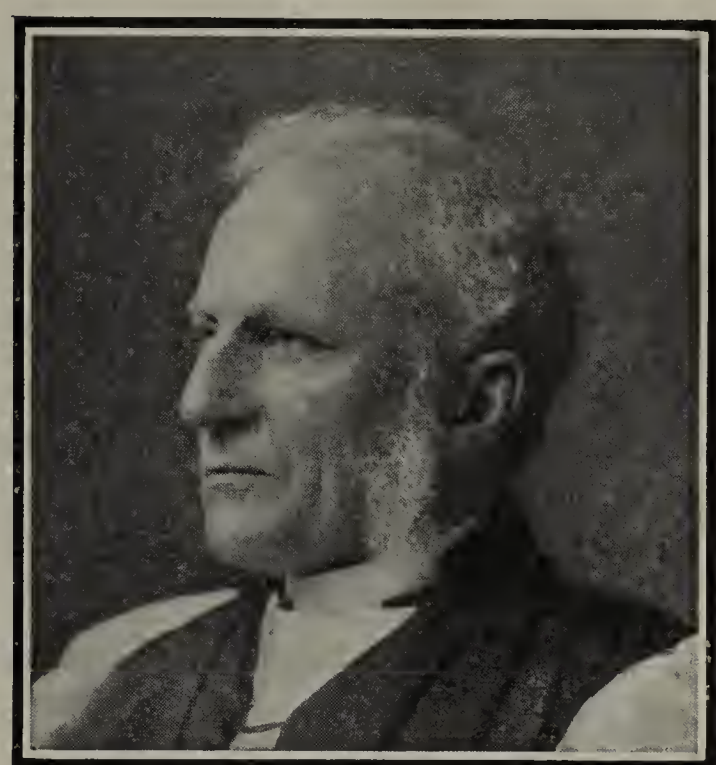
GENERAL WHITTLESEY



ALBERT K. SMILEY



DR. WILLIAM H. WARD



BISHOP HARE

THE FOUNDERS OF THE MOHONK CONFERENCE

practical workers from the field there were Mrs. Roe, whose sweet voice and earnest plea at one of the Conferences led Mr. Smiley to interrupt the proceedings and within a few minutes to raise the money which brought Mohonk Lodge into existence in about the time it took Jonah's gourd to spring up; and Miss Collins, who has served the mission cause so heroically, lo! these many years, that, like her place of residence, she too is called a "Standing Rock," though the Indians give her the gentler name of "Winona." And there were the representatives of women's societies—Mrs. Bullard, of Boston; Mrs. Kinney, of Connecticut; Mrs. Quinton, of Pennsylvania; and others whose faces rise one by one as we recall the early Mohonk days.

From Carlisle came Captain—now General—Pratt, the head of the Indian School. His name brings up the remembrance of battles royal, for there were giants in those days. His war-cry was, Scatter the Indians among the whites! As there were but a quarter of a million, they could easily be immersed in civilization, he was sure. Admirably did he succeed in scattering his Indian boys and girls among the farmers of Pennsylvania. The meetings were sure to be spicy when he was there, for he could throw down any gauntlet he desired. Man of peace that he was, Mr. Smiley rather liked a

fair fight if only there were honesty of purpose and harmony of decision. The gauntlet that was "hole-proof" in Captain Pratt's hands was civil service. Endowed with a genius for reading character, he would thank no man, politician or otherwise, to select his teachers. He would not even trust that "Grand Mogul of civil service," as he called him, Theodore Roosevelt, to pick out men for him.

Another vigorous and piquant speaker was Mr. Painter. When he was stanchly defending a proposed commission to take the place of the Indian Bureau, Senator Dawes dryly retorted, "Your driving out one swarm of bees and taking a new one in doesn't help the matter at all."

When the Indian Conferences began, it was an iridescent dream on the part of a few that the Indian should have his own land and home. "We shall never live to see it," sighed the doubters. Yet the passage of the Dawes Bill, giving land in severalty, was reported at the fifth Conference. And to-day more than twenty-eight million acres have been allotted to 182,085 Indians. That is progress in less than a quarter of a century! Mr. Painter was always quick to reply to his adversary. Still arguing for a continuance of the old Bureau, some one had said that it was not well to take away the crutches from a man with a broken leg. "No," flashed back Mr. Painter, "but it is a mistake not to distinguish between millstones round the neck and crutches." He needed no stronger word to express his opinion of the Indian service.

Mr. Austin Abbott was the Damascus blade of this, and later of the Arbitration Conference, so keen, yet so pliant. We like to remember his tone of earnest conviction as he declared, "In the United States you cannot have even the beginnings of citizenship without the whole of religious liberty." His brother, Dr. Lyman Abbott, has been early and late at the Mohonk Conferences, a leader in each. Here is a clear-cut sentence out of one of his many addresses: "After all, religion is a matter of personal conduct. It is not a question of the catechism; it is a question of life. . . . If you put in a teacher with an unorthodox catechism and an orthodox heart, the Indians will come out baptized by the presence of his saintly soul." These things were said with reference to contract schools conducted by various religious bodies, and as to how far the Government should allow religious teaching.

Another brisk debate was on teaching English to the Indians, for the missionaries used the vernacular dialects in their schools. Dr. Abbott declared that "the impalpable walls of language are more impenetrable than walls of stone;" to leave the Indian hedged about by ignorance of the language of his neighbors "would be to convert him from the gypsy isolated into a gypsy of the neighborhood." The Indians had little schooling in those days. Now there are more than forty thousand Indian children in school, and the Government grants more than four million dollars yearly to carry on its educational work.

In those far-off days the schools, as they were one by one established, suffered from the frequent changes of teachers as a result of the spoils system. How often these changes were rung in let Mr. Painter tell us. "In 1886, out of seventy-two boarding-schools, forty-three had two or more superintendents during the year, seven had three, two had four, and one had five! Job said he would wait all his appointed days until his change came. It would be no great strain upon his traditional patience to wait for one's change in the office of principal of an Indian boarding-school."

As the Conferences grew in importance they attracted a larger number of distinguished people. Fortunate the man who had a seat for an afternoon drive—for charming drives about the great estate alternated with the long and serious indoor meetings—with John Burroughs, for instance; or who was sandwiched in between Dr. D. C. Gilman and delightful General Marshall; or who sat behind Miss Anna Dawes and President Slocum and watched for the shafts of wit and fun; or joined in learned discussions with Mr. Seth Low and Judge Francis Wayland. Myriads of anecdotes floated off among the trees, usually told to illustrate a point, as when Miss Cook told of an old colored man who rowed her over the Potomac, and when, as ever, eager for statistics, she asked him how much he

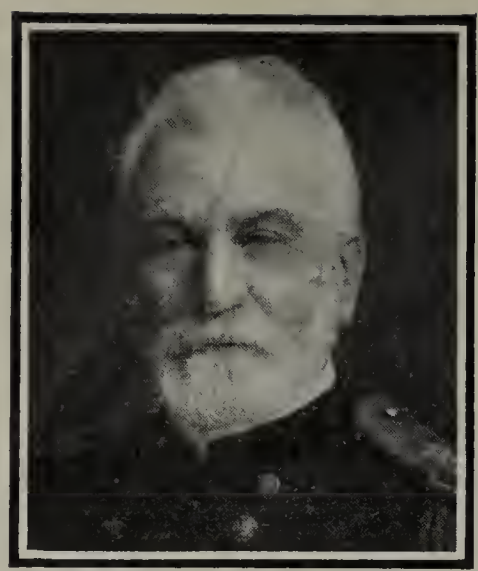
could earn in a day, he replied: "Sometimes I gits ten cents a day, Miss, and then I lives down to it. And sometimes I gits a dollar a day, and then I lives up to it; but I keeps on livin' all the time." So the Indian question keeps on living all the time, and the picayune sum once voted by Congress has climbed up into these millions.

Our Dorcas of Mohonk was Miss Sybil Carter, a direct descendant of Sam Adams. She was like an embodied soul moving about in her nun-like dress, using her deft fingers to teach little bands of Indian women to make the exquisite filmy lace, as white as snow, which she brought to the Conference to sell for her industrious lacemakers. Miss Carter was also instrumental in having a kiln for pottery erected, and she told once about an intelligent young Indian who watched the first cup come out with a glaze. He saw at once what this meant for his people, and leaped for joy. "Oh," said Miss Carter, whose own unquenchable enthusiasm was sometimes chilled a little by the stolid dignity of the Indian, "I would like to have seen that Indian jumping up and down! I would like to have seen one enthusiastic Indian, just one, in my lifetime!" It gives one a pang to think that her soft Southern voice will be heard no more at the Indian Conference.

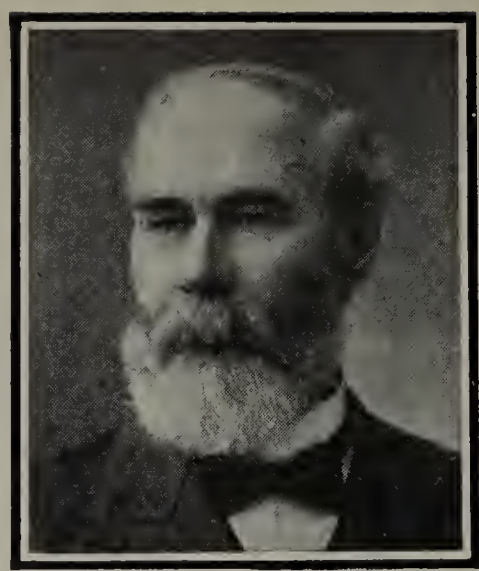
Once there came a meeting which Senator Dawes could not attend, but he sent a telegram of regret, adding, with a pleasant twinkle of the eye as he wrote it, I am sure: "May the Mohonk Reservation never be divided in severalty. We suggest contract with Mr. Smiley for all Indian schools." Dear man, greatly beloved, as modest as he was distinguished, as upright as he was learned, may Indians to the last generation revere his name! But we who sat at his feet and learned of him also are glad that he could mix a little nonsense with his wisdom.

Education for the Indian had its leaders in General Thomas J. Morgan, Dr. W. H. Hailmann, Miss Estelle Reed, and others. Law was upheld by men like Austin Abbott, F. J. Stimson, J. B. Thayer, and not a few others, including some like Philip Garrett, the unblemished, who demanded law for them as a matter of justice. Army officers there were too who were warm friends of the Indian, men like Captain Wotherspoon, who had charge of the captured Apaches, and who says of Geronimo: "This savage came down to Alabama, this savage who never drank a drop of liquor, who never told a lie, who never stole a thing, except what he considered fair booty in war, and I made him my justice of the peace, to give judgment in petty Indian offenses; and he got thirty-five cents a day for it and was a very excellent judge." General O. O. Howard had been the one to select Captain Wotherspoon for the work he did so well. Now both are gone, the good general and the rugged old captive to whom, after all, fate was kinder than he thought. General Charles Howard, who had exchanged his sword for a pruning-hook and his tent for the editorial office of an agricultural paper, was another army friend of the Indian, as was Captain Bourke, that royal fighter and talker who had never known a wild Indian to lie or steal, and who thought that the Government expected too much when it demanded employees for fifteen hundred dollars a year who should be "two-legged exponents of the Ten Commandments." He made the sensible suggestion that the Indians should be taught to raise varied crops of fruits and vegetables, "because these things would wean them away from base food," and he wanted the Government to give premiums for the cleanest houses and finest children among the Indians.

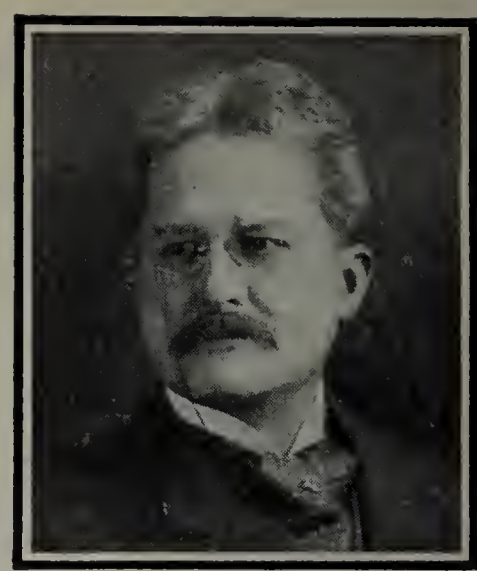
Of the clergy there were hosts, for every denomination was invited to send those who represented mission work among the various tribes. Dearest of all to the hearts of the original Mohonk disciples was the saintly Bishop Whipple. Yet so inconsequential is memory that as I try to recall his charmingly sympathetic addresses, with the touching stories of his flock in the wilderness, the first anecdote to jump to the fore is of the cleverness of certain Indians who carried an election in Minnesota once upon a time. The law was that any Indian who wore a civilized dress could vote. "We had a close election," said the Bishop, "and the next morning we found the whole tribe had been run through one pair of hickory breeches and shirt, and their vote knocked us higher than a kite." People astute



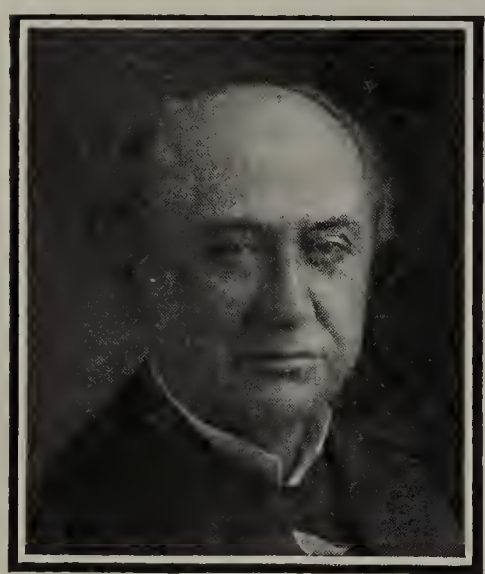
GENERAL O. O. HOWARD



DR. B. F. TRUEBLOOD



FRANCIS E. LEUPP



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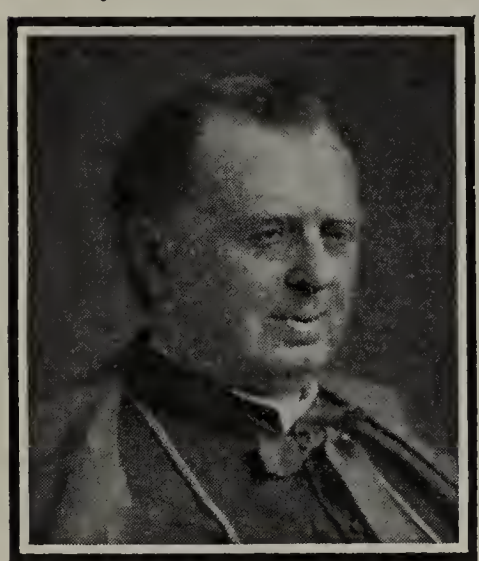
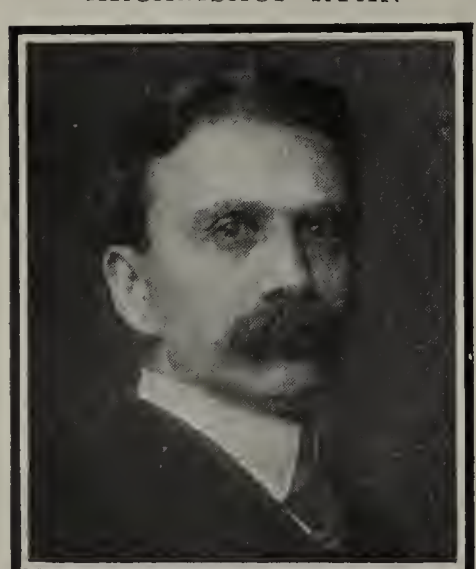


ARCHBISHOP RYAN



HERBERT WELSH

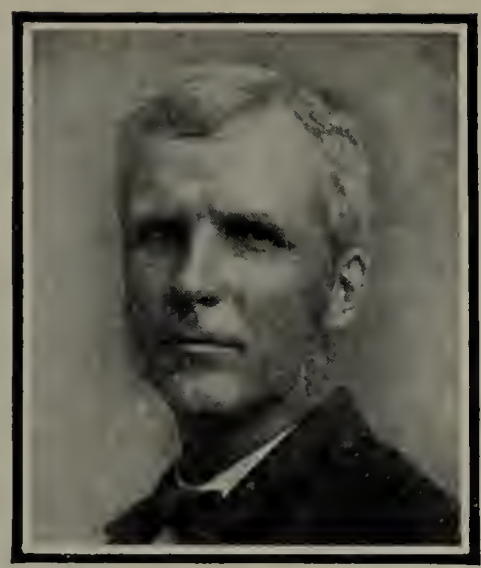
enough to adopt such a ruse, he thought, would eventually have to be reckoned with in politics. To show how even the pagan belief allowed them to revere what was sacred to others, Bishop Whipple told of an unconverted Indian woman who at the beginning of the terrible Sioux outbreak rescued from the mission chapel the big Bible and buried it in the forest and made a long journey to tell him that "the words of the Great Spirit were safe." "The good woman thought that it was the only Bible in the world."

The Indians had their human failings, even their best friends confessed, and one of them was dislike for civilized work. Senator Dawes used to tell of one who finally forsook the tepee and built himself a little house. But so great was his dread of ridicule because he had taken up white man's ways that if he saw any one coming he would sit down on a log and smoke and set his wife to chopping. His wife lives in the house now, he works all day, and snaps his fingers at Indians who will not work. "If a Crow Indian can reach that stage in four years," said the Senator, "it is very hopeful."

Educated Indians, like Dr. Eastman (a graduate of Dartmouth College), Mr. Montezuma, and others, have shared in the deliberations of the Conference, as well as many Indians who have not had such advantages of culture, and they are always warmly welcomed.

Most of the reforms asked for by the Mohonk Indian Conference have been inaugurated, if not actually carried out; the old reservation system is practically overthrown, though there remain more than forty-eight million acres of land to allot. The abolition of the spoils system in the appointment of agents has gone into effect. Farmers and field matrons to the number of 394 are employed to teach the methods of the civilized life, and nearly as many to train the Indians in carpentry and other industries. Measures have been adopted to ward off tuberculosis and other preventable diseases. Religious zeal has been encouraged and the work of the missionaries upheld. The church membership is large, at least thirty-five thousand being communicants. Mr. Roosevelt at one Conference told of attending a woman's

ANDREW D. WHITE



GENERAL ARMSTRONG

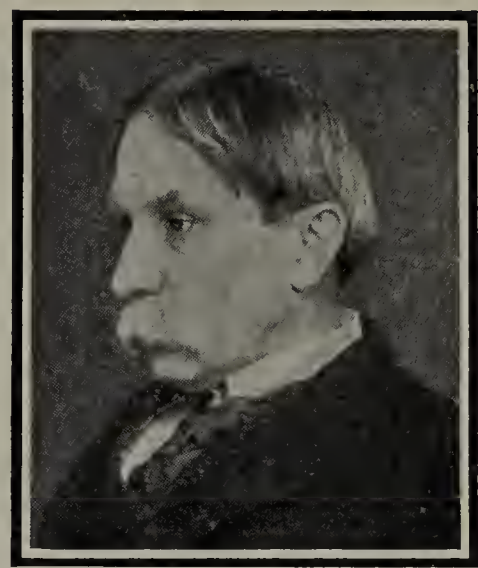
BISHOP WHIPPLE

meeting among the Sioux where in an afternoon these Indian women contributed $2,500 for missionary purposes, a sum representing great self-sacrifice and devotion to their new faith.

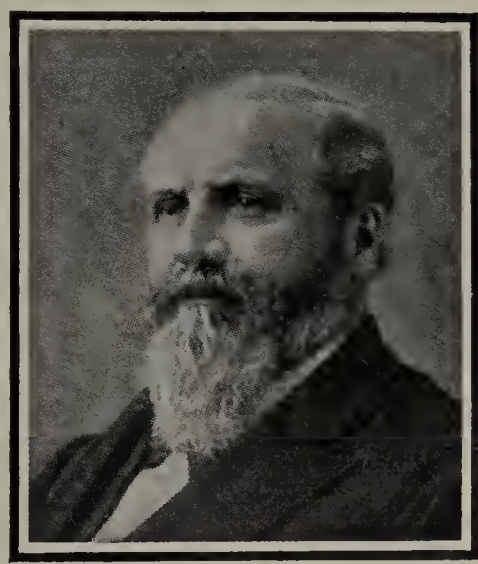
From the outset editors among the membership of the Conference have spread the facts and aspirations of that body. The wings of the press were like carrier pigeons. In one session alone the "chiels amang them takin' notes" were Messrs. Abbott, of The Outlook; Ward, of the "Independent;" Barrows, of the "Christian Register;" Buckley, of the "Christian Advocate;" Ferris, of the "Intelligencer;" Wayland, of the "National Baptist;" Dunning, of the "Congregationalist;" Gilbert, of the "Advance;" Kinney, of the "Courant;" Bright and Hallock, of the "Christian Work;" McElroy, of the "Tribune;" and La Salle Maynard, who represented a syndicate of papers.

Of these editors Dr. Ward, who was at that first meeting on the reservation, is still a power in the annual gathering. Dr. Abbott has driven a regular *troika* as a leader in the three Conferences which bear the name of Mohonk. When he speaks the Conference listens, and when he writes the readers of The Outlook know what is going on in this country for the Indian and other dependent races. Many Government officials have helped to carry out the suggestions from this citadel of light. When one recalls the list of Commissioners of Indian Affairs who have shared in these deliberations, the names of Price, Jones, Morgan, Leupp, come quickly to the lips, though they are not all who have in this way honored the position they held.

There are other names we do not forget: Mr. Houghton, the publisher; Mr. Frank Wood, so long the treasurer; Mr. J. W. Davis, the faithful secretary; and many business men who gave of their wealth as these gave of their time. It is this commingling of idealists with practical men of affairs, of army men and missionaries, of Congressmen and philosophers, which has kept the discussions at Mohonk safe and sane. Level-headed, large-hearted, clear-sighted men and women of faith, hope, and charity have made up the body of the Conference, the central soul of which has been



RICHARD W. GILDER



GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK

SETH LOW

that man of large and far-seeing vision Albert K. Smiley.

OTHER DEPENDENT RACES

As the years sped the Indian problem came nearer and nearer a practical solution, and no longer required as full discussion as in the early years of the Conference. Meanwhile the United States had assumed new responsibilities, and it occurred to Mr. Smiley and his brother, Mr. Daniel Smiley, that the Mohonk Conference might well perform a duty for other races than the red. Accordingly, by 1900 the Platform declared that new days had brought new duties, and Hawaii and Porto Rico were placed upon the programme, followed in 1901 by the Philippines.

Since then the new dependencies have always had a place, and in 1904 the name was changed to the Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian and other Dependent Peoples. With this change came a large addition to the membership. The hospitality of the Smiley family grew with the growth of the subjects under discussion, and new hundreds of guests came from this and other lands. Colonel Higginson was one of this new array, and his address on "The Path of Empire," in 1900, was as fearless as he has always proved himself in peace as well as war. At the close Mr. Smiley declared that he was delighted with its frankness and courtesy, "for I like an independent statement, *even if I do not agree with it.*"

Professor Jenks, Professor Rowe, Professor Charles H. Hitchcock, General Goodale, the Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, many of the highest officials in the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Hawaii, and dozens of others have enlightened the Mohonk Conferences on what is going on or what should be done for the various dependent peoples, and doubtless Congressional legislation will be helped by these discussions, as it surely has been in the past by the utterances of the Mohonk Conference. True, the Smiley tribe and their adherents have been scoffed at by the unregenerate as "rainbow-chasers," but they have seen in the rainbow they have chased the bow of promise arching over needy humanity, and their idealistic suggestions have one by one been embodied into law, as any student can find out for himself if he will compare the twenty-seven Platforms with legislation during the same number of years.

Mr. Smiley has steadily followed his ideal "*ohne Hast, ohne Rast,*" and to few men has it been given to see the results of patient, unwearied effort followed by such rich fruition. Other men have helped to guide his Conferences with wisdom, wit, and skill (for it has taken all three at times to keep perfect peace and bring the members to a unanimous acceptance of the Platform) during the twenty-seven years—nine presiding officers in all: Clinton B. Fisk, M. E. Gates, Philip C. Garrett, S. J. Barrows, John D. Long, C. J. Bonaparte, Lyman Abbott, A. S. Draper, and Elmer E. Brown—good men and true, whose names will be remembered even if the alphabetical symbols which might be attached to them are here omitted.

How many seats are vacant in that lordly room where the Conference is now held! One by one leaders have fallen, and those who were left have paid their tribute of loving praise and then passed on to receive in turn the well-merited word of recognition from those who loved and honored them. But, happily, the gracious head of this nobly patriotic work, his gentle wife, his kind and efficient brother Daniel and *his* ever-delightful wife and family, still bless the world by their presence and make glad their many friends. One may not venture to speak the words of loving admiration that rise spontaneously from our hearts, for one is sorely put to it, in such a case, to say enough and not too much; but silence still is golden.

The breadth and catholicity of the Mohonk Conferences has often been remarked. Mr. Barrows once called attention to it in a striking little fact. It was when the distinguished and beloved Archbishop Ryan was present with his companion, Dr. Ganss. The latter was a fine musician, and played much between the sessions for the delight of the people. One day he was rendering a selection from Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" as the members were coming in. "It struck me," said Mr. Barrows, "as interesting that Luther's hymn was being played by

a Catholic priest in a Quaker house, and that a Jew had written the music." It seemed to epitomize the spirit of Mohonk, where men and women of differing faiths united in the prayer of the good Catholic archbishop: "We believe in the same Lord and the same God. Let us work together, let us love one another and work for one another. Let us work for humanity through the love of the God of humanity."

THE NEGRO CONFERENCE

Mr. Smiley had always taken a deep interest in the elevation of the Negro race, and i had frequently occurred to him that a conference for the discussion of Negro problems might be of value. It happened, however, that near the close of the Indian Conference in 1889 ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes arose and stated that he had been powerfully moved by the discussions, adding: "So gratified am I with what I have seen of the methods and of the spirit of this Mohonk Conference that I cannot but hope that the day may soon come when that other weaker race, not of a quarter of a million, but of six millions, shall have some such annual assembly as this to consider its condition and to aid it to rise to the full stature of true American citizenship." Mr. Smiley immediately arose from his seat, and, crossing over to General Hayes, asked him in an undertone if he would preside at a conference on the Negro question to be called at Mohonk the following spring, and, on receiving an affirmative answer, turned at once to the audience and announced that such a conference would be called the next June. Thus, almost in a moment, was born the Mohonk Negro Conference.

Two of these Conferences were held in 1890 and 1891. For various reasons it did not seem best to continue them. It was too far for Southern men to come except in small numbers, and it was the general impression that such a gathering should be nearer the heart of the difficulty. Besides, the Negroes themselves were discussing their own affairs, and perhaps it was best to let them win their own way to success. But the two Mohonk gatherings for the consideration of this question were wonderfully interesting occasions. In the first place, they were held in June, when the laurel was in flower and the hills were a sheet of glory. And into this scene of glory came one hundred and twenty men and women of the highest moral type, the strongest moral fiber. Like the early Apostles, they were of one heart and one mind. General Hayes presided both years. To stay his hand were General Armstrong, General John Eaton, General Whittlesey, men honored and loved, known no longer here save for the great and good things they stood for while on earth. Of that one hundred and twenty I can count forty-one personal friends whose names have the little star beside them that shows they have ascended.

There was William Lloyd Garrison, earnest and emphatic, sitting side by side with John Glenn, a cultured Southern gentleman, exchanging views at dinner, on the drives, and in the meetings. It was Mr. Glenn who said, near the close of the three days' Conference: "These days have been to me a revelation. It is the first time that I have ever felt that I could speak with utter freedom with Northern men, and that, notwithstanding our divergence of views, it was possible for us to interchange ideas with that mutual consideration without which the solution of any problem would be impossible. I can say without hesitation that, if the mind of the North and the mind of the South can be brought together outside of this parlor as they have come together within it, the Negro problem would be solved." This is as true to-day as when it was uttered twenty years ago.

There were teachers present who had devoted years to work among the colored people, like Miss Smiley, Miss Schofield, Miss Botume, and others who will long be remembered for the noble work they did and for the self-sacrifices they made. There were others who agreed with Andrew D. White when he said: "I have felt at times that I could kneel before them and kiss their feet for the noble work they are doing, for the self-sacrifices they are making."

Though much stress then, as now, was laid on the value of the industrial education of the colored race, yet the Conference did not stop with the gospel of the tub and the broom. Higher education

and professional training had stanch advocates in Dr. W. T. Harris, S. J. Barrows, Dr. W. H. Ward, A. D. Mayo, and others who believed in the highest mental discipline for those able to take it. Philip Garrett of blessed memory was eloquent in pleading for the establishment of a postal savings bank as a stimulus to self-dependence and thrift on the part of the colored people, and Mr. Morris K. Jesup argued for the same virtue. Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney paid a warm tribute to the bravery and patience of the Southern women who went into educational work for colored people "with an earnestness and zeal which . . . has hardly been surpassed even by our Northern teachers."

But why go on? One must read the two reports of these intensely interesting Conferences to understand how fine was the spirit, how warm the sympathy, how loyal the friends of the Negro, as seen those bright June days on the Shawungunk hills.

THE ARBITRATION CONFERENCE

For three years the spring field lay fallow, but out of sight the seeds were germinating, and one beautiful June morning the soil parted and there sprang to life a tree which should bear fruit for the healing of the nations. At first it was like the Scripture mustard, but it has grown till now its branches spread toward all the heavens. This time international arbitration won the day. It was not national but international in its scope, and it looked forward to the glad day when nation should no longer rise against nation, but reason and justice should rule between them and the rumor of war should be heard in no land.

Who that was there can forget the benedictory face of Mr. Smiley as he stood before the thirty or forty men and women that day in June of 1895 and welcomed them to the first Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration? It made one think of Moses when he came down from the mount and a great glow of inspiration made his face to shine before all the people. With a will they sang, Quakers and all, "The morning light is breaking"—sang, like the birds outside, with all their hearts, because, like Luther, they could no other. A wave of cheerful optimism carried their souls aloft, and it was not strange, for that prince of optimists Edward Everett Hale was there to lead them.

Mr. John B. Garrett was made presiding officer, and Mr. Smiley worded the object of the Conference—"To find means by which our own country may have all her disputes with foreign lands settled by arbitration, and bring other nations to join her as rapidly as possible." Dr. B. F. Trueblood, then and now the leading spirit of the American Peace Society, spoke of the possibility of a great international tribunal for arbitration. Mr. Philip Garrett thought the time would come when there would be an international *court* which would be analogous to the Supreme Court for the civilized nations of the world, an idea which had once been advocated by William Penn. "Arbitration," he said, "I regard as a temporary submission of any question to a temporary arbitrator. A tribunal like the Supreme Court is permanent, and all matters are submitted to it without appeal." It was, however, Dr. Edward Everett Hale who took up his live-oak cudgel in behalf of this idea of an international tribunal of arbitration. "A permanent tribunal," he said; "I want to urge, first, second, last, and always, a permanent tribunal! That is the thing which, if I may use the expression of the street, must be 'rubbed into' the public mind. . . . I shall say those two words a hundred times, . . . for I wish that people may dream of it at night and think of it in the morning—one permanent tribunal to sit for a hundred years, rather than to have to make a new tribunal for each particular case. . . . It is not enough to sing, 'No war nor battle sound was heard the world around.' This thing is not to be settled by singing. It is going to be settled by a hard and fast system laid down in consequence of historical precedents, and in such a way that it may command the respect of the practical people in the world."

Thus at a leap the quiet plan of Mr. Smiley was exalted into one which towered aloft like the mast for wireless telegraphy, and like that it flung its message to the world.

A resolution was adopted asking the

President of the United States to invite Austria, England, France, Germany, and Russia to join the United States in the establishment of a Permanent Tribunal of the highest character, to which might be submitted from time to time for arbitration questions arising between those Powers. The committee elected to carry this resolution to the President comprised Messrs. P. C. Garrett, M. E. Gates, Robert Treat Paine, A. K. Smiley, James Wood, and John B. Garrett. That President Cleveland did not give them audience, feeling that "already the subject had received at his hands the attention which circumstances demanded," as was reported at the next Conference, does not lessen the honor conferred on these messengers of peace. The chairman of that committee, that union of vigor and gentleness, and Mr. Paine, whose life was devoted to things good and helpful, have joined the Prince of Peace, but the others are still active in the work for arbitration.

It should not be forgotten that in the early meetings of this Conference Mr. Smiley wisely included among his guests some of the best legal talent of the country, including many of the officers and members of the New York State Bar Association, and it is significant that on April 16, 1896—two years before the Czar called the first Hague Conference—that Association submitted to the President of the United States a memorial recommending the creation of an international court of arbitration, and submitting a plan for the constitution and procedure of such a court; and that this memorial was also placed in the hands of the Hon. Andrew D. White—America's chief representative at the first Hague Conference—to whose untiring efforts in the work of that Conference and loyal cooperation with the delegates from Great Britain may, more than is generally recognized, be due the establishment by the Conference of the permanent court of arbitration.

Before the second Conference the tiger blood of the Nation had leaped to life and there were growlings of a possible war with our nearest of kin across the sea, showing how greatly the general public needed education in a love of peace. Mr. Austin Abbott, whose silver voice had been hushed in death since the first Arbitration Conference, had recognized this, saying, "What is needed is that the children of the common schools should be taught the principles upon which this great object which we are seeking should rest, and that the young men in our colleges should have the same instruction." Ever since then there have been organized efforts to secure such instruction, especially in colleges, and prizes for the best themes on arbitration have been given. There is at present in hundreds of colleges active work for peace and arbitration, the result of a continuous propaganda directed by the permanent office at Mohonk.

In spite of the disappointment at the failure of the treaty between Great Britain and our country, the Conference plucked up courage to act on its own behalf for peace, and a cablegram of congratulations was sent to Queen Victoria on her happy jubilee, with "the hope that peace between her land and ours may continue through all coming ages," to which an appropriate reply was received.

Another twelvemonth rolled round, and the country was under a shadow. Even the optimistic Dr. Cuyler asked, "Why in a time of war do we hold an arbitration conference?" replying to the question himself: "War is transient, but the grand principle of international arbitration is as permanent as the cliffs of Skytop." Colonel George E. Waring, the President that year, the Columbia professors John B. Clarke and E. R. A. Seligman, Dr. P. S. Moxom, and other leaders of thought were still hopeful, and hope was rewarded, for by the following year the first Hague Conference was in session, with one hundred members from twenty-six different countries, representing five-sixths of the population of the globe. Telegrams were exchanged, and the wave of glad sympathy sped over invisible wires between the "House in the Woods" at Mohonk and the regal one in Holland.

Year by year to this mount of vision came great and good men in larger numbers. Among them was that saint and seer Mozoomdar, the leader of the Brahmo-Somaj of India at that time. Like another Buddha he stood before the Conference, and his dreamy, musical voice still echoes: "From the land of meekness

and gentleness I come. The march of your aggressive civilization, the tramp of your armies, the clash of your swords, the roar of your cannon, awake us for short moments from the trance of our meditation, but we relapse again into silence and into thought;" and he closed his appeal for peace with a Sanscrit line, "He who is girt with the sword of peace, what harm can the wicked do to him?" Another good man was Ainsworth R. Spofford, the librarian, who brought a quotation from Victor Hugo, who presided over the first international peace meeting of which there is record, in Paris, in 1849, when there were two thousand present, with twenty American delegates. England was represented on one occasion by Professor Rendel Harris, who referred to Mr. Smiley as being "privileged to exercise one form of the 'Imitatio Christi' which does not come to many—the privilege of saying, 'Come ye up into this mountain and rest apart.'" And hither came that unapproachable idealist Henry Demarest Lloyd, whose words for humanity still ring in our ears as his love beats in our hearts.

Many countries have been represented in these gatherings, and these distinguished foreigners have been delighted with the position granted to women in the meetings, and one and all have expressed the desire that their own countrywomen might also work for peace and arbitration. Judge Brewer—always a stanch believer in the power of the mothers and wives of his country—assured these guests from other lands that women here are already bringing things to pass and that the influence of American women will be "outspoken and strong for the peaceful settlement of National disputes by arbitration rather than by war."

It is almost invidious to select a few names from the lists of hundreds who have attended these Conferences, but even a few will show how wide was the circle from which they were drawn, from Baron Takahira of Japan, Wu-Ting-Fang of China, to Senator Gamboa of Mexico, and our own Richard Watson Gilder, Carroll D. Wright, and many another whose names may never again appear on the list of guests at Mohonk.

The presiding officers during the sixteen years have been Judges Edmunds, Matteson, Stiness, Foster, and Gray, in addition to Messrs. Garrett and Waring and President Butler; while among the speakers have been many men like Ambassador Bryce, Andrew D. White, scholar and statesman, and F. W. Holls, historian of the first Hague Conference.

There has always been something to encourage, even when days have been dark, as when a million and a half dollars was given for a temple of peace at The Hague by the "Star-Spangled Scotchman," as some one wittily calls Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Within that temple Dr. Cuyler declared there should be a tablet of the whitest marble on which should be written the name Albert Keith Smiley—to which the Conference cried, "Amen."

There have been dreams and plans for practical work, such as starting a periodical and organizing a peace crusade in schools and colleges. Dr. Henry M. Leipziger was among the leaders of the latter thought. He may well know the value of such systematic instruction, since he gathers more than a million and a quarter hearers into the school-houses of New York to listen to instructive lectures. By such means the common people can be reached—the people who, after all, hold in their hand the destiny of this mighty Nation.

A wise and continuous effort has been made to enlist business men and organizations in the arbitration movement, and about two hundred such clubs are now affiliated with the Conference, and the brisk, crisp speeches of these business men add much to the value of the sessions. Another practical outcome of this Conference was the inception, at Mohonk, of the American Society of International Law. This was first proposed by Dean George W. Kirchwey, of the Columbia Law School, and the permanent organization was completed in January, 1906.

The sixteenth Arbitration Conference was held last May. Perhaps no stronger evidence of the political power of this gathering could be given than the fact that the Hon. James Brown Scott, of the Department of State, was directed by Secretary Knox to announce the glad tidings, in advance of any other public statement, that

the proposed constitution of an international court of arbitral justice, which had been recommended to the Powers, had been received with so much favor that he looked for the establishment of such a court in the near future. This was a glorious culmination to fifteen years' devotion to the cause of arbitration.

Dr. Trueblood's review of all that has been accomplished in the way of peaceful decisions of impending trouble was very telling. A service in memory of King Edward the Peacemaker was held at the time of his funeral; in short, the last session of the Conference was impressive and helpful, serious in thought and brilliant with wit and oratory.

Fifteen years only since the forty men and women met to fly the white flag of peace from these sunlit hills! The snowy banner unfurled to the breeze that beautiful June day has passed from hand to hand and State to State and nation to nation till now it waves in many a land, but its resting-place will be over the arbitral court of justice which is to be "the final court of the world from whose judgment there can be no appeal."

It is, of course, impossible for any Conference to adjourn without a word of appreciation and gratitude for the munificent hospitality of the occasion. It is always a trying moment for the Smiley family, whose genuine modesty has never become bronzed by lavishly expressed thanksgiving. Having seen them sit patiently through this ordeal some thirty times, I shall seek to spare them the words of appreciation that would gladly flow from my pen. Let me rather close by quoting from the resolution offered by Mr. Barrows in 1908. After an expression of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Smiley and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Smiley, he said of the founder of the Conference: "We rejoice with him that in the autumn of his long and righteous labors in behalf of the Indian and in the cause of peace he is able to see the ripening sheaves of the seed he has sown. For him there can be no more glorious benediction than that which comes from the fulfillment of his prayer for international peace through international justice."

Though all the world knows what Mr. Smiley has done through these Conferences, too little is known of the man himself. There is not space here to tell of his whole life, but we may tell of four days, for he says that he has had four red-letter days in his long and happy life. The first was down in Maine, where he was born eighty-two years ago. He was brought up on a farm, getting his education in the village school, in the pasture and the woodland. One day the principal of the school advised him and his twin brother to study Latin and prepare for college. Latin it was, and while they chopped the year's supply of wood they learned by heart all the declensions and conjugations of the Latin grammar and Latin reader. It was straight sailing after that through Haverford College. This made him an educator in various schools for more than thirty years, a trustee of Bryn Mawr and Pomona Colleges and Brown University and of the New Paltz State Normal School. The second red-letter day, "and a great red-letter day it was," he says, was when he first met Miss Eliza Cornell, who for more than half a century has been the beloved Mrs. Smiley. The third was the day he bought Mohonk and threw all his money into the venture and ran in debt for fourteen thousand more. That original purchase has been followed by sixty others, till the estate covers seven square miles, with roads and walks innumerable. The fourth red-letter day was the 8th of July, 1907, when their golden wedding was celebrated by this heavenly-minded pair and twelve hundred loving friends gave and dedicated to them a testimonial lodge and gateway through which the pilgrim must now pass to scale the heights of Mohonk.

Of the combined beauty and grandeur of Mohonk there is not room to speak. Unique in its setting, the lake has a charm quite its own, as has the great castle-like hostelry. But it is the spirit of the place which captivates each comer. Rocks, crags, lakes, valleys, panoramic views, exquisite flowers, and stately forests one may find elsewhere, but with them the combination of hospitality, genuine brotherhood, spiritual breadth, and courteous kindliness—from the boy in buttons to the snow-haired host—the world does not duplicate.

THE BIRD MARKET, A FAVORITE HAUNT OF SONNY SAHIB

Sonny Sahib

By Brenton Thoburn Badley

WHEN the little foreigner arrives in India, he sets up a howl. It is difficult to assign a reason for this howl. Perhaps it is because he feels his own insignificance on being ushered into a country with nearly three hundred million people. Perhaps he has expected the monsoon to be on, but finds himself unexpectedly in the scorching winds of May. Perhaps he overhears the new *ayah's*[1] certificates being read, and howls because he knows they are not her own. Moreover, he continues an intermittent howling until the fifth ayah has come and presented her worn and greasy certificates. One ayah goes to her home for the night, but does not turn up in the morning. Another says at the end of the first day that her old *mem-sahib*[1] has that very day arrived in Bombay, and that she has promised to go back to her. The third has no presentable apparel, and, as she refuses to have any, she is sent away. The fourth says that her husband has suddenly lost his *naukri*[2] and she will have to follow him elsewhere. The last one considers for a day or two the advisability of announcing her grandmother's death, but at length evidently decides to discredit the rumor. So she stays. But

[1] Indian nurse.

[1] Mistress. [2] Service.

the baby howls all day long in her hands, until it is discovered that she has pinned the clothes with the safety-pin to the baby himself. This is the only way for her to get ahead of the safety-pin, her only chance to pervert its use. However, the boy lives!

But Sonny Sahib, for so the servants agreed on calling him, has some things to fight against in his early years. He hears that he will have a hard time teething—especially because of sleeplessness. But when the time comes, he sleeps like a little log all night. It is true he is dull and drowsy during the day, but he does not understand that. His torpor in the daytime becomes so noticeable, however, that it attracts the attention of his mother. Then it is found out that the ayah has been giving him opium to make him sleep. The little vial is found on her person. For a few days after this Sonny Sahib improves; but when, later on, he again takes to his languorous moods, it is discovered that the ayah has opium under the tips of her nails!

We must not pass on without taking a peep into the nursery where Sonny Sahib spends so much of his time during his early years. The European child brought up in India spends a unique babyhood and childhood. If the servants are vicious or careless, the life is sometimes somewhat too unique!

With the establishing of European homes in India there has grown up a body of folk-lore which, it seems, is not purely native, and certainly is not English. The songs and sayings have their roots in native thoughts and customs, yet it is plainly evident that the peculiar circumstances have had an effect on the form and expression of some of them. Only a glance can here be taken into that shadowy region of the past, which, alack! becomes interesting to us only when it has been left far behind, when the man has crept in and displaced the child.

One of the commonest and most popular of all nursery songs in North India consists of a couplet which is crooned over and over until it has the desired effect. It almost makes one drowsy to think of it:

"Nindi bábá, nindi,
Roti makkhan chini."

A free translation of this gives the following:

Bread and butter—sugar too—
If you sleep, babe, are for you.

It is not easy to see why this simple thing is liked, but the materialism of its

AN INDIAN "CONEY ISLAND" IN SONNY SAHIB'S LAND

philosophy is well fitted to beguile. Yet, if reason be brought to bear upon the subject, there seems more probability of the suggestion of bread and butter and sugar exciting a child to renewed activity than of lulling it to sleep. Nevertheless, as a soporific the song has stood the test of experience, and works on little Sonny Sahib like a charm. The English flavor in this lullaby is evident. Indeed, it might almost be that some mem-sahib made it up while awaiting the arrival of a new ayah!

The lullaby which more often than any other conducts little Sonny Sahib to the soothing arms of Morpheus is as sweet as the jungle plums of which it sings:

"Are koko, jare koko,
Jangal pakke ber,
Bábá mera khane mangta,
Damri ke do ser."

This can well be translated literally:

Haste thee, fairy, hie thee, fairy,
Jungle plums are sweet;
Two whole pounds for just one penny!
Baby wants to eat.

Of nursery rhymes Sonny Sahib hears an abundance. He is exceedingly fond of one of those evolution stories in rhyme which seem to have an existence in all countries. All are familiar with the story of the milkmaid who dreamed of such possiblities in one pail of milk that she would have transformed it into a house and farm had she not unfortunately spilled it. The Indian version is even more interesting, and, starting from a smaller beginning, is quite as ambitious.

Only a translation is given:

Playing round I found a *kauri*;[1]
Gave the kauri to the Ganges,
Ganges for it gave me sand;
Took the sand unto the parcher,
Parcher for it gave me grain;
Took the grain unto the grass-cut,
Grass-cut for it gave me grass;
Took the green grass to the cow,
Cow for it gave me some milk;
Took the milk unto the king,
He for it gave me a horse—

Riding on a horse,
With a tambourine,
Eating fine red pan!
Old walls decay,
New walls arise!
Old woman, look out for your trash
Or I don't know!

The change in the meter marks his exultation, and the perfection of bliss is attained when he can ride through the streets in this lordly fashion and, in his pride, ridicule the old woman who is now far beneath him. This is decidedly an Oriental touch. The milkmaid of the colder clime had dreamed of comfort and prosperity; the speculator of the tropics dreams of display. Is it that the different ideals are largely characteristic, the one of the West, the other of the East? Another interesting difference appears between the Eastern and the Western versions. The latter is marked by close reasoning, and the argument is at least commercially sound, while the former has some very weak links in the chain. The jump from a little milk to a horse is considerable. Note, too, that the benevolence of the king is greatly relied upon. Is it possible that we can thus trace the unusual spirit of dependence in this country back to the nursery rhymes of the people?

When Sonny Sahib is a little older, the ayah is able to take him out into the world in his baby-carriage. The *sardar*[1] usually goes along at such times, and Sonny Sahib sees something of Indian life. The *hawakhana*[2] most often leads to a secluded row of servants' houses belonging to another bungalow, and there the baby-carriage comes to a halt, while the ayah and the sardar refresh themselves with the *huqqa*[3] and the latest gossip. When Sonny Sahib gets tired waiting and cries, he is put down and allowed to play with the *dhobie's*[4] and *syce's*[5] children. If his clothes get soiled, the ayah always has some tale of Sonny Sahib's mischievousness which has led him out into the grass and dust.

Such hawakhanas are the regular thing, but there comes a day when the sardar shows a streak of originality, and does something new. He has often heard Sonny Sahib threatening his mother by telling her that he would take to worshiping idols. He remembers, too, that Sonny Sahib was actually found by his mother one day bowing down before a little pile of stones heaped up in the center of the room, and, in a baby tongue, muttering unintelligible sounds. Accordingly, one

[1] A small shell worth about the hundredth part of a cent.

[1] Head servant of the establishment.
[2] Outing; literally, air-eating.
[3] Tobacco pipe.
[4] Washerman.
[5] Coachman.

SONNY SAHIB AND HIS BEARER

SONNY SAHIB AND HIS PETS

day when the walk has led to the temple on the river-bank, the sardar gets the old Hindu priest to put the *tilak* (mark of a god) on Sonny Sahib's forehead. How beautiful the bright-red color looks upon his fair young skin! Sonny Sahib, too, is pleased, and laughs when he sees himself in the looking-glass. Neither he nor the old sardar can understand the mem-sahib's wrath.

"My son, my son!" she exclaims. "'Tis the mark of the beast on you!"

But Sonny Sahib's mother is not so alarmed as a good ritualistic lady who happens to be calling, and who fears that the child will have to be rebaptized ere he can gain admission through the pearly gates!

But we cannot meander with Sonny Sahib's baby-carriage, or follow him all through the nursery. If we should, we would see that he prospers; for, with all the minor wrongs that he suffers at the hands of the servants, he receives an affectionate care which binds him to these dark faces. By the time he has become a real boy the "vexed servant question" never bothers him. He has all the servants at his beck and call, and has them all at his mercy. If the *khansama*[1] refuses to give him charcoal to run his little tin boiler, or to melt lead bullets for his catapult, he threatens to tell how his khansamaship gets vegetables from the *mali*[2] sometimes, and yet charges them up in the regular *hisab*.[3] If the *khidmatgar*[4] becomes obstreperous, Sonny Sahib brings him to time by assuring him that he knows of the smoking in the *bowarchi-khana*[5] against orders. If the sardar will not listen to reason, Sonny Sahib walks straight into the sardar's house at the time of the midday meal, and makes it necessary for the poor caste-bound man to throw away all his food and spend the hour of the *siesta* in scouring his vessels.

Sonny Sahib is liked, nevertheless; nor is it strange that a few years afterwards, when he has outgrown his pranks, the tears are both copious and geniune which he sheds when he sees the old sardar standing on the wharf, and finds the great ship, on which he himself stands, slowly moving away. The tears of the old man, too, are genuine; for the boy who stands on the west-bound steamer sobbing and waving a handkerchief, the boy who as a baby prattled on this old servant's knee, who as a child often clung to his neck even when wanted by father or mother, who all through his mischievous years showed the generous affection of a boy's large heart—this boy, among all the Europeans, has the only heart that, knowing all the old man's weaknesses, understands and loves him. The poor old servant knows he can get common sense from any European and a godly example from the missionaries, but the boyish sympathy of his Sonny Sahib can never be replaced.

The carefully reared Indian child will not be left entirely to the servants, but will be allowed to mingle sufficiently with them to get their language and the broadening influence that will come from knowing people different from himself. If every civilian could have such a training, the problems of this Indian life would more readily be solved.

It is in the games and amusements that the boy sees deepest into Indian life. What a fund of interesting information comes within our young Sonny Sahib's experience because he spends some of his time as the people of the country spend theirs! To give only two illustrations, what a new world is opened up to him through the common pastimes of kite-flying and pigeon-flying!

The European idea of kite-flying is insipid when compared with the Indian one. It is an art in India. Kite-making is a regular profession, and a skillful kite-flyer commands a good income There are men in the bazaars who for twenty years have done nothing but make kites. With the large, heavy, bungling kite of the West compare a little beauty of the Orient weighing under half an ounce. This dainty thing does not require a stiff breeze to carry its message to the skies, but when there is not wind enough to sway the delicate poised pipal leaf, it can be hoisted with one hand, and by a man in a sitting posture. When up, it has a sweep of two-thirds of the horizon, and can be made to describe any figure desirable. It would be easier to carve the English alphabet in the clouds by means of the kite than to

[1] Cook. [2] Gardener. [3] Account. [4] Table servant. [5] Cook-house.

THE BAZAAR IN SONNY SAHIB'S TOWN

"MOTI," THE ELEPHANT WHO PERFORMS FOR SONNY SAHIB'S PLEASURE

trace the letters on the same scale on the ground. It is possible, for a short time, even to force the kite in the face of the wind, and so describe a complete circle.

The romance of kite-flying does not consist merely in the flying. That is a species of tameness and idleness which suits the Western lad. It is in fighting kites that real skill is displayed and keen enjoyment found. The string by which kites are flown is never thicker than ordinary sewing cotton, and the finest quality is made of pure silk. The string used in fighting kites is put through a solution of finely powdered glass, rice starch (or some other adhesive), and brick-dust. When this dries, it leaves the thread covered with minute particles of glass well cemented on, giving it a very sharp edge. The object in fighting is to get your string to strike your opponent's string in such a way as to cut it. The maneuvering in a skillful contest is beautiful, and sometimes lasts half an hour. When a kite is cut, it becomes common property, and belongs to the person who first catches it. One would no more think of claiming a kite lost under such circumstances than one would of demanding from an inhabitant of Mars a piece of soil which might have flown from the earth to that distant region. This constitutes one of the unwritten laws of India, and the kites thus caught afford pocket-money for many men or boys, who in the season (October to April) spend much time in catching and disposing of them. The most dignified way to catch a kite is not to run after it with a long pole and wait until it descends, but to go up after it and catch it on the wing. This is accomplished by bringing the string of your kite against the floating string of the kite and entangling the two by making your own kite revolve rapidly in small circles. The connection thus established is secure, and kites may be caught half a mile up and pulled down to your very hand. Kites sell all the way from four for a *pice*[1] to an *anna*[2] or two annas each. The size most used costs one pice. The pastime can be indulged in by the poor as well as the rich. To do away with it would be to darken with disappointment and grief thousands of homes containing boys and to take bread out of hundreds of mouths. The rich derive their exclusive pleasure by hiring specialists at kite-fighting, getting up a sky tournament with some one else, and by staking large amounts of money on the outcome of the contest. Kites, indeed, are a means of refined and extensive gambling in India.

Pigeon-flying, as it prevails in India, is quite unknown in Europe or America. It occupies no inconsiderable place in a city like Lucknow. Morning and evening one can see great flocks circling over the native portion of the city. The object is to get a flock of pigeons so trained that at your call they will drop down to their home without a moment's hesitation. When this not very difficult task has been accomplished, one is ready to send one's pigeons out foraging—to put them out on usury, one might say. When some other man is ready for the same thing, the fun begins. Each one turns his flock of pigeons loose and starts them circling overhead. So long as the men keep up their shouting and waving of flags the pigeons continue to enlarge their circles. At length the two flocks meet, and are then allowed to fly together for a while. At a given signal, however, both men drop their flags and each gives vent to a prolonged cry, "A—O!" (come). It is an impressive sight to see that large flock of perhaps two hundred birds divide into two flocks just as distinctly as if a screen from heaven had come down and parted them. But, alas! in the moment of confusion, there are some pigeons which, though ever so well trained, will lose their bearings and go with the wrong flock. When the flocks have settled, a little grain—not enough to satisfy, but merely to keep from starving—is thrown out to the pigeons. During the feeding each man notices at a glance any new pigeon, catches it, clips or securely ties the feathers of its wings, and thenceforth it is his own. The pigeon thus captured may be sold, or trained and pressed into service by its new owner. The pastime thus comes to have an additional zest because of the risk and chance of gain connected with it.

Such are some of Sonny Sahib's pastimes and pleasures in far-away India.

[1] Half a cent. [2] Two cents.

The New School of American Archæology

By Eleanor Hope Johnson

COMMUNAL HOUSE

THERE is a section of country in this wonderful Republic of ours, known to comparatively few of its citizens, a visit to which will completely break down the old belief that there are no ruins in the United States. On the great central plateau of the Southwest, cut into by many cañons and gorges of indescribable grandeur, are the crumbling homes of peoples long since vanished. Located on high and wind-swept mesas, or down in the brilliantly colored cañons, these deserted towns offer a field for valuable study as well as for sightseeing of the most rewarding sort. Last summer there was inaugurated in the midst of this desert country of the Southwest what should be of deep interest to all patriotic Americans, the first summer session of the new School of American Archæology; and it was my very good fortune to be a visitor there for a short time.

It is certainly greatly to the credit of the Archæological Institute of America that it has added to its various schools one on American archæology. The Institute was founded in Cambridge, Massachusetts, about thirty years ago, largely through the efforts of Charles Eliot Norton.

There were until very recently only three schools under the direction of the Institute: the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, and the American School for Oriental Study and Research in Palestine, each offering fellowships. But it was not until a very few years ago that notice was taken of the evidences of an ancient independent culture in this country, and of the inspiration

RUINS OF MESA VERDE

which a study of the native American races, the "actual sources of ancient culture" in this land, might be to students in our own and other universities.

In the year 1904 the attention of the Institute was directed to the American field through efforts to secure legislation to protect from spoliation the ruins of the Southwest. Work had been carried on here and there in this region for some years under different auspices, and various ruins explored, not always very wisely. Patriotic Americans who lived near by had long recognized the historical and ethnological value, not only of the ruins at their very doors, but also of the neighboring pueblos, still occupied by races rich in custom and tradition. Through the interest thus roused, the Southwest Society, with headquarters in Los Angeles, was organized to study the history of these tribes and their connection with the early Spanish explorers and with the forgotten cave and cliff dwellers. For twenty years it was urged that a law should be passed to protect the ruins, but without success, until at last, by a combination of the forces of the Institute, the Smithsonian Institution, and the universities, such a law was finally obtained in the year 1906. The Institute then decided to organize the work which, as I have said, had been going on for some time in the American field, and to place all its activities under an officer to be called the Director of American Archæology, and late in the year 1906 this was done. A year later the School of American Archæology was created.

GOVERNOR GONZALEO

I can best describe the School and its methods by taking you with me through my memories of a week's visit to it last August. As I have said, it was the first session of the School as such, though work had been carried on during preceding summers in the place chosen for its location, and the region thoroughly explored. We were cordially welcomed. "We are always glad to have interested visitors," wrote the Director; and, carrying our tents with us, we took the thirty-mile drive across the mesa from Santa Fé to that oasis in a desert, the Cañon of the Rito de los Frijoles, called by the irreverent Bean Creek. Picture a ride over dry brown plains cut by deep *arroyos* (the beds of streams long since vanished, or raging for a few breathless weeks in the summer), all the horizon bounded by high and jagged mountains, touched by the sun into a splendor of color. Sage-brush, cactus, and occasionally dwarfed cedar and piñon gave the only vegetation—prickly and inhospitable, though charming in color scheme. There was one village through which we passed, a lumber station;

THE STUDY ROOM IN THE OPEN

and a near-by cañon, quite robbed of its best timber and left in a tragic confusion of fallen or partially cut trees, marked the scene of its activities. After leaving the village we crossed the wide Rio Grande, and at the end of a dusty day reached a forest of larger piñon and juniper trees, then the southern rim of the Mesa del Pajarito, and there, five hundred feet below us, lay the Rito, threading its sparkling way through cultivated fields and groves of pine, alder, willow, and cottonwood, with patches of brilliant wild flowers brightening it all. We were met by a handful of Indians from the near-by pueblo of San Ildefonso, led by friendly young students sent to the School from their respective universities, who shouldered our various packs of tents and personal luggage as if they had been playthings, scampered down the steep and winding trail, which we trod with the greatest care, and over the wonderful cliffs into a spot of verdure almost like our dear New England in its freshness and fragrance. We found one little stone ranch house, where the School was most acceptably fed, and tents for every other purpose — lectures, study, museum, and delicious rest at night. The stream, quite contrary to the habits of bodies of water in that country, never dried, and was from every point of view utterly satisfying for our purposes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

The day began at half-past six for the workers, with the oversight of the excavations, lectures, study, and personal conferences with the Director and the staff. We were allowed easier hours, but were invited to attend the lectures and accompany the expeditions when we would, and our interest in the subject and the method of attacking it grew with the hours.

The Cañon of the Rito de los Frijoles we found to be about ten miles long and at the most a quarter of a mile wide. It extends from east to west, and can be entered only by trail from the mesa above, as the walls come together at either end to the narrowest gorges. Near the lower end, or *boca*, the water falls in two cataracts of nearly one hundred feet each to the valley of the Rio Grande below, and the black cliffs are so steep that as we peered through the narrow opening down which the water poured it was clearly evident that the most daring marauder would be unable to scale the wall. There are several trails leading into the cañon, one or two with rough steps cut into the soft rock, and evidently of great antiquity. They have been made by the Indians from time to time, and one of them, leading on to the wide desert country beyond the mountains, is named by

CEREMONIAL CAVE

the Pueblos the Navajo trail. One wall of the cañon—that to the south—is somewhat sloping and covered with the straggling piñon and its companion, the cedar. But the opposite wall was where our interest lay, and to it our footsteps were directed each morning. On its face there is no room for vegetation, but the walls rise straight and bare to a height of some three hundred feet. To it came, an unknown number of years ago, a people in many respects like the near-by Pueblo Indians of to-day—some believe their actual ancestors—and built their homes on the floor of the cañon and against this sheer north wall. It is easy to see why this location should have been chosen for the old town—far easier than in the case of other ruins on the mesa above. The great fertility of the cañon, its inaccessibility, and the workable quality of the tufa rock of which the cliffs are composed, made settling there simple and profitable. In the cliffs, with their tools of obsidian, these Indian pioneers carved out rooms; with blocks of the tufa, easily cut, they built their square houses. The first white visitors to this cañon, after it was deserted by the town builders, some hundreds of years ago, were probably Mexican renegades and horse-thieves, who found here a refuge to their hand from vengeful pursuers. They have left their mark in a dwelling, round like a guard-house, planned, no doubt, for a last retreat, and also in the confusion and despoiling of the Indian ruins. Because of their destructive tendencies, and those of white settlers near by, as well as of the ravages of time, when the first archæologists investigated this green cleft in the floor of the dry mesa they found many caves in the cliffs, and piled on the sloping ground in front of them heaps of stone in square blocks, with here and there well-defined rooms. They also found in the widest part of the cañon more heaps of stone and outlines of a village, or, more properly speaking, a communal house. Everywhere there were fragments of pottery showing in design and workmanship something of the thoughts of the makers. But of relics for collection there were apparently very few, whether unbroken pottery, stone tools, or even human remains.

Some years ago the cañon was visited and thoroughly explored by Bandelier and Lummis, two students and interpreters of the Southwest, and since then it has been a field of intense interest to archæologist and ethnologist. It was therefore a most natural place for the School of American Archæology to choose in which to hold its first summer session.

We began our first day at the School by making a tour of the work with the Director, and found at the first stopping-place a group of about seven Indians carefully removing the surface

THE MAIN COMMUNAL HOUSE

soil from rooms of the communal house and carrying it away in barrows, after making certain that it contained no object of possible interest. Directing this work was a young graduate of the University of Utah, whose cordial relations with the men under him were proved by the eager interest with which they brought for his inspection the smallest bits of pottery, a piece of bone, or, best of all, an unbroken stone implement. About two hundred and fifty small rectangular rooms in this village of Tyuonyi had been uncovered, showing that it was once a roundish pueblo with curving walls, the rooms arranged from three to seven deep about a central plaza; the amount of débris, piled in heaps about, would indicate that it was once three-storied and terraced. The Indians living within these circular walls could easily defend themselves from attacks, as the rooms were all entered from the interior court, which had but one outlet, a passageway leading toward the east. The rooms had, with few exceptions, no connecting doors, but were entered by means of ladders leading to the roofs, and then by hatchways and ladders down into the little chambers. The only thing that made the cramped quarters seem at all possible was the always lovely out-of-doors in which these true disciples of nature lived, and which furnished them the inspiration for their mythology, much of which is very beautiful. The walls of the village are now standing to a height of from four to six feet, and in some cases the stones for grinding corn and the hearthstones are in place. Some of the Indians we found at work there were employed in mending these walls, and in some cases the rooms were being plastered with the thin coating of mud still used in the pueblo of San Ildefonso. It was a striking sight, the industrious Indians, with their dark, eager faces and their happy laughter—for the stoic red man who never smiles is a legend of the past—trundling the barrows in and out of this city of the dead.

But our delight and wonder grew as we came nearer to the caves in the cliffs which rose sheer before us. Tawny brown, with strange and grotesquely formed crags jutting out like sentinels to guard the doors of these forsaken homes, the north wall of the cañon stood frowning and seemingly inhospitable. We clambered into many of the caves, and found them often well-shaped rooms formed partly by wind erosion or other natural causes, partly by the rough Indian tools. They were, as a rule, the back rooms of houses which had been built on the sloping ground or talus in front of the cliff, and the regular holes over the caves showed where the ends of the roof timbers rested. These houses, like Tyuonyi, were often two or three stories high, and the crumbling of the house

GOVERNOR SANTIAGO

THE NORTH WALL

walls has made some of the higher caves quite inaccessible. Thirteen of these talus villages have been discovered and named from various symbols painted on their walls or from remains of one sort and another found in the excavation; thus we have the Sun House, the Snake House, the House of the Mountain Sheep. But, on the whole, very few objects of interest have been found in or near the dwellings. In one little room, however, entered through an outer cave, they came upon a strange mummy, wrapped in the tattered remains of an otter fur robe, and resting in the position in which so many primitive peoples have buried their dead. This rather weird object made the cave-dwellers of the past seem to us very real and human.

About a mile and a half up the cañon we visited the Ceremonial Cave, where, no doubt, the priests went to prepare for the tribal mysteries and ceremonies, and where perhaps some of them lived. This cave is about one hundred and fifty feet above the waters of the Rito, and is approached by ladders and steep trails with some of the steps cut in the rock. Foundations of buildings can be traced in the great cavern, some of them two stories high, with rooms cut into the back wall of the cave. In its floor there is a *kiva*, or round ceremonial chamber, roofed over with beams of cedar and entered by means of a ladder. The view from the cave up the cañon, with the tops of the mountains showing dimly in the distance, is a most beautiful one.

On beyond the cave are a few straggling cliff houses, but most of them are in the wider part of the cañon, some near the ground, some part way up the cliffs and approached by steep and winding trails. Did these farmer Indians of long ago seek the shelter of the frowning northern wall because its porous rock offered them dwellings ready to their hand, or because they dreaded fierce neighbors who were always ready to attack them? We can only guess at the answers to these and many more questions which confront us, but in the guessing facts of great interest are discovered and we learn more and more of the history and character of these old inhabitants of our country. Indeed, in the trips through the caves, the talks with the Indians, and the lectures about the blazing camp-fire at night, archæology seemed no longer a science of dead stones, but of the human emotions and deeds

inclosed in them. The cliffs were a sort of petrified forest of men, and their life and dreams began to seem very real, though we could not wholly describe the peoples nor tell with certainty whence they came. And, best of all, the reason for the study of these primitive peoples became plain to one visitor at least—that we might have a clearer insight into the lives and characters of our primitive citizens who are coming to us in hordes from the forgotten corners of distant lands.

But all this, to be sure, argues the layman. Of purely scientific work we saw and tried to comprehend a great quantity. There was careful word-by-word study of the neighboring dialects by a young Californian who lectured eagerly and exhaustively through several evenings—lectures not only on the formation of the dialects and their relation to each other, with many mysterious signs and sounds represented on a chart, but, what was more intelligible to our ignorance, Indian place-names and their histories, giving us a glimpse into this strange and supposably savage mind. Most interesting of all were the mornings when we surrounded in fascinated silence a little group composed of the linguist, a biologist from the University of Colorado, and three of the most intelligent of the Indians, who were telling the two young white men their names for the various flowers and the uses to which many of them were put. It seemed that nothing had escaped the Pueblos, and many of the flowers we did not know, or classified in a general way as weeds, had very descriptive names and a great usefulness. The good comradeship existing between these really noble red men and their white brothers was a satisfying sight, especially when I compared it with the stories of unjust dealing or of influence to evil ways—too often the only relation between the two races. Here was an actual companionship in which the advantage was not by any means all on one side.

KIVA PLAZA OF BALCONY HOUSE

ROCK FORMATION IN FRONT OF CAVES

But to tell the story of the days and nights of unceasing interest and beauty, whether it was studying the ruins, listening to the result of some alert-minded student's researches, or lying on a pile of blankets in our little pointed tents, listening to the rustle of the cottonwoods or the murmur of the brook, would cover many pages. Two points, to my mind, cannot be too greatly emphasized: first, the enthusiastic support given each man in his special subject by the others, the interest of the older men in the work of the younger, the hearty spirit of co-operation; and,

second, the interest roused in the Indian workmen in the labor of excavating the ruins, their interest even extending to the attendance of a few of them at the evening lectures, when their silent figures in the dusk, touched now and then by the flashing firelight, added to the unforgetable picture. These Indians were a very likable and gentle people; keenly interested in the white men; personally devoted to the Director, whose management of them was so wise in its firmness and sympathetic kindness; and full of gayety and humor. Juan, their captain, endeared himself to us at once by his outgoing friendliness and his charm of manner. His dignity and real gentleness came partly from his character, partly from the fact that he was elected governor of his pueblo as often as the rule would allow, and, though he did not disdain the work of the hoe and the barrow, his sense of position, in the best meaning of the words, was unmistakable.

The museum to which the work of the School contributes has been established in the Old Palace in Santa Fé, under the directorship of the present Director of the School, and the building is slowly being restored to its original form. This very picturesque structure is the oldest Government building now standing in the United States. It was constructed in the early part of the seventeenth century for the residence of the Spanish Governor, and has for three hundred years been the seat of authority under Spanish, Mexican, and American rule successively; it is therefore one of the most venerable relics in the history of our country. Santa Fé is doing all that it can, and that is a great deal, to make up for the days when the old records were sold as waste paper and the fine old beams of the palace were plastered over, by supporting the museum generously and the plans of the Director with enthusiasm. The rooms of the palace are being arranged one by one, as new regions are being studied and their treasures uncovered. A talented young artist was found to study the natural features surrounding the ruins as well as the restorations carefully worked out by one of the School staff, and he has put a frieze about the walls representing the places as they are and their probable appearance in the early times. Thus, in the Rito room, we have a painting of the cañon, of one of the caves restored, and a glimpse of an old ceremony; and under the pictures are cases set into the walls, containing only the best of the objects discovered which typify the various arts and occupations. The place is thus a rest and refreshment to the eye as well as a stimulus to study, instead of a bewildering assortment of more or less valuable fragments.

Work of extreme interest has also been carried on in the Puyé under Dr. Hewett, and on the Mesa Verde, in southwestern Colorado, by Dr. Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution, and later by the School. Explorations have also been begun under the School and the University of Utah in that State, where very wonderful ruins have been discovered. Utah and Colorado are helping in the financial support of the School and museum, as well as by sending to them their best men.

DWELLINGS FOR WHICH CAVES FORM THE REAR ROOMS

Prisoners of War

A Soldier's Narrative of Life at Libby and Danville Prisons

By George Haven Putnam

The writer of this record of prison life and of attempts to escape from prison was adjutant and brevet major of the One Hundred and Seventy-Sixth Regiment New York State Volunteers. The present narrative comprises the most stirring, interesting, and remarkable incidents in Major Putnam's complete account, which was prepared at the request of the Commander of the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, and will be published in a future volume of the Reports of the Commandery. Major Putnam took part in the battle at Cedar Creek on October 19, 1864, and was then made a prisoner. The story of his experiences begins with his arrival at Libby Prison in Richmond, and all the incidents described took place during the last year of the Civil War in the Libby and Danville prisons. Time has softened and in large measure removed the feeling of animosity and mutual recrimination which during the period of hostilities accompanies every war. This narrative was not written, and is not published, with the design of renewing old feelings of hostility, but solely as a thrilling story of human experience and adventure.—THE EDITORS.

THE first of the prison functions was the stripping of every man to the skin for the purpose of a further appropriation of any valuables that we might have succeeded in concealing. In this fresh search I lost $150 that I had sewed into the inside of my shirt. The moneys that had been saved by a few of the officers after the first search were, with hardly an exception, taken possession of at the second examination. We were interested to see that the adjutant of the prison noted down in a little memorandum book the sums from each man. "It will be all right, gentlemen," he said, reassuringly; "these moneys will, of course, be returned to you." This ceremony completed, we were shown into the general living-room on the top floor of the Libby building. It is my memory that at this time, October, 1864, the prison was full, but not crowded. Floor space was made for us under the supervision of one of our own officers, who took upon himself the responsibilities of what might be called quartermaster's duties. At our request, Vander Weyde and myself were given floor space together, and we then took an account of our joint property. I had picked up *en route* (I do not recall where) a small piece of blanket, and I had also succeeded in retaining a broken pocket-knife. My chum had a tin cup and a pocket comb. These things were held in common. As personal appurtenances we had been fortunate enough to save our tooth-brushes, which the examining sergeant; had not considered worth appropriating; and my chum, who was a clever artist, had also been able to retain possession of a pocket sketch-book and a pencil. These tooth-brushes later became noteworthy. It is my memory that there were not more than a dozen or so among about three hundred and fifty officers. The possessors placed their tooth-brushes through the buttonholes of their blouses, partly because there was no other safe or convenient storage place, and partly perhaps to emphasize a sense of aristocratic opulence.

In Libby, as later in Danville, the prisoners, comprising only commissioned officers, maintained an organization and ordinary discipline. We accepted as authoritative the orders of the senior officer in the prison, and this officer associated with him two or three men who divided up between them responsibilities for keeping order, for assigning quarters, for adjusting difficulties, etc. Our general went through the form, and it was not much more than a form, of appointing on his staff a commissary. It was the duty of

this officer to receive from the prison sergeant the daily ration and to arrange for an equitable distribution of such ration among the prison messes. We had, for the convenience of such distribution, been divided into groups of six or eight. The so-called commissary had, of course, nothing to issue but the ration that was brought in. His office reminded me of the description given by the young showman in the menagerie, "This is the jackal what perwides for the lion, always perwiding that there is anything to perwide." The Libby ration in these last months of 1864 comprised soup made out of inconspicuous little beans and a chunk of corn bread. During the close of our sojourn in Libby the soup part was cut off and the ration reduced itself to the corn bread. The corn bread as baked was marked out into squares, but, for some reason which I never had explained to me, each square of corn bread was a ration not for one but for two. The messes, therefore, were subdivided into pairs, and the chums had to arrange between themselves each morning for the division of the flat chunk into two portions. My chum and myself took turns in cutting that chunk into two pieces. On one piece was laid the broken knife, and the man who had done the cutting then called to the other fellow, who stood with his back to the cake, to say whether he would have it "with" or "without" (the knife). Whichever piece one got, the other always looked a little bigger.

The abiding-place through the night and through the greater part of the day was, as I have said, the strip of floor allotted to each. It is my memory that at this time Libby was not so crowded but that each man could have had the advantage of putting his head back against the wall. Later, when we were transferred to Danville, the arrangement of space required four rows of sleepers, two with their heads to the wall and two with their heads to the center. The wall spaces were, of course, in demand. At the point of the wall in Libby where my own head rested (more or less restlessly) I found scratched (apparently with the point of a nail) on the two or three bricks the names of previous occupants of the quarters, names representing in some cases men who had "joined the majority." I naturally added, in order to complete the record, my own name on a brick a corner of which was still free. Some years after the war a correspondent wrote from Richmond that he could, if I wished, send me this autographed brick in consideration of the payment of five dollars. As, however, there would be no difficulty in scratching my name on another brick, I did not think the purchase worth while.

The ship chandlery of William Libby & Son was placed close to the edge of the James River, so that the goods could be landed directly on the Libby pier. Looking across the river from the back windows of the prison, we were able during the nights of December to see from time to time the flashes of the guns from the lines of the Army of the James. We used to make our artillery officers study out the line of fire and give us their opinion as to whether they did not believe the flashes were getting nearer. I suppose the distance was something over six miles. The prison had by this winter been so protected that there was no chance of any further attempts at escape by tunneling. The cellar floor through which Rose and his associates had dug their tunnel in 1863 had been masoned over, and under the later arrangement of the guards it would have been impracticable in any case to secure admission to this floor without observation. A most important part of the protection, however, was given by the addition to the prison guard of a magnificent bloodhound. The sergeant marched in front of the guard and the hound in the rear, and, looking from the prison windows, we could see him cock up an eye at us as he passed, as if he very fully understood the nature of his responsibilities. From time to time the hound would also, either under orders or possibly of his own motion, make the circuit of the building, sniffing around its foundations. There would have been no chance of an undiscovered tunnel while that dog was within reach. I had trouble with that dog some months later when I was on parole in Richmond. I had been told that the intelligence of the bloodhound enabled him to be taught all kinds of things, but that it was very difficult, if not impossible, to unteach him anything.

LIBBY PRISON

A photograph made in 1865. From the "Review of Reviews" Collection of Civil War Photographs

This hound had been taught to go for anybody wearing blue cloth. At this later time I had secured clean clothes from home, and the blue was therefore really blue instead of the nondescript color of my much-worn prison garments. I had from time to time to go to Castle Thunder, where the dog was kept, and the sergeant of the prison guard amused himself by putting the dog on a long leash to see how near he could get to the little Yankee adjutant without quite "chawing" him up. I complained in due form to the captain of the guard that the jaws of the hound did not constitute a fair war risk. He accepted my view and had the dog put on a shorter leash, so that I was able to go past him into the prison door. I was told that when Weitzel's troops entered Richmond the dog was captured and was later brought to New York and sold at auction on the steps of the Astor House. If the buyer permitted any of his home circle to wear army blue, there certainly must have been trouble.

One night late in December we had an interruption which, while at the time fatiguing, gave ground for encouragement. We were ordered up at two o'clock in the morning, and were hurried across the town and packed into box cars for Danville. We gathered from the exchange of a word or two with the guards who permitted themselves to talk that there was a scare at headquarters about the advance of our lines. The journey was exhausting, partly because in the hurry of getting rations for us the authorities had found nothing more convenient than salt fish, and the train was allowed to stop but seldom. But, thirsty and tired as we were, we were happy with the thought that perhaps our men really were getting into Richmond. They really were, but it took five months more to accomplish the task.

The tobacco warehouse where we were lodged in Danville might have made a fairly comfortable abiding-place if it had been properly fitted up and cared for. But the glass was broken from many of the windows, and Danville lies high enough to give many cold days and many still colder nights in the months of winter. The building comprised three rooms, a ground floor and two upper floors. The so-

journing of the prisoners was restricted to the two upper floors. The lower floor was used merely as a thoroughfare to the yard and for the water parties who were permitted once or twice a day to bring water from the river. It was the duty of the guard who protected the yard and of his fellows who patrolled the lower floor to see that no prisoners were permitted to linger in the yard or on their way back to their own floor. Now and then, in fact, the prisoners were subjected to some very annoying hustling. The two floors were divided so that by the beginning of the winter there were about two hundred on each floor. I emphasize at the beginning of the winter, because as the months rolled on the numbers became smaller. There were enough vacancies through death to give space on the floor. At the outset, however, the men were arranged in two rows with their heads to the wall and two rows with their heads to the center. The additional comfort of the position by the wall was to some extent offset by the fact that it was nearer to the cold wind that came through the broken window. The floors were dirty when we took possession of them, and they became dirtier as the weeks went by. At one time we essayed a petition to the officer of the guard for hoes with which to scrape off the surface of dirt. The request was denied, on the ground, I believe, that the hoes might have been utilized as weapons. At either end of the room was an old-fashioned stove fitted for the burning of wood, and as the weather grew colder sleeping positions near the stove advanced in value. Exchanges of berths were made for property consideration. A piece of blanket, a pair of shoes more or less dilapidated, or a pocket-knife constituted the exchange currency. The wood for the stove was brought in from the wood-pile in the yard by the prisoners, the work being, of course, done under guard. The supply of wood was kept pretty scant, and there were long hours when the fires were out and when our application for permission to bring in more wood received no attention. It is my recollection that in Danville the daily ration was brought down to the corn bread alone. There were apparently no damaged beans available, and the good beans that were fit to eat must have been very much needed in Richmond.

In spite of fatigue, and of the fact that we were nearly all youngsters, sleep was by no means an easy accomplishment. The floor was hard, and cold currents of wind coming in through the broken panes made it chilly. There was hardly anything that could be called covering. I suppose that among the three hundred and fifty men there may have been sixty or seventy scraps of blanket. As before stated, the overcoats had been taken, together with a large number of shoes, so that shoulders and feet were both chilly. Last, and by no means least, sleep was interfered with by the constant irritation of the big vermin, which grew bigger as we grew smaller.

It was not easy to find occupation for the long hours of the day. In the earlier weeks of the winter the more energetic of us drew lots for the opportunity of making the trip to the river, a hundred yards or so away, for the bringing in of water. The water parties comprised from six to eight men, who were watched over by two or three guards. Under the earlier arrangement each man carried a pail, but later, as we grew weaker, a pail full or a pail half full was more than one fellow could manage, and the routine finally came to be for two men to carry together a pail about half full of water. There was also occasional requirement for parties to bring in wood from the wood-pile, but in this luxury we were sadly stinted. There was for a time some activity in chess-playing. Two groups were formed at either end of the room who fought with each other in a series of tournaments. Our chess-boards were made out of a couple of pieces of plank which we had been permitted to secure from the guard-house, and the squares on which had been marked out with charcoal. The chessmen had been carved with no little labor out of pieces of our firewood. Later in the winter our chess-playing came to a stop. We found that the attempt to concentrate eyesight and attention, when we had had so little to eat that our brain-cells were denuded of blood, caused dizziness, and occasionally fainting-fits. I think, in fact, that an order to stop chess came from the

general or his adjutant. Something was done in the way of occupation or amusement by the more active-minded in telling stories by turn, stories which comprised everything from actual reminiscence to the vaguest fantasy. Under the pressure of contributing their share to the entertaining of the group, men who, according to their own account, had never been guilty of imagination and had not had any special experience, found it possible to add something of personal interest to the entertainment. There were also instituted a few classes of instruction. In company with three or four others, I took lessons in Spanish from one of the officers who was a Mexican by birth. We succeeded in securing a second-hand Spanish grammar, which was divided up into as many pieces as there were students. Some of us, therefore, had to begin the grammar in the middle, and some tackled their Spanish language from the final pages; but before the book was absolutely worn out we did make some progress.

The desire of occupation, whether in the way of amusement or instruction, was not merely for the purpose of passing the time. We realized, in looking about the room, that unless our minds, or at least our thoughts, could be kept busy in some fashion, there was risk of stagnation, that might easily develop into idiocy. I recall a number of cases in which men who, as their vitality diminished, had lost the power of hopefulness, had lost also the control of their wills; the faces became vacant, and in the more serious cases their conscious intelligence disappeared. These men would sit twirling their thumbs, or would stand looking out of the windows with a vacant stare and with eyes that saw nothing. I should have been interested in learning how far this loss of will power and understanding persisted with such of the men as survived the imprisonment, but there was no opportunity of tracing the later fortunes of our prison comrades.

I have referred to the "government" of the prison and to the fact that we accepted, at least in our officers' prison, the authority of seniors just as we should have done in camp. I believe that this acceptance of authority and maintenance of discipline accounted for the better success on the part of the officers as compared with the enlisted men in maintaining the vitality and in lessening the percentage of illness and death. There were two other prisons in the town, both, I believe, tobacco warehouses, in which the enlisted men were confined, possibly a thousand or more. There was no difference in the quarters and no difference in the food between the two prisons, but we understood from the Confederate sergeants that the percentage of death among the men was very much greater than among the officers.

One day news came from Richmond to the Confederate commander of our prison that a band of Yankee raiders were operating somewhere to the west of Danville, and were probably intending to make a dash at certain of the bridges on the railway running southward. A couple of companies, comprising perhaps one hundred and fifty men, had been brought into Danville by train as the first contingent of a force which was expected to head off the raiders and to protect the bridges. We knew the number of this force because they were made the guests of the prison guard, and in going into the guardhouse for their noonday meal they had stacked their muskets within sight of our prison windows. It occurred to some one that if those one hundred and fifty muskets could be seized, we should have enough force to overcome, at least for the moment, the prison guard, while the unarmed owners of the muskets would be helpless. Duffie (the officer highest in rank) jumped at the idea and called for volunteers to make a rush for the muskets.

We youngsters were naturally not called into council, but we were able to hear some of the discussion. A number of the older, or at least of the more experienced, officers gave their opinion at once against the scheme. The opportunity for getting at the muskets was to be made by the sending out of a party for water, and at the moment of the water party's return a rush was to be made with a column of a hundred or more at the open door of the basement. The difficulties of the immediate execution of the scheme were serious.

THE "SARDINE SYSTEM" AT DANVILLE

A sketch made by Henry VanderWeyde in January, 1865, while confined in the Danville Confederate Prison, which was formerly used as a tobacco warehouse

Even, however, if the first steps had been successful and we had secured the muskets, and if we had been able with these muskets to get control of the guards and of the guard-house, the position would have been a very unpromising one. In order to get to our own lines on the northeast it would be necessary to make our way through Lee's army. The only direction in which we were not likely to encounter rebel forces was the southwest, towards the mountains of North Carolina. That plan meant, however, finding our way, without food, with very little clothing, and with hardly any shoes, through many miles of wilderness. Such a body of men could have been easily overtaken by a comparatively small force of cavalry. To most of us the plan seemed, therefore, to be an absurdity. Among those who took this view was Colonel Ralston. Duffie listened to the objections and then asserted his authority as commander. "I order the attempt to be made," he said, "and I call upon the men who have not forgotten how to obey orders to follow." With such a word there was, of course, no alternative. A hundred and fifty of us fell in and received our instructions. Three or four were detailed to overpower and to choke senseless the guard who had charge of the prison yard, while another group was detailed to take care in the same manner of the guard, or of the two guards, who patrolled the lower floor. Other men were detailed to make up the water party, a party which, being left outside of the building, if we succeeded in breaking out, would, of course, be in no little peril.

The signal was given and the rush at the guards was made. One man was successfully stifled, but one of the two, or of the three (I have forgotten the number) succeeded, before being finally jumped upon, in getting out a yell of warning. The yell came just as the door had been opened to let in the water party. The guards outside made a rush at once to close the half-opened door, and the column from within, taken by surprise, was a little late in making the counter-rush. The guards succeeded in getting the door closed and the bar up; and then, putting their rifles through the gratings of the windows, they fired one or more volleys upon our men assembled on the lower floor. A number were hit; I do not now recall just how many, but I do remember that one of the first who fell was Colonel Ralston, who, while protesting from the beginning against the movement, had been at the head of the column. The water party, fortunately, was not molested. We carried our wounded upstairs as the men from the guard-house rushed out and took possession of their muskets. There was nothing more to be done, and the Confederate colonel in charge realized that the attempt was over. He marched in a little later with his adjutant and a couple of guards and had the wounded carried to the hospital. As Ralston was taken off, I recall his answer to a question from one of his friends as to the extent of his hurt: "It is," he said, "neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but 'twill do." He died that night.

In the course of the winter a plan of escape of a very different character was attempted. In looking out of the upper windows of the prison, we could see on the side towards the open country a big ditch which was not many feet from the prison wall. The suggestion came to some that if, by means of a tunnel from the basement, one or more men could reach the ditch, they could lie quiet until an opportunity came to slip away in the darkness towards the open country. The first difficulty was how to get to the cellar for the necessary work on such a tunnel. We had noted on first visiting the prison yard a pair of folding doors, barred from the inside, which from their position evidently gave entrance (or, as barred, refused entrance) to the cellar. One of the guards was posted in the yard, and it was his duty to remain there through the two hours (or later, as the watches were extended, through the four hours) of the service. The walls about the yard were high enough to make impossible any scaling, and even if an exceptionally tall prisoner, a man with a Jean Valjean capacity for flying over a wall, could have got across, he would have found himself under the fire of the muskets of the guards who patrolled

NOTE: The inscription below the drawing on the opposite page reads as follows: "G. H. Putnam and I slept where figure is placing cup on second window sill. The rafters overhead were whittled down to breaking point to boil "crust" coffee. Rations ¾ of a pound of corn bread per day."

about the building. The guard having charge of the yard got into the habit, therefore, as the winter progressed and the weather became more severe, of taking his station inside the door of the lower floor. This absence of the guard gave us the opportunity of testing the bar which held closed the doors leading into the cellar. It proved to be wooden, and, a hand-saw having been produced through the nicking with a penknife of the edge of an old table-knife, the bar was, on one stormy evening when the wind made a sufficient noise, sawed through with no great difficulty. The pressing open of one of the folding doors revealed, as it only could reveal, an unknown darkness. We had, of course, no means of knowing how deep below the floor of the cellar might be. Lots were drawn for the duty, or the privilege, of finding out, and a couple of men tumbled over, who found the drop not more than four or five feet. A third man snuggled into a corner of the yard to give warning when the coast should be clear so that the interlopers could make their way back again. It was only in stormy nights that this invasion of the cellar became possible, but there were in the course of a month or two enough such nights to make possible a beginning of the work on the tunnel. The operation had to be conducted entirely by "feel," as the cellar was in total darkness. The floor of earth was, fortunately, fairly dry. A point was selected midway along the outer wall—that is to say, the wall towards the open country—at which, by measuring by touch the length of the bigger stones in the foundation, the prospector secured, or thought he had secured, a stone big enough as an archway for the tunnel. The excavating instruments comprised a couple of tin plates and a few shingles. The ground, fortunately, was soft, and as the cellar was not visited, there was no such difficulty in disposing of the excavated earth as was encountered with most of the attempts at tunneling from prisons.

In the course of weeks progress was made, but a miscalculation as to the length of the superlying stone, or as to the strength of the stone, came near to costing the life of one of the tunnelers and resulted in the necessity of beginning the work over again. The stone fell in and caught our man somewhere on the shoulders. A hurried signal was given out to the yard, and, at considerable risk of discovery (fortunately there was a heavy sleet on), several men tumbled in and succeeded in lifting the stone and in bringing out, in a half-smothered condition, their unfortunate comrade. He had his face washed and was slipped upstairs without being observed, and the next day, after a more careful examination as to the safety of the foundation stone above, a fresh beginning was made. In the course of a few weeks this tunnel was projected out beyond the building and beneath the walk along which marched the prison patrol.

We had, of course, no spirit-level, and there was no light with which one could have been utilized. The working of the line of excavation was therefore a matter of feeling and of guesswork, and it is not surprising that under the circumstances the engineering failed in precision. The tunnel had been permitted to slant upwards too close to the surface of the ground. As a result of this mischance, one of the guards in an early morning hour (fortunately at a time when no workers were busy in the cellar) fell through. Frightened as he was (I believe his arm was broken), he yelled murder, and the guard next to him fired off his piece. Then followed a general firing of pieces into the darkness and the turning out of the entire prison guard. We understood afterwards that the alarm had come to the guardhouse that the Yankees were attacking the town, a belief that was shared by that number of the prisoners who had not been invited to take part in the work of the tunnel and who had no knowledge of the scheme. Nothing more serious happened, however, than the spoiling of our sleep for the early morning hours. When the poor guard whom we had unwittingly entrapped was pulled out of the hole, there was, of course, no difficulty in tracing the line to the tunnel. The folding doors admitting to the cellar were closed with an iron bar, and we judged that the guards whose duty it was to hold post in the yard must have received a pretty sharp reprimand from their superiors. Through the rest of the winter, however inclement the weather, the man with the musket remained outside. A tin plate had been

left behind by one of the workers, and this was brought into the upper room by the sergeant of the guard for the purpose of identifying the owner. Fortunately, the plate carried but a single initial, and the owner preferred to lose his property, valuable as it was, rather than to incur the penalty that was visited upon all attempts to escape.

I recall but one other method of escape that was tried during the winter, and that did bring a small measure of success. The path which we traveled from the prison to the river on our trips for water passed the back of a foundry, the works of which went through to the street beyond. One of the furnaces abutted almost directly on the path, and we noticed that during certain days in the week this furnace was out of blast. It occurred to some one that it would be possible for a man to tumble in from the pathway to the cavity of the furnace, and, lying there until nightfall, to make his way in the dark across the turnpike bridge to North Carolina and possible safety. In the early part of the winter the guards had been strict in their supervision of the parties, counting the group as we came out and as we returned and keeping a close watch as we marched. Later the supervision decreased; it was realized that the chances of escape were small, and that, apart from the difficulty of getting out of the town, the prospect of getting safely through the journey to our lines was very slim. The water parties were also made larger because we had insisted that no one man was strong enough to carry even a half-full bucket. The men whose shoes still possessed any possibility of service drew lots for the chance of tumbling into the furnace. The first trial came out happily. Under a prearranged plan the last man of the water party, losing his shoe in the mud, stopped to regain it, and the guard who brought up the end of the procession naturally had to stop with him. The man marching immediately in front of that guard was the one who had drawn the lot, and he tumbled over unobserved into the furnace hole on the right.

A week later another chap got off in the same way, and in the course of four or five weeks four men in all succeeded in getting away. Each attempt had to wait for a convenient opportunity. The furnace fire must be out, the water party had to be fairly large, and the guards must be not too observant. The question as to making good the count at the morning roll-call had of course been considered. The sergeant who had charge of the roll was a good-natured one-armed veteran from South Carolina. It was his habit, after seeing that the yard was clear, to count the men in the lower room, and then, making his way up the straight steps and watching to see that no one passed him, to add to his count the men who were in the room above. If these two figures made up the number of prisoners who ought to be present, his responsibility was ended. We managed, before the first man got away, to cut a trap-door in the flooring between the two rooms in the corner diagonally farthest from the hatchway. We had still available the saw that had been utilized on the folding doors, and I think that another saw was manufactured for the purpose. Over this trap-door was placed a chap who groaned with more or less real inflammatory rheumatism, and the scraps of blanket on which he lay covered the lines of the trap-door. A certain amount of groaning on the part of the rheumatic patient kept the good-natured sergeant from inspecting his corner too closely. On the morning after the first escape, the patient being for a moment removed from his corner, a prisoner from below was hoisted up on the shoulders of a comrade so as to be counted over again in the room above.

There was, of course, a little more difficulty after the second and after the third escape in getting two, and then three, men through the trap-door while the sergeant was passing up the stairway. The sergeant was, however, kept engaged in conversation on the causes of the war, on the history of South Carolina, or on some other engrossing subject, and as long as no one passed him on the stairs he had no reason to feel suspicious at the delay. When the fourth prisoner got away, the problem of the trap-door became, however, quite serious. It was finally arranged that there should be an accident on the stairway. A couple of chaps began scuffling, as if in play, near the top step, and at the critical moment when the sergeant was half-way up, the scufflers tumbled

over, rolling down the stairs and carrying the sergeant with them. There was, of course, risk of broken arms or something worse, but they all got off with a few bruises, and, after earnest apologies, the sergeant was permitted to make his way upstairs and to complete his count. Two of the men who took the furnace road to freedom got across the river into North Carolina, and one of these, after a long and freezing sojourn in the mountains, actually turned up within our lines somewhere in Tennessee. The other was never heard from, and doubtless perished in the wilderness. The other two thought they would have a better chance in Virginia, but they were both captured before they had got very far North and were taken to Richmond. The first man was identified as coming from Danville, and General Winder, the commissary of prisoners, sent word up to the commander of our prison, a word that must have been in the shape of a reprimand, to know why he had not reported the escape of his prisoner. Our commander, a one-legged Marylander, reported that there must be some error, or that the Yankee was lying, as he had all his prisoners in hand. A week or two later the second chap was captured, and also taken to Richmond, and a similar, and probably sharper, reproof was received in Danville. Then the commander said he would do the counting himself. He had us all put into the upper room and went over the ranks man by man. When he found that there were four Yankees short, he was a very excited lieutenant-colonel indeed. He made us an address, speaking with tears in his eyes of the pains he had taken to make us comfortable. He was actually reproaching the three hundred and fifty men who were left with the crime of the four who had gotten away. His indignation that there should be any dissatisfaction on our part reminded me of Mr. Bumble's impressive words to Oliver Twist. As far as I know, the secret of the trap-door was not discovered, but the poor sergeant of South Carolina was deprived of his job, and thereafter the roll was called in the upper room with all present. It happened, further, that after the escape of the four men the work in the foundry became more active and there was practically no time when the chance could be utilized by us.

The Gospel of Faith as Against the Spirit of Unfaith: A Lenten Sermon

By the Very Rev. A. P. Doyle

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And Jesus saith to him: If thou canst believe. All things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway, the father of the child cried out and said with tears, Lord, I do believe, help thou my unbelief. —Mark ix. 22, 23.

HOW full of the pathetic was that scene at the foot of Mount Thabor! Jesus with his three favored disciples had just come from the transfiguration. There must have been something of the glow of the Shekinah about him, for when even Moses came down from Sinai, his eyes did gleam with an unearthly brightness. Anyhow, the remembrance of that wonderful scene consumed the hearts of the disciples. They had been lifted above the things of earth for a short hour. They got a glimpse of the inner life of the Master and the glory of paradise concerning which it was not lawful for them to speak. Their hearts were on fire with a heavenly influence, when, almost immediately, they were plunged into the vapors of the pit. The poor boy possessed of an evil spirit was the central attraction of a multitude of hangers-on. He was the object of the deepest sympathy as, foaming at the mouth and gnashing his teeth, he strug-

gled and tossed about in the affectionate grasp of his father. It was with the utmost difficulty that the father held him so as to keep him from doing injury to himself. Heaven and hell are not far apart in the lives of frail mortals. When our blessed Lord made his way through the crowd to where the boy was struggling, the poor father, with pleading look, entreated him: "If thou canst do anything, help us, having compassion on us." Our Lord, always touched by human sorrow, said to the father: "If thou canst believe. All things are possible to him that believeth." And immediately the father of the boy, with tears in his eyes, and with great fervor in his heart, made his act of faith: "I do believe, O Lord, help thou my unbelief." It was assurance enough for our Lord, and straightway he commanded the evil spirit to leave the lad, and, taking him by the hand, lifted him up, and restored him to his father's arms.

The indispensable condition for the release of the boy from the power of the evil spirit was faith. The indispensable condition for our release from the withering influence of doubt and skepticism is faith—a strong, vivid, reliant faith, that makes God and his rights over us a reality. To half the world religion and its obligations are but ropes of sand, parted at the slightest pressure, and not strong enough to hold to definite obligations, because a profound sense of the majesty of God and his claims on their life has not filled men's hearts. Many men plainly say in effect: "What is God to me? This world with its pleasures is a reality that compels my attention. What is there beyond the veil that need disturb the smooth flowing of the stream of this life?" and so their lives follow the line of least resistance. They listen to the dictates of a narrow policy that sees but the limitations of birth and death, and nothing beyond. There is a reality about this world that compels recognition, but the spirit world beyond—well, the best that can be said is that it is "unknowable." And the affirmation of a paradise of eternal joy as a reward for fidelity, or an "outer darkness, with weeping and gnashing of teeth," a punishment for infidelity to God's law, is met with a chilling "perhaps." That "perhaps" has never yet loosened the grasp on ill-gotten gain, nor has it compelled resistance to the allurements of forbidden pleasures, nor has it ever lifted any one to any heroic sacrifice for God's glory or one's neighbor's good.

It is faith that brings conviction to the heart and makes the world of the unseen a living reality, with much more definiteness and with greater certainty than any evidence the senses may give. From the heights of faith we get the proper perspective between the things of this world and the next; we get a broader and saner outlook over life.

From this vantage-point we see beyond the narrow valley of this world, and are therefore convinced that existence here is only a phase of our real life; that our years between birth and death are only a breath in the real life of God and our soul, that even the centuries of history are but ticks in the great timepiece of the Creator. When Leo XIII, the greatest Pope of the nineteenth century, was nearing the end, after a long life in close touch with divine things, with one hand drawing aside the veils of eternity, he turned to speak to men, and among his many words there was one of special import. He said: "This century has so resounded with the clamors for the 'rights of man' that it has almost forgotten, and in some instances completely ignored, the rights of God." The spirit of faith brings into the forefront of our lives the dominant rights of God over every breath we breathe, over every act we perform. The potter possesses no more perfect ownership over the clay vessel he models than God does over our being. Our coming and going is in his strength, our slightest act is with his permission, our very existence is only with his ordering.

It is easy to be seen, then, that when these thoughts possess our very souls, what totally different men we become. The man of faith and the man of doubt are as different from each other as day is from night. Their purposes in living originate in antagonistic views of existence, while their standards of ethics are based on contradictory principles. A man may live a mere animal life and there are some who do. Their yearnings are for gross, sensual pleasures. A man may live an intellectual life and still have no God

in his thoughts; and there are those who do. On the floor of the Stock Exchange it was once asked of a crowd of listeners, "How many could affirm that they had said a prayer that day?" and not one could say that he had. This may not indicate that the crowd was made up of godless men, but there are men who go year in and year out and give God no recognition, nor are their lives molded by any divine influences.

They are not blatant infidels, but men of unfaith. They have never been brought face to face with great religious principles, and they have paid little heed to them. They have considered faith and its demands a negligible quantity, and so they have side-stepped its obligations through life.

Then, again, a man of the highest culture and intellectuality may live a life that is full of God. Faith is not only in accord with reason, but it superadds to rational living the sweet perfume of the sanctuary's incense. There is about it the glow of the sunset that illuminates with heavenly colors the leaden clouds of this life, and lines with silver the commonplace things of this earth. Man is more than body with its gratifications, he is more even than mind with its pleasures. He is soul as well, with its obligations of service and obedience; and no man lives the perfect life until he has entered fully into the last of these relations "He that believeth on the Son hath life everlasting; but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth in him." (John iii. 36.)

The indispensable condition for salvation is the life of faith. This fact is written broad over the divine Word. If there is one message that our modern world needs more than another, it is this. What the air is to our lungs, and what water is to our physical life, faith is to the life of the soul. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Heb. xi. 6.)

The man in the street says: "It makes no difference what one believes." The professor in the university says: "I shall believe as I please, and believing, anyhow, belongs to the swaddling-clothes of humanity." But the Christian who has risen to the full stature of his inheritance says: "O Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief." And he so lives up to the divine law as to shape his living according to it.

Faith is an act of friendship for God, for, in the first place, it is a profession of our confidence in him. When Alexander the Great, on the banks of the Cydnus, in the height of his great career, was stricken with a deadly malady, his physician, whom he tenderly loved, undertook to give him a draught which would break the fever and set him again at the head of his conquering army. But as it was being prepared one of Alexander's advisers handed him a letter, warning him that the physician was a traitor, and that in the draught was placed a deadly poison that would end his career. Alexander read the letter with the greatest attention and quietly weighed the consequences. The next day, when the medicine was presented, Alexander with one hand reached for the glass to drink the potion, and with the other extended to the physician the letter with its warning of treason.

It was a supreme act of faith in the friendship of the physician. So is the Christian's faith in God. As holy Job says: "Even though he slay me, yet will I trust him." By his act of faith he gives God the homage of the best thing he has, his intellect. He may not understand fully the divine truths, but, as Cardinal Newman says, "ten thousand difficulties never make a doubt," and his loyalty to God never admits of a deliberate doubt.

Along with the acquiescence of the intellect in the truths of divine revelation faith demands a bending of the will to the divine law, because God is our supreme Master and Father, and therefore can command the loving service of his children. In this consists religion that is the crown and perfection of any man.

It is by such faith that "the just man liveth," and, we may well add, by such faith men are lifted into the highest heroism. It was faith that led Abraham to obey the divine command and, in spite of parental love, to raise the sword over the bowed head of his son as he was bound on the altar of sacrifice. Though exhausted in body, he was prolific in heart, and he knew that the God whom he served could raise up children from the very stones of the desert, and his confidence was not misplaced. It was faith

such as this that strengthened the hearts of the martyrs as they tripped along with joyful step over the sands of the arena and awaited with courageous smile the bounding lions who came to crush their bones between their fierce jaws. A shiver of horror passed over the multitudes in the raised seats surrounding the arena, but songs of triumphant joy came from the steadfast and faithful warriors of Christ. The heavens were opened above them, and angels were coming to carry their souls above the clouds to the bosom of their Father in heaven.

It is faith such as this that strengthens the heart of every missionary who carries the message of the Gospel beyond the seas to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death; and, in order that he may do it the more effectively, in the spirit of that same faith he gives up the pleasures of society and denies himself the comforts of civilization. His reward is assured because he believes that the Master whom he trusts will not let him go empty-handed. It is faith such as this that drives into our very being the conviction that there is nothing when placed in the balance against our immortal soul that can outweigh its infinite value, and therefore the supreme purpose of this life is to save our soul.

O that the days of faith may come in their fullness again, when men will believe without staggering in their hearts! when this pestilence of blighting doubt shall have passed away, and when religious convictions will so possess men's souls that they will find it easy to disregard the judgments of men in order that they may better conform to the judgments of God!

When we are possessed with the fullness of such faith, and have seen things in their proper perspective, we shall realize that there are, after all, only two great things, and they are God and my soul. Some day or other my soul will stand alone before the judgment seat of God. Then the world will have slipped from my grasp. Then money and power and fame, and all the things that we strive for here, will have been left behind. The two things of any moment will be God and my own soul.

"Whosoever believeth in him, and doeth his will, shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

THE NEW BOOKS

The Taft Administration has already become a part of history. Its records are found in such legislative acts as the Postal Savings Bank Law; the Bureau of Mines Law; the laws guarding the lives of workers in railways and in mines and providing for the Inter-State Commerce Commission's investigation of all important railway accidents; the law providing for further Governmental control of inter-State commerce carriers and establishing a Commerce Court; the laws reducing tariff burdens, establishing a Customs Court, and empowering the President to avail himself of the services of tariff experts who constitute the present Tariff Board and are engaged in studies looking towards scientific tariff adjustment; the law initiating practical free trade with the Philippines; the law increasing Federal revenues by collecting a tax from the corporations and bringing all the corporations' fiscal operations under Governmental supervision; the laws further conserving our natural resources; the law admitting Arizona and New Mexico to Statehood when Congress shall approve the State Constitutions adopted; the laws providing for examinations, promotions, and housing in our consular and diplomatic service; the law providing for publicity of campaign contributions; the law establishing a National Art Commission; and, above all, the White Slave Law. As adding very much to popular appreciation of just what these and other legislative endeavors really mean, the opinion of one who has been a prime mover in such legislation is certainly of interest. No one's opinion should be of more moment than that of the President of the United States. In the volume entitled "Presidential Addresses and State Papers of William Howard Taft" we have an excellent commentary on the results of the first year of the Taft Administration as represented by the President's state papers, messages, and speeches. The well-printed book should find a place in the library of every student of current politics, and will, we trust, be followed by one of similar size containing Mr. Taft's state papers, messages, and speeches covering the second year of his Administration. We hope that the index will be ampler than that appended to the present volume. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Vol. I. $1.80.)

In one important respect the new volume of "The Cambridge Modern History" is

superior to any of the preceding eleven volumes. It contains in a preliminary chapter a concise yet sufficiently comprehensive survey of the distinguishing characteristics of the period under review—the past half-century—thus affording a distinct vantage-point from which the student can scrutinize the detailed exposition that follows. It is a great pity that such a chapter was not made a feature of every volume of this history, for in the tremendous mass of facts that the collaborating experts have presented it has often been impossible to perceive with any clearness the traits and trends of which these facts are indicative. The task might well have been intrusted to Mr. Leathes, the author of the preliminary survey in the present instance, for, while we cannot wholly agree with his conclusions, it is quite evident that he possesses an interpretative insight that would have been of illuminating value if applied to the entire work. Briefly, the characteristics on which he lays stress are: the extension of European influence throughout the world; the steady advance in democracy during the past fifty years, and in movements for social reform; the growing tendency to international arbitration, coupled, however, with an equally obvious tendency to increase armaments; the constantly increasing power of financial interests as affecting political movements; the growth of scientific knowledge; and, finally, the spread of a materialistic spirit, which, in Mr. Leathes's opinion, has had a profoundly adverse effect on literature, art, and religion. "Even the Church," he bitterly observes, "has been infected; the modern priest is sometimes more concerned for the unemployed than for the unrepentant." Most decidedly we cannot agree with him in regarding the growing interest of all classes of the world community in schemes for social betterment as evidence of the materialistic spirit. Undoubtedly the aim of social reform is material to the extent that it strives to bring about a juster distribution of the goods of the earth, but the underlying note is in the main surely one of a lofty spirituality, and, comparatively small as has been the achievement to date, it justifies a far more optimistic note than that sounded by Mr. Leathes. For that matter, it is noticeable that the evidence marshaled by his colleagues—particularly in the chapters on "The European Colonies," "The Modern Law of Nations," "Social Movements," and "The Scientific Age"—warrants a strongly hopeful outlook for the future. These four chapters, by the way, contributed respectively by Mr. E. R. Benians, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Sidney Webb, and Mr. W. C. D. Whetham, are almost encyclopædic, and might well be issued in separate form as manuals of reference. The balance of the work, in which each country's history is reviewed by some specialist, is as detailed and accurate as could be desired. Special mention should be made of Major Maurice's account of the Russo-Japanese War, Professor Pares's two chapters on Russian affairs, and Professor Oncken's masterly study of the history of Germany since the establishment of the Empire. Altogether this volume brings to a notable conclusion a work indispensable to all students of world history. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.)

A book of reference on Australia has become increasingly desirable. Not only is that continent interesting in its geographical features, but the Australians themselves are particularly interesting because, like the New Zealanders, they have been developing an independent political policy. Mr. John Foster Fraser's "Australia" is noteworthy, however, only as reflecting the opinions of a visitor, not of a resident. His observation seems in some respects biased; hence the work's chief merit is probably in stimulating the reader to consult a more thoroughgoing volume of reference, the "Commonwealth Year Book," for instance. But this should not imply that Mr. Fraser's volume is not worth reading. It is very well worth reading, as are this author's other books on Canada, Australia, and Siberia. For Mr. Fraser is a free critic, especially when he describes population and immigration. One of his most interesting chapters comments on the conviction of Australians that colored labor must not be admitted to their continent. The Australian problem, we should note, is not the Californian. We are developing all California, but the Australians are not developing all Australia, and Mr. Fraser pertinently asks them what they will say when the question is put to them: "As you are not developing the northern part of your country, is it right for you to prevent others from developing it?" The undeveloped part of Australia is, of course, the northern and warmer region; it naturally does not attract white labor. Despite the prejudice of Australians to the introduction of colored laborers, Mr. Fraser's conclusions would indicate that only by the introduction of Hindus from India will the problem be solved economically, even if it does stir up strife racially. The feeling of Australians regarding outside labor is also extended to attempted domination by outside capital, as has been shown in the Government's notice of its determination to take immediate and drastic action to discourage and, if necessary, to prohibit the American Meat Trust's operation in Australia. (Cassell & Co., New York. $1.75.)

A charming account of Portuguese doings and of how a foreigner may fit into them is Mr. Mark Sale's "A Paradise in Portugal." For the sum of twenty-five thousand reis ($25) a year Mr. Sale rented a little annex to a Portuguese sea farm. Many a man will envy him his experience there. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.)

The Outlook

APRIL 1, 1911

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THE CASE OF ANDREW TOTH

For nearly twenty years Andrew Toth, once a steel-worker at Braddock, Pennsylvania, lived and worked in prison. He had been sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Last week he left the prison, an aged man, though not over sixty-two—but free. For all these years he has been suffering punishment for a crime which another man committed. Until the day that he stepped forth from the prison he had never seen a building more than eight stories high. Some of the sights familiar to the ordinary citizen were strange to him as he went through the streets; but the automobile and the flying-machine had both come within his vision as he had looked out from the prison window. He plans to return to his native Hungary. The question has arisen, Does not the injustice of this man's imprisonment show that the law, so far from being too technical, has not yet provided enough safeguards for the wrongfully accused? An attorney has actually written to The Outlook saying that the story of Andrew Toth's imprisonment "indicates the danger towards which we drift as we disregard 'technicalities' in legal procedure." He furthermore adds, "Limitations on the right of appeal now urged are fraught with similar peril." We have not examined at first hand the decision in Toth's case, but the reports of that case that have appeared in the despatches indicate that Toth was convicted, not because he did not have every opportunity to raise a legal defense, nor because he was denied appeal, but because the jury believed testimony which was later shown to be untrue. And the evidence, we understand, on which Toth was convicted was not circumstantial, but direct! So far from discouraging any efforts to secure the removal of technicalities from our judicial processes, the Toth case indicates that the value of technicalities as a means of avoiding possible injustice has been greatly overestimated. No amount of technicalities will make sure that a jury will be able to distinguish between the true and the false in direct evidence. It would seem as if society, having made a grievous error, should make reparation. Whether there is any practicable way by which such reparation can be legally assumed by the State is not a matter that can be discussed offhand. The prominence attained by this case suggests, however, the rarity of this sort of miscarriage of justice.

THE ASSAULT ON BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Dr. Booker T. Washington, recognized universally not only as in many respects the most distinguished leader in the progress of the Negro race in America but also as one of the really great educators of his time, was brutally and painfully assaulted on Sunday, March 19, in New York City. He was in the vestibule of an apartment-house, looking for the name of a man with whom he had been informed the auditor of Tuskegee Institute was staying. Not being sure of the name, he had pushed the bell-button under a name most like the one he had in mind, and had received no answer; after walking up and down the block to await the occupants' possible return, had rung the bell again; and was for the third time examining the name plate, when he was suddenly set upon, first by one man and then by another. His principal assailant states that he suspected Dr.

Washington of being an irresponsible Negro prowling about for no good purpose; without any adequate effort to become sure whether his suspicions were correct or not, he made the assault. Dr. Washington's assailant has been arraigned in court. That a man of Dr. Washington's standing should be subjected to such an experience has justly aroused indignation. President Taft has expressed the feeling of all good Americans who know of Dr. Washington's work. In a letter written by his own hand, not by the hand of a secretary, in which he expresses sympathy and hope for speedy recovery "from wounds inflicted by insane suspicion and viciousness," the President says, "I want you to know that your friends are standing by you." Southern newspapers have taken this occasion to point out that in all his journeyings through the South Dr. Washington has moved with perfect safety, and that he has had to wait for such an experience as this until he came to New York. The lesson which this outrage carries with it is, however, one that the whole country, without regard to section, needs to learn. Too many Americans are prone to take the law into their own hands. Too many are ready to act on an impulse as prosecuting attorney, judge, jury, and executioner. The citizen who decides to act as his own policeman is likely to fall into as serious and damaging error as did Dr. Washington's assailant; but, if he is to be held accountable for his error, the city should see to it that he can have recourse to a police force that he can trust. At present the people of New York have no such assurance. The assault on Dr. Washington is but a conspicuous instance of lawless violence which has become too common in that great city. Indeed, one of the magistrates of New York has, at considerable risk to his own position, openly declared, with specification, that in that city "every one who has given the most cursory attention to conditions must be aware of the great and alarming increase of crime," and lays the responsibility upon the Mayor for its cause, namely, the demoralization of the police force. The first duty of a community is to maintain law and order. Dr. Washington's painful experience may not have been in vain if it will help to arouse public attention to the primary need of adequate protection for life and limb.

THE ROOSEVELT DAM

To many people the words Conservation and Reclamation have a very academic sound. There is nothing academic, however, about the enormous structure whose completion was celebrated last week at Roosevelt, Arizona. This is one of the greatest dams in the world. By it an inconceivable amount of water will be stored for the purpose of bringing fertility to an otherwise barren soil. The great reservoir which this dam makes is, in fact, a lake in the mountains. If the water it contains were spread out, it would virtually flood the State of Delaware a foot deep. This dam is a conspicuous feature of what is known as a "reclamation project," the product of that enormously valuable bureau of the Federal Government, the Reclamation Service. It is situated in what has been one of the desert regions of the world. A stream known as the Salt River has for centuries flowed futilely through that seared land. When, in the spring, the snow on the distant range of mountains has melted, this stream has become a great torrent; but later in the year it has become a mere ribbon of a stream winding through a rainless country. Under the stimulating influence of President Roosevelt, the Federal Government undertook to imprison that torrent and transform it into a great lake—the largest artificial lake, it is said, in the world. From that lake the water is conveyed through aqueduct and ditch to the land that lies below. On its way down to refresh and make fertile the soil, the water from this dam will be set to work for the purpose of pumping more water from underground natural reservoirs. It is estimated that the water from the mountains and from the subterranean supply will reclaim considerably more than two hundred thousand acres of land, transforming it from a desert to one of the most fertile and productive of regions. This great project has not been finished without difficulty, turmoil, and opposition. As Mr. Roosevelt, who was a speaker at the celebration last week, saw what was accomplished, he was looking upon what

was largely a product of his own idealism. Generation upon generation in the future will owe their homes and their very existence to this great handiwork of man. And in those years men will remember the name of the man who has borne the responsibilities of the task and has had to contest with others that he might do his work well, the Director of the Reclamation Service, Frederick Haynes Newell.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS

If the condition of the postal savings banks was satisfactory at the expiration of their first month's business, the condition is still more satisfactory at the expiration of the second month's. Postal banks have been established in forty-eight second-class post-offices. During the two months nearly four thousand accounts have been opened, and nearly seven thousand separate deposits made. The average amount of each deposit is $21.50. In the two months but 259 accounts were closed by the drawing out of the deposits. The net amount on deposit is now over $133,000. But the most interesting feature of the two months' history is the fact that many of the largest average balances come from the smaller places. For instance, Globe, Arizona, stands first in the average balance of the depositors, the amount being $70.63. Moreover, the postal depositories in the Western section of the country are more patronized than in the East. The largest number of depositors is reported from Leadville, Colorado. If the Postal Savings System should be patronized in the same proportion when it is established at all money-order offices, the total amount on deposit after a years' operation ought to be about two hundred million dollars. In the use of the half-million dollars appropriated by the recent Congress for the extension of the system, 202 additional postal savings depositories are to be established; other extensions will follow. The total population of the forty-eight towns in which the present depositories have been established is only about three hundred and seventy thousand. It was deemed advisable to select offices of the second class, rather than those of the first class, in which to make the initial experiments, and the same rule will be followed in the next extension. The system, we are glad to say, is now well beyond the experimental stage.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE—

Two months ago The Outlook commented upon a case under the Pure Food Law which is now before the United States Supreme Court. The question involved in the case is whether the provision of the law which prohibits inter-State commerce in any drug "the package or label of which shall bear any statement which shall be false or misleading in any particular" applies to false or misleading claims of curative power. A correspondent questions our conclusion that, if the present law does not forbid the printing of false or misleading claims with regard to the remedial properties of a patent medicine, Congress ought to amend the law so that such claims will be prohibited. The argument of our correspondent appears to be that it is entirely possible to find authorities, in the case of any medicinal remedy whatever, who will assail the legitimacy of the remedy and declare that it does not have the powers claimed for it. He says: "If the Government desired to assail the legitimacy of an allopathic remedy, I would agree to produce any amount of expert testimony of homœopathists of National standing that the remedy in question not only will not relieve or cure but will aggravate its failure to help by doing positive harm. . . . If a homœopathic remedy is attacked by an allopath on the same charge . . . I can produce any amount of allopathic testimony that the homœopathic medicine will fail to have any effect whatever on the human system." What, then, he asks, shall be the standard? Is there any safe test of guilt in the case of the manufacturer of medicine who makes false claims of therapeutic value? In the absence of such a standard, of such safe test of quality, he contends, the law ought not to make it a crime to make false or misleading statements in regard to curative or remedial properties. Our correspondent's logic is keen, but it cuts too deep. The contention that it is possible to produce a mass of expert testimony against the claims of curative value of any pro-

prietary remedy is, in our opinion, not an argument for throwing open the doors wide for the admission of every claim of remedial properties by any vender of patent medicines. It is rather an argument for closing the doors to the narrowest possible crack, or, if necessary, hermetically sealing them against every such claim. We believe that we are right in saying that no reputable school of medicine contends that any given drug is a specific for any particular disease. Exception may perhaps be made in the case of quinine for certain forms of malaria and perhaps of one other drug; but the statement is, on the whole, we believe, incontestable. Our correspondent's argument, which we understand is the practically universal argument of the manufacturers of proprietary medicines, is in effect this: Since in the case of no drug will expert opinion agree that it has curative power in any given disease, let us not prohibit the making of any claims of curative power at all. Accepting his premise, we would turn his conclusion in exactly the opposite direction: Since in the case of no drug will expert opinion agree that it has curative power in any given disease, let us prohibit every claim of curative or remedial power which the vender cannot prove, to the satisfaction of a disinterested court, to be well founded, and, if necessary, let us prohibit every claim of curative power whatever. The terrible evils which have followed the former course are unquestioned by any man who is intelligent and informed. The elimination of these evils would far more than counterbalance, in the promotion of the public welfare, any loss that might come from the adoption of the latter course.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN COMMISSION GOVERNMENT

At least one city which in 1910 adopted the commission form of government has discovered that it does not necessarily furnish a cheap and easy cure-all for every municipal ailment, and that there is need of honest and efficient men in office, no matter what the charter may be. Tacoma, Washington, elected its first Commission, of five members, about a year ago. There was a large number of candidates, and the vote, as a whole, was pretty well spread over the ticket, but the less desirable elements in the city proved more united than the better and succeeded in electing their men. The result was that for several months Tacoma was a "wide open town." Then a movement was started to invoke the recall, and the Mayor and the Commissioner of Public Safety, who are the officers particularly charged with the enforcement of the laws, became alarmed and suddenly shifted their ground. The Commissioner of Public Safety instructed the police to enforce the laws rigidly, and the Mayor introduced an ordinance forbidding treating in saloons. Such an eleventh-hour repentance served to antagonize the elements that had placed them in office, without making many friends among the better class of voters, and the agitation for the recall went on. At this writing there appears to be no doubt that a special election will be held within a few weeks, directed against all five Commissioners. If the movement succeeds as well as that which recently took place in Seattle, Tacoma will have an entirely new Commission, and probably a much better one than at present. Both cities, however, have found that the successful invoking of the recall is an arduous task, and one not to be lightly entered upon in the future. In the meantime Spokane, undeterred by Tacoma's ill fortune, has adopted the commission plan, and on March 7 elected her first set of Commissioners. One of Spokane's new Commissioners is a clergyman. On the same day Seattle followed up the recent recall of her Mayor by electing a new City Council which bears a strong resemblance to a commission. Heretofore Seattle has had eighteen Councilmen elected on partisan tickets, four at large and fourteen from the fourteen wards. Henceforth, under a recently adopted amendment to the city charter, there are to be only nine, all elected at large on a non-partisan ticket, after nomination at a direct primary. All the members of the old Council, and fifty other persons besides, were candidates for the new, and the task of uniting the voters of the city on nine men who should be both upright and capable seemed a difficult and dangerous one. But with the help of a

large Citizens' Committee, chosen in such a way as to be representative of all classes, which investigated the records of the sixty-eight candidates and reported on them somewhat after the manner of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, the thing was done, and the personnel of the new Council is a great improvement over that of the old. In most of the cities of the Pacific Coast there appears to be, at present, a decided tendency toward a much more strict enforcement of the laws. Los Angeles, since the recall of Mayor Harper, is a thoroughly "closed town." Seattle is following her example. Tacoma is struggling in the same direction. And one of the most significant features of San Francisco's new charter is the provision by which a recall election may be held on the filing of a petition signed by a number of registered voters equal to ten per cent of the entire vote at the last municipal election. In Seattle and Tacoma twenty-five per cent is required.

THE RESIGNATION OF RUSSIA'S PRIME MINISTER

On Monday, March 20, P. A. Stolypin, Minister of the Interior and Premier in the Czar's Government, resigned his position, and was succeeded by V. N. Kokovtsef, Minister of Finance. Later not very positive cabled reports state that Mr. Stolypin's resignation has been withdrawn. The retirement of Mr. Stolypin was wholly unexpected, and the reasons for it have not yet been made clear. Some attribute it to the rejection by Parliament of the Government's bill for the establishment of *zemstvos* in the western provinces, while others regard it as the result of a conflict over Russia's policy in the Far East, and particularly the threatening attitude of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs toward China. Russian newspapers of as late a date as March 8 contain no intimation of a conflict between the Cabinet and the Czar, or of serious differences of opinion with regard to any measure then pending. Mr. Stolypin was made Prime Minister on July 22, 1906, just after the dissolution of the First Duma. He was not the Czar's first choice for Premier, but in that time of terrorism and assassination it was not easy to find a Russian statesman who was willing to take the personal risk involved in the acceptance of such a responsibility, and the position was not offered to Stolypin until a number of better-known men had declined it. It was then tendered to him because he was thought to be a man of indomitable courage and resolution, and the events of the next two years proved that he was possessed of these characteristics in a very high degree. Even when his house was blown to pieces and his daughter severely wounded by the bombs of the terrorists, in August, 1906, he showed no sign of weakness or fear, and continued to pursue with unshaken determination the policy that he had previously outlined. Mr. Stolypin's objects, as repeatedly set forth by himself in the early part of his administration, were, first, "restoration of order," and, second, "progressive reform." There can be no question whatever that, so far as revolutionary violence is concerned, the first of these objects has been fully attained. The revolutionary movement has been thoroughly and effectively crushed, and the "order" that was once said to "reign in Warsaw" now prevails throughout the Empire. This state of tranquillity, however, has been attained at immense cost. The Russian statistician A. B. Ventin, in an article entitled "Five Years' Totals," recently published in the well-known review "Contemporary World," of St. Petersburg, set forth the losses of the Russian people in their struggle for freedom as follows:

Killed and wounded in pogroms, punitive expeditions, street fighting, and partisan warfare.....	58,472
Judicially punished by civil and military courts (including 3,015 hanged and 6,735 sent into penal servitude)	37,620
Banished by the Central Government and still in exile in October, 1910.....	22,588
Total.....	118,680

If we add to these figures the number imprisoned or exiled by prefects and governors under the provisions of martial law, of which there is no available record, the grand total will probably reach 200,000, and may far exceed that number. In a debate in the Second Duma on military courts and the death penalty, March 13, 1907, one of the Liberal members dramatically accused the Premier of "coming into the Duma with bloody hands." "Yes,"

replied Stolypin, "but they are the bloody hands of the conscientious surgeon, not of the executioner." Whether the methods and results statistically outlined by Mr. Ventin are compatible with the ethics and practice of "conscientious surgery" or not is a question to which different answers may be given by different people; but such, at least, was the nature of the Governmental activity which Mr. Stolypin described as "strong-handed restoration of order."

STOLYPIN'S POLICY OF PROGRESSIVE REFORM

If the second part of Mr. Stolypin's programme had been executed as vigorously and successfully as the first part, the world would have reason to regard him as one of the greatest Ministers who ever served under a Russian Czar; but, unfortunately, the Premier lacked either the will or the power to carry out his plans and live up to his professions. It was expected by some of his Liberal supporters—notably the Octobrists—that when he had completely re-established order, he would try to give practical effect to the promises made by the Czar in the Freedom Manifesto; but, instead of doing this, he originated or sanctioned an unconstitutional amendment of the election laws which gave him a subservient Duma, and then introduced a series of sham reform measures, which bore such promising titles as the "Religious Freedom Bill" and the "Inviolability of Person Bill," but which, in effect, did not do what they purported to do. Meanwhile he continued to govern the country by martial law; began a repressive campaign against Liberal newspapers and societies, which he said were "the fuses that lighted the Bengal fires of the revolution;" and sanctioned, or condoned, all sorts of illegal invasions of personal and political rights by his governors and chiefs of police. Never, probably, since the reign of Nicholas I has Russia been more despotically governed than in the last four years, and never, certainly, has there been more administrative lawlessness on the part of bureaucratic officials of all ranks, from governors-general to *zemski nachalnicks*. Mr. Stolypin expressly stated, in the early part of his term, that he was "not an anti-Semite," and that he did not favor anti-Semitic measures; and yet the persecution of the Jews under his administration has been so savage and ruthless as to attract the attention of the whole civilized world. He declared, at one time, that people who obeyed the laws, and did not plot revolution, had nothing to fear at his hands; and yet he did not hesitate to attack the constitutional autonomy of the Finns, who had taken no part in the revolutionary movement, and who were willing to make any concessions to the Central Government that did not deprive their Diet of its well-established right to participate in the discussion and settlement of local questions. Nearly five years have now elapsed since Stolypin became Minister of the Interior in the Goremykin Cabinet, and more than four years since he was appointed Premier; and yet Russia is still waiting for the freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of association, and freedom of assembly which were promised in the Czar's manifesto of October 30, 1905. So far as these "four freedoms" are concerned, the country is little better off now than it was under the reactionary administration of von Plehve. In one of his speeches in the Duma Stolypin half apologized for the slowness of his "progressive reform" by saying that he had to work with antiquated instruments, or, as he figuratively expressed it, "shoot with flintlock muskets." To this one of the Liberal members wittily replied that it was not so much a question of weapons as of aim. If his Excellency intended to keep on shooting at the people, it was better to use flintlock muskets than Mausers. It would be unfair to close even a brief review of Stolypin's Ministerial career without referring to the great service that he has unquestionably rendered in bringing to light, and partially checking, the financial dishonesty which has so long prevailed in the civil and military administration of the Empire. The "revisions," or, as we should call them, investigations, of Senators Garin, Pahlen, Neihart, and others, which were made on the Premier's initiative, have carried consternation into the ranks of the thieves, embezzlers, and grafters of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Warsaw, and other large Russian cities, and have already led to the arrest and

prosecution of many civil and military officials who occupied very high and responsible positions. Sixty-seven officers of the commissary and quartermaster's departments were recently indicted and held for trial in the Moscow military district alone. Baron Meyendorf, a prominent member of the Octobrist party in the Third Duma, expressed the opinion, nearly two years ago, that Stolypin's most dangerous enemies were the civil and military officials of very high rank who were implicated in the frauds and corrupt business transactions that the Premier's revisers were uncovering. It is not improbable, therefore, that Stolypin's position has been undermined by influences that have their origin in circles very near the throne. The legislative measure by which Stolypin's name will be longest remembered is probably the Agrarian Settlement Act of November 9–22, 1906. This law, which has for its object the breaking up of the Russian peasant communes, and the transformation of communal tenants into small landed proprietors, or freeholders, is likely to make a momentous change in the economic status of the Russian peasant population; but whether this change will be for the better or the worse is not yet certain. Theoretically, it should greatly improve the communal peasant's condition; but it may result in an extensive transfer of land from the weaker class to the stronger, and in the formation of a large agricultural proletariat.

A RADICAL DIFFERENCE

We have received a copy of "The Orient" from the Bible House at Constantinople which has an article on Pius X and the Oriental churches, containing what professes to be a circular letter addressed by the Roman Pontiff to the archbishops who were delegates of the Holy See at Constantinople, and in Greece, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Syria, and the East Indies. This letter, dated at St. Peter's, December 26, 1910, expresses a strong desire to see the day when the wall between the Roman Church and the Eastern Church shall be broken down, and there shall be "one flock and one shepherd," but proceeds to point out what the Holy Father regards as an insuperable obstacle to such union:

> An article published recently in the "Roma e l'Oriente," entitled "Thoughts on the Question of the Union of the Churches," has caused us great grief. For this article makes the following statements, no less audacious than false: namely, that the dogma of the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Son does not depend on the very words of the Gospel, and is not proven by the belief of the Fathers of the Church. Further, doubt is lightly expressed as to whether the sacred dogmas concerning Purgatory and the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin were known by the doctors of the first centuries. The error already condemned by Innocent X, that St. Paul should be regarded in all points as the equal of St. Peter, is repeated. Likewise the equally false opinion is expressed that in the first centuries the Catholic Church was not on the monarchical principle, that is, that the Primacy of the Roman Church has no solid basis.

This statement makes still more clear the impossibility of any union at the present time, or in the near future, between Protestant Churches and the Roman Catholic Church. The difficulty is not merely that Protestant Churches do not believe in the dogmas set forth in this paragraph; they do not believe that it makes any particular difference to a man's Christian character whether he believes in those dogmas or not. To be a Christian is to be a disciple, or pupil, and the follower of Jesus Christ, and no searcher after truth can find that Jesus Christ anywhere made loyalty to him dependent on belief of any of these dogmas. One might believe in the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Son, in Purgatory, and in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin without being a pupil in Christ's school or a member of Christ's army. And, on the other hand, he might be accepted by Christ as a true representative of the spirit which he came to inspire in the children of men and be as ignorant of such dogmas as was the good Samaritan. The radical question between the modern Protestants and the Roman Catholic Church, as represented by this letter from the Roman Pontiff, is not, What dogmas shall we believe? but, Is Christianity a series of dogmas to be believed, or a life of justice, mercy, compassion, and love to be lived? So long as there is no agreement upon this question, union

between the parties in an ecclesiastical organization is quite hopeless of achievement.

"AS A MAN THINKETH" A new play by Mr. Augustus Thomas is an event worthy of special note in the New York theatrical season, not so much because he is always deft in handling dramatic material effectively as because he sets his audiences thinking. Mr. Thomas is too experienced in dealing with social problems to attempt final answers to the questions his situations raise, but his contributions towards solution abound in suggestion and frank reasoning. "As a Man Thinketh" is so cleverly constructed as a play, has so many quick flashes of wit, and develops its situations so smoothly and easily, that one never for a moment thinks it didactic; yet there are long passages of exposition of social and moral principle as related to conduct; and indeed it is the greatest triumph of the playwright that these very passages form the most critical points in the play, and hold the audience most closely. There are really three problems involved in the action of this drama: the social relations of Jew and Christian, the question of a double standard of honor as regards marital unfaithfulness by husband or wife, and the effect on both moral and physical health of a sane and wholesome way of looking at life—"as a man thinketh, so is he." In Dr. Selig, acted admirably and with fine reserve by Mr. John Mason, the playwright has given us a noble type of the high-minded Jew. Dr. Selig is physician and counselor—wise in driving out hate with forbearance; with him is contrasted a Jewish art critic, not moral, a disturber of peace, yet by no means a contemptible person. So, too, with the Christian characters—that which is good and bad, noble and ignoble, is shown to exist outside of race lines. The problem of race antagonism is not pushed to a harsh issue; the subject is treated delicately, fairly, with refinement and justice. As to the second question, that of the so-called dual standard of morality as between men and women, Mr. Thomas gives us exposition rather than argument. The situation is conventionally theatrical and the emotional note is perhaps a little strained, but the method of presentation and the writing of the scenes are far above the ordinary drama of the day. Finally, the scene in which the good doctor, with soothing conviction, shows a husband tortured with suspicion and jealousy that hatred is poison and faith is well-being is one that is eminently characteristic of Mr. Thomas's methods, and is not hurt by one or two ironic touches, such as that whereby the mental and moral cure is "cinched," so to speak, by the production of legal proof, and that in which the doctor is suddenly called upon to practice his methods upon himself, with results not altogether clear. It is a pleasure to record that the company is in every character adequate to interpret this interesting play with quiet efficiency, and that the actors and actresses support one another with a certainty and force far from common.

A MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL ART As far back as 1864 John La Farge and the Paulist Fathers began to confer on the architecture and decoration of the Paulist Church in New York City. Their efforts, however, met with many difficulties and discouragements, for at that time Americans had become accustomed to imitations; they actually preferred shams to the real thing. The Paulists persisted, however, even though it was commonly said of them that they were "good men, but mad as March hares." The church walls were built so thick that the structure came to be looked upon as a joke. It was dubbed a fort. So it was, declares Mr. Harris—a fort where American art was fortified against the corrupting influences of the time. The church exterior is still bare and grim, but one day it is to be embellished with colored mosaics and bas-reliefs, lending a gleam of splendor to an otherwise dull neighborhood. But the interior! In its decoration Mr. La Farge gained the experience which made him the one man in America able to take charge of Trinity Church, Boston, when in 1876 that building was decorated. He did twenty-two great stained-glass windows in the Paulist Church and painted nine decorative panels there. Other artists were also employed. Frederick Mac-

Monnies's first commission was for the sculpture of the high altar. Robert Reid, Bela Pratt, and Philip Martiny also worked in the church. Augustus Saint-Gaudens and Thomas W. Dewing were called in consultation. Thus the church is really a museum of American ecclesiastical art. During the past twelve years the scheme of decoration has been carried on by Mr. William Laurel Harris, who described it in a recent lecture before the Municipal Art Society of New York. The general decorative motive is the parable of the vine—hence the possibility for continuous ornamental bands to go from one end of the great church to the other. This motive is varied in each side chapel by special symbolic ornamentation. Art may be of vital aid to religion, and the work done during nearly half a century in the Paulist Church ought to be an indication of that aid.

A PARIS MISSION We are hardly apt to associate the name of France with mission work, and yet, after fifty years of endeavor, French missionaries have transformed the formerly miserable Basuto nation into a progressive nation of four hundred and fifty thousand souls, with flourishing schools and self-government. The Paris Evangelical Missionary Society as conducted by Dr. Alfred Boegner deserves mention. Pasteur Boegner is an Alsatian; he has now arrived in America, and thus Americans will have a greater chance of learning about a matter of which they are, in general, too ignorant, the missionary work of France in Africa and elsewhere. After studying at the University of Strassburg, Dr. Boegner became a home missionary in the north of France, and then Director of the Paris Missionary Society, an organization supported by the free-will offerings of French Protestants. Its work has been especially among the Basutos of South Africa, in the French Congo, in Madagascar, in the French Sudan, Senegal, and in French Oceania. Every one knows what Livingstone did in Africa, but not every one knows about François Coillard, Livingstone's worthy successor, who has dotted the banks of the Zambesi River with missionary stations, and has succeeded in implanting Christianity in one of the hardest soils ever cultivated by missionary zeal. Be it noted that this missionary zeal was that of the comparatively few French Protestants in a nation of thirty-nine million souls—that being the present population of France. If the continent of Africa is ever redeemed to Christianity and civilization, the work of Frenchmen there will have been of vital import. There is something inspiring in the generous rivalry of the Christian nations for primacy in missionary work.

A NEW FARMING ERA During the past half-century various events have affected agriculture. First, as the farm lands of the prairie States were given away and farmers were set to compete with farmers, labor became scarce and a large percentage of the land in the prairie States went into pasture, because farmers could not get help. Second, while population has increased, the immigrants have generally remained in our cities because no steps were taken to send to the country those who had come from agricultural pursuits abroad. Third, though one man with machinery could do more than he had done without it, as the management of machinery must be by trained experts and as the only place to train them is on the farm, and as there have never been enough of these trained men, prices in general have advanced. As a result, agriculture has become less profitable, and bright young farm lads have thought they could do better at anything else than farming. Moreover, education in farming has been neglected. The country schools have not prepared the way as they should have for the work done by the Department of Agriculture and the various experiment stations and agricultural colleges. Yet that work is beginning to tell. The acreage yield has changed from a decreasing to an increasing trend, and lands are proportionately advancing in value. The more primary and wider education, now sure to come, will give the boy a real interest in the farm, because it will make the farm economically more worth while. This is the essential thing to influence boys to remain on the farm or to influence other boys to come back to the farm—a

demonstration that the farm offers as good an opportunity for making much of life as does any other branch of industry. On the social side the boy is also beginning to realize, we are sure, that farm work is accompanied with more advantages than formerly. The telephone, the rural free delivery, the automobile, the tendency towards living in small farming social centers, as in Europe, instead of in too detached residences—all these factors indicate that the day has passed when the farmer is the only worker supposed to get along with just as few comforts and pleasures of life as possible. Educationally, economically, and socially, we believe, the farmer is now entering on a new era.

THE CABINET CRISIS IN MEXICO

The resignation at the end of last week of the entire Cabinet of President Diaz confirms the belief that the state of political unrest, apart from armed rebellion, is serious and requires judicious treatment. The insurgent leaders declare that this Cabinet crisis indicates that the Cabinet wished Diaz to accede to certain measures of reform and concessions to the insurgents, and that he would not yield to his Ministers. A more probable interpretation is that the time has come for a more progressive policy in Mexico, and that the Cabinet as it stood was not the right political instrument for that purpose. It has been charged that President Diaz has been surrounded by an oligarchy of wealthy landowners, that the tax law is unduly favorable to these landowners, and that a new system of taxation should be instituted to promote the growth of the agricultural class and to break up the large holdings of land owned by a few wealthy men. It is predicted that a new Cabinet will be formed composed of younger and more progressive men, and it is thought probable that Señor Limantour, who has just returned from Europe and the United States and understands the international situation thoroughly, will aid President Diaz in a reorganization which will promote the interests of the people at large, and especially the agricultural and working classes. In a measure this Cabinet crisis in Mexico was probably foreseen by the United States Government, and it indicates a state of political agitation which justifies our Government in taking reasonable measures to be prepared to protect American interests in Mexico if necessary, to preserve neutrality, and to warn the world that the United States will not allow anything like anarchy in Mexico.

NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

*This concludes the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on "Nationalism and Progress."—*THE EDITORS.

A man must first care for his own household before he can be of use to the State. But no matter how well he cares for his household, he is not a good citizen unless he also takes thought of the State. In the same way, a great nation must think first of its own internal affairs; and yet it cannot substantiate its claim to be a great nation unless it also thinks of its position in the world at large.

The United States of America has not the option as to whether it will or will not play a great part in the world. It *must* play a great part. All that it can decide is whether it will play that part well or badly. And it can play it badly if it adopts the rôle either of the coward or of the bully. Nor will it help it in the end to avoid either part if it play the other. It must avoid both. Democratic America can be true to itself, true to the great cause of freedom and justice, only if it shows itself ready and willing to resent wrong from the strong, and scrupulously desirous of doing generous justice to both strong and weak.

There are of course very few people who will openly take the position that we are justified in doing what is wrong simply because it is to our interest. But in actual practice there are always plenty of men willing to condone and excuse any wrongful act which they think is advantageous. These men by themselves never form more than a minority, and usually a very small minority, of our people; but often the majority is supine, indifferent, or ill informed, and thus may give a free

hand to an unscrupulous minority. In making treaties, for instance, there must be give and take; and yet too often a treaty will fail simply because our people permit a small section of their number to insist that it shall be all take and no give. Again, as the Nation, and not the several States, have to deal with foreign powers, the Nation should have complete control over all questions likely to cause trouble with foreign powers, and therefore should have the complete and fully recognized ability to protect all aliens in their treaty rights. Yet in actual practice occasions have not infrequently arisen which have shown rather pitiable National shortcomings in this respect.

I do not think, however, that, on the whole, much blame rests on us so far as *action* of this kind is concerned. I wish it were possible for us always to say as much as regards *speech*. Too many, both of our public men and publicists, seek at times to gratify themselves or their constituents in unworthy fashion by the use of insulting language in reference to foreign powers. The better American a man is, the more confident he is in America's strength and standing, the more ashamed he must be at every such exhibition of international bad manners on the part of any representative of our people. Courtesy is as much the mark of a gentleman as courage. If we respect ourselves, we individually show both qualities; and, in our collective capacity, we should demand of our representatives that the Nation show both qualities in its dealings with other nations. We despise the coward; we despise no less heartily the loud-mouthed brawler. Bad manners and vituperation never yet won respect for either nation or individual. There is, however, a lower depth than is reached by those who merely show these shortcomings; that is, by those who, in addition to showing them, do their best to keep the country unprepared for the trouble which they are so lightly willing to provoke. Wantonly to insult a friendly nation is bad; to be unable ourselves to resist wrong is worse; but the lowest depth is reached by those who practice the policy of peace with insult, who are ever ready to join in measures or to use language extremely offensive to foreign powers, and who nevertheless by their votes or speeches on the question of National defense show that they lack either the far-sightedness or the patriotism to take thought of the interest of the Nation in the years to come.

So much for those Americans who fall short of the proper standard of international good manners, and just and kindly treatment as regards foreign peoples. Now for the American who commits the even worse offense of endeavoring to make this Nation the derision and butt of other nations by refusing to allow it to take proper measures for its own defense. Unfortunately, many of those often well-meaning persons who claim a leading position among the advocates of international peace have harmed their cause in the eyes of all really far-sighted and patriotic citizens by advocating for America a position which would be abjectly unworthy of her standing among the nations. This category includes those who opposed our war with Spain, those who opposed the subsequent enforcement of law and order in the Philippines, those who opposed the building up of the navy, and those who now oppose the fortification of the Panama Canal. Some of these men are misguided men of good character; others, however, are merely men who do not possess any keen sense of international honor, and who are perfectly willing to see this Nation expose itself to the chance of discredit and disaster, because their own small souls would be unaffected by a National defeat which would make most Americans bow their heads with bitterness and shame. As regards these men, I should not have the slightest objection to their inviting the disaster that would come upon them if their wishes were fulfilled, were it not for the fact that the rest of us would unfortunately have to share in the disaster. It is somewhat exasperating to reflect that we have to protect these particular peace advocates of the crazy type from themselves, and, in spite of their shrieking protests, guard them and their children against suffering their share of the National humiliation they do their best to bring about. If these men were capable of learning any lesson from history, what has happened and is happening in China before their eyes would prove to them that a nation, however big, however industrious

and populous, which is incapable of self-defense, not only invites humiliation for itself, but is a fruitful source of discord and possible war as regards other nations. There was a period when our country was a menace of aggression to the countries south of us. That period has long passed. No nation in history has ever behaved with more scrupulous good faith than we have behaved towards Cuba; nor, to take a smaller but equally significant example, has any nation ever acted with more wise helpfulness than we acted when we put San Domingo on its financial feet by insuring the honest collection of the revenues and their administration in equal parts for the payment of Government expenses and for the payment of creditors. Cuba and San Domingo have benefited to a literally incalculable degree by our action of the last dozen years. It was entirely disinterested action on our part; or, if there was the slightest taint of self-interest in it, it was that lofty form of self-interest which realizes that the welfare of one's neighbor is from every standpoint desirable. And yet the loudest among the professional friends of peace either bitterly opposed, or were entirely lukewarm toward, the carrying out of the policy which has brought such a measure of prosperity to the two islands in question and has so redounded to the honor of the American name!

More recently, men of this type have opposed the fortifying of the Panama Canal. A few months ago they were loudly insisting that such fortification would be in violation of our treaty with Great Britain. The publication of the State Department papers deprived them of this excuse, for therein were found the written communications of the British Ambassador and the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs explicitly recognizing the right of the Americans to fortify the Canal. I may add that, while I was President, just before the treaty was submitted to the Senate, I personally saw Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, referred to the letters in question, and expressed my gratification at the good understanding which had been reached, especially in this matter of the fortifications; and he, in response, not only repeated, of course, what he had said in his letter, but added that, as a matter of fact, his people had come to the conclusion that it was best that the Canal should be fortified by us as the only effective way of policing it and preserving order in case of trouble. So in our treaty with Panama we explicitly reserved the right to fortify. But it is not only our right to fortify; it is our duty. In my judgment, under the treaties, it is the President's duty to fortify the Canal without further authority, though, of course, he cannot adequately perform this duty unless the Congress makes a sufficient appropriation. Moreover, the best military thought is, I believe, coming to the conclusion that our vital naval base in Southern waters should be, not Guantanamo, but the Canal. Not to fortify the Canal would amount to getting it ready as a gift to the first nation that went to war with us. Be it remembered that no other nations except England and Panama are bound by treaty to regard the Canal as neutral. If we were ever engaged in war with any other Power, it would be justified in seizing the Canal at once; and it would do so without the smallest hesitation, and without the smallest effective opposition from any other Power.

It behooves a democracy to remember that one of the favorite taunts leveled against it by the representatives of great military monarchies is that a democracy will never prepare for war, and will rarely show wisdom in choosing positions valuable for national defense. Unquestionably it is true that a democracy has plenty of bad advisers. Among these bad advisers are the foolish creatures who try to prevent our having a big navy, and the equally foolish creatures who say that if we have a big navy there is no need of fortifications. As a matter of fact, fortifications should always be established on the land side as well as on the sea side; and one of their prime uses is to leave the navy foot-loose. If the Panama Canal were not fortified, in time of war we should either have to abandon it to any enterprising enemy, or else paralyze our fleet by employing it to defend the Canal. If it is adequately fortified, our fleet can absolutely disregard it save in so far as it fulfills the vital requisite of a first-class naval base. War-vessels are inefficient substi-

tutes for forts; and the poorest way to use a navy is to string the vessels in small groups in the ports along a coast, for then the enemy's navy can get them in detail. An unfortified Panama Canal would be a great source of weakness to this country; a fortified Panama Canal would enormously increase our strength. If our people are wise, they will hold those Senators and Congressmen who vote against the fortification of the Canal as unfaithful public servants who betray our country's interests at a vital point. With the possible exception of Hawaii, there is no other spot so necessary to fortify as the Panama Canal. We should have very few naval bases. These few should be thoroughly fortified and strongly held, and among them the two most important are those above mentioned.

One of the difficulties in dealing with foreign affairs is the queer tendency of many people to treat desire on our part to have an adequate navy and coast fortifications as equivalent to the statement that we believe there will be a war, and as justifying offensive war talk. Most certainly we see at times offensive, and therefore utterly improper, talk of war with some entirely friendly nation, now Germany, now England, now Japan. No one can regret such talk more than I do, and it is almost never indulged in by men who would themselves respond to the call to arms if war should unhappily come. A man who is of the type apt to be useful in war is usually of too serious a nature to talk with levity or brutality of war, or in such fashion as to provoke war. My hearty reprobation of this type of offensive agitation does not interfere in the least with my belief, in the first place, that war is unlikely with any power, and in the next place that we can render it still more unlikely, as well as guarantee ourselves against possible humiliation and disaster, by the exercise of moderate forethought and preparation. To the good people who, because we laugh at a war scare about the Japanese or Germans, think that therefore we should abandon the upbuilding of the navy and the proper care of the army, I feel inclined to put the question whether, if they own houses, they have them insured or not. If the house is insured against fire, it does not in the least mean that the owner thinks it will be burned down; he thinks it unlikely that it will be burned down, but, as a prudent man, he wishes to discount even the slight risk. It is just so with us. In my time I have seen war scares about England, Germany, and Japan. I should regard war with any of the three as an unspeakable calamity. I admire all three nations. To speak only of the nation concerning which there has been most recent talk of war, I not only have a great respect and admiration for the Japanese, but I very strongly feel that we have much to learn from them. I regard a good understanding between Japan and the United States as of capital consequence to this country, and as of the first importance from the standpoint of preserving peace in the Pacific. It would not be for the interest of either country to admit from the other country any considerable number of wage-workers, small farmers, or men engaged in small agricultural pursuits, and the wisest and most far-seeing men of both countries take the same view of this matter. But there should be the closest and friendliest relations between the two countries, conducted on a basis of absolute equality and of mutual regard and respect. An admirable article has recently appeared in the "Japan Times," a Tokyo paper, long a semi-official organ of the Japanese Foreign Office. It runs as follows:

In view of the revival of war talk in America, it will be interesting to recall some of the events which preceded our last two wars. In the case of both the Chino-Japanese and the Russo-Japanese wars it was freely predicted abroad, and nowhere so confidently as in China and Russia, that Japan never really meant to fight. Nevertheless, hostilities broke out principally because, on the strength of the above supposition, Japan's modest demands for reasons of self-preservation were contemptuously ignored. Quite contrary is the case in that of the present war party of America, they being apparently convinced of the inevitability of a clash with this country, while, look where you will, there is not a single point of conflict on account of which Japan might prefer a demand on the ground of national safety. Hence, in virtue of the saying that it is the unexpected which happens, we complacently conclude that there will never be a war with America. Besides, let Japan be ever so wicked and unreasoning, as the American party choose to represent her to be, it would be difficult for us to find a chance to play a convincing game when the

other side is with eyes and ears on the alert. That is another reason why there will be no war. Then, it is popularly credited to General Kuroki that when asked what he would do if war broke out between America and Japan, he answered that he would flee. That is the attitude also of Japan towards the country to which she owes so much, and she would fight only when she is not allowed to flee. But, in all human likelihood, we see no reason why America should thus force us to fight. That is the third reason why there will be no war. In the fourth place, when the matter is searched to the bottom, there exists no real war party in America.

With every word of the above editorial I agree. The American democracy not only owes it to itself to be thoroughly able and ready to defend America against any possible foes, but it also owes to itself the duty of treating in a spirit of genuine courtesy and friendliness all foreign Powers; and as regards no Power is this duty more incumbent than as regards our great and friendly neighbor across the Pacific, that ancient empire which has all the most astounding vigor of youth—the Empire of Japan.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE INDUSTRIAL WAR

One of the wisest labor leaders in America is John Mitchell. Forceful, courageous, and far-seeing in time of conflict, as he proved himself to be in the great anthracite strike in 1902, he has shown his wisdom during periods of industrial peace by his advocacy of the cause of organized labor and of measures for the relief of wage-earners from burdens they have been unjustly made to bear. When, a few years ago, the National Civic Federation was formed to bring together representatives of capital, of organized labor, and of the public for conference and mutual understanding, it was fortunate for the cause of organized labor that John Mitchell was selected as one of its representatives. In that body men of ability and achievement were found to represent capital, and others of like ability and achievement to represent the public. If the men secured to represent organized labor had been less distinguished and successful in their own field, the cause of the wage-earner would have suffered at the bar of public opinion. That it has not only lost no influence but has actually gained in prestige is due in no small degree to John Mitchell.

The advantage which organized labor has thus had in the councils of this body has, however, been deliberately thrown away by the labor union to which Mr. Mitchell belongs—the United Mine Workers of America. At the annual convention of the United Mine Workers in January an amendment to the rules was adopted which makes it impossible for a member of the union, not only to become a superintendent or foreman and retain his membership, but to belong to the Civic Federation. This rule, which goes into effect on April 1, gave Mr. Mitchell the choice of withdrawing from the Federation or being automatically dropped from the union. Mr. Mitchell has chosen to withdraw from the Federation. So long as this rule is in force, therefore, the great body of miners in this country must be without a voice at the councils of this influential body.

What is the reason for this extraordinary action? Is there any explanation that can be termed rational? We believe there is.

Our present industrial system is in great part, so to speak, on a war basis. From the process of creating wealth those who own the tools are trying to get all they can. So are those who use the tools. On the one side, the managers of industry and their subordinates are held, and hold themselves, responsible for making as large profits as possible and distributing those profits in the form of dividends and interest. On the other hand, the workers feel constantly the pressure of necessity and resort to many means to force the managers to divert as large a proportion as possible of the returns from the sale of the products to the increase of wages in one form or another. The more the manager pays out in wages, the less he has for dividends; while the more the laborer works, the less in proportion does he get in return. Under these circumstances the capitalists have a common interest against the laborers, and the laborers a common interest against the capitalists; the two classes are at war with each other. What is the gain of one is the other's loss.

In this struggle the wage-earners are at

a disadvantage. For them the margin between success and disaster is small. Their stake is not prosperity, but bare subsistence. Their only resources are their labor power. Their only chance for success lies in the pooling of their resources by compact organization. The individual laborer who alone tries to enhance the value of his labor by withholding it from use goes down alone to penury. The only chance he has is in acting in concert with others.

There are three alternatives proposed to this state of things. One is the complete triumph of the laboring class. Many in the ranks of labor see this as the only outcome. Their slogan is, No parley, no compromise, no quarter. They look forward, first, to a period of distress, privation, suffering, as in war, but later the complete subjection of capital to labor, indeed to the extinction of capitalists as such, and the assumption by the community of the functions now performed by capitalists. This is virtually the programme of one type of Socialist, to which there is some further reference in the article on "Socialism" printed elsewhere in this issue. The second alternative proposed is what might be called a state of truce and diplomacy. Those who favor this alternative regard this condition of industrial conflict as inevitable and virtually permanent, but hold that the strike, the lockout, the blacklist, and the boycott should be abandoned as weapons, and in their place should come negotiation, conciliation, and arbitration. The third alternative is neither the extinction of one of the combatants nor the continuance of the combat with less violence, but the transformation of industrial feudalism, with its attendant strife, into a system of industrial democracy, with attendant co-operation. What this is in detail we do not here attempt to state. The Outlook has discussed it often. It is sufficient here to describe it as involving, not the elimination of the tool-owner, but the identification of the tool-owner with the tool-user.

The National Civic Federation acts in accordance with the second alternative. Its influence has been, not to abolish an industrial system based on conflict, but to ameliorate the conditions of the conflict, to see that in the conflict there is fair play, and to protect non-combatants. It is a sort of combined prize court and Red Cross of the industrial war. In the opinion of those, however, who hold to the first alternative—that is, who believe that capitalism is a dragon fit only for extermination—this advocacy of truce and negotiation is treason to the army of labor. The leader of labor who joins an organization to which belong leaders of capital, who sits down to dinner with captains of industry, who is ready to lessen the rigors of the battle, is, in their opinion, false to his side. The more able his advocacy of labor before a board of conciliation, the more dangerous he is to labor's true and ultimate interests. If he chooses to be a conciliator in an irreconcilable conflict, he must leave the ranks of labor's forces. By what appears to be a skillful political move, the group in the United Mine Workers who hold this uncompromising view gained control of the union's annual convention, and secured the adoption of the rule which has forced Mr. Mitchell to withdraw from the National Civic Federation.

The Outlook holds to neither the first nor the second alternative as a final solution of industrial difficulties. It recognizes that there is now a state of conflict in industry; that there have been occasions when there was nothing for laborers to do but to be uncompromising or to be reduced to helpless misery, but holds that it is an offense against humanity to attempt to enforce desperate measures as a continuing policy; it recognizes that as international warfare has been made more humane, so industrial warfare may be made more humane, and that those who are devoting their energies to the substitution of arbitration for the strike and lockout are rendering invaluable service, but holds that, as desperate measures are justifiable only in times of great crisis, so palliative measures are acceptable only during temporary conditions of a terminable conflict.

As feudalism is better than anarchy, so industrial conciliation is better than industrial warfare. What the Civic Federation represents is an approach to the permanent solution. This will come only when it is universally recognized that the interests of capital, of labor, and of the public are not in conflict but are essentially one.

BOYS AND THE THEATER

Mr. Winsor's article on "Boys and the Theater," in the March number of the "Atlantic Monthly," deserves the serious attention of fathers and mothers, the majority of whom may be divided into two classes: those who tell their boys never to go to the theater, and those who give their boys *carte blanche*—season tickets, so to speak—to see anything they please. This easy way of shifting responsibilities which parents have no right to delegate is working havoc with an army of American boys and girls. The fundamental duty of fathers and mothers is to protect the ignorant child by experienced judgment; and to allow a boy or a girl to walk within the range of moral contamination without a word of warning or protest is as grave an offense against a child as to allow it in ignorance to walk off a precipice or into a house infected with smallpox.

It is always wise to look a fact in the face, whether you like it or not; and the fact about the theater is, and has always been, that it possesses a great fascination for the majority of young people. That means that there is some vital element in it which human nature craves and has a right to have under proper conditions. To lay down an arbitrary rule which shuts a boy out of the theater, without regard to the character of the plays presented, is as futile and unwise as to forbid the eating of all fruit because some fruit is unripe. Washington Irving grew up in a rather Puritanical household in which the theater was held in great abhorrence; and he has given an entertaining account of his adventures in climbing out of the window of his room to go to the theater, which stood in John Street, returning for family prayers, and then escaping again into the land of the imagination which his nature craved and needed.

George William Curtis tells a delightful story of a boy in Philadelphia whose father, like the elder Irving, was of a serious turn of mind; while the boy, by way of youthful reaction, secretly frequented the playhouse:

"John," said the father one morning, "is this dreadful thing true that I hear of thee: hast thou been to see the play-actress Frances Kemble?"

"Yes, father," was the truthful answer.

"I hope thou hast not been more than once, John."

"Yes, father," was the somewhat discouraging reply, "more than thirty times."

Everybody who has read, as everybody ought to read, "John Halifax, Gentleman," remembers the escapade of the two boys who went surreptitiously to see the great Siddons, and wishes that he, too, might have had that experience.

The boy will have the theater; the question for parents to decide is, "What kind of a theater shall he have?" This is a question of the first importance; and fathers and mothers cannot answer it by laying down a cast-iron rule of exclusion, nor can they evade it by throwing the reins on their children's shoulders and letting them wander at will. There is a large element of demoralization in the theater, and that fact must be recognized as fully as the fact that the theater possesses a perennial fascination. In this matter, as in every other, protection lies neither in blind condemnation nor in blind acceptance, but in discrimination and intelligence.

Mr. Winsor is undoubtedly right in saying that bad plays are much more dangerous to boys than bad books. There are many things which can be described in such a way as not to awaken the imagination, but when these things are personated they become intolerable. The book appeals to the boy's imagination; very much depends, therefore, on the vividness of that faculty in a boy; and as soon as he has read the book it begins to be vague in his memory; the play, on the other hand, appeals not only to the imagination, but to the eye and the ear. It purports to be a fragment of real life; the men and women who appear in it are like the people he sees around him. If the play is vulgar or vile, it contaminates the boy with vulgarity and vileness; if the tone of action and of speech between the men and women is low, it familiarizes the boy with a kind of society with which he never comes in contact outside the theater. The direct influence of such plays is to diminish the respect of a boy for women—and that is always a calamity for him—to

give him low standards of life, and often to accustom him to thinking with amusement of standards and ties which ought to be sacred. And let it not be forgotten that the more vigorous the boy is, the more physical vitality he has, the more vivid his imagination, the greater is his danger. The qualities and faculties which promise to make him an able man, with a rich personality, are the qualities and faculties which lay him especially open to temptation. No boy can become familiar with Shakespeare's tragedies without deriving from them a sense of the majesty and seriousness of life as it is shown through character and the results of action on the individual. No boy, on the other hand, can see plays dealing with the sex problem or plays in which the relations of men and women are humorously treated without being demoralized. Boys ought to be kept from seeing the salacious play, the vulgar play, and the problem play. Even if the latter is serious in treatment, the boy has not the knowledge of life which would protect him from being injured by its premature disclosure.

But worst of all, as Mr. Winsor declares, is the musical show. There are, it is unnecessary to say, delightful musical comedies, which are not only clean but bright and entertaining from a musical point of view. But, as a whole, the musical comedy is the cheapest, and often the most essentially vulgar, of all forms of dramatic shows seen in the theater. Young girls see musical shows in which the attitude of the women towards the men is familiar and low in tone. These comedies are taking to the ear and to the eye. Many of them are presented in amateur performances for social and charitable purposes; and young girls, who ought to be protected by the advice of older people, appear on the stage and imitate the manners and action of women who vulgarize and cheapen life. This is one of the most depressing evidences of lack of care and intelligence in protecting American young people. It would seem like a primary fact that a young girl ought not to assume the manners and play the part of the average chorus girl on the stage. Many chorus girls are simple-minded, hard-working women; but the best of them, in their public relations with mixed audiences, take an attitude, either personal or professional, which the well-bred and well-protected girl of high standards and a nice sense of what is becoming in a woman ought not to imitate. The Outlook strongly commends all fathers and mothers, who have to deal with the amusement of young people, to read Mr. Winsor's sensible article, and to ask themselves whether they have any real sense of their responsibility or any intelligence about this difficult matter.

THE SPECTATOR

It was about this time last year that the Spectator was returning, crestfallen, from a comet party from which Halley's Hamlet had inexcusably absented himself. The back of his neck ached from overmuch raking of the night sky. All too late he had recollected that the proper way to survey the heavens or the Sistine ceiling is to fling one's self flat on one's back. As his homing footsteps echoed drearily through the midnight empty streets he was conscious of a soreness in mind as well as in muscle. All this forsaking of pillows, all this scrambling through cobwebby attics and scuttles, all this craning of necks, all this turning of trustful faces toward the place where the wonder of the sky was not! The Spectator fell to wondering bitterly why, though fishermen and huntsmen must expect to have their stories taken with a grain of salt, the nocturnal sportsmen of the observatories are permitted to spin star-dust into wonder-tissue to their hearts' content, while a confiding public accepts it as sound stuff at so much the yard!

To be sure, the astronomers finally made good in the matter of Halley's. But the Spectator has never regretted the action he took when he fancied they were caught out in their reckoning. Grumbling on in the above amiable vein, he bethought him of the private observatory of a confirmed sky hermit of his acquaintance. The place lay not far from his appointed line of march. He would

knock at the door and prefer complaint. "Now then," said he, as, after an interval, the weary-eyed astronomer thrust out his head, "why don't you bring on your old comet?" But so humble was the sky-gazer, so meekly apologetic for the vagaries of Halley's fiery-haired star, that the Spectator, having come to chide, remained to cheer. Drinkables and smokables being produced, the talk turned upon the heartrending uncertainties attendant upon the great spectacular pageants of the skies. "They are so absolutely dependent upon the weather," sighed the low-spirited man of science. "If rain damps a lawn fête or a coronation, the proceedings can be transferred at a moment's notice to the shelter of some friendly roof; or, at worst, they can be postponed for fairer skies. But spectacles in the heavens! On they come, inexorable as time. There is no postponing *them*. And you can't hold a solar eclipse in the opera-house. No, if the instant comes for the celestial pyrotechnics and Nature happens to be in a watery mood, why, the sublime event toward which the whole world of sky-gazers have been yearning is simply, fatally clouded out. Of all sad words of tongue or pen— Only think of the grief, or, to be sordid, only think of the thousands upon thousands of dollars spent during the last thirty years by governments, universities, and sky-fancying millionaires, upon totally unseen total eclipses of the sun!"

"So?" murmured the Spectator. "I didn't know. Is the luck so bad?" For answer the astronomer began hastily pawing over a shelf full of dusty reports. "Just look at that, and that, and that, and that! Here's the eclipse of 1896, when half the observers journeyed to Norway, the other half to Japan. Of the northern voyagers all save a few lucky blunderers, who ran counter to all scientific advice, were deluged in rain. The Japanese contingent were yet more cruelly harrowed. The day was fair, expectation at the highest pitch, but just as the fateful moment drew near a few light innocent clouds trailed across the sun. Only for a little was the light veiled. Yet, when the clouds drifted off the face of the sun, behold! totality was past and the eclipse of 1896 had passed into history! Nothing remained but to pack up a few tons of excellent apparatus, bind up the broken hearts, and go home."

"I suppose," remarked the Spectator, with what he hoped was a sympathetic expression, "that, since the chances of seeing anything are so slim, a sensible man like you doesn't attend eclipses?" "I do! I do!" cried the astronomer in a tearful voice. "It's like opium with me. I can't break with it. But for that expensive habit I might have supported a wife and lived in the lap of luxury instead of being the disgruntled old curmudgeon that I am. But when an eclipse is in the wind, I give you my word, I can no more keep from giving chase than an old circus horse can keep from dancing when the band begins to play. Nobody finances *me*. But, if it takes my bottom dollar, I'm off to Timbuctoo, or Patagonia, or the Fiji Islands, with the best of the university fellows."

"What's the fun?" queried the Spectator, conscious of a hankering after the eclipse hobby himself. "My *dear* Mr. Spectator! The fun? Why, a solar eclipse, when you *do* happen to see it, is the sublimest spectacle in nature! Then think, sir, of the romantic places it leads you to—Peru, or Grenada, or Labrador! Think of the stimulating scientific rabble one encounters, the excitement of uncertainty. Why, it's absolutely the nicest kind of picnic the mind can conceive!"

"What's the use?" broke in the Spectator, brutally. Perhaps he was jealous. The man's rapt face gloomed over. "H'm!" said he. "You're like Bismarck. After the eclipse in the seventies the German expedition approached the Chancellor with its modest little bill of expenses. Bismarck eyed the total like a provident bargainer. 'Yes,' said he. 'And now where are your results?' 'So please your Chancellorship,' said the quaking scientists, 'the sky was cloudy. There *are* no results.' 'Then you can jolly well pay your own bill,' thundered the Chan-

cellor, in a rage. Results? Well, there are always the photographs of the corona."

"And are those vitally important to humanity?" queried the Spectator. "Well, I wouldn't say that. Æsthetically they are valuable. Make nice souvenirs of the occasion. But I can't say they will make any marked revolutions in science. Of course we're always expecting something big in the way of discovery. But you see the time of an eclipse is so short; three minutes on the average is the duration of totality. A man trying in that time to measure the heat of the corona, or to determine by spectroscope its chemical composition, is apt to get a bit nervous. Things happen. Something must even be allowed to the frailty of the human eye. I remember once in South Carolina we had a man told off to give the signal when totality came on. This to spare the rest of us the strain. The poor wretch, blind with intense observation, failed to see the flash of the corona, and the signal was not given till the eclipse was half over. Our observations went for nothing."

There was an eloquent pause while the smoke-rings widened and wavered out of the circle of the lamplight. At last the Spectator ventured—"I should have hated to be that man." "Precisely," came the dry reply; "that man was Me!" "However," he went on presently, "there were others in the same or similar boats. The weather was all right, and idle souls who were satisfied to take the spectacle *as* a spectacle were gloriously rewarded. But the scientific Johnnies scattered in parties all over the Southern States got together a magnificent crop of calamities. Totality was only ninety seconds that time; so the observers divided the work carefully among them. One was, as I said, to give the signal, others were to time the eclipse with stop-watches, others to photograph the corona, and so on. Well, one man was 'laying for' the coronium line; but for some reason the coronium line was so weak he couldn't see it at all. One brilliant astronomical photographer under-exposed all his plates. A lot of us worked so hard at looking that we didn't see anything at all. But the worst case was that of the fellow who set out to measure the heat of the corona. When he unpacked his bolometric apparatus on the field, he found that a delicate piece had been broken. Nothing if not resourceful, he had provided against just such chance by bringing South a lathe and tools to replace injured parts. The time, however, was appallingly short. By working fast and furiously he managed to get the piece in place and the whole delicate mechanism in readiness just before the signal for totality was given. As he mopped his brow and thanked his lucky stars, a small unnoticed stick, left leaning in a corner, toppled over and struck the apparatus, throwing the sensitive galvanometer needle out of balance. At that instant the signal was given. The hapless professor achieved the impossible. He got a perfect balance again in ninety seconds, precisely half the time usually required for the feat. But, alas! swift as he was, the eclipse was swifter. He looked up just in time to see the corona vanish like a burned-out firework! That, you know, was real tragedy."

"You see," said the sky-fancier, as he lighted the Spectator down his narrow stair, "the public is not alone in astronomical disappointments. We much-abused astronomers have troubles enough of our own." And the Spectator, whose neck had got over aching, anyway, took himself home in a state of perfect charity with the man behind the lens.

WITH THE ARMY IN TEXAS

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

This article and that which follows will give our readers a graphic picture of the state of affairs on both sides of the line between Mexico and this country. There has, at this writing, been no official or full explanation of the motives which led our Government to mass a large body of troops near our Southern border, but the conjectures made in The Outlook's editorial of last week seem more and more confirmed as the situation develops. One excellent actual result is here pointed out by our special correspondent: If we are to have any army at all, it must be as efficient and well equipped as its size and the money available will permit. Such a movement of large bodies of soldiers as has just taken place has enormous value both in training officers and men for real field work and in disclosing weak points. The educative military gain will be worth more than the cost.—THE EDITORS.

LATE in the evening of March 6 army posts throughout the country were startled by War Department orders. Not since the Spanish-American War had so large a number of regulars been ordered to assemble in any one section of the country, and it is not surprising that the wildest rumors, from war with Japan to the occupation of Mexico, were everywhere prevalent. Nine days after the mobilization orders were issued, the last of the troops had arrived at the divisional camp at San Antonio, and every one was guessing just as hard as ever at the real reasons for the War Department's action. The official explanation was that the 20,000 troops had been concentrated for maneuvers, and the division was officially dubbed the "Division of Maneuver."

As a result we find the mushroom growth of the big city of tents out on the prairie beyond Fort Sam Houston. Recruiting their regiments up to war strength, the commanding officers of the division are preparing it as rapidly as possible for any emergency calling for active service in the field. But, whether this mobilization means peace or war, the army has already learned in the school of experience lessons more important than it has been taught since the Spanish-American War. The country at large, too, has had an opportunity to learn some of the defects of our present army organization. It was nine days from the time that the mobilization orders were issued in Washington before the last of the regiments, the Ninth Cavalry and the Fourth Field Artillery, came straggling into San Antonio from Cheyenne, Wyoming. In Berlin they could press a button and land a division of the German army almost anywhere upon our Atlantic coast in an equal length of time.

From the towers of the garrison post at Fort Sam Houston one looks eastward across the rolling prairie at a veritable city of tents, with streets and wards of brigade and regiment, offices and stores, telegraph and post-office stations, hospitals and bakeries, all under canvas. And it must be remembered that this is all for barely more than half of a division at full war strength, for there are only approximately ten thousand men at San Antonio, the remainder of the troops tactically included in the division being scattered along the Rio Grande patrolling the Mexican border.

It was a strange sight for American eyes as the troops poured into San Antonio. Out at the railway yards order was being evolved out of chaos as regiment after regiment detrained, and the endless strings of freight cars, laden with army wagons, cannon, commissary stores, ammunition, pontoon bridges, and all the munitions of war, rumbled into the sidings. In box cars cavalry horses neighed and the famous army mules brayed into the chorus. The officers and men of the commissary and quartermaster's departments dodged in and out amid the yards and sidings. They wrangled and fought with the railway men, who had ideas of their own about switching and unloading. The aide of some regimental commander would clatter up on horseback and demand to know, in the name of all the gods of war, where the tents of his regiment were being hidden by the quartermaster's department. A quartermaster's officer would mop a streaming brow and declare in lurid language that he'd be

triply blessed if he knew. But order was coming out of chaos just the same, and it was marvelous to see how everything, from gun caisson to flour sack, found its way from train to its appointed place in camp.

A halo of dust hung over the roads from the railway yards to the camp. With tramp of marching feet, with clatter of hoofs, with rumbling of the big guns and heavily loaded army wagons, horse, foot, and artillery, regiment, battalion, company, troop, and battery, jammed the dusty roads. Out on the prairie, men in khaki were digging ditches, laying water pipes, pegging up tents, and marking out the company streets. The sun would set one evening over a bare stretch of prairie; next morning a mushroom growth of brown tents had sprung up. Under the shelter of gentle slopes in the prairie the cavalry mounts were picketed in long lines. Watering the horses was almost a ceremony. The smoke curled up from the blacksmiths' forges and the hammers rang on anvils. The field bakeries were turning out loaves by the thousands every day. Every company had its open-air kitchen, and the bugles sang the welcome summons to appetites that needed no other urging. It was spring in Texas, and the general health of the division was excellent. The field hospitals got their chief practice on the cases of measles, which seems to be the inevitable contribution of the new recruits to camp life.

A big corral, large enough to accommodate 2,000 mules and horses, was fenced in, and near it were big blacksmith forges, the regimental wagon-trains, and the stores of the quartermaster's department.

In the *hangars* officers and men of the Signal Corps worked over the army aeroplanes, which soared over the camp in daily practice flights or dashed out across country to execute aerial maneuvers. Of course the Signal Corps men believe that the aeroplanes are going to supersede cavalry for scouting purposes. But you won't make yourself popular with the cavalrymen by agreeing to this proposition in their presence. Also the artillerymen will tell you just how to wing an aeroplane in flight. One thing is sure, however, and that is that the aeroplane has come to stay for military purposes. As an aid to scouting it has been too long neglected in our army. Its extreme usefulness was proved in the maneuvers of the French army last fall, say the men of the Signal Corps, and Congress in refusing appropriations is responsible for our backwardness in military aeronautics.

The Signal Corps' sphere of usefulness has been greatly widened by recent inventions, and it is now a very important part of the service. Beside the aeroplanes, the men of the Signal Corps operate the wireless telegraph outfits, do the signaling by flag "wigwagging" and heliograph, and are prepared with their wire wagons to string up the wires for field telephone and telegraph. Some tests have been already made and more are contemplated in the use of the wireless from aeroplanes. The value of the wireless in this connection for scouting purposes is obvious.

The field wireless is already in use, maintaining communication between the border patrols along the Rio Grande. The apparatus is reduced to its simplest form for field service, and may all, including collapsible pole, wires, instruments, and dynamos, be jacked on the backs of mules. In operation at the border patrol stations, the whole apparatus, excepting wires and pole, is contained under one regulation army tent. The instruments are contained in iron-bound boxes, which are opened up when in service, and may be closed securely enough to withstand the hardest knocks in transportation. In "sending," the power for the dynamo is supplied by a windlass apparatus manned by two enlisted men. The field wireless has a sending range of from forty to fifty miles under normal conditions, but messages are received from a much greater distance. Recently some of the border patrol stations west of Laredo on the Rio Grande picked up messages sent by the war-ships off Galveston and by the station at Key West.

Not the least important factor in the efficiency of the division is the medical and sanitary work of the Chief Surgeon and his assistants. Typhoid fever taught our army a bitter lesson in the Spanish-American War, and it has not been forgotten. Throughout the divisional camp the most thorough precautions have been taken to prevent any possible sources of

infection. Great pains were taken to insure a pure water supply, but all water used by the troops for drinking and cooking is boiled. The orders on this subject are stringent and are enforced to the letter. Every company kitchen has a big oven formed by an excavation in the ground paved and walled by large stones. Fires are kept burning in these ovens and the stones become red hot. All garbage is thrown on these red-hot stones and completely destroyed. All kitchen utensils are kept spotlessly clean, and there is nothing left about the kitchens to attract flies. All sewage is completely destroyed by burning it with paraffin oil.

As an additional precaution, by order of the Secretary of War, inoculation with the anti-typhoid serum was made compulsory on every officer and man of the division. For the first few days in camp the long lines of the "typhoid squads" being marched up to the field hospitals to bare their arms to the surgeons' hypodermic needles was a daily sight in camp. In only a few instances were the men unable to attend to their usual duties after the treatment. Sore arms and headaches were about the worst effects of the inoculation.

Bathing was also made compulsory for the enlisted men of the division, and in an order from headquarters it was set forth in quaintly official language that all commanders should take such steps as would "insure that every enlisted man secured at least two baths per week." As a result the bathing squads, with towels under arms, bound for a scrub in the barracks, alternated with the typhoid squads marching up to the surgeons' needles.

Before the last of the troops rushed south by the mobilization orders had arrived at San Antonio recruits were already pouring in by the train-load, and the regiments were brought up as rapidly as possible to full war complement. The lot of the recruits at the divisional camp was not altogether a happy one. They had much to learn, and they had to learn it in more than usual haste. Upon arrival they were placed in quarantine in tents in isolated sections of the camp until a sufficient time had elapsed for them to develop any contagious diseases they might have contracted before their arrival in camp. First they were marched up to the field hospitals and received the anti-typhoid treatment, and then their training began even before their period of quarantine probation had expired. All over the camp, on vacant stretches of the prairie, could be seen little squads of recruits, in charge of the drill sergeants, learning to place their awkward feet on the ground in the army way. Marching in step would seem to be a simple matter, but the recruits did not find it easy to satisfy their instructors.

Right here comes in one of the severest criticisms that army officers have to make of the present regulations. Troops and companies on a peace footing are often kept at less than half of full war complement, and, as a result, when brought up to war strength the efficiency of the organizations is practically destroyed by the sudden addition of frequently fifty per cent of raw recruits. The theory on which the present regulations appear to have been laid down is that the old men and officers will somehow drag through the untrained men. But, as one infantry captain expressed it at the divisional camp here: "In actual war I would a long shot rather have a company of fifty trained men than the same company brought up to war strength by the addition of raw recruits. The recruits mean just so many men who have to be taken care of by the old soldiers who know the business."

It must not be imagined that the present mobilization has been altogether a triumphal exhibition of the efficiency of the United States regular army and its organization. Inasmuch as it is the first extensive concentration of regular troops under actual service conditions in many years, popular interest in the mobilization has been great, and the accounts published have for the most part dwelt more upon the good results accomplished than upon the grave defects exposed in our present army organization. It was nine days after the mobilization orders were issued by the War Department before the last of the troops ordered to San Antonio arrived in the divisional camp. There was much in the way of equipment and supplies required by the regulations in putting a division into the field that had not arrived two weeks after the mobilization orders

were issued. At that time the division was very far from being equipped with the regulation divisional wagon-trains. As a result, it was not in condition to march out of camp under proper conditions had an order come to cross the Rio Grande. And it must be remembered that all this effort, which turned the War Department inside out, was to concentrate not more than half of a full division in one camp, the remainder of the troops included in General Carter's command being scattered along the border.

In all fairness it must be said that the blame for these conditions rests not so much upon the army officers as upon the organization under which they are compelled to work. Congress, in a series of disjointed statutes, has built up the present organization of the army, and, in the opinion of the majority of the officers of the service, Congress has done a sorry job. The army men are not inclined to make excuses, and they are not seeking to hide the defects of the present system. They say they are doing the best work they can with the tools at their disposal, but they want better tools. A new type of army man has arisen since the Spanish-American War—alert, up to date, and progressive in ideas. Men of this type do not seek to avoid criticism, but rather invite it when it is just. They are very much alive to the defects of our present system, and want a thorough reorganization which will place our army on an equal footing with the best in the world. Among the most radical of the changes which they would like to see are the following:

The abolition of the present geographical department system, which entails the scattering of the army in small garrison posts all over the country.

The concentration of the troops in large posts near important railway centers.

Fewer units of organization, if necessary, but the maintaining of those units at full war strength.

Some adequate means of control by the military authorities over the railways when emergencies arise demanding the sudden and speedy movement of troops.

Under the present system regiments are frequently broken up into battalions and companies and scattered at small posts all over the country.

Not only is it much more expensive to maintain and supply troops scattered in this way, but it makes it almost impossible for organization commanders to learn, from actual experience, how to handle the units they would be called upon to command in time of war. Many of these small posts are situated in sections of the country remote from adequate railway facilities. In the present mobilization distance played a very small part in the time made by the various regiments from their posts to San Antonio. For instance, the Third Field Artillery arrived from Fort Meyer, Virginia, a distance of 1,718 miles, five days after the mobilization orders were issued. The Ninth Cavalry and the Fourth Field Artillery did not arrive from Fort D. A. Russell, at Cheyenne, Wyoming, a distance of 1,190 miles, until four days later, or nine days after the orders were issued. This was not because more time was taken in transit by the troops from Fort D. A. Russell, but because the railways could not furnish enough cars at Cheyenne, and the troops had to wait until the cars could be procured from other points.

The objections to bringing the regimental units up from peace to war strength in times of emergency have been stated above.

In regard to the lack of adequate control over the railway companies, the army men say that in the present mobilization the railway authorities have frequently refused point blank to obey the instructions of the military authorities in regard to important matters in the transportation of troops and supplies. That this might lead to disastrous results on the verge of real war is the opinion of the army officers whose duties have brought them into direct contact with the transportation problem.

Whatever is the real reason for the present mobilization of such a large part of the regular army, the lessons already learned by the military authorities are invaluable, and it is the earnest hope of the army men that the defects of our military organization have not been exposed in vain, and that public sentiment will approve the changes which the men who ought to know believe necessary before we shall have a really efficient army.

San Antonio, Texas.

MEXICANS AND AMERICANS

FROM AN AMERICAN RESIDENT OF MEXICO

THE question of concern to Americans resident in Mexico is the possible intervention of the United States before the revolution comes to an end. We have known that there has been a great deal of talk about intervention on the border, and that the army officers were full of the excitement of war, and now that a large army is being mobilized in Texas it begins to look serious. Intervention would change entirely the question now before the Mexican people. As it is, a very large majority are in sympathy with the revolution, though a great part secretly. The crossing over the border of a foreign army at the invitation of a Government already too unpopular, and one which the mass of the people wish to see come to its end, would be the signal for the whole Mexican people to rise against what they would consider the perfidy of their own Government and the aggression of a foreign foe.

A friend traveling in the State of Guerrero, far to the south, told me of a conversation which he had with a field hand. As news is rather scarce down that way, the man was asking him of the fighting in the north. Who were doing the fighting? Was it Mexican against Mexican, or Mexicans against foreigners? He was informed that it was Mexicans against Mexicans in a dispute over the Government. He said: "Oh, all right, then. I am not concerned as to who has it [the Government], but if it were a fight to repulse foreign aggression I would want to be in it." This is but an illustration of how the most unlettered man could be counted on to resent intervention, which to such men would mean aggression.

The revolution is going on with what might be called small warfare. It looks as if, for the present, the revolutionists would be content with interfering with traffic and embarrassing the Government in other ways; but let the United States put its foot into it and there would be big warfare. Bloodshed would not be averted, but greatly increased, and the very ends sought defeated by the fact, the irritation, and what many would term the insolence, of the intervention. Thousands of Americans would be put in great personal danger and everything American injured for decades to come.

The Diaz Government has accomplished much for Mexico. If Diaz had stepped down six years ago, or even last year, he would have gone down in history as one of the strongest and best men that the country has had; but he is ruling out of his time. It is all right to put down bandits with the firing squad, but when the man who has some modern ideas as to the advantages the common people should enjoy, the distribution of the public domain, the right to cast his vote and have it counted, is put in jail and classed as an outlaw, the situation has changed. The Mexican people have been patient under the Diaz rule because of the good that has come out of it, but the time will come when the people must solve their own political destinies.

The present Government is weakening its position every day. Its use of force and arbitrary means is alienating the people more and more. A few days ago I witnessed what has been going on for some time—that is, the searching of the trains by the authorities, who take out and lock up in the penitentiary whom they please. The victims generally were second-class passengers ticketed to Texas—part of the labor army, I have good reason for believing, which in increasing numbers has been emigrating to the American Southwest in search of work. Several Mexicans who witnessed the proceeding characterized it as the height of infamy.

A great many Americans swear by the Diaz Government, honestly and with good reason, for they have been well treated; but there are many who have meager ideas of what such a government involves. They don't get the Mexican citizen's point of view—a man with a country and a strong spirit of patriotism, but who is not allowed to talk about public affairs—the tariff, for instance, which adds twenty-five, fifty, and a hundred per cent to the cost

of things; who thinks that his Government could just as well help the small man get a homestead as to finance the projects of moneyed men, members of the "Circle of Friends."

A climax will come sooner or later. The sentiment against the Government is getting stronger, and as things get worse the Government will have to resort to means more distasteful to the people. There may be a lull, but unless this Government makes a complete change in its policy it will go tottering to a fall.

It would be one of the greatest mistakes that the United States has ever made to try to step in and bolster up the Diaz Government. No amount of force will help matters. A larger measure of popular government must be given; there must be a chance for popular opinion to express itself, and there must be laws framed that will help the small man to become a landowner. It will be found, when the time comes, that the revolutionists have some good men to put at the head of things. It is claimed against them that they have no leaders, that they are divided. This fact indicates, however, how largely this is an uprising of the people. There are many men in the revolution who have the spirit of sacrifice born of a good and great cause. An insurrectionist prisoner said to me a couple of weeks ago: "I don't want to see this thing end; it does not matter how long we stay in jail, the country must have a new and better government."

As Americans we are safe now while the matter is being fought out by small warfare—the interruption of traffic and the harassing of the Government. It means inconvenience, but not much danger. What we do fear, however, is the intervention of the American Government. From being neutral, we would be identified with one of the combatants, and a small scrap would be turned into a bitter war with its sequel of misunderstandings, rancor, and anti-Americanism.

The protection of American interests in Mexico does not form even a sensible ground for intervention. The temporary loss to the interests in Mexico and the present inconvenience suffered by letting this revolution run its course are not to be compared to the loss of friendly relations and trade in subsequent years. The American interests and the American people can well afford to take a small loss by the revolution, which, if they keep out, they can quickly make up through good friendship and increased trade relations later on. While, on the other hand, to meddle (and unjustifiably) in the internal affairs of this country would take all promise out of the future. Few can realize the resentment, the lasting scar, that such an act of a neighbor's rapacity and iniquity (as it would be judged—the staining of a nation's honor and the imperiling of its integrity because a number of dollars were imagined to be in danger) would cause in the heart of every Mexican.

It has been said that the United States must intervene because of the Monroe Doctrine, and that the Monroe Doctrine must be maintained as a war measure. Generally all war measures have to be paid for, and if the United States wants the Monroe Doctrine as a war measure it ought to be willing to pay for it—by guaranteeing any damages to other Powers rather than by sending an army to settle domestic disputes.

For my own part, I cannot see that the Diaz Government has any great claims on the consideration of the United States. As you may well know, there has been an increasing emigration of Mexican labor to the American Southwest. To stop this as much as possible and retain the labor here the supporters of the Government carried on last year what to all appearances was an organized press bureau to circulate stories of ill usage, hard luck, and injustice suffered by Mexicans in the United States. Through this campaign of misrepresentation to keep Mexican labor in Mexico there was so much ill feeling stirred up that the country was ready to break out in denunciation of Americans and rioting when the lynching of Antonio Rodriguez took place.

The truth of the matter is that this country has some great economic questions to settle, which eventually must mean some changes in the social order; but I believe that the Mexican people have enough patience and enough men of good caliber to work things out to a solution—far better than any that can ever be arrived at with outside intervention.

SOCIALISM

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

"TO make it as easy and matter-of-course for the ordinary respectable Englishman to be a Socialist as to be a Liberal or Conservative"—that, in the words of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, is one of the objects of the Fabian Society. It is quite the hardest task Socialists have ever undertaken. There is only one task that would be harder, and that is to make Socialism natural to the ordinary respectable American.

There are several reasons why Socialism seems an alien thing in America. In the first place, the Socialist propaganda in America has been carried on largely by men of foreign antecedents. In the second place, the manner in which that propaganda has been conducted has been often revolting to the sense of decency and good order. And, in the third place, along with the Socialist theory certain ideas have been promulgated as Socialistic which are fantastic and extravagant.

As time passes, however, these reasons will diminish in weight. As economic conditions in America, with the disappearance of free public land, approach more nearly those of Europe, the ordinary American will more readily listen to what men of European origin and antecedents have to say; as social questions become more acute, he will learn to consider the merits of social remedies proposed, while condemning the violence with which they may be advocated; and as he finds it increasingly necessary to study social questions, he will learn to distinguish the non-essential from the essential. There is, in fact, no more reason for refusing to understand Socialism because it is of foreign origin, because it is often advocated with violence in speech and even in act, and because it has become incrusted with ideas that are irrational or impracticable, than there is for rejecting Christianity because it had its rise in Asia, has been invoked to justify the cruelties of the Duke of Alva and the excesses of the Free Brothers of the sixteenth century, and has been obscured by an envelope of riotous theological speculation.

Is it, however, worth while for the ordinary American to try to understand Socialism? It is, if it is worth while for him to understand a force with which every country in Europe is reckoning and with which the United States, in its turn, is concerned. There are, it is estimated, some ten million men in the civilized world who to-day call themselves Socialists. Nobody knows how many more there are who would probably not deny that they are Socialists if they were asked. And there are countless others who are not sure whether they are Socialists or not. The spirit of Socialism seems to be everywhere. Its influence is not measured by Socialist votes, for it is not confined in any country to politics. It has, for example, been challenged by the Vatican as an enemy of the Catholic faith. Its growth in influence, however, has been indicated by the enormous increase, within a generation, of Socialist votes. There are about as many Socialist voters in the United States now as there were in the whole world forty years ago. More than that, the effect of the Socialist propaganda has had an effect on non-Socialist political parties. When political speakers denounce their opponents as Socialistic, or affirm that the policies of their own party will provide a safeguard against Socialism, they pay a tribute to the influence of Socialism on parties not avowedly Socialistic.

Socialism has thus become a word of current usage. Everybody uses it as if his hearers understood what it meant. It stands for a general and rather vague notion concerning some kind of proposal for reapportioning property with the purpose of bringing all people to a status of something like mediocrity. According to this notion, which is not without justification in the writings of Socialists themselves, Socialism is a device or scheme, resembling a constitution or form of government, to be adopted by the people, and has a more or less vaguely formulated object of upsetting and smashing existing institutions, abolishing private property, dispensing somehow with capital, and establishing a powerful governmental machine that will determine what

TWENTY-SIX BOOKS ON SOCIALISM

Karl Kautsky. The Class Struggle (Erfurt Programme). Translated by William E. Bohm. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

A brief but important work by one of the foremost of orthodox Marxian Socialists; considerably compressed in translation. This can serve admirably as an outline of Marxian Socialism for the reader who wishes to get an elementary knowledge of the subject.

Edward Bernstein. Evolutionary Socialism: A Criticism and an Affirmation. Translated by Edith C. Harvey. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.

An important book, indispensable to the student of modern Socialism. Bernstein, testing Marx's philosophy by facts, finds it in many places defective. His theory is therefore a modification of Marxian Socialism. No one can explain modern Socialism or can assume to criticise it without knowledge of the important influence upon it which, after a study of recent social history, such men as Bernstein have exerted.

W. J. Ghent. Socialism and Success: Some Uninvited Messages. John Lane Company, New York. $1.

A series of chapters by a Socialist calculated to arrest the attention and stimulate thought rather than to inform or illuminate.

Joseph E. Cohen. Socialism for Students. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

An attempt by a moderate orthodox Marxian Socialist to state the Socialistic doctrine in brief compass.

C. E. Russell. Why I am a Socialist. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

Principally consisting of rather vivid, decidedly forceful, but far from sober descriptions of some of the worst undoubted evils of the present industrial system, written with the pen of a practiced but emotional journalist.

E. R. Hartman. Socialism versus Christianity. The Cochrane Publishing Company, New York. $1.50.

An interpretation of Socialism as a scourge for sin, from which the only refuge is devout faith in a rather literalistic type of Christianity.

Newton Mann. The Import and Outlook of Socialism. The James H. West Company, Boston. $1.50.

A survey of Socialism by an evolutionary (revisionist) Socialist, and at the same time an intelligent attempt to reconcile with Christian ethics and ideals Socialism as thus expounded.

G. Bernard Shaw and Others. Fabian Essays in Socialism. With a new Preface by Mr. Shaw. The Ball Publishing Company, Boston. 50 cents.

A new edition of essays which have proved useful as presenting certain varieties of British Socialism, one, at least, of the essays affording delicious examples of impracticability and speculative imagination.

W. Lawler Wilson. The Menace of Socialism. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $2.

An intelligent but emotionally partisan exposition, from an English point of view, of the belief that Socialism is "an outbreak of social insanity."

W. G. Towler. Socialism in Local Government. With Introduction by Captain H. M. Jessel. Second Edition. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

An attack on Socialism in the form of criticism of what in England is called "municipal trading."

John Spargo. Karl Marx: His Life and Work. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $2.50.

An important biography of the chief apostle of modern Socialism. Marx's life was full of vicissitude and not devoid of the dramatic. No better introduction to his works can be had than this view of their development in the course of his experiences. Mr. Spargo is a disciple of Marx, but has so presented his subject as to enable his readers to form an independent judgment of the man and his writings. This is a book that should be read by any one who cares to understand the present-day social movements.

John Spargo. The Marx He Knew. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

A readable little book of twelve or thirteen thousand words in which the author records the life of Marx as seen through the friendly eyes of an old cigar-maker.

H. G. Wells. Socialism and the Family. The Ball Publishing Company, Boston. 50 cents.

A breezy speculative trifle, that is not nearly as bad as it sounds, but is of no consequence as a contribution to the serious discussion of Socialism.

Karl Marx. The Poverty of Philosophy. Preface by F. Engels. Translated by H. Quelch. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. $1.

An early work of Marx's—a vigorous dissection of Proudhon; throwing light on Marx's theory of value, and illustrating the controversial spirit of mid-nineteenth-century Socialism.

Frederick Engels. Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Duehring). Translated and edited by Austin Lewis. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. $1.

An interesting example of philosophic controversy characteristic of Socialistic writings a century ago; useful only to the student of the details of Socialistic theories.

Robert Rives La Monte. Socialism: Positive and Negative. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cts.

A little series of essays valiantly and cleverly defending the pure Socialistic faith as once delivered. An aggressive challenge by a proud revolutionary.

Jack London. Evolution and Other Essays. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Snap-shots, partly Socialistic.

La Monte and Mencken. Men Versus The Man. A Correspondence. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.35.

A series of letters interchanged between a radical Socialist and a follower of Nietzsche, in which both evidently expect to shock the conventional reader, and each apparently hopes to shock—hardly to persuade—the other, with the result that each succeeds in impressing on the reader the repellent features of not only the other's but also his own cherished faith.

Edmond Kelly. Twentieth Century Socialism. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.75.

A comprehensive and very useful survey of present-day Socialism by an advocate—intelligent, informed, but rather bookish.

J. S. Crawford. Political Socialism: Would it Fail in Success? Paper bound, published by the Writer. 25 cents.

Consisting of a series of attacks on some essential and some non-essential Socialistic propositions, concluding with a condemnation of Socialism as an appetite for the property of others.

Louis B. Boudin. The Theoretical System of Karl Marx: in the Light of Recent Criticism. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. $1.

A presentation and devout defense of the orthodox, the Marxian, form of modern Socialism, according to which the breakdown of the present capitalistic order will come with some suddenness.

Yves Guyot. Socialistic Fallacies. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

Violent assaults, piecemeal, upon what the author alleges to be Socialism. A book which, by its frequent misrepresentation of Socialism, as well as by its blunders, almost persuades one to be a Socialist.

Paul Lafargue. The Evolution of Property from Savagery to Civilization. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

A brief exposition of Socialism of a sort that tends to discredit the theory among people who value clear thinking.

Werner Sombart. Socialism and the Social Movement. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by M. Epstein. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

A very able and important book, presenting from a Socialist point of view, but in a discriminating way and in a judicial spirit, the chief phases of Socialism. The author, formerly Professor Extraordinary at the University of Breslau, and Professor of Political Economy in the Handelshochschule (Commercial College) since its foundation in 1905, has performed his task as a scholar, as a man of affairs, and as a clear writer. After a brief statement of underlying principles, he not only traces the Socialistic movement historically, but also characterizes its forms in various countries. His conclusion is well balanced.

John Spargo. Capitalist and Laborer and Modern Socialism. Charles H. Kerr Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

A good-tempered but keen reply to two critics of Socalism, Goldwin Smith and W. H. Mallock.

John Spargo. The Substance of Socialism. B. H. Huebsch, New York. $1.

In which the exposition of a broad-minded and flexible type of Socialistic theory is chiefly incidental and subsidiary to the removal of certain misconceptions and misrepresentations regarding Socialism.

work each person will do, provide for the care of children, and distribute wealth more or less equally among all the people.

Among English-speaking peoples, and particularly among Americans, this common conception has been derived very largely from a single work of fiction, very popular a generation ago—Bellamy's "Looking Backward." This book represents a type of Socialism that once was predominant. For convenience it may be called Utopian Socialism. It has now become almost obsolete—at least in that crude and yet impressionistic form which, because it was imaginative and pictorial, easily appealed to the casual reader, and left in his mind a rather definite image.

The early Socialists were Utopians. They lived at the time when the introduction of machinery was comparatively new and the hardships which it caused were an unaccustomed and apparently growing evil. Men whose manual skill as hand workers had lost its value were thrown out of work by the new forces that other men had harnessed. The opposition to machinery was proving futile. Efforts at amelioration of suffering seemed slow. Then it was that people of humane mind, seeing the wrong endured by human beings as the result of environment, tried to imagine what an ideal state of society would be, or visualized conditions as they would like to have them become. One such Socialist would devise one kind of Utopia, another would devise another. Each in his turn announced his faith that all would be well if his plan were only adopted. One after another several of these plans were actually put into operation; but of course they could not affect general conditions, and did not long survive. These Utopian Socialists, however much they differed, agreed in believing that a remedy for social wrongs would be supplied by some device or set of devices. A general, perhaps dominant, idea was that all property should be held in common. Nowadays these men would be called Communists. Some of them were in theory Anarchists—that is, they believed that an ideal state of society, such as would bring about conditions of happiness, would be altogether free from the exercise of any sovereign authority, for, they argued, if their devices could be adopted, every one would be happy, no one would want to hurt his fellow-men, and there would be no need of any police power. This fact accounts, in great degree, for the popular tendency to lump Socialists and Anarchists together. In fact, many Anarchists to-day expect that the outcome of the Anarchist movement will be a sort of communism. In the modern sense, such men are not Socialists at all, but in the earlier days they were called, and called themselves, Socialists. Proudhon was thus not really a Socialist in the sense in which that term is used nowadays; he was a communistic Anarchist. The communism he advocated does not concern us very much in these days. What is now called Socialism is very different.

At the time when Utopian Socialism was losing its vogue, because its various schemes had proved impracticable, there arose a forceful German leader, Karl Marx. Against this Utopian Socialism he made vigorous protest; and against the communistic Anarchism of Proudhon he was as scathing as he was in his criticism of the present capitalistic social order. Indeed, after having read Proudhon's book entitled "The Philosophy of Poverty," he turned about and ridiculed Proudhon in a book which, in parody, he called "The Poverty of Philosophy." Marx approached social questions from a point of view entirely different from that of the Utopians. They dreamed dreams and then worked to make them come true. Marx undertook to make a survey of human evolution, discern the forces at work, and upon his observations construct a philosophy that would explain present conditions, that would point to future developments, and that would show men who wanted to work for human welfare what course of action would accord with the evolutionary process.

Socialism since the middle of the last century has been largely dominated by Marx's teachings. During Marx's lifetime and since then there have been many Socialist leaders. The forms of Socialist theory vary in many respects. Nevertheless, modern Socialism as it appears now, a very real issue in practically all civilized countries, has its roots in the philosophy of Karl Marx.

There are, it is true, in the Socialist

movement, men of imaginative temper who enjoy the exercise of fancying what the future has in store for mankind. Such writers as H. G. Wells in England and Jack London in America are in that sense Utopians; and many other Socialist writers show now and then a decidedly Utopian streak. Even these, however, do not construct their Utopias out of dream stuff, but out of the philosophic material that has been supplied by Marx and his associates and disciples. There are also many Socialist writers who are at odds with Marx on important points, and Socialist groups who have adopted policies that are not directly derived from Marx; but even these take Marx as a starting-point for what they regard as an advance, or for divergence. On the whole, therefore, modern Socialism is quite distinct from communism, although a modern Socialist may be a Communist; it is quite distinct from the old Utopianism, though a modern Socialist may, so to speak, think Utopianly; it is, either in a pure or modified form, Marxism.

This fact is made clear by the reading of recently published books dealing with Socialism. A list of some two dozen such books, with a brief characterization of each, is printed as a part of this article. Any reader who wishes to pursue this subject I refer to these volumes. I shall not mention them further. What I shall attempt to do is to state the Socialist theory as it appears to be common to most of these writers.

According to the modern view, Socialism is not a device or scheme for bringing about an imaginatively conceived Utopian state of society. It is rather an interpretation of economic forces and tendencies. It is based upon the proposition that all history—political, social, religious—is the product of economic conditions; in other words, that the controlling force in the life of mankind is the quest for bread and shelter.

Most of the people who write books and newspaper editorials or make speeches do not believe this. They do not know what it means to hunger, or what it means to live in fear of seeing their children exposed to the cold. The great mass of men are inarticulate; and it is these who live close to necessity. They are driven from place to place, or held fast to one spot, by this controlling force of impending hunger and exposure. On others, higher in the scale of life, this economic pressure is felt less obviously, but just as directly; and, through those beneath them, indirectly as well.

The theory that this economic pressure is the determining force in human evolution is commonly called the materialistic conception of history. This phrase is not used to convey the idea that the life of man is purely materialistic. On the contrary, among those who hold to this theory are to be found genuine idealists. The phrase simply means that economic forces, as distinguished from racial or political forces, are dominant. It ought to be called rather the economic conception of history.

According to this view, mankind has been divided from early days into classes in accordance with economic interest and economic status. So it was in Greece, so in Rome. In the Middle Ages the feudal system was primarily an economic system, and the feudal classes economic classes. To-day, from this point of view, there are also great economic classes under an economic system created by the invention of machinery.

Formerly a man who made goods worked with his own tools; but with the introduction of machinery that was all changed. Production became so complex, calling for the co-operation of many workers, that no man could own the tools with which he worked. Moreover, a man could not, as he could in the older days, make things for consumption by himself and his family. Practically everything had to be made for the market. Thus the tool-owners had to get others to manipulate the tools (machinery) for them. The owners of the tools became owners of the goods. Thus has arisen a class who own the material out of which the product is made, the tools by which the product is made, and the product itself. This class constitutes the capitalists.

The capitalists are thus interested in commerce and trade. What they get in exchange for their product belongs to them. Out of it, however, they have to provide for the workers. The process of production, according to the Socialist view, thus became something like this: Certain

material, having a certain value and belonging to capitalists, is put through a process of manufacture. At the end of the process it has an increased value. This increased value is given it by reason of the labor that has been put upon it. The difference between the value of the raw cotton and that of the cotton cloth is the measure of the value of the labor. (Of course the machinery used in the manufacture had in turn been the product of labor, which must be included in the factors of the process.) Of this increased value, or surplus value, as the Socialists call it, the capitalist takes a share. Of course a part he must pay to his employees. The less he pays, the more he retains for himself. How little he pays depends on one condition. That condition is one of keeping the laborers alive and able to work, and of enabling them to raise families for future employment. Any payment that is too small for this would result in reducing the capitalist's product. Beyond that he will pay nothing unless he must. There is thus inevitably a conflict between the capitalist class and the labor class, or proletariat.

The capitalist class, though it cannot reduce wages beyond a certain point, can reduce the labor cost by substituting more machinery, or more effective machinery, for laborers. Of course this means paying for the labor of making the machinery, but that is small compared with the labor in making the goods for consumption. If he can devise a machine that will do the work of ten laborers, then, instead of the wages of ten men, all that he has to pay is the wages of one man to manipulate the machine, plus the cost of the machine. So the capitalist class is constantly stimulating the invention of new machinery in order to get a larger share of the surplus value.

This process, however, throws many laborers out of work and creates an army of unemployed. These unemployed cease to be purchasers of goods. They do not buy shoes. They and their children go barefoot. The shoe manufacturer, however, is trying to increase his output. Finding the demand decreasing, he reduces his output. So with cloth, with building material, with food products, with all necessities. There is thus an over-production of shoes while people go barefoot, of cloth while they go ragged, of building material while they go houseless, of food while they go hungry. There is a tendency to over-production, or, what amounts to the same thing, under-consumption. This does not mean that too many shoes, or too much cloth, or too much food, is being produced for the population, but too much of all these things for the population that is able to buy them. This general tendency results in a lowering of the share that goes to the capitalist owners. To make up for this loss of market, the capitalist class tries to enlarge its market in other directions. Impelled by its powerful influence, the nation's government tries to extend its market in foreign lands. Thus the interests of one nation clash with those of others. This conflict of commercial interests is the modern cause of war and of costly armaments. Such markets as can be found do not, however, absorb all the goods. The capitalist's source of wealth is progressively reduced. At the same time the extension of the means of production through machinery and organization throws the control of capital into fewer and fewer hands. Thus, according to the orthodox Marxian view, capital becomes more and more concentrated; the army of the unemployed is constantly recruited; the rich become richer, the poor poorer; the recurrent periods of depression become more frequent; coincidently the land falls into fewer hands.

So the line between the classes becomes sharper and more definite. The struggle, too, between the capitalists and the workers (or, as the Socialists prefer to call them, the *bourgeoisie* and the proletariat) becomes more acute. Socialists declare that this class war is an inevitable product of this industrial process; that they do not create it by agitation; but, finding it in existence, lend their influence to the side whose success is essential to the welfare of society.

In this class struggle there are involved, besides the two chief classes, other groups which are related to them, but not exactly identified with them. Around the *bourgeoisie* is collected a mass of dependents who do not strictly belong to the proletariat, because they are engaged in the task of increasing the profits of the

capitalists. To this subsidiary, *bourgeois* class belong the clerks. On the other hand, in the process of production there are many men whose work is that of supervising the production. They are really a part of the labor element. As a matter of fact, however, their interests are very largely with the *bourgeoisie*, though they are not, strictly speaking, parasitic, as the mere capitalist owner is. In between the two classes there is an intermediary class composed of those whom many Socialists call the intellectuals. They are not engaged, strictly speaking, in the operations of capitalist production. They have no part in that great process of manufacture and transportation that is peculiar to the capitalist system as distinguished from other systems of past ages. The doctors, the lawyers, the writers, and so on, are more or less independent of the whole process. Most of them, however, are, as a matter of fact, dependent upon the capitalist class; but a very large proportion, and in some communities a majority, are in sympathy with the strivings and the needs of the proletarians.

The outcome of this process, as thus outlined, leads inevitably to a catastrophe. The world market is limited. The demand for an enlargement, therefore, of the world market must reach at some time an *impasse*. The gradual reduction of the share that goes to capitalistic ownership cannot go on indefinitely. In the meantime the great increase in the concentration of wealth and the increase in the complexity of the organization of industries must also reach a limit. This capitalistic system thus bears within it the seeds of its own destruction. Ultimately, in some way, either our whole civilization must be wrecked as the civilization of Rome in another age and in another way was wrecked, or else it must develop a new form of industrial organization that will supplant the capitalistic system.

What this new organization will be, no one can exactly foretell. It is, however, somewhat foreshadowed in the minds of many Socialists by the great trusts. On the other hand, the growing element of the unemployed, or of those employed on the edge of starvation, forms a peril that possibly cannot be avoided. These distinctions of class and these perils are not created by Socialism. They are created by capitalism. They exist now. The Socialist simply recognizes their existence. Some Socialists regard this process as if it were as practically impersonal as biological evolution, and as much beyond the power of man's will to affect; but most Socialists, I think, recognize that man's will and his ability to create political and social forms are factors in this very development. They therefore believe that all those who desire to see this impending catastrophe avoided should join in bringing about certain very elementary conditions.

As a consequence of the operation of forces now at work, they believe that if this proletariat is not strengthened, the submerged tenth will become a submerged eighth and sixth and third, until it engulfs civilization. They believe, therefore, that it is to the interest of society that the proletarian class should be strengthened. It is the proletariat that really creates the values in the process of production, and it is the proletariat that represents the labor on which civilization depends. The concentrated capital which is becoming less and less remunerative to its owners must cease to be privately owned and become in some way socially owned. Thus the mere ownership of capital itself will cease to be a basis for reward, and the only basis for reward will be productive labor. How this social ownership should be encouraged and how the proletariat should be strengthened is a matter on which Socialists are not by any means altogether agreed.

The views of Marx, as they have been adopted and modified by his followers, have in recent years been vigorously criticised by those who in general accept his interpretation of economic development. There is a group of Socialists, known as revisionists, who believe that, although capital is becoming concentrated in fewer and fewer concerns, it is becoming more widely distributed in the hands of individuals. It also believes that land is becoming more widely distributed in ownership, and that there is not the increase in poverty or increase in the frequency of commercial depression that the Marxians declare and have expected. There is also a group of Socialists who advocate what is known as Revolutionary Syndicatism, or, as we should say, Socialistic Trade-

Unionism. This type of Socialism is best represented in this country by the Western Federation of Miners, whose activities in Colorado have created a good deal of consternation. They belong to a radical group. Many Socialists mix in with their theories views on the family and on moral standards that are not necessarily involved in the Socialistic interpretation of history.

On the practical side, Socialists advocate measures which will assist the process of change from one system to another. Some Socialists believe this best done by hastening the catastrophe. Others believe the chief thing is to strengthen the proletariat. Still others, agreeing to this, urge measures that will modify the pains and inconveniences of the change.

All Socialists are agreed that the inevitable consequence of present tendencies is a new order of society, as distinct from the present capitalistic or wages system as that is distinct from feudalism. They all agree that under that order of society those tools or instruments of production that are socially used—that is, used by bodies of men rather than by independently working individuals—will be socially owned. As to what the nature of social ownership will be they do not pretend to agree. Many of them speak of the owner as the State; but when they begin to exercise their imaginations on this subject, they show as great a difference among themselves as any other set of people would. They all agree that compensation will be, not in return for the mere ownership of something, but for some kind of real service rendered. Very few seriously suggest that an arbitrary division of wealth will be customary; but very few, on the other hand, seem to have made any serious study to discover what present tendencies indicate with regard to recompense for service. There is, however, nothing inconsistent with the Socialist theory in the methods adopted under modern management for the scientific study of labor operations and the payment in accordance with the work done as thus ascertained.

Socialism has had the advantage of the fact that its chief critics have not seemed to know or care what it really is. Such writers as Guyot and Mallock have attacked the surface things. If Socialists are wrong, they will not be set right by attacks on what is not essential. Even their opponents will do well to try to understand them.

Since Socialism is not a device, it is not a sound criticism of a Socialist to show that he cannot lay out a scheme of organization of society. Since Socialism is not in essence an imaginatively conceived Utopian state, it is not a sound criticism of a Socialist to show that he cannot tell what, in the course of the future development of property and industry, will happen to a man's wheelbarrow or his piano.

Fair criticism of Socialism as such consists in questioning its fundamental philosophy. It is fair, therefore, to attack Socialism on at least these four points: the economic interpretation of history; the idea of surplus value; the so-called class struggle; the view that socially used tools will tend to be socially owned.

There is one other point on which Socialists seem to be agreed, although it is not essential to the Socialist theory—this is the view that it is desirable to secure the economic independence of women as a class. It is not unreasonable to attack Socialism on this point—or, in fact, on any specific proposals of Socialist platforms.

Socialists have rendered a great service to modern society. They have described with force the symptoms of social ills; they have analyzed them acutely; they have made it clear that these symptoms indicate an organic disease; and they have offered a diagnosis and prescribed a remedy specific enough to make it necessary for any one, in order to answer them, to formulate a clearer diagnosis and suggest a better treatment. They have shown that these social ills cannot be accounted for by ascribing poverty to thriftlessness and incompetence. They have shown that for the removal of these ills something is necessary besides making people better. They have shown that recurrent periods of distress are not inevitable, but that they cannot be reached by mere currency legislation. They have shown to hundreds of thousands the moral bearing of economic questions. They have given at the same time scientific standing and popular currency to the idea that property rights must stand aside for human rights.

I have thus far tried to state in general

terms the principles and forces which underlie Socialism as a movement without criticising it. Certain criticisms, however, seem to me to be justly applicable to the Socialist movement. These can perhaps best be stated in a personal form.

There are several reasons why Socialists are not likely to accept me as a "comrade."

In the first place, I do not believe that economic forces are as uniformly dominant as they think. Wars have been fought for sheer love of fighting, for devotion to a leader or to an idea, for race prejudice, for pure fanaticism—for a great many reasons that are not essentially economic. I think that the very fact that government will deal more and more with economic questions gives ground for believing that other than economic causes will affect, not only political action, but even economic development.

In the second place, I do not see, at least as clearly as a "comrade" should, the lines of demarcation in the "class struggle." In fact, the separation between the classes, so far from becoming more and more acute, it seems to me, is becoming more and more subject to modification. At least there is reason for believing that the numbers of Americans who have interests both as laborers and as capitalists will increase.

In the third place, I think that the transition from our present industrial system to one in which the tool-users will be tool-owners will come by a greater variety of methods than a real "comrade" would welcome—by co-operative concerns, by profit-sharing, by industrial savings institutions, and the like; in other words, more informally than the Socialist programme allows.

In the fourth place, I do not believe that economic development is going to follow the lines of any philosophy; it will be partly the result of the increasing application of science to industry, and partly the result of the habit, inherited from England, of making institutions by the method of trial and error. In other words, I expect less from philosophy than from science, and more from experiment than from either.

In the fifth place, I do not believe that women are going to be emancipated by having more industrial burdens put upon them. Economic equality does not mean identity of function. Social wrongs will not be cured by emphasizing one of the worst features of the present bad industrial system—the driving of women out into toil as breadwinners. In this respect I fear I would be counted no true "comrade."

Finally, I could not work with any heart either for the immediate programme of the organized Socialists in America or under the leadership of most of their dominant representative officials.

A PURITAN

BY MARY BALDWIN

Behind his breed stands heritage perverse;
A strange insistent pressure on a soul
That may not hark to resting. Though the way
Be spread with peace or be it where the toll
Is meted out in rending thorn and brier,
A sword relentless prods this soul's desire,
Tarrying not to question sweet alarms
That Love calls after. Through a mist of tears
He leaves unheeded, wistful outstretched arms
Young Life holds vainly. Neither joy nor fears
May lull the tempest driving o'er the skies
Of this God's Chosen; martyr, prophet, fool—
His flaming sword untempered in the pool
Where lesser mortals drink of Compromise.

A PLEA FOR CAT'S FOOT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I HAD lately returned to the soil after some time spent in a very sophisticated atmosphere, and I fear I must have brought some of the sophistication back with me—certainly a foolish thing to do, for it has little use for the soil, and the soil has less for it. Be this as it may, I was seated one morning going full tilt at a short story which in the glamour of the creative moment promised great things, when my friend Miss Jane walked in on me. Her garden sunbonnet was cocked at a rakish angle, her cheeks were delicately rosy from out-of-doors, and her eyes were alight with the true gardener's spirit. In her hands she carried some flower roots.

"I've brought you over a clump of those lemon lilies you liked so much," she said. "Get your trowel and come on; now's the time to set them out."

My imagination ran off the track of my story with a jolt.

"Oh, Miss Jane, I *am* glad to get the lilies," I cried, "but I can't possibly stop now to plant them. I'm right in the *middle* of my literary career."

Miss Jane looked at me for a brief moment, then she gave a little toss to her head, "Career?" she said. "Cat's foot!"

My mouth dropped open and I stared at her, dumfounded. Then something snapped within me, and I burst into roars of laughter. To couple cat's foot with career! Shades of the sophisticated atmosphere! Heavens! There if one spoke of one's career, whether it happened to be pressed leather, slums, or symphonies, one did so with bated breath, and one's friends all went immediately, as it were, upon tiptoe; and now—*cat's foot!* Again the laughter overwhelmed me. I threw down my pad and pencil and jumped up. "All right, Miss Jane, come along," I cried, and together we went out into the pleasant May sunshine and did our gardening, and I did so, not because I like, nor is my temper one to stand, much interruption when I am at work, but because I realized that I had drifted into an ungodly—yes, really ungodly—frame of mind; in which state I stood sorely in need of the frank and healthy application of cat's foot.

After Miss Jane was gone I returned to my story, but found that my story would not return to me, so I fell to looking over the new stock of ideas that I had lately acquired and trying their value by the light of cat's foot. I was horrified and amused to discover how very few of them there were that could stand the test, but was greatly comforted to see that the eternal values came out of it as eternal and as valuable as ever.

Having performed the operation of cat's foot upon myself as honestly and searchingly as one ever does criticise one's self—for at home one is always aware of so many extenuating circumstances—I turned with gleeful relief to my acquaintances, and applied the phrase with a light-hearted abandonment to some of their most cherished ideas.

Careers came first, because Miss Jane had shown me how fascinating career and cat's foot may be in conjunction, and because certain of my acquaintances have tried my patience by the intense and sacred attitude that they adopt toward any form of occupation. Too many of us, I think, are pursuing little two-for-a-cent arts with a ridiculous sentimentality. We need a good healthy jolt like cat's foot to make us realize that our little pursuits, while no doubt very amusing and interesting to ourselves, are a matter of some million miles behind the Real Thing, and that even the Real Thing should be robust enough to stand alone. I fancy that a true gift or calling, a genius for anything, is one of the strongest, most overwhelming, realities in the world, and requires no ridiculous coddling. The man who is going to do big things will do them whether circumstances are propitious or not. We belittle our great people when we make their way too sentimentally easy. By all means, see, if possible, that they are provided with the necessities of life, but beyond that let them work out their own salvation, knowing that if they have genius they have one of the most tre-

mendous things in the world, that must surely be imperviously able to take care of itself without an oversolicitous attention from friends.

But, after all, it is not of genius that I mean to write, but rather of the pleasant little occupations that we take with such amusing seriousness. There is a wearisome elaboration of mind, a deification of little things, that is sorely in need of cat's foot. We build about our undertakings defensive walls of sentiment that our friends are supposed to respect, and that, worst of all, they *do* respect, unless we are lucky enough to have a good, healthy, clear-eyed Miss Jane for a friend.

"Minnie does not give the time that she should to her work," a lady said to me. "She ought very firmly to set aside certain hours every day for it, and not *allow* herself to be interrupted then; but, of course, her mother, being an invalid, demands a good deal of her time."

"And what is Minnie's work?" I asked, duly impressed.

"Hammered brass," I was told. "She makes really beautiful little pin-trays."

And, of course, who is mother that she should interfere with Minnie's pin-tray career? (Cat's foot!)

Of course it is one thing to approach our friend's occupation on sentimental tiptoes, and quite another to go "heavy foot" over them in our clumsiest orthopedic shoes; and certainly, if there is no middle course, by all means let us tiptoe rather than trample. But may not a judicious use of cat's foot point the way to a joyous and sane path, where one neither tramples nor tiptoes, but walks honestly by the light of humor?

From people with careers I turned to other acquaintances, and applied the phrase with keen relish, among others to the lady who, seated in her luxurious drawing-room, informed me with a little worried frown that "really the serving of afternoon tea was quite a problem"!

Oh, these problems and tragedies of the well-to-do!

Together with afternoon tea the telephone presents its difficulty.

"Well, I just *had* to have mine taken out—my friends *would* call me up at meal-times."

Oh, cat's foot! What if they did? The jumping up to answer them was probably very good for your digestion, and you were the lucky woman, anyway, to have a friend to call you up!

I remembered, too, being seated at the captain's table on board a big ocean liner while a gentleman opposite informed the world at large that it was quite impossible for him to breakfast comfortably without a finger-bowl. He was fat, and he was pompous, with red rolls of double chin, and if his name wasn't Samuel Selfmade it should have been, and if his boyhood's table ever saw a finger-bowl *my* name is Dennis. (No, I don't apologize for the slang; I glory in it!) As I think of him, how I should have liked—now that Miss Jane has shown me how—to meet his remark with a good frank "Cat's foot!"

We seem nowadays to have more expressions of condolence to offer to the lady who has to wait for her carriage after the opera or the gentleman who must eat his breakfast without a finger-bowl than we have for the father and mother whose only child is dying of tuberculosis. We have so trained our sympathy down to the little things that it is paralyzed by the big and terrible realities.

And, by the way, how the great strong words of the language must hate being dragged down for the use of finger-bowls and afternoon tea!

How terribly afraid we are of any discomfort! My Lord the Body, how we pad him about, and how we dread any shock to his nerves!

Some of us are even in danger of thinking that good health is the end and aim of religion. I read not long ago of a woman who was out of health, and, having tried everything without avail, decided at last to see what a belief in God would do for her. She accepted faith tentatively, as a sort of working possibility, and the first thing she noticed under this new attitude of mind was that she began to breathe more deeply and chew her food longer.

Now, I am sure that religious belief does make one breathe and chew better, but, gracious heavens! is that the *first* thing we expect of it? In the old days they used to look first for a change of heart, not a change of digestion.

O my Lord the Body! He is badly in need of a little indifference, of the appli-

cation of a few good cat's foots—or cat's feet (I leave it to the elect to say which is the correct plural). Only, of course, these cat's feet (or foots) should be for the doctor to say, or for the patient to say to himself. The heedless friend who applies them runs the risk of being deeply and tragically sorry. And, after all, really the best manner of taking cat's foot is to take it to one's self. In other words, I was certainly more benefited by the vigorous application of it that I accepted from Miss Jane than I was by all the C. F.'s I administered to my friends—much as I undoubtedly enjoyed the exercise.

And, to go back to the body, what a difficult task it is, this trying to keep up to date in what is good for one and what bad! A friend of mine says that in his boyhood the yolk of the egg was considered the nourishing portion. Now it is the white, and he does not doubt that by the next generation it will be the shell. This is quite true, and in these days of quick change and the explosion of old-established ideas it is really impossible for the lay mind to keep abreast of the times in the matter of health; so why attempt it? Why not make trial of a little indifference and fearlessness?

In this extreme anxiety over our comfort and health we are terribly afraid of any good, wholesome blast of life. It would be all right, or at least more reasonable, to wrap ourselves up in pink tissue paper if we happened to be in a pink tissue paper world, but it's the same grim old world that it always was, and to each of us, no matter how frantically we seek to hide, life comes sooner or later to clap on the thumbscrews. Therefore, instead of pulling the tissue paper over our heads, it would certainly seem wiser, if nothing more, to exercise ourselves a little in discomfort, seeing that we have to live in a world that cannot always be comfortable.

And how, too, we seek to wrap our children about from the blasts of life! We give them no chance to see which they like best, reality or the padded cell, but stuff them willy-nilly into the latter, crippling them for any desire for anything else.

I remember one day passing through whole ranks of well-ordered children and coming at last to the Shaw monument, where I paused a few minutes to look down over the Common. Presently, as I stood there, I heard behind me a little clatter of running feet. I turned to look, and there was a whole company of little boys—dirty, unkempt little boys, with the biggest, brightest eyes I ever saw—who had suddenly surrounded the monument. I should say their average age was five. Some ran a little older, to seven, possibly, and some went quite down to the obscurity of three. Without a moment's hesitation two of the seven-year-olds began to boost a smaller boy up to the lower part of the monument, but they were not very successful in the attempt, and time and again the small climber slipped scrambling to the ground. At last I spoke to them.

"What do you want to get up there for?" I asked, and a sudden tense quiet fell upon them, much like the frightened alertness of wild animals; but, after all, I was not a policeman, and so in a moment they mustered courage to explain.

"He wants de man's sword—he's goin' to run 'way an' be a soldier," one of them told me; and another, with sudden big eyes, asked breathlessly, "If he gits up dere, will de horse bite him?"

Just for a moment longer they stood about me, and then, on a sudden impulse, they turned at once, and all ran clattering away again, bound, I doubt not, on some other eager quest. It was as though a flock of sparrows had alighted beside me for a bright moment, and then on the instant all flown away. They were as free as spirit or air, and, of course, that is no way for a child to be brought up; and yet, as I thought of the well-ordered children, I wondered if they ever had half the fun, the romance of life, that this little adventurous company were tasting in assisting their star member to become a soldier.

And, dear me! How careful they are of what children are taught nowadays! A small boy I heard of the other day, after reciting some very literary production on Christmas, was asked if he knew "The Night Before Christmas." "I've read it," he returned, "but my teacher thinks that's hardly worth while." Hardly worth while! *Cat's foot!*

One remembers that Mrs. Browning says—

"We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits . . . so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassion'd for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

We seem in everything to be always counting costs and never gloriously forgetting ourselves.

As for the children, however, I am not sure but that they constantly break over all the sentimental barriers with which we seek to surround them and look with their bright, clear eyes upon real life. I remember the story of two children walking in front of their elders along the seashore.

"There's a dead fish," one of them was overheard to say.

"Yes," said the other; "but hush, mother thinks it's asleep."

Careful child—not to let his wider knowledge shock mother!

I think, too, that there is a sentimentality toward animals that is getting dangerously near the cat's foot line. Now I am extremely fond of animals, and would not willingly harm one of them for worlds, but I confess that when I see a little dog on a muddy day tricked out in four ridiculous rubber boots I am moved to an irritation so extreme that even cat's foot is not strong enough to express my feelings. Heavens above! Not content with padding ourselves about, must we insist on wrapping our poor animals up as well?

What self-respecting dog—I ask any one acquainted with animals—can look another in the face if he has on *rubber boots?* But I forget; these little gilded dogs are not expected to have the honor and glory and danger of looking another dog in the face.

It's a blighting and timorous age when even the animals must go softly all their days.

In my childhood I was closely associated with a cat whose individuality has stamped itself indelibly upon my mind. In her innocent blue-eyed kitten days she was sweetly christened Lucy Grey, on account of her gentle color, but with the advancing years her hardihood, her wickedness, her ingenuity, and her sense of humor made of her such an old reprobate that the guileless Lucy Grey became Old Luce. I loved that cat extremely, and I loved her as much for her wicked ways as I did because she sometimes condescended to accompany me to bed and purr me to sleep. (Oh, dear, yes! I know it was very unhygienic.) She was very amiable on these occasions, and if she dropped off to sleep first the administration of a little shaking was all that was necessary to make her take up the thread of her purr where she had left off. She had the ability of assuming fine-lady airs at will, though at heart she was always a gutter-snipe. She delighted to put on airs and insult the cook—always her sworn enemy. I have seen her walk by the kitchen door with an excess of refined dignity, her tail twitching, her head up, and her whiskers implying that she smelled something unpleasant. It never failed to provoke the cook to a tirade.

"Go on in de house, you ole white-folks' cat, you! Don' you come walkin' by my kitchen daterway—I know I's black jes' as well es you do—but jes' you *wait* till I catches you on de table!"

And catch her on the table we all did over and over again. She stole for the sheer love of sport. She preferred to get up on the table and stick her head into the milk pitcher when there was a saucer of the very same milk set for her upon the hearth. Oh, she *was* an old reprobate! I have seen her get most terrible whippings from the cook—whippings the sight of which reduced me to tears and impotent pleadings—and I have seen her, intrenched upon the parlor table, keep three yappy dogs at bay, the while she left swift, deft imprints of her claws upon any barking nose that came too near her ladyship; and only once did I ever see her thoroughly unnerved. That happened the summer a boy cousin came to stay with us. He had an extreme tenderness toward all animals. From the first the life of high adventure that Old Luce led filled him with horror, and one day I came through the dining-room to find him bending solicitously over her, holding her firmly while he stroked her.

"Hush!" he said in a scared voice;

"don't say anything. I've just saved poor Lucy from an awful whipping. She was up on the table, and I took her off, so that the cook shouldn't catch her. "Poor pussie!" he went on, stroking her gently; "poor old pussie!"

I looked at Old Luce, and never shall I forget the horrified consternation of her expression. Doing a flying leap from the table and a sprint for life round the dining-room she was used to; defending herself from the dogs she gloried in; upsetting lamps and singeing her tail was nothing; but to be *lifted* from the table—to be stroked—to be addressed as "Poor Lucy!" No wonder it unnerved her! She felt that the screen had been drawn about her bed, and there was nothing for her but death to follow.

In sheer pity I stamped my foot and cried out: "*Luce!* you old scoundrel!"

She gave one joyous bound and was free. With a quirk to her tail she scudded around the table, out of the open window, and away. This was the sort of thing she was used to. It restored instantly her spirit and self-confidence. But *she* was a sport, and if she could look now upon the cotton-wool age that her descendants have fallen upon I feel sure it would make her turn in her grave.

I heard of a gentleman, not long ago, who desired to secure a dog to be sent to a pleasant home in the country, some distance away. Accordingly he went to an institution where little orphan dogs were to be had for adoption, and selected one which appeared to be suitable.

"Will any one accompany the puppy to his new home?" he was asked by the matron in charge.

"No, he will be boxed and sent alone."

"Then we are sorry, but it will be impossible for you to take him; we cannot have him travel alone."

Cat's foot!

Compare the story of this pampered pup to the other story of the dog traveling by himself. A kind lady sees him on the platform and turns to the station-master.

Kind Lady: "Where is the little dog going?"

Station Master: "*I* don't know, an' *he* don't know; he's done e't his tag."

Personally I prefer, of the two, the sporting pup, who dared eat his tag and leave all to fate, to the one who required some one to hold his paw through every tunnel.

In these cut-and-dried and timid days I've often wished I had the nerve to eat my own tag—to forget for a little while just when I was going and where I belonged. Oh, it's a dangerous doctrine, I know; but couldn't we all, perhaps once in every ten years, say, have a new kind of Tag Day, when all of us, in a spirit of delightful adventure and recklessness, should eat our tags, and, trusting all to Providence, "gloriously forget" ourselves for a heaven-sent period?

How drearily we count the costs nowadays! Will this occupation be the very best for me? This exercise, this form of diet, bring me the best returns in health? This friend be worth while if I assign to him some of my precious time?

Oh, cat's foot! Let us gloriously forget occasionally!

"Yes, I know, we take ourselves too seriously," says a troubled friend at this point, and then, because she is so worriedly serious, she adds a little more serious worry to the whole burden, and so goes on round and round, piling up more and more trouble, like the snake with his tail in his mouth. Is the metaphor mixed? Then let me mix it thoroughly by saying that what we really need to cut all this Gordian knot of over-anxiety is just a good healthy "Cat's foot!"

Or perhaps, after all, what we *really* need is summed up in those seven words of Browning's:

"Trust God, see all, nor be afraid."

LIFE UNDER PRESSURE: A LENTEN SERMON

BY THE REV. EDWARD JUDSON

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. xi. 28.

THESE familiar and musical words of Jesus suggest to us as a Lenten thought, *life under pressure;* and we shall think first of *pressure*, and then of *relief.*

The thought of *pressure* runs all through this saying of Christ, emerging no less than five times, in words and phrases descriptive of effort put forth in doing and bearing, as: ye that *labor;* ye that are *heavy laden;* take my *yoke;* my *yoke* is easy; my *burden* is light. And one instinctively inquires what the specific pressure or burden is to which the expressions point. It will not do to stop with the general thought of Jesus as Christus Consolator, bringing relief to all the burdens that flesh is heir to. The great Teacher must have had in mind some special sorrow that rested like a nightmare upon the minds of the people to whom he was speaking. In these gracious words he addresses himself to the relief of the pain which proceeds from *a sense of unfulfilled moral obligation.*

How much of the uneasiness of our life arises from our failure to meet requirements of various kinds! We find ourselves in a situation where more is expected of us than we can possibly achieve. Stretch our natures to the utmost, and we cannot cover the requirement. This is a pain peculiar to civilization, and especially infests large towns. We are like some poor hen that is trying to stretch herself to cover six dozen eggs instead of such a reasonable number as the warmth of her body can adequately penetrate and fertilize. In almost every trade and business and profession we have to keep up a killing pace in order to do what is expected of us. The question is not so much how to succeed, but how to succeed and at the same time keep alive.

This experience of unrest pervades the educational world. The scholar's lot is to labor and to be heavy laden. Much study is a weariness of the flesh, especially when a student's motive is not mere passion for knowledge, but the desire to compete with others or to fulfill the expectations and predictions of others. Browning states that Hazlitt wrote his essays, as he somewhere tells us, merely to send them to some one in the country who always prophesied he would be something. Even little children grow prematurely old in trying to keep up with the educational procession and in endeavoring to fulfill the expectations of their parents and teachers. We seem to have forgotten the old adage:

> "Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare;
> But let the little colt go bare."

The grade of requirement is constantly being raised in our schools. One goes to college nowadays not so much to learn as to have learned. And the student is sometimes handicapped by not having had a good preparation in some study or other. So his competitors forge past him. He wakes up in the morning with the thought of the essay to write or the examination to pass. And, no matter how hard he works, he finds it impossible to win the unqualified praise of his teacher. He seems to languish in the shadow of general disapproval. However hard he tries, he cannot come up to what is required of him.

This same kind of mental pain makes itself felt in our homes. Many a servant, I doubt not, thinks to herself, "No matter how hard I try, I can never bring a smile of approval to my mistress's face or a word of praise to her lips." It seems ingrained in domestic human nature for us to complain when things go badly, and never express our pleasure upon their going well. How careful we should be to drop an occasional word of appreciation into humble lives which are lived by our side and are so closely interwoven with our own well-being!

Many a faithful wife whose work is never done, and whose personality more

than any other one thing constitutes the bond that keeps the little home together, has come habitually to feel that she falls hopelessly short of what is expected of her, and droops in the consciousness of neglect and disesteem. I do not wonder at the bitter apostrophe placed by a poet on the lips of a dying wife:

"Carve not a stone when I am dead,
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To women's graves, a tardy recompense,
But speak them while I live.
Forget me when I die; the violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue
Nor miss thy tears; e'en nature's self forgets:
But while I live be true."

Indeed, the higher the work we do, the more we are dogged by discontent. It is only in lower kinds of work that even approximate perfection can be achieved. One sometimes almost envies the bootblack that polishes one's shoes. He can do it so well that no one else can do it better. But all higher work is encompassed with vast spaces of unachieved perfection. We think how much better we ought to do it, and how much better some one else would do it. How much, for example, is expected of a minister! He needs to be almost an impossible man. He must be preacher, pastor, organizer, financier, educator, and social functionary—indeed, all kinds of a man combined in one. He must keep surpassing himself. If he preaches a good sermon one Sunday, he must preach a better one the next. It is the vast and varied requirements of metropolitan ministry that have shortened the lives of such men as Babcock and Purves and Richards and Lorimer and Huntington and Donald; and the same kind of strain is felt in every other profession.

But it is in the *moral* sphere that we feel most poignantly the uneasiness that proceeds from our coming short of what is required of us. It is the burden of unfulfilled *moral* obligation that Jesus addresses himself to relieve when he says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The people to whom he spoke were bowed down under the burden of the Mosaic law. They found themselves wandering about in a vast jungle of moral and ceremonial requirements. The law, sufficiently elaborate and complex of itself, was supplemented by numerous and minute traditional regulations that had grown up around it. These legal prescriptions the people were required to keep in every detail. Otherwise the displeasure of Jehovah rested upon them. "This people, who knoweth not the law, are cursed." And besides, they were taught that whosoever kept the whole law, and yet offended in one point, was guilty of all, as the slightest puncture causes a collapse in the tire of a bicycle and in the pleasure of the rider. Their Pharisaic teachers gave them no relief, but rather bound heavier burdens and more grievous to be borne, and laid them on men's shoulders, but themselves would not move them with one of their fingers. The people were in an evil case. The dark shadow of a curse had fallen upon their lives. And it was to them that Jesus said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It is this same feeling of having come short of the fulfillment of moral requirement that makes us uneasy. The look over our shoulder is anything but reassuring. We recall the innocence of childhood, life's page as yet unstained by sin; and the evil we have done since that far-off day makes us sorry. We think of the bright ideals of our youth as yet unfulfilled. We recall people made worse by us instead of better, when we were perhaps the only link connecting them with heaven. We think perhaps of the years that have passed without our becoming Christians, and now there seems so little left of life to give to Christ! As the song has it:

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun."

You remember your cowardice just at the time when you should have been brave; the unkind word spoken to some little child, whose pale face you cannot get out of your mind. Who is unacquainted with the remorse pictured by George Eliot in one of her most exquisitely pathetic sentences: "Oh, the anguish of the thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we

gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence that we showed for that sacred human soul that lived so close to us and was the divinest thing God had given us to know!" Who of us is an entire stranger to the experience of such remorse? Who does not share Matthew Arnold's vain regret:

"Ah! not the nectarous poppy lovers use,
Nor daily labor's dull Lethæan spring,
Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
Of the soiled glory and the trailing wing."

It is exactly to this kind of mental pain that Jesus speaks in soothing and healing tone: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But these words of Christ which occupy our Lenten meditation suggest, not only *pressure*, but *relief*. They afford balm for the uneasiness that arises from the consciousness of moral requirements unfulfilled. In the text, or close by it, how many phrases we find descriptive of relief from burden! "I will give you rest." "Ye shall find rest." "My yoke is easy." "My burden is light."

And the question at once arises, How does Christ give rest to the spirit burdened with the sense of default? Certainly Christ does not lighten the burden of moral requirement; as if one should take the load off some poor heavy-laden beast of burden and turn him out to grass. The human spirit needs the severest pressure of moral requirement. Even in business life sudden release from long-continued effort and care seems almost fatal. We do not want our burdens removed, but that we be strengthened to bear them. We all need weights hung on us to make us run smooth and true. Christ did not come to remove our burdens, but to energize us under them.

Christ in reality aggravates our burdens. He found men unable to keep the Mosaic law, and, instead of mitigating its requirements, he proceeded to intensify and to deepen them. To hate is to kill. The unclean look and thought are adultery. It is as if you found some paralytic trying in vain to climb over a fence, and, instead of lowering the bars to his feebleness, you should add several feet to the height of the fence. But what difference would that make, if you gave him wings? Christ raises the grade of moral requirement, and at the same time inspires in man the enthusiasm to surmount it. He never accommodates his ethics to our ideals. Peter asks the naïve question: "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? until seven times?" It is as if he said: "I am willing to forgive seven times; but is there no limit to forgiveness? Does the time never come when I may stop forgiving him?" Human nature always wants some vest-pocket rule of morals. But Peter does not get a very comfortable answer to his question: "I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven." Christ makes the requirement of forgiveness infinite in its reach. Again, a scribe once asked Jesus: "And who is my neighbor?" As if he should say: "Why, yes, I believe in loving my neighbor. But has the term neighbor no limit? Is there not some boundary-line in humanity where I may leave off loving?" Jesus replies with the parable of the Good Samaritan, in which he teaches that our neighbor is not merely the man that lives next door to us or belongs to our race; but neighborhood embraces all mankind, and pain makes all humanity kin. It is very clear that Christ does not relieve our moral situation by bending his code of ethics, like a leaden rule, to fit our low ideals.

How, then, does Christ gives us rest, even though he aggravates our burden of guilt? He inspires us with the consciousness of divine forgiveness. Now forgiveness is simply the form which God's love assumes when it rests upon a sinner. Behind and around and within the whole material universe is God, the infinite and eternal energy from which, according to Herbert Spencer, all things proceed. Christians think of him as a Spirit, a being who thinks and wills. It cannot be but that he is as richly endowed with consciousness and personality as we are who proceed from him. We even conceive of him as one who loves—a heavenly Father, dimly reflected from the tranquil surface of the Old Testament and literature, but clearly and resplendently unveiled to us in Jesus Christ, the effulgence of his glory and the very image of his person. While these transcendent Christian truths cannot

be mathematically demonstrated, yet the probability, the sweet reasonableness, of them can be established, and then, if by an act of what is called faith, we take them as our working hypothesis, and throw the whole weight of our life upon them, living as though they were true, in some such way as shipwrecked mariners commit themselves to logs lashed together into a raft, they so fit into our experiences and meet our deepest aspirations, and so perfectly conserve all that is worth living for—the State, the family, our own personal character—that we arrive, little by little and ultimately, at a certitude that amounts to a mathematical demonstration; and "the great perhaps" becomes in our minds an absolute certainty. "O taste and see that the Lord is good."

The distinctive message of Christianity is that God loves man. There is almost nothing in the New Testament about our loving God except as quoted from the Old Testament. In the Old Testament God says, "Love thou me." In the New Testament he says, "I love thee." It is a new and irresistible way of approach. This differentiates Christianity from every other religion known among men. In Christ's personality we read God's love to us translated and writ large. God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. Jesus not only taught us to pray, "Our Father who art in heaven," but he said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." In every true sense Christ is the heavenly Father, indeed all of God that the human mind can comprehend. Profound as the mystery seems, in Christ Jesus God himself suffered and died for us, since the highest love always manifests itself in supreme self-sacrifice.

"So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!'"

Now for me to become a Christian is to believe that God loves me, and to be a Christian is to dwell in his love to me and to love others with the love with which he loves me.

The love of God to us assumes various forms according to the condition in which it finds us. When we are in need, we call it Providence. When we are in pain, we call it pity. When we sin, we call it forgiveness. I have come to feel that divine forgiveness is absolutely unconditional. We are not forgiven because we are not very bad. We are not forgiven because we are trying to be good. We are not forgiven because we are sorry for our sins. We are not forgiven because we have suffered; as the iniquity of Jerusalem was pardoned because she had received from the Lord's hand double for all her sins. In the Old Testament forgiveness is always conditioned upon the repentance and suffering of the sinner; in the New Testament repentance grows out of forgiveness. We are forgiven because we are sinners. Forgiveness is the form God's love takes when it rests upon sin. It presses evenly upon all. It beats against the closed shutters of the soul; all we have to do is to throw back the shutters and let it stream in. Faith is opening the shutters. It is believing that our sins are forgiven for the asking, because Christ died for us. It is not doing something ourselves, but depending upon what God does. It is not understanding the plan of the atonement, but accepting the fact. It is not feeling that we love God, but knowing that God loves us. Those passages which seem to condition God's forgiving us on our forgiving others are to be taken subjectively. God is not implacable because we are. But if we do not forgive others, we shall not be able to believe that God forgives us. We are sure to judge him by ourselves. When we pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," we mean, "Make us feel that our trespasses are forgiven." The only unpardonable sin is the sin of not accepting the pardon for sin which is offered us. Forgiveness does not mean that we have not sinned. The wrong things that we have done cannot be undone. Forgiveness does not mean that we are no longer guilty, the guilt having been transferred to some one else. It does not even mean that the consequences of our sin are remitted. The Hindu proverb is still true that penalty follows the sin, as the cartwheel follows the ox. It means only that

God loves us in spite of our sin and guilt; if anything, more tenderly because of our sin and guilt. And the discovery of this means infinite relief to the human spirit and the beginning of a new life. Even Christians are slow to believe in the fullness and freeness of God's forgiving love. "No man having drunk old wine desireth new; for he saith, The old is good." Judaic notions still linger in the minds of Christians, and indeed find a highly organized social expression in the Roman Church, which is a kind of baptized Judaism. It is thought that unconditional grace is unsafe. Man will feel free to go on sinning. On the contrary, unconditional forgiveness is the only rope that is long enough to reach to the bottom of the pit into which we have fallen. This truth seems to me fundamental to Christianity. It was the battle-ground of the Reformation.

I am well aware that God seems so unreal, and we have so little time to think about him, especially in large towns, that all this sounds like a far cry in our ears, and to one who is used to thinking that divine forgiveness involves the remission of penalty the idea that it rests unconditionally upon all, and that it is God's way of loving us in our sins, in order, as Isaiah says, to deliver us from the pit of corruption, must seem like thin air compared with

"Good, strong, thick, stupefying incense smoke."

A boy who has broken one of his father's rules and has made confession and has asked forgiveness might be somewhat disappointed to hear his father say: "Yes, I forgive you; but I must still inflict the prescribed penalty. My forgiveness consists in my loving you so much that every stroke you receive will hurt me more." But I feel sure that if we reflect upon our past sinfulness and accept once for all and unreservedly the thought that God loved us and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins, and that in a very true sense God was in Christ loving us and dying for our sins, we shall experience something of the relief conveyed in the words of Jesus: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We shall feel the truth of those simple words of Valpy which are said to have converted more people than any other human words:

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And thy salvation see;
My sins deserved eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

I hardly need to add that the conscious acceptance of divine forgiveness marks in us the beginning of a new life. We make a fresh start. "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." It is as if a school-boy who has covered his slate with a maze of figures in his prolonged effort to work out a hard example, and who has even made the matter worse by dropping hot tears on his work, should suddenly resolve to sponge off the slate and to begin anew. Divine forgiveness brings about in us a complete revolution in our attitude toward God. Our hearts respond to his forgiveness with gratitude and love. This change is set forth in the Scripture under various figures. It is called a "new heart," our affection toward God being such that we delight to do his will, as a loving daughter divines her mother's wishes and hastens to fulfill them. It is called a "new birth," as if a man becomes so different from what he was before that he seems to himself and to others to have been born all over again, another man. As Tennyson has it:

"And oh for a man to arise in me,
That the man that I am may cease to be!"

It is called a "crucifixion, death, and burial," as if the old evil self had been put out of commission as completely as when one dies. It is called a "resurrection," the better self in the man, hitherto stifled and crushed by the superincumbent mass of evil heredity and habit, suddenly asserting itself, as if one long dead were to be brought to life and to emerge from his tomb. The man, once redeemed and forgiven, no longer strives to do right of himself. He enters into St. Paul's experience: "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Through a kind of mystical union, Christ forms the very atmosphere of the Christian. The believer is in Christ, as the plant in the soil, the branch in the vine, the tiny goldfish in its watery sphere, the slave in his master, the wife in her husband. The love of Christ

is a compelling passion that constrains him to live, not to himself, but to him who died for him and rose again. He is no longer laboring with heavy oars to pull his boat against the resistless current of evil propensity, but he spreads the sail of faith to the breath of the divine spirit and is borne steadily toward his desired haven.

THE NEW BOOKS

A book could hardly be more timely in meeting a real demand for information than Mr. James Creelman's "Diaz, Master of Mexico." Every one is interested just now to know how the man who still holds the reins in Mexico, and who has ruled the country ably and successfully for many years, acquired his power, and what he has done with it. Mr. Creelman's book is even more historical than biographical. We should not feel certain that it would be right to join unreservedly in Mr. Creelman's enthusiasm about Diaz. Undoubtedly his has been the career of the man with the strong arm; and that justice to all the citizens of Mexico has followed this autocratic exercise of power cannot be accepted without reservations. It is true, however, that Diaz has been not only a soldier and a ruler but also a statesman, and his history is that of the development of a country from a backward to a more advanced stage of civilization. In many particulars, and especially as relates to the life in the capital of Mexico, the progress made has been extraordinary, yet Mexico is far removed indeed from anything like our idea of democracy or self-government. Mr. Creelman is a facile and readable narrator, and, if we suggest that there is another side of the story which is not presented in this volume, it still remains true that the book is useful, and decidedly it is agreeable to read. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.)

"It was at all events a stroke for a crown," was the comment of Colonel Blood when he was seized with the crown of England under his coat after his famous attempt to rob the Tower of London—an attempt which came within a narrow margin of full success. Blood certainly was, as a contemporary said, "as gallant and hardy a villain as ever herded with the sneaking sect of Anabaptists." Every one knows the bare outlines of the most famous of his villainies—the attempt to steal the crown, and that in which he, with a few followers, had the impudence to seize the Duke of Ormond, his enemy, and actually to make the attempt to hang the Duke on Tyburn gallows tree, in which attempt also he very narrowly missed success. Under the title "Colonel Thomas Blood, Crown Stealer," Professor W. C. Abbott, of Yale, has told in a fascinating way the history of this remarkable man, and has made a searching investigation into the facts, some of which are still obscure. Just why, for instance, King Charles II forgave Blood's crimes and allowed the Duke of Buckingham to keep his favorite assassin in high favor is not really known; nor are the facts of the quarrel between Buckingham and Blood, and Blood's ensuing imprisonment, thoroughly understood. At all events, he died in peace and freedom and in his own house. Lovers of Scott will remember that Blood figures slightly in "Peveril of the Peak;" and it is a singular coincidence that although Scott denied that Christian, the villain of that story, was taken from a real personage, a man of the same name was, in fact, one of Blood's underlings. (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.)

The Outlook has already called attention to the peculiar excellence of Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell's "The Desert and the Sown." We now have before us another of Miss Bell's books, "Amurath to Amurath." Miss Bell is a remarkable example of woman's rights. She exercises them not in a civilized but in a decidedly uncivilized country, where indeed they would seem hardest to be exercised, and yet so successful has she been that the officials are no longer startled at her traveling alone with her tent and with her native drivers. The people have received her gladly and have made it possible for her to take such a venturesome journey as the one described in the present volume from Aleppo, down the Euphrates River to Bagdad, then up the Tigris River to Diarbekir, and finally across Asia Minor to Korea. The classical student will remember that much of this trip was covered by an earlier and more famous traveler, namely, Xenophon. Like him, Miss Bell recorded her progress day by day. Like Xenophon, she was interested in historical exploration. But she had in some respects a more interesting time than he had, for she had a greater field of archæological remains as witness to history. Valuable to us as are Miss Bell's notes on archæology and history, her book, like its predecessor, is best worth while because of its human story. Indeed, we could wish for a fuller account of the people found in "The Desert and the Sown." The book is also suggestive, in a pleasant degree, because Miss Bell has illustrated it with many photographs taken by her. The reader will lay down the volume with the feeling that, after all, the ancient Hittites are

not quite so ancient as one may have supposed. They seem to live in the life of the present inhabitants. A final excellence of the book is in its vivid account of the succession of the latest Amurath to Amurath. Of Abdul Hamîd Miss Bell says:

There was undoubtedly some personal feeling for Abdul Hamîd, but it was rare. I made the acquaintance of a citizen of Môsul, a splendid type of the old school for whom it was impossible not to feel sympathy. . . . This man watched from a room in the serai the proclamation of Muhammed V, and when he saw the soldiery tear down and trample under foot edicts which were signed with Abdul Hamîd's name, he. . . . threw himself upon the ground and wept. "The dogs!" he cried. "Yesterday they would have been proud if their name had been mentioned in the same breath with his."

He predicted wreck and ruin, bloodshed, revolution, and all other evils for his country.

"Is there no remedy?" said I.

"If the source is pure, the whole stream is pure," he answered, enigmatically.

"Was the source pure?" I asked.

He hesitated a moment and then replied: "No, by God and the Prophet! A king should go about among his subjects, see them, and hear them. He should not sit imprisoned in his house listening to the talk of spies."

(E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.)

The recent decision by the Hague Court in the Savarkar case lends special interest to a reading of two books, namely, the fourth edition of T. J. Lawrence's "The Principles of International Law" (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, $3) and Jackson H. Ralston's "International Arbitral Law and Procedure" (Ginn & Co., Boston, $2). The present edition of the first-named book is practically a new work, as is fitting when one considers what has happened during the decade since the previous edition: the Russo-Japanese War, the second Hague Peace Conference, the Declaration of London regarding maritime law—to mention but three events. After discussing the nature, history, sources, and subjects of international law, Mr. Lawrence divides his book into three sections: those comprising the laws of peace, the laws of war, and the laws of neutrality. As a means of preserving peace, we now have, first, international commissions of inquiry; second, mediation; and, third, arbitration. The development of arbitral tribunals and arbitral procedure forms the subject-matter of Mr. Ralston's book, and the work is particularly valuable because it comprises an account of the cases decided since the publication of Professor Moore's "Digest of International Arbitration." Within a relatively small compass Mr. Ralston's is a very comprehensive work, for he defines treaties, sketches rules for their interpretation, treats of arbitral commissions and parties to an arbitration, outlines custom of procedure and the character of evidence receivable, and considers claims, damages, rights and privileges of aliens, the responsibilities and liabilities of governments, maritime law, prize law, and international courts of inquiry. An appendix comprises rules governing American claims against foreign governments and a copy of the Hague Peace Convention of 1907. By reason of the citations of rulings and opinions in very many adjudicated cases and by quotations from the views of great writers on international law, as well as by the comment of the authors themselves of these two volumes, the student ought to obtain a reasonably thorough idea of international law in general and of arbitral law in particular. Mr. Lawrence's book certainly provides the desirable atmosphere necessary to an appreciation of the subject. While Mr. Ralston's book is dry in comparison, its value to the student is equally apparent.

Professor John C. Van Dyke, of Rutgers College, has written a pungent book in answer to the question "What is Art?" which he uses as the title of his volume. The book merits reading for its suggestiveness on many a topic. We select two at random, commercialization in art and sky-scrapers. The recent purchase by a well-known collector at the price of half a million dollars of a great Velasquez portrait, and the efforts made by foreigners to keep the canvases by Rembrandt and Holbein from coming to this country of high prices, emphasize the fact that pictures have an increasing commercial value. But we are too apt to emphasize that value. As Professor Van Dyke says, wherever it is possible to apply the dollar standard we apply it.

The cables between here and Europe are kept in a state of heat regarding this bid or that sale or the other purchaser at Christie's, or Agnew's, or Sedelmeyer's. A Velasquez fetches $225,000, and every one stares until a Flemish tapestry is sold for $360,000 or a Hals portrait group brings $500,000. Then every one and his friends whistle a bit and await with eagerness the next battle of the millionaires. The astonishing thing to the mob seems to be not the picture but the price. Of course, we know (or have been told) that true art is more than coronets, but is it? What an overshadowing influence the coronets exert! It seems quite futile to protest that art should be divorced from names and collections and auctions. Hereafter it is the "Kahn Hals," or the "$500,000 Hals"—either, or perhaps both, the picture and its painter are not responsible for the name and never had anything to do with the money; but art has fallen upon commercial days and must fare accordingly. And, again, it seems quite useless to suggest that this particular picture is not, artistically, a great Hals. The public will not listen to such caviling. If not the most blooming, blazing, fine Hals on earth, why did any one pay half a million for it? Answer me that if you can!

As to the sky-scrapers Professor Van Dyke writes with equal vigor. Everybody talks sentimentally about the New York City Hall and Trinity Church, he says. Even such "palpable borrowings from Europe" as the new Public Library or the new Pennsylvania Station are acclaimed. But who acclaims or declaims anything favorable to the sky-scraper—our only original architectural creation?

It was started as an expedient to utilize valuable ground in the congested parts of cities, to increase floor space by increasing the height of the building,

also to increase revenue and thus meet tax assessments and interest upon invested capital. . . . Its designers builded better than they knew. For perhaps unconsciously they developed a new building principle and, I am disposed to think, a new style of architecture. The Egyptian and the Greek had used the upright and the crosspiece as a child builds a block house. The Roman had beveled the blocks and keyed them in an arch; the Goth had raised them in pointed windows and roofs, and sustained the outward-pushing walls by piles of buttressed blocks. None of them had used anything that held the blocks together or kept the buildings from falling apart by settling of the foundations. . . . The sky-scraper is the first structure wherein steel is used, and the frame of uprights and cross-beams is riveted together by girders and stays so that it cannot get away or settle or warp. Here is not only new construction but a new building principle, and why not also a new architectural style? Not until the architects began with something distinctly their own was the sky-scraper a success . . . because it is characteristic art that justifies itself in use and purpose.

(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.)

During more than a thousand years the navy of Venice was, beyond everything else, the expression of her peculiar character and the particular instrument by which she built herself into greatness. It is curious that the Venetian navy should have been overlooked by writers on Venetian history, so that hitherto that navy has been treated only in conjunction with the navies of other Italian city-states. The deficiency has now been made good by a woman and a foreigner, Alethea Wiel. We naturally expect a clear, concise, and vivid account from the author of "The Story of Venice," "The Romance of the House of Savoy," and other books. In "The Navy of Venice" Mrs. Wiel does not offer any very exhaustive analysis; hers is a "popular" book. At the same time her graphic narrative of Venetian naval exploits from A.D. 452 to 1797 naturally comprises the history of Venice itself. The book is distinctly readable; it is as entertaining as it is instructive. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.)

Three years ago some archæologists interested in Early Christian, Frankish, and Byzantine studies formed a Byzantine Research Fund, and they have now published in sumptuous form a description of "The Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem." This is the church built over the grotto where Christian tradition has placed the birth of Christ. The text, edited by R. Weir Schultz, Secretary of the Fund, is by Messrs. W. Harvey, W. R. Lethaby, A. M. Dalton, H. A. A. Cruse, and A. C. Headlam, and is amply illustrated from Mr. Harvey's drawings and photographs. Bible students, and, in particular, all who have visited Bethlehem, will, we are sure, be interested in examining the present volume. Others will be too. They will quickly discover that, even if Bethlehem had nothing at all to do with the Bible, an account of an ecclesiastical structure containing material of deep interest to the archæologist as well as to the student of art is not without its appeal to the mere general observer. The church at Bethlehem is to be classed as an early Christian, rather than as a Byzantine, building; that is to say, the architectural elements are late Roman, modified by being adapted to a new purpose. Of course this later Roman style already had germs of what were to develop into Byzantine characteristics, and for this reason the church at Bethlehem has often been regarded as Byzantine. In addition to its clear, detailed, and illuminative description, the book includes certain records of very early visitors which tend to support the theory that Constantine built the Bethlehem church. For sojourners in Palestine a small pocket thin-paper edition of the present volume would be serviceable. (B. F. Batsford, London, England.)

Several years ago Andy Adams's "The Log of a Cowboy" met with a wide and deserved success, because it gave an exceedingly graphic account, not simply of the life of a cowboy, but of the handling and driving of great herds of cattle across the plains to the market. It was a simple, straightforward, readable book. Now Mr. Adams in his "Wells Brothers" tells in the form of fiction the adventures of two boys who are thrown by circumstances, and almost by accident, into the business of cattle-raising, and become in time young cattle kings. There is again the flavor of the plains, and again the intimate knowledge of life on the cattle ranges. The book has little claim to attention as a story, but in its own field it is valuable because it gives a true picture of conditions which have now almost passed out of existence. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.)

A simple, natural, and wholesome novel is to be found in Mrs. Hubert Barclay's "Trevor Lordship." Here the principal love story is that of a couple already married. They have at the outset the greatest respect for each other, but on neither side anything that can be called true love. How this develops and is discovered by both makes an unusual theme for treatment in fiction, and it is managed with adroitness and honest feeling. Other characters in the story are pleasing; and, while the construction is somewhat naïve, the book as a whole is entertaining, and absolutely devoid of any kind of offense. It has some of the qualities which made the earlier novels written by Mrs. de la Pasture so acceptable. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

"Alarms and Discussions" is a volume of essays, bright, entertaining, epigrammatic, paradoxical, good sense disguised as nonsense; a book to make you laugh, a book to make you think, a court jester talking wisdom; in brief, G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The Outlook

APRIL 8, 1911

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WORKMAN'S COMPENSATION LAW DECLARED VOID

A law enacted by the last Legislature of New York, and all but universally hailed as a desirable and liberating measure, has been wiped out by the highest court of the State. This law provided that in certain enumerated occupations, designated as "especially dangerous," an employee injured, not on account of his own "serious and willful misconduct," but on account of the "necessary risk or danger of the employment," or on account of the failure of his employer, or his employer's agents or employees, to exercise due care or comply with any law affecting the employment, should be entitled to compensation from the employer, according to a prescribed scale of rates. Before this law was enacted the only recourse which the employee had was that of suing his employer in court. There are several great disadvantages in a system of compensation by lawsuit. In the first place, it entails great expense upon both the employer and the employee. In the case of a poor workman such expense is often prohibitive, while in the case of many an employing concern this expense is a large item of cost. Moreover, compensation through lawsuit is uncertain. The injured employee has no means of learning from the experience of others whether he is likely to get compensation, or when he is likely to get it; and the employer has no means of reckoning in advance what any single injury, much less what the average yearly injuries, will cost him. The Workman's Compensation Act of New York was passed to rid both employer and employee of these and other incidental evils, by providing that compensation could be automatic and not confined to a system of appeals to juries. Almost immediately after the passage of the law a case was brought in the courts denying its constitutionality. Earl Ives, an employee of the South Buffalo Railway, brought an action to recover compensation under this law. The case was decided in his favor, and the railway company appealed on the ground that the law contravened certain provisions of the Federal and State Constitutions. The Court of Appeals, which is the highest court of the State, has, by a unanimous decision, sustained the appellant, and has declared the law unconstitutional.

GROUNDS OF THE DECISION

The Court praises the work of the Legislative Commission that framed the law; but it calls the law itself "revolutionary." It does not annul the law because of restrictions of the common law, for it grants that the time-honored "fellow-servant rule," by which an employee had to bear the consequences of a fellow-employee's fault, and the equally time-honored rule of "contributory negligence," could both be regulated or even abolished by the Legislature. But it annuls the law because, as the opinion declares, "in our view of the Constitution of our State, the liability sought to be imposed upon the employers enumerated in the statute is a taking of property without due process of law, and the statute is, therefore, void." The Court reaches this conclusion after pointing out that due process of law means "regular course of administration through courts of justice." It incidentally cites the provision of the State Constitution that "trial by jury in all cases in which it has been heretofore used shall remain inviolate forever." The imposition upon employers of liability

for accidents to employees without trial in the courts is, it thinks, "plainly a deprivation of liberty and property under the Federal and State Constitutions, unless its imposition can be justified under the police power." It refers to various legal provisions "to conserve the health, safety, or morals of the employees, and to increase the duties and responsibilities of the employer," and declares that such provisions "are rules of conduct which properly fall within the sphere of the police power;" but it expresses emphatically its opinion that the provisions of this act do not come within the police power. In brief, the Court thus bases its decision on two points: first, that this mode of compensation is taking property without due process of law; second, that this particular taking of property without due process of law is not of the sort that may be constitutional on the ground that it is the exercise of the inherent police power of the State. The Court notes that it "must regard all economic, philosophical, and moral theories, attractive and desirable though they may be, as subordinate to the primary question whether they can be molded into statutes without infringing upon the letter or spirit of our written Constitutions."

A WAY OUT

This unanimous decision of the Court of Appeals is final, for in this case no appeal lies from the State to the Federal Courts. The extraordinary result is that a law which the employers want, which the employees want, which the Legislature wants, which the people in general want, which, in brief, every one wants except a few employers, certain accident insurance companies, and a class of not highly esteemed lawyers who prosecute accident suits for a share of the damages recovered, cannot be had by a democratic community, not because it contravenes a vital principle of democracy, but because the Court holds that it is inhibited by a written constitution. To amend this State Constitution would be of little avail, since the same principle is incorporated in the Federal Constitution; and, if the Court of Appeals is correct in its opinion, the Federal Constitution would equally prohibit such a law. But, in our judgment, there is a way out. We suggest it tentatively, and if we are mistaken we shall be glad to have any of our legal readers point out our error. It is well settled that it is within the police power of the State to prohibit specially defined occupations except for persons licensed to engage in them. This principle is applied in New York State to pilots, stationary engineers, lawyers, doctors, and men engaged in other vocations. It is now extended to chauffeurs. Its most extensive application is to the liquor traffic. The State exercises the right of determining how many and who may engage in that traffic, and under what conditions. These precedents would seem to justify the contention that the State can prohibit any persons, whether individual or corporate, from engaging in any one of the hazardous vocations specified in the statute, unless licensed by the State, can require them to conduct those vocations under State supervision and control, and can, in the exercise of that control, require them to provide safety appliances and to give bonds for the payment automatically of damages for injuries suffered by employees in the course of their employment. This would not exceed the police power of the State as defined by a long course of legislative practice and judicial decisions; it would simply determine the conditions under which and the persons by whom a dangerous and licensed business can be carried on. Precedents appear to us to give abundant authority for such a law; they certainly point in that direction. And if in this opinion we are right, they indicate a way by which the Legislature can constitutionally enact a workman's compensation act which is almost universally desired, but which in its present form the Court has felt itself compelled to declare unconstitutional.

IS CRITICISM SEDITION?

For months it has been believed by many intelligent and informed citizens of New York City that there has been in that town an increase in crime and lawless vice. Whether this is true or not the ordinary citizen has no means of knowing; but he frequently has means of getting impressions that prove to be in accord with the truth. At the same time it has been the widespread belief that the police

of New York have been losing grip upon the disorderly elements in the city because they had felt that they had not the support of their superiors in the city administration, particularly of the Mayor. Until quite recently, however, this common belief was voiced only in an unofficial way. Then one of the judges in the courts of the city, Magistrate Corrigan, wrote a public letter declaring specifically that the town was more "open" than in the days of Devery; that there was no attempt to enforce the excise law; that graft, violence, and various forms of stealing flourished with impunity; that criminals were flocking to New York; and that the police were demoralized. He placed the responsibility upon the Mayor. In reply Mayor Gaynor denounced the letter as "seditious," and referred significantly to the fact that he himself had been "instrumental" in the removal of two magistrates and had forced one to resign. The question whether New York is at present ill protected against crime and lawless vice, and whether its police are demoralized, is one that can be answered only by an investigation; The Outlook does not propose to make such an investigation. The question, however, whether a magistrate may make a criticism of the government of his city is one on which all citizens should be ready to give their answer at once. That ought to be an emphatic and unforgetable "Yes." There is danger of loose talk against those in authority; there is danger of irresponsible attacks upon public officials; but there is greater danger in attempted suppression of responsible criticism. That Magistrate Corrigan's letter is to be regarded seriously may be inferred from the fact that its allegations have the support of one of the best District Attorneys New York ever had, Eugene Philbin. When Mayor Gaynor intimated that he would like to remove Magistrate Corrigan for this utterance, he made a more serious assault on "personal liberty" than any which he has been so wont to resent.

AN UNJUST AND SENSELESS DISCRIMINATION

It is a reproach to our chivalry, our patriotism, and our sense of gratitude that from time to time in different parts of the country it occurs that enlisted men of the United States army and the United States navy who are in uniform are excluded from places of public amusement and resort. The grounds of such discrimination are not easy to discern, and, indeed, it is difficult to consider the question at all without impatience. But, reasonable or unreasonable, the discrimination is a fact, and it is apparently a characteristic of English-speaking peoples. The verse of Rudyard Kipling, if no other evidence were at hand, would indicate how the Briton vies with the American in his ill-treatment of his country's fighting men:

"I went into a theater as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!"

But even the example of our fellow-Anglo-Saxons is no justification, and we are glad to chronicle the recent passage by Congress of a bill to protect the dignity and honor of the uniform of the United States. The bill, which has the entire approval of the War Department, was approved by the President on March 1. The Act provides that no proprietor, manager, or employee of a theater or other public place of entertainment or amusement in the District of Columbia or any Territory, or in the District of Alaska, or in an insular possession of the United States, shall make any discrimination against any person lawfully wearing the uniform of the army, navy, Revenue Cutter Service, or Marine Corps of the United States, because of that uniform, under penalty of a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars. We hope that similar legislation will be undertaken by the different States. The uniform is a badge of honor. Every good citizen should so treat it, and should do all in his power to increase the self-respect of the men who wear it.

THE OPIUM CONFERENCE

President Taft has announced the names of the American delegates to the approaching International Opium Conference to be held at The Hague. They are the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, Bishop of the Philippines; Dr. Hamilton Wright, of Maine;

and Henry J. Finger, of California. As will be remembered, Bishop Brent headed the American delegation to the International Opium Commission at Shanghai in 1909 and became presiding officer of it; Dr. Wright was also a member of the American delegation at Shanghai and was its leader on the floor. After the close of the Commission Dr. Wright was charged by Secretary Knox with the negotiations for the new Conference, and has done much strenuous work in bringing before the public exact information on the question of opium and other drugs. Perhaps the most startling fact disclosed by Dr. Wright is that we are using as large an amount of habit-forming drugs per capita as is used in the Chinese Empire. Until we lessen the five hundred thousand pounds of yearly importation and consumption of opium we can hardly have clean hands in approaching the other Powers who will meet with us at the Hague Conference; they are China, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Japan, Persia, Portugal, Russia, and Siam. Seventy thousand pounds of opium, including its derivatives and preparations, should suffice for the medical needs of the American people. Even so far as cocaine is concerned, no less than one hundred and eighty-five thousand ounces were imported, manufactured, and consumed last year, although fifteen thousand would have supplied every legitimate medical need.

THE FIRE TRAGEDY AS A WARNING

With the exception of the Brooklyn Theater fire of 1876 and the General Slocum disaster of 1904, there has never been so great a loss of life through fire in New York City or its vicinity as that which took place on March 25 in the Asch Building, on Washington Place. The upper floors of this building were used for factory purposes, and about five hundred women and girls were closely placed at long rows of sewing-machines. The scraps from their work were allowed to accumulate in heaps upon the floor, and it is believed that some one of the men employees dropped a lighted cigarette into these scraps—smoking was forbidden but not prevented. There was little provision for fighting fire, slight effort to use the hose in the hall, not the least evidence of training or preparation for such an emergency. There was one wretched fire-escape which proved a fire trap, elevators which ran as long as possible but which were quite inadequate to empty the floors quickly, narrow staircases which had barriers of goods and boards about them, doors some of which were probably closed when they should have been open. Panic was inevitable, and the screaming women were crushed or driven by heat to throw themselves by groups through the windows. The wonder is, not that one hundred and forty-two perished, but that so many escaped. After the first thrill of horror and sympathy for the victims and their families, the indignation of the people of New York sought a cause for the calamity, and found not one but many. The good that may be drawn from all this suffering is that it may at least lead to the prevention of even worse calamities in the future. Whatever blame may attach to the owner of the building or the employers of the factory operatives, the ultimate cause was civic indifference and inaction in the presence of recognized danger. This particular building was not worse than hundreds of others; evidence seems to show that it was better than the majority of structures classed when built as loft buildings and turned without change into factories. Here, for example, are a few figures from an investigation of 1,243 shops in the cloak and suit industry, made last year by the joint Board of Sanitary Control of the Cloakmakers' Union and the Cloak and Suit Manufacturers' Association:

> In fourteen shops no fire-escapes at all have been found. In sixty-five shops the fire-escapes were provided with straight ladders, which are, as is well known, very dangerous. In 101 shops no drop ladders at all were found, or those found were placed out of reach. In 491 shops, or forty per cent of all shops inspected, there was no other exit in case of fire except one fire-escape. In twenty-three shops the doors leading to halls and stairways were found locked during the day. In sixty shops the halls were less than three feet wide. In 1,173 shops, or 97.5 per cent of all shops, the doors leading to halls were opened in, instead of out as the law requires.
>
> In a word, the investigation has shown that even with the low standards for fire protection as demanded at present by the

labor law there are hundreds and thousands of violations in one industry alone.

But this is only one indication of the non-enforcement of law; the laws themselves are inadequate, not only in New York, but the country over, as the Newark factory fire showed. Listen on this point to Henry R. Towne, President of the Merchants' Association of New York: "This city is now spending upward of $8,000,000 a year for the control of fires, but we may safely say that the measures taken by it for the prevention of fires, or for the control of fires in their incipiency, are fragmentary, inadequate, illogical, and in large degree resultless." An expert and consulting engineer on fire protection, Mr. P. J. McKeon, declares that "New York has nearly 30,000 industrial establishments, with close to 700,000 workers in them. These are distributed among 12,000 buildings, only 1,000 of which are of fireproof construction. The remaining 11,000 factory buildings are of ordinary non-fireproof construction, with the same wood stairways and outside fire-escapes which made the Newark factory a fire trap." Still further it appears that not only do we have bad laws poorly enforced but we have conflicting jurisdiction. Powers relating to fire in New York belong to some extent, but in no case comprehensively, to the Building Department, the Tenement-House Department, the Fire Department, the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, and the State Bureau of Factory Inspection. Perhaps the most important lesson of this tragedy is that responsibility must be concentrated; we must know just what official is to be called to account and punished if wrong conditions continue to exist.

WHAT MUST BE DONE

First of all, there must be thorough investigation, not merely fire marshal's and coroner's inquiry. City and State have undertaken such investigation, the city through a committee of three who have power to call in expert advisers; the State through a commission of nine who are to inquire into facts, fix responsibility, and recommend legislation. It is hoped that the Legislature may also provide for a Bureau of Fire Prevention, which should have for its fundamental purpose the maintenance of constant and thorough inspection of all premises, with a view to compelling the abolition of dangerous conditions, the installation and maintenance of automatic and other appliances for the prompt extinction of fires in their incipiency, and the provision and maintenance of adequate exits and fire-escapes, and possibly the enforcement of fire-drills by employees. This measure has long been advocated by disinterested experts to do away with that division of authority and duty indicated above. As to specific reforms, the constituted authorities must make and constantly enforce regulations based on such common-sense considerations as these: that a fireproof building *may* be fireproof as a stove is—we must think of fittings and contents and save the property and life inside as well as the outer walls; that regulation should be based on the number of people in the building and their occupations, not alone on the construction of the buildings—office buildings, lofts, and factories differ widely as to danger, and should be treated separately; that no laws are of worth unless strict, constant inspection is provided for—and then we must inspect the inspectors; that fire drills in factories should be by law obligatory—such drills have saved countless lives in school fires; that thorough provision, automatic when possible, should be made to put out fires before they get well under way—such provision might have saved the lives lost in Washington Place; that tests should be made of the time in which a given building can be emptied, and thus its right equipment in fire-escapes and staircases be ascertained; that wherever needed and possible fire stairways should be used instead of outer fire-escapes—Fire Chief Croker describes the fire stairway as "an entirely separate stairway leading to the street and having no doors opening into the interior of the building. Such stairways face the outside wall on the interior of the building. They are fireproofed on three sides, and on the outside of the building on each floor runs an iron balcony on to which this fire staircase opens." By these and other methods we must wage, as has been said, a campaign against fire as we are waging a campaign against tuber-

culosis. Americans are charged with being prone to take chances; if we continue to take chances in New York, men like Chief Croker predict that such calamities as that of last year in Newark and that of the other day in New York will frequently be repeated, and that the danger to the very existence of our large cities is by no means slight or remote.

THE NEW YORK STATE CAPITOL

The destruction by fire of the entire western part of the New York State Capitol at Albany on Wednesday of last week emphasizes two lessons of the Washington Place disaster: the granite structure was called "fireproof," but the contents were inflammable and burned like fuel in a furnace; there was no preparation to quench fire at the start (one correspondent says that it could have been put out by a few bucketfuls of water), and for lack of intelligent forethought irreparable damage ensued. The building can be restored or rebuilt—it is a question of time and money only—but nothing can replace or compensate for the original historical documents and public records. Some of the most precious archives, such as Washington's Farewell Address and Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, had been placed in a special safe and have been preserved, but others only less important seem to have been exposed to danger as if they were yesterday's newspapers. Here is a list of a few features in the splendid collection of Americana:

The first charter of the Colony of New York, in manuscript, from Charles I to the Duke of York; the papers which were found on Major André; the first charter of Trinity Church, New York, from the British Crown; and the great collection of Clinton papers, the most personal documents of the Revolutionary Governor, containing many hundreds of letters from Washington.

The State Library's collection of English and Dutch colonial documents, its Law Library, and its special collection of books relating to biography and genealogy formed one of the proudest possessions of the State. That such treasures from the past should have been carelessly exposed to destruction seems almost unbelievable. As to the Capitol itself, the entire building cost $27,000,000, but to-day could be replaced for a far smaller sum. Public opinion has long regarded it as certain that graft in many forms marked its history. In architecture it has found few admirers, and professional and critical opinion considers it distinctly inferior.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY JUBILEE

Nothing in our time has been more impressive and moving than the procession of meetings across the continent in celebration of the Woman's Missionary Jubilee, which culminated in New York last week. The whole continent had made preparation for the closing series in the gathering together of assemblies hardly smaller than those in New York. Five hundred women assembled in the Congressional Club in Washington, and a large drawing-room meeting was held in the home of Mrs. John Hay, at which eminent missionaries spoke. These drawing-room meetings have been very effective in attracting women who have not been familiar with the tremendous vitality and progress of modern missions. Nearly five thousand women lunched together in Pittsburgh, and there were six thousand at the mass-meeting. In every city the meetings have evoked great gifts of money. In Boston Tremont Temple was filled five minutes after the doors were opened. In cities of the size of Newark and Orange large and influential assemblies have been gathered. The spontaneous enthusiasm which marked every assemblage of women in this great and stirring crusade was so great that the New York meeting can hardly be said to register the culmination; but no meetings could have been more impressive than those in the metropolis. Three great hotels—the Astor, Waldorf, and the Plaza—were taxed to furnish room for thousands of women who attended the luncheons. There were rallies in the different churches, where the amounts of pledges were reported and knowledge of the work and inspiration for the future imparted to great congregations. One portion of the Jubilee offering in New York is to be used in building a Union Medical College for women in Peking, which will supplement the Union College

for men already located there. No fact indicates the need of physician missionaries in the non-Christian world more impressively than the statement that if physicians in this country were no more numerous than they are in that world, there would be only thirty-two, all told, male and female, in the entire United States.

THE JUBILEE IN NEW YORK

The closing series of Jubilee meetings began on Monday and ended Thursday night in a great mass-meeting filling Carnegie Hall. Large assemblies of women met day after day in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church for prayer and praise and to listen to stirring addresses from missionary pioneers at home and abroad. Prayer, unity, and broad, enlightened service were three points continually dwelt upon in the speeches of the Jubilee leaders. The efficacy of prayer was illustrated by numberless incidents related by the chairmen from many cities visited. Unity among different branches of the Church was so evident, and had gathered so great momentum in the committees of preparation all over the country, that it seemed as if the term had passed out of use in the realization of the fact. The speakers spoke naturally, with wit and with spiritual apprehension of their duty. If any one has had the idea that missionary meetings were gloomy affairs and missionaries gloomy folk, that idea was forever dispelled during these meetings. Since 1860 statistics from the Women's Foreign Missionary Societies of ten denominations show an aggregate gift of forty-one million dollars, the Methodist Episcopal Church leading with $11,713,632, closely followed by the Presbyterian Church with $10,197,515, and none of the others falling below a million. Much greater things are to be done in these days of enlarged vision and of greater knowledge. So far as reported, the Jubilee aim of a million-dollar offering has not been realized. Doubtless more money will be given after the meetings. About $870,000 has been already pledged, New York bringing $134,000 into the treasury. Through their admirable organization the effect of these great, inspiring meetings will not be lost to the Churches, but women will work more hopefully and more intelligently because they realize that each division is marching with all the others.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE A BOND OF PEACE

The celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the completion of the King James version of the English Bible, the most influential and widely known book in the English language, is now taking place in all parts of the English-speaking world. At a great mass-meeting in Albert Hall, London, last week, the religious and literary aspects of the anniversary were presented with a vitality and freshness which stirred the audience to enthusiasm. The perfunctory manner which sometimes attends occasions of this kind was conspicuously absent, and the place which the Bible holds in the hearts of the English people was very impressively shown. Mr. Reid, the American Ambassador, who made one of the principal addresses, declared that the English Bible furnishes the strongest and most indestructible bond for the unity of the English-speaking family of nations in aims and aspirations, and is the greatest single guarantee of the peace and progress of the world. At the very opening of the meeting it was quite evident that the interest would be divided between the commemoration of the English Bible and permanent arbitration between the two countries. The Premier declared that war between England and America would be a crime against civilization and that it was no longer thinkable, and the Archbishop of Canterbury paid a tribute to Mr. Reid's services as peacemaker. The interest culminated when a letter from Mr. Taft was read, and at its conclusion, on the suggestion of the Marquis of Northampton, the great audience, as a mark of respect for the President, sprang to its feet, showing every evidence of the deepest feeling. The directness and simplicity of the President's letter and its emphasis on the fundamental aspects of the celebration make it worthy of a great occasion:

To the Tercentenary Celebration of the Publication of the King James Version, Royal Albert Hall, London, England:

It affords me very great pleasure to present through Mr. Reid my congratula-

tions to those who in the mother country are commemorating so signal a historic event as the publication of the King James version of the English Bible. This book of books has not only reigned supreme in England for three centuries, but has bound together as nothing else could two great Anglo-Saxon nations, one in blood, in speech, and in a common religious life. Our laws, our literature, and our social life owe whatever excellence they possess largely to the influence of this, our chief classic, acknowledged as such equally on both sides of the sea.

Americans must therefore with unfeigned satisfaction join in thanksgiving to the God of the Bible who has thus bound together the Old and New Worlds by so precious a tie.

I can speak, I am sure, for my fellow-countrymen in congratulating you on so significant a commemoration.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Celebrations of this great international event are taking place in many parts of the country, and a notable meeting has been arranged to be held in Carnegie Hall in New York City on the evening of Tuesday, April 25. The Outlook will commemorate the anniversary both by editorial discussion and by the publication of articles on "Three Centuries of the English Bible," by George H. Gilbert, D.D., and on "The Most Popular Book in the English Language," by Mr. Bruce Barton.

THE REASONS FOR STOLYPIN'S RESIGNATION

The latest news received from St. Petersburg makes clear the fact that the principal reason for the Prime Minister's resignation was the rejection in the Council of the Empire of his bill for the establishment of *zemstvos* in the western provinces. Readers who have no means of knowing the purport and significance of legislative measures introduced by the Government in Russia are likely to assume that Stolypin's bill was an attempt to improve the condition of the people in the western provinces by giving them the right to govern themselves in local matters through duly elected district and provincial assemblies, and that the defeat of this measure in the upper house of the Russian Parliament was a triumph of the reactionists over a Liberal Premier. Such, however, was by no means the case. The bill for the establishment of *zemstvos* in the western provinces was designed, primarily, to lessen the power of the Poles in that part of the Empire and to decrease the number of Polish representatives in the upper house by means of a *zemstvo* election law which would practically disfranchise the Poles and the Russian peasantry, and throw the balance of political power into the hands of a numerically insignificant group of Russian landed proprietors, upon whose support the Government could confidently rely. The bill was not a Liberal measure, nor was it intended to benefit the western provinces by giving them the same right of local self-government that most of the other provinces of European Russia enjoy. It was an attempt on the part of the Government to decrease the number of Polish representatives in the Council of the Empire and lessen the influence of the Polish nobility in the western provinces by so apportioning the right of franchise among the different classes of the population as to give predominating political power, not to the most numerous or most intelligent class, but to the class that would most unhesitatingly support the Government's policy of Russification and peasant subjection. One of the most prominent opponents of the bill in the Council of the Empire was Count Witte, who declared that the proposed law was wholly inconsistent with the reforms of Alexander II; that it ignored the rights and interests of nine-tenths of the population affected by it; and that while it might strengthen the hands of the Government by substituting a few Russians for a few Poles in the upper house of Parliament, it would put the local interests of twelve or fourteen million Russian peasants into the hands of a comparatively small number of landed proprietors, who were not qualified by character or education to assume such responsibility or exercise such power.

A CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS

The defeat of this bill in the Council of the Empire led to Stolypin's resignation; but the Czar seems to have been afraid to let his resolute Prime Minister go; and after a few days of indecision and uncertainty, Stolypin was persuaded to reconsider his action, upon condition, apparently, that the western-

provinces *zemstvo* bill be made law without regard to its rejection by the Council of the Empire. There was only one way in which the Czar could give the bill obligatory force without parliamentary sanction, and that was by promulgating it in the form of an imperial ukase. Inasmuch, however, as the fundamental laws of the Empire give the monarch power to initiate legislation only when Parliament is not in session, the Czar prorogued both houses for three days, and then promulgated the western provinces *zemstvo* bill as an "emergency" measure. This autocratic action seems to have raised a storm of indignation and protest. Alexander I. Guchkof, President of the Duma, resigned his position, and the Octobrists, who hold the balance of political power in the lower house, and who have hitherto supported Stolypin, joined the parties of the Left in denouncing the Premier's action and the course that he had advised the Czar to adopt with reference to the *zemstvo* bill. Since the adoption of the Constitution Nicholas II has twice before legislated by ukase; first when he amended the election laws in such a way as to get a subservient Duma, and, second, when he promulgated the Agrarian Settlement Act, as a means of breaking up the Russian communes. In both of these cases, however, Parliament was not in session; and he had an excuse, at least, for his arbitrary action. The present situation is wholly different, and members of all political parties are likely to question his right to bring about, artificially, a suspension of parliamentary activity, in order to evade the constitutional limitation of his autocratic power.

THE ITALIAN EXPOSITIONS

At midnight between Sunday and Monday of last week a gun fired from the Janiculum Hill at Rome announced that the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Italian unity had begun. From that hour Rome was astir. Bands played patriotic airs in the principal streets, which, already gay with flags and bunting, were bright till dawn with lights, and crowds filled the various squares, shouting "*Viva Roma!*" and "*Viva Italia!*" During the day the King and Queen and the royal family paid visits to the commemorative exhibitions. After the King's address the doors of the exhibition were thrown open. International exhibitions at Rome of art and history, and at Turin of labor and industry, are being held in celebration of the semi-centenary. Americans are, of course, especially interested in their sections. At Rome the American pavilion has been constructed by Messrs. Carrère & Hastings in the Colonial style, the material used being tapestry or damask brick. In his tour of the various pavilions the King expressed much admiration of the originality of our own. The exhibitions are interesting in many a department. For instance, in architecture, at Rome prizes of ten thousand dollars, twenty thousand dollars, and thirty thousand dollars are to be awarded to architects of completely finished houses; in addition to this, Italian architects are offered three twenty-thousand-dollar prizes for the best completely finished house for a poor man, a fairly well-to-do man, or a rich man. Among the features at Turin are a model representing an ideal modern town, and the exhibits of industrial education and of electricity, in which experts will anticipate a special showing from a country which has given birth to Galvani, Volta, and Marconi. Turin and Rome are the natural sites for these exhibitions. Turin typifies the great movement which fifty years ago issued in union and independence. For three hundred years it was the capital of the Dukes of Savoy and Kings of Sardinia, and from 1861 to 1864 was the first capital of the Kingdom of Italy. Rome's distinction, as regards the celebration, lies, of course, in the fact that since 1870 it has been the capital of all Italy.

THE HEALTH OF ITALY

A trustworthy correspondent in Europe asks us to assure our readers of the falsity of the reports that health conditions in Italy are bad, and that a visit to the two great exhibitions in Rome and in Turin are perilous to health. He affirms that it is charged that reports of unhealthy conditions are spread by hotel-keepers who are commercially interested in preventing the diversion of travelers to Italy, and by ecclesiastics who are prejudiced against the Italian Government and desire to bring it discredit.

Our correspondent adds that he has made extensive inquiries for his own sake about the cholera and the smallpox, and everything seems to be all right again. Since the draining of the Pontine Marshes Rome is as healthful a city as New York or Boston—we believe the mortality statistics show it to be healthier. In their effort to celebrate the rebirth of Italy half a century ago, the Italian people ought to have the enthusiastic support, not the chilling indifference or the latent hostility, of their Church, and the warm sympathy of all Americans and all lovers of liberty throughout the world.

SIR PURDON CLARKE

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, is no longer a private enterprise. It was such when the late General di Cesnola was Director. At that time certain public-spirited citizens, in carrying on the undertaking, contended with difficulties little appreciated by the majority of citizens. The Metropolitan is now a great public institution; and this change of base is due in large measure to General di Cesnola's successor, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, who died last week at the age of sixty-five. As we had no museums in America in which men have been trained to the duties of directorship, the trustees were forced to go abroad to secure an efficient chief. They found him in Sir Purdon Clarke, an expert in architecture and textiles who had had the necessary years of training for administrative duties, had become Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London—better known as the South Kensington Museum—and had developed it into a great educational institution such as we hope to see the Metropolitan Museum become. So eminent were Sir Purdon's services to the Metropolitan that, a year ago, when failing health forced him to resign, the Trustees continued his salary of fifteen thousand dollars for the ensuing year, and voted to him an annual salary thereafter at the rate of five thousand dollars. No one could meet Sir Purdon without being impressed by his geniality of manner and his common sense. He was the most approachable of men. A host of friends will sorrow as they think that no longer will his kindly, ruddy face with its fine white hair be seen among us. But they will specially miss his ready sympathy with all kinds of artistic development, notably with industrial art. For wall paper interested him quite as much as painting and sculpture, and he made the Museum serve the artisan as well as the artist. His activities were by no means limited to his directorship. He took every occasion to co-operate with the Arts and Crafts movement in the New York City schools, pointing out that such training is a good thing for any child, whether he is to use it in after life or not, because it gives him a sense of appreciation not possessed by the child who has never been so taught.

THE PROGRESS OF THE DRAMA

The serious popular interest in the theater has received illustration in the crowding of the New Theater in New York to hear the first of Professor Brander Matthews's lectures illustrating "The Development of the English Drama," emphasizing especially the effect upon playwriting of past and present methods of staging plays, the lectures being illustrated by the production of parts of the plays which form their subject, costumed and acted, so far as possible, to reproduce the effect which the plays produced on contemporary audiences. The first lecture dealt with the beginnings of English drama and had as its subject two old plays, "Noah's Flood" and "Nice Wanton." After discussing the religious origin of the drama, and pointing out the evolution of the Passion Play, the curtain rose on the public square in a mediæval English town, filled with people waiting for the play which was to be acted from a pageant wagon representing Noah's ark. The quaint simplicity, directness, and sincerity of the play, the touches of humor, the occasional infusion of pathos, interested the audience deeply. The moralities were next illustrated by "Nice Wanton," the story of two children who were spoiled by their mother and came to a bad end. The scene of action was again the square in an English town; but now, instead of a pageant wagon, the followers were gathered about the stage which the players had put up.

There was no scenery beyond a background and a curtain; but the drama had already made a marked advance, and the audience, which sat quietly during a long afternoon, was deeply and intelligently interested. It is by filling in the historical background of the modern drama that the significance and dignity of the play will be made clear to modern audiences.

THE UNIVERSITY AS NEIGHBOR

Harvard University has recently taken two actions of the sort which when taken by an individual entitle him to be called a good citizen and a good neighbor. The old idea that a college was a monastery, a place of refuge, a retreat, and that it fulfilled its function if it provided instruction and a place for study to its students, was not without its good effects. Much of the charm of Oxford and Cambridge was due to this old tradition of seclusion. That ideal, however, cannot be justified in the modern world, and it is passing away. Harvard has often shown its leadership, and again it is showing it in the steps it is taking toward the idea of a university as a good neighbor. In the first place, it has decided to be a good neighbor to the city in which it is placed. By an understanding between the Harvard Corporation and the city of Cambridge, Harvard has agreed (1) to give free tuition for their freshman year to all Cambridge boys from the high schools whose parents cannot afford to pay their expenses, Harvard thus becoming, as it were, the capstone of the city's public school system; (2) to offer, subject to the approval of the Dean, reduced rates to Cambridge teachers in the summer schools of arts and science; (3) to offer, so far as possible, the use of the University athletic fields in Cambridge for playgrounds for the children of Cambridge; (4) to provide that, within reasonable limits, upon the request of the city authorities made to the President, and with his approval, expert advice on municipal affairs of the city shall be given gratuitously by members of the faculties of the University. In making this arrangement Harvard has done just the sort of thing that a good citizen would like to do. Harvard, however, has not limited its efforts at neighborliness. The University has made an arrangement with four Western colleges—Colorado College, Grinnell College of Iowa, Knox College of Illinois, and Beloit College of Wisconsin. These four colleges have been selected because they have maintained sound traditions and because they are independent colleges, deriving their support neither from the State nor from any denominational body, in this respect standing on the same basis as Harvard. The agreement establishes an exchange of teachers somewhat after the fashion of that which has been in existence between certain American and European universities. To these colleges Harvard each year is to send one of its leading instructors, who will spend an equal portion of half of the college year with each college. This year the professor chosen by Harvard to go to these Western colleges is Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, of the Department of History. In return, every year each of these colleges is to send East to Harvard one of its younger instructors, who for half of the academic year will spend one-third of his time in teaching, and the rest, if he will, to graduate and research work in any of the departments of the University. In this way each side will give and receive. Each of the visiting instructors will carry some of the spirit of his own institution to his host, and bring back to his own institution something of the flavor of life and thought in that which he has been visiting. In these two arrangements Harvard has not only done something to unite the educational forces of the country, but also to bring together elements that have too often been antagonistic, in one case Town and Gown, in the other East and West.

ECHOES OF THE SEPARATION LAW IN FRANCE

Within the past month two events, one in the Roman Catholic and one in the Protestant world, have called attention to the operations of the law separating Church and State in France. The first event was the declaration at the recent Diocesan Congress in Paris, by Monsignor Amette, Archbishop of Paris, that in 1910 only twenty-six priests were ordained in that city, that so far in 1911 there have been only six candidates, and that if present conditions

continued there would soon be no young priests at all. "The chief cause of this state of things," the Archbishop is reported to have said, "is the persecution of the Church during the last ten years by the civil authorities." Moreover, "parents set their children against the priesthood as a career. There are many villages in France without a priest and where Catholic services are conducted by laymen only. The Church is poor, and the evil can be remedied only by increasing the Church's financial resources." All this is, we suppose, practically true. But it is fundamentally due to the wide spread of unbelief among all classes in France. This explains not only the lack of funds and the lack of candidates for the ministry, but also the ease with which Church and State were separated. No matter how necessary the law of separation, the Church needs time and sympathy to adjust itself to its new environment and to overcome the numerous petty acts of injustice to which it is now subject. In time these will doubtless be corrected. The second event is the announcement that the French Episcopal Church in Twenty-seventh Street, near Fourth Avenue, New York City, will hereafter reopen one or two of the recently closed Protestant churches in France. We do not perhaps sufficiently realize that Protestants as well as Roman Catholics have had to bear the rigor of the Separation Law. If that law cut off the State support of Roman Catholic clergymen, it also cut off the State support of Protestant clergymen. Certain privileges enjoyed by both communions were also cut off, and this bears even more heavily on the Protestant than on the Roman Catholic clergy. As the French people have not been trained to support religion as the people do in this country, foreign aid is not unacceptable.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM NEW YORK

The long struggle over the choice of a Democrat to represent the State of New York in the United States Senate ended on Friday of last week with the election, on the sixty-fourth ballot, of James A. O'Gorman, a Justice of the New York Supreme Court. The so-called Insurgents have thus succeeded in their determination to prevent the nomination of Mr. Sheehan as an unfit candidate, and have also apparently barred the way to the nomination of one or more other obviously unfit candidates. The final result may be regarded as a compromise, and when the disparity in numbers between the regular or strict organization Democrats and the independent minority is considered, the outcome is not to be regarded as a defeat for those who have protested against machine rule. Undoubtedly Justice O'Gorman is a Tammany organization man; his political career for thirty years or more has been closely connected with Tammany, and he has held more than one office within that organization. On the other hand, he has served twelve years as a Justice of the State Supreme Court, and a few months ago declined a request from all the Judges of the Court of Appeals to accept a position on that highest bench. Senator Roosevelt, the leader of the Insurgents, after the election declared that Justice O'Gorman was a jurist of the highest attainments and would enter the front ranks in the National councils. On the final vote Justice O'Gorman received one hundred and twelve ballots, while ninety-seven were necessary to a choice. His name was not included in a list of candidates submitted by the Insurgents to the other faction with the understanding that any man named would be accepted by the Insurgents, but Justice O'Gorman is probably quite as acceptable to the Independents as some of the men included in that list. In the final caucus two of the bolting Senators (Roosevelt and Burd) and twelve of the bolting Assemblymen refused to take part. The New York "World," a Democratic paper which has opposed Mr. Sheehan, comments as follows: "Independent Democracy alone made his election possible. It compelled the Boss to abandon William F. Sheehan. It blocked the Murphy scheme to make Daniel F. Cohalan Senator. It stood firmly against all the Murphy and Ryan candidates that were mysteriously paraded out of secret conferences. It finally drove Murphy to go to the Supreme Bench and forced him to take one of its strongest and ablest Judges, the kind of candidate that the Boss would never have assented to in any other circumstances."

RACE DECADENCE

An Australian writer, Mr. Beale, has written a work on Racial Decay,[1] not good in form, but in substance I believe better worth the study of every sincere patriot, not merely in Australia, Great Britain, and Canada, but in the United States of America, than any other book that has been written for years. It sets forth in detail, and illustrates by chart, certain facts which have long been familiar to students and thinkers who care to face the truth, and whose studies and thought are not superficial. But, unfortunately, the facts set forth, though of fundamental importance to the whole people, are so unpleasant that ease-loving persons who do not care for anything that causes them disquiet refuse to look them in the face; and the great bulk of good people are in ignorance of them, or at least wholly fail to appreciate their far-reaching significance.

Mr. Beale deals with the startling decline of the birth rate in Great Britain, the Australian States, and France, this decline being due to the capital sin, the cardinal sin, against the race and against civilization—willful sterility in marriage. He only touches on the United States incidentally; but every student of the subject knows that the United States shares with the other English-speaking countries the melancholy and discreditable position of coming next to the people of France, among great civilized countries, in that rapid decline of the birth rate which inevitably signalizes race decay, and which, if unchecked, means racial death. Mr. Beale shows that the decline of the birth rate in France because of willful sterility in marriage began fifty or sixty years ago, and has continued to such a point that the French race in France for the last decade has been actually decreasing in numbers, the population of France being kept practically level only by the higher birth rate among immigrants, chiefly Italians and Germans. Among the English-speaking peoples there has long been much complacent pointing at France as a nation that no longer held its own among the peoples of the earth. As a matter of fact, the English-speaking peoples have now all entered on the same course which France has followed until year by year she has become less and less able to rank as the equal of Germany. Moreover, the decline in the birth rate among the English-speaking peoples has proceeded at an even more rapid rate than in France itself. One of the strangest and saddest things in the whole sad business is that the decline has been most marked in the very places where one would expect to see the abounding vigor of the race most strikingly displayed. In Australia and New Zealand there is no warrant whatever in economic conditions for a limitation of the birth rate, and the course of events in these great new countries demonstrates beyond possibility of refutation that the decline in the birth rate is not due to economic forces, and has no relation whatsoever to hard conditions of living. New Zealand is as large as Great Britain and as fertile. Its population is between one-thirtieth and one-fortieth of that of Great Britain. It is composed of the sons and grandsons of the most enterprising and adventurous people in the Old Country, and the New Zealand people have realized to an extraordinary degree the institutional and industrial ambitions of democracy everywhere; yet the rate of natural increase in New Zealand is actually lower than in Great Britain, and has tended steadily to decrease. The Australians are sparsely scattered over the fringe of the great island continent. It is a continent which could support, without the slightest difficulty, tenfold the present population, and at the same time raise the general standard of well being. Yet its sparse population tends to concentrate in great cities of disproportionate size compared to the country population, just exactly as is the case in England and the United States, and in so many of the countries of Europe; and it increases so slowly that, even if the present rate were maintained, the population would not double itself in the next century; while, if the rate of decrease of the last decade continues, the population will have become stationary by the middle of the century. If this is so, then the men who rally to

[1] Racial Decay: A Compilation of Evidence from World Sources. By Octavius Charles Beale, a Royal Commissioner of the Commonwealth of Australia, 1907, and of New Zealand, 1903. Angus & Robertson, Sydney, Australia.

the battle-cry of "A White Australia" have indeed ground for anxiety as they think of the teeming myriads steadily increasing north of them in Asia. In private life no man can permanently hold land of which he makes no use, and in the life of nations it is absolutely certain that in the end no race can hold a territory save on condition of developing and populating it.

The same causes that are at work in Australia and New Zealand are at work in just as acute a form among the English-speaking people of Canada, and in a less acute form, but in a form constantly growing more acute, in Great Britain. Moreover, they are at work here in the United States no less actively, and their effects are only partially obscured by the enormous immigration hither. In most of the Southern States there is as yet a purer and higher standard of conduct in this matter; the men and women are truer to the old standards of duty and morality in these fundamental matters which touch the very life of a race, and therefore the birth rate has not yet materially fallen. But throughout the North and West there has been the same shrinkage as in Australia, Canada, and Great Britain, and in the New England States the shrinkage has been not only greater than in the British Empire but greater than in France itself. There has been much talk of the New England conscience. Most certainly in the past the New England conscience has been a mighty factor in the spiritual growth of this Nation. But the New England conscience now sadly needs to be awakened to the frightful and fundamental immorality which it has ignored and condoned. It is utterly vain, it is a shameful thing, to be conscientious about minor and relatively unimportant matters, and yet unconscientious about one great and all-important matter. Entirely disregarding the effects of emigration, it is true that there are fewer New Englanders of old American ancestry in the New England States to-day than there were fifty years ago at the outbreak of the Civil War.

The American stock is being cursed with the curse of sterility, and it is earning the curse, because the sterility is willful. It is due to moral, and not physiological, shortcomings. It is due to coldness, to selfishness, to love of ease, to shrinking from risk, to an utter and pitiful failure in sense of perspective and in power of weighing what really makes the highest joy, and to a rooting out of the sense of duty or a twisting of that sense into improper channels. Moreover, this same racial crime is spreading almost as rapidly among the sons and daughters of immigrants as among the descendants of the native born. If it were confined to Americans of old stock, while it would be a matter of shame to us who are of the old stock, we could at least feel that the traditions and principles and purposes of the founders of the Republic would find their believers and exponents among their descendants by adoption; and in such case I, for one, would heartily throw in my fate with the men of alien stock who were true to the old American principles rather than with the men of the old American stock who were traitors to the old American principles. But the children of the immigrants show the same willful sterility that is shown by the people of the old stock. It is almost unnecessary to say that the sterility is not physiological—of course disregarding the naturally numerous exceptions—and is in no sense due to the change from Europe to another land. For over two centuries after coming here the descendants of the European settlers were among the most prolific of mankind; and the same is true now of the whites of the Southern Appalachian region; while there is probably no race on the face of the earth more prolific than the French of Canada, who have become and continued such during the very centuries which have seen the sterility among their kinsfolk, the French of Europe, grow until the race is actually going backward in point of numbers.

During the last decade the increase in population of the United States was almost two-thirds by immigration, the increase by birth rate showing a far lower percentage than ever before. Lincoln rarely ventured to prophesy. His chief prophecy, which looked far ahead into the future, was about our growth of population, and this has been lamentably falsified by the facts. He prophesied that by this time we would have over two hundred

millions of people; and so we would have had if the United States had continued to increase at the rate that it increased during Lincoln's lifetime. As it is, if the present rate of decrease in the birth rate continues, this country will have become stationary in population by the middle of the century; and so will the English-speaking peoples of the British Empire.

Men have striven to take comfort to themselves by saying that all civilized races are having the same experience. It is not so. There are some of the smaller states of Europe which have already begun to show similar decadence; but the people of Germany have as yet hardly begun to show it. The great cities, Berlin and Hamburg, for instance, do show it substantially as it is shown in New York, Chicago, and London; and if this tendency is not checked, Germany, in its turn, will begin to travel the same road which France has long traveled, and which the English-speaking peoples are now traveling. It was the warfare of the cradle more than anything else which during the nineteenth century gave Germany its preponderant and dominating position in Europe. In this warfare Germany now shows signs of yielding to the Slavonic peoples, for the Slavonic races have been hitherto totally unaffected by the movement.

What I saw a year ago in East Africa was illuminating. In British East Africa the men who discovered the country, who annexed it, who started to settle it, who are governing it, who have made it what it is, are the English. But the men who are breeding its future citizens and masters are the Dutch! The Englishmen there are fine fellows; they are doing excellent general work; I like and admire them. But as settlers they are hopelessly behind the Boer farmers whom I met, because they have very small families, and most of them do not look on the country as their permanent home. Of ten settlers of each nationality the ten Englishmen will be the leading men in the present life of the colony; but most of them are looking forward to going "home," as they call it, to England; only three or four of them will be married, and those will among them have only five or six children. The ten Boers think of Africa as their home; each is married, and almost every one has a good-sized, probably a large, family; and, unless conditions change, the future is theirs, so far as the white race in that part of Africa is concerned.

Again, to quiet their uneasy consciences, cheap and shallow men and women, when confronted with these facts, answer that "quality is better than quantity," and that decrease of numbers will mean increase in individual prosperity. It is false. When quantity falls off, thanks to willful sterility, the quality will go down too. During the half-century in which France has remained nearly stationary, while Germany has nearly doubled in population, the average of individual prosperity has grown much faster in Germany than in France; and social and industrial unrest and discontent have grown faster in France than in Germany.

It is never safe to prophesy. Neither I nor any one else can say what will happen in the future. But we can speak conditionally. We can say that, if the processes now at work for a generation continue to work in the same manner and at the same rate of increase during the present century, by its end France will not carry the weight in the civilized world that Belgium now does, and the English-speaking peoples will not carry anything like the weight that the Spanish-speaking peoples now do, and the future of the white race will rest in the hands of the German and the Slav. Are Americans really content that this land of promise, this land of the future, this abounding and vigorous Nation, shall become decrepit in what ought to be the flower of its early manhood? Our forefathers were the heroes of the tremendous epic that tells of the conquest of a continent. The conquerors, the men who dared and did, with hearts of steel and thews of iron, looked fearlessly into the eyes of the future, and quailed before no task and no danger; are their sons and daughters, in love of effortless ease and fear of all work and risk, to let the blood of the pioneers die out of the land because they shrink from the most elemental duties of manhood and womanhood?

I am well aware of the extreme difficulty in getting any serious attention

paid to this matter, although it is the most vital of all matters. Too often the average man treats it as a subject for jocularity—often for brutal and vulgar jocularity; while the men and the women who like to think of themselves as leaders of light and learning, and to earn their reputations cheaply, turn away from the subject as unpleasant, and busy themselves about what in comparison are unimportant futilities. Yet the importance of all other subjects depends absolutely upon treating this subject as of far more importance. As a Nation we pride ourselves upon taking great thought about education. But it is useless to waste time on education if there are not going to be enough children to educate. To spend thought and money in elaborate plans for the bringing up and cultivation of a young man amounts to nothing if we have also arranged that he shall commit suicide shortly after he gets of age; and so it is idle to take thought about the Nation's future if the men and women of this generation are to leave behind them only a dwindling remnant to inherit this future. Surely it ought to be obvious that no material prosperity and mental cultivation, that none even of the minor and subsidiary virtues, will count for anything in the life of an individual if he puts an end to that life; and surely it ought to be obvious that this is just as true of a race as of an individual; and yet there are any number of people, including men who delight to style themselves apostles of culture and adherents of schools of advanced economic thought, who will not see this perfectly plain and obvious truth. If men and women do not marry, and if there are not sufficient children to a marriage, the race will in a short time vanish—surely any one can see this. If there are no children to a marriage, the race vanishes with the generation itself; and if there are only one or two children to a marriage, the vanishing of the race is only put off for a short time. Sterile marriages include those where there are but one or two children, just as they include those where there are no children; willful sterility is as much a crime against the race in the case of the one-child or two-child marriage as in the case of the marriage where there are no children. From the standpoint of the race the average three-child marriage must probably also be treated as a sterile marriage; for the one extra child does not, on the average, cover the cases of death, the cases where for proper and legitimate reasons the man or woman does not marry, and the cases where married people through no fault of their own fail to have children. The race cannot go ahead, it will not keep its numbers even, unless the average man and woman who are married and who are capable of having children have a family of four children. These, and these only, are the men and women with whom the whole future of the Nation, the whole future of civilization, rests.

I know well every form of cheap sophistry which can be used in answer to this statement. I know well how certain it is that this statement will be twisted out of shape, and how some men, who for their own purpose choose to pretend to misunderstand it, will cause it to be misunderstood by some good men and women who have not thought deeply. But it is a statement which not only must be made, but upon which all true lovers of their country and lovers of mankind should insist with their whole hearts.

Many willfully sterile people actually regard themselves as good citizens, and even look down on what they stigmatize as "vice." But in reality willful sterility inevitably produces and accentuates every hideous form of vice. Nor is this all. It is itself worse, more debasing, more destructive, than ordinary vice. Every decent citizen must abhor vice; I rank celibate profligacy as not one whit better than polygamy; yet, after all, such vice may be compatible with a nation's continuing to live; and while there is life, even a life marred by wrong practices, there is chance of reform. But the cardinal sin of willful sterility in marriage means death; and for the dead there is no reform.

Is it possible to change the heart of a people, to make them abandon a vice like this? The author of the book before me believes not. He believes that when men and women abandon thought of duty, and care only for ease and gross material pleasures, no appeal can be made to them which will make them reform. I

am not prepared to take this view. I believe that at heart the average American man and the average American woman are sound, and that while at the moment they may disregard all appeal, all preaching, yet that sooner or later there will come a deep moral awakening which will stir them to a realization of what is happening before it is too late to undo it. Very many doctors and clergymen are already thus morally awake. The prime requisite is to arouse among our people, individually and collectively, an understanding that the full performance of duty is not only right in itself but also the source of the profoundest satisfaction that can come in life; and, furthermore, the understanding that no duty is so great as that which our people are thus tending to shirk. I believe that the fault is as much that of the average man as that of the average woman, and with even less justification; and I am sure that when men and women come to their senses and are able to separate the things that are essential from the things that are non-essential in life, they will go back to the understanding that there is no form of happiness on the earth, no form of success of any kind, that in any way approaches the happiness of the husband and the wife who are married lovers and the father and mother of plenty of healthy children. No other form of success—political, literary, artistic, commercial—in any way approaches the kind of success open to most men and most women, the success of the man in making a home and of the woman in keeping it, the success of both in dwelling therein with mutual love, respect, and forbearance, and in bringing up as they should be brought up the children who bless and make holy the home.

No partnership of happiness can ever be such unless it is also a partnership of work; and in this life it is rare indeed that success and happiness come save as the result of willingness to run risk and to face danger as well as work. But woe to the small souls who shrink from facing the great adventure! Shame to those who choose to lead their lives in a round of cheap self-indulgence and vapid excitement! They shall end in the gray twilight which has known neither victory nor defeat, and which therefore means the worst of all possible kinds of defeat, the defeat that comes to those who have not dared to try to win the battle. In the partnership of man and woman the woman risks most, and for that reason we should hold in peculiar abhorrence the man who fails to realize this and to be gentle and tender and loyal in his dealings with her. The birth pangs make all men the debtors of all women; and those men have indeed touched the lowest abyss of brutality and depravity who do not recognize something holy in the names of wife and mother. No man, not even the soldier who does his duty, stands quite on the level with the wife and mother who has done her duty.

I do not believe that there is identity of duties as between man and woman, and I do believe that it is far more important for both to dwell upon their duties than their rights. But I also believe in a full equality of rights; if women wish to vote, I favor it (although I do not think it anything like as important for them or for the State as are many other things that they can and should do); but the extent of my reverence for and belief in a woman who does her duty measures also the depth of my contempt for the woman who shirks her primal and most essential duty. The man who either is responsible for, or acquiesces in, sterility in marriage is even more contemptible than the woman; but he is the only person more contemptible. Exactly as the measure of our regard for the soldier who does his full duty in battle is the measure of our scorn for the coward who flees, so the measure of our respect for the true wife and mother is the measure of our scorn and contemptuous abhorrence for the wife who refuses to be a mother.

There are plenty of good men and good women whom Providence for inscrutable reasons has denied the greatest of all happiness, the happiness of having children. For these we feel the same profound and respectful sympathy that we feel for the honest, hard-working man in civil life who meets with unmerited misfortune, and for the soldier who is killed in battle, or who is prevented from going to war by some crippling accident which puts an end to all his ambitions, all his dreams of valorous achievement. Moreover, there are men and women who, for

adequate reason, remain unmarried. I do not speak of these; it is no fault of theirs, and no virtue of ours, that we and they have not changed positions. I speak only, be it remembered, of those who refuse to marry because of cold selfishness or vapid love of ease or for other unworthy motive, and of those who in marriage are guilty of willful sterility.

Most great results, for good or evil, are due, not to any single cause, but to a tissue of causation. There are doubtless many causes which have combined to bring about the condition of affairs so alarming in Great Britain, in America, and in Australia. Disproportionate love of luxury and of comfort is one. I do not mean absolute comfort or absolute luxury, for it would be hard to define either in certain terms; and I have seen men and women complete slaves to self-indulgence in squalid cabins, just as I have seen them such slaves in great, roomy, comfortable houses. It is not the having comfort or enjoying rational luxury which is the trouble at all; it is putting an improper and disproportionate value upon it as compared with other things more important. So I do not believe that, in itself, the growth of independence among women has anything to do with the trouble. By law and custom the Frenchwoman stands towards the man in a wholly subordinate and inferior position compared with the American woman, and yet it is in France that the evil has had its worst development; and there this development began before the causes which we are apt to describe as sufficient to account for it had operated to any extent. Any growth of freedom, whether of man or of woman, whether it takes the shape of the spread of democracy among men or the spread of liberty among women, is apt at first to be accompanied by vagaries of license, the recipients of the new liberty tending to abuse it, until they have become sufficiently accustomed to it to know just what it is worth, and to appreciate that it brings even more of responsibility than of privilege (and if they do not appreciate this they will speedily lose it again). There are American women who, in the thirst for their rights, forget their duties; but there are just as many American men who are guilty of the same offense. The majority of both men and women will, I believe, either keep or regain their poise, and their sense of proportion.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood, unless willfully. I no more mean that a man and a woman are good citizens merely because they have children than I mean that a man is a good soldier merely because he can fight. In each case the possession of one essential quality does not atone for the lack of other qualities which are only less essential. Criminals should not have children. Shiftless and worthless people should not marry and have families which they are unable to bring up properly. Such marriages are a curse to the community. But this is only the negative side of the matter; and the positive is always more important than the negative. In our civilization to-day the great danger is that there will be failure to have enough children of the marriages that ought to take place. What we most need is insistence upon the duty of decent people to have enough children, and the sternest condemnation of the practices commonly resorted to in order to secure sterility. Unless the average man marries and has children, then, whatever the nation, its average man is a poor citizen, and the nation is doomed. But of course I do not for a moment mean that sterility is the only vice or fertility the only virtue. A great many qualities are necessary to make a man or a woman a good citizen, just as a great many qualities are necessary to make a man a good soldier; and when I point out the fact that one quality is absolutely essential, I do not mean that it is all-sufficient.

We need plenty of books like that of Mr. Beale, the Australian writer, which is before me. One of the things he points out to which heed should be paid is the profound and lasting damage unwittingly done by Malthus and, to a less extent, by John Stuart Mill. As we study the far-reaching harm due in some degree to the teachings of these men of high intellect and worthy purpose, we should feel chastened and humbled, and should realize very keenly how often the wisdom of the wisest turns out to be folly.

Our appeal must be not only to the intellect and the reason; it must be to the

heart and the conscience. In this great fundamental matter, vital to the life of the whole Nation, our appeal must be to the plain people, to the average man and the average woman; and fundamentally it must be an appeal to character, an earnest prayer that in the souls of all of us the sense of duty may grow and not dwindle, and may be guided by wisdom and inspired by courage. We honor the good man and the good woman who do their duty; and, above all others, we honor the wife and mother, for she is the high priestess of the race, who bears in her strong and tender arms the burden of the destinies of mankind.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "K"

In The Outlook of March 25 there appeared an illustrated advertisement entitled "The Truth About 'K.'" It was paid for at the regular advertising rates of The Outlook by the American Woolen Company. Its appearance in The Outlook has elicited some criticism on two grounds: first, that its typographical form was of a nature to give the impression to some people that it was an article forming a part of the regular literary and editorial contents of The Outlook; second, that the woolen schedule in the Payne Tariff Bill is so objectionable that The Outlook ought not to permit its supporters to defend it in any way, shape, or manner, either editorially or in an advertisement, in the pages of this journal. The first question is one of detail. It can hardly be necessary to say that no amount of money can buy an editorial expression of opinion from The Outlook nor pay for the insertion of any kind of an article, short or long, in its pages of reading matter. The advertisement in question was headed "Publisher's Department" on every page in a fashion so prominent that it seemed to us perfectly manifest that it was clearly set apart from what is technically known as "reading matter," and was included among the business announcements or advertisements of the paper. This title has been used by The Outlook for similar advertising for twenty years. The second criticism is something more than a detail, and involves an important principle. In accordance with this principle we believe that the American Woolen Company was entirely justified in printing their article as an advertisement, and we insist that The Outlook violated in no degree the "ethics of journalism" in admitting the advertisement to its pages.

The Outlook in the administration of its business does three things:

1. It expresses in its editorial columns its own views on current questions freely and without regard to the effect that these views will have upon its business or upon its popularity. This policy seems to us to be the only one by which a newspaper can hope to command the permanent respect of the community.

2. The Outlook publishes in its contributed columns the most authoritative articles that it can secure on current questions, but does not attempt to control the opinions expressed by its contributors. In fact, it publishes many articles that differ entirely from The Outlook's own editorial opinion. There are two sides to every public question, and The Outlook is always glad to present fairly the view of those who disagree with it or oppose policies which it supports.

3. The Outlook welcomes to its advertising columns the advertisements of reputable concerns who wish to buy space either to sell their goods or to present facts and arguments on commercial questions. If the advertisements are reliable and are properly presented, The Outlook does not insist that they shall agree with its own editorial views.

The advertisement of the American Woolen Company entitled "The Truth About 'K'" falls under the third head. The editors of The Outlook believe that Schedule K, or what is popularly known as the Woolen Schedule, of the Payne Tariff Law is open to very serious criticism. It believes with President Taft that Schedule K needs careful revision. It has constantly and consistently advocated the policy of revising the tariff schedule by schedule in order that such a schedule as Schedule K may be discussed throughout the country and in Congress by itself. It does not believe that Sched-

ule K in its present form has contributed to the general welfare of the country, and it doubts whether it has contributed to the general welfare of the woolen industry. The officers of the American Woolen Company, however, entertain contrary views. They are entitled to get those views before the country, and we think it is perfectly legitimate for them to announce these views in paid-for advertisements, provided they do not use those advertisements as a means of attempting to control the editorial opinions of the journals in which they appear. So far as we know, the American Woolen Company has made no such attempt to stifle the free expression of editorial opinion. It certainly has not with The Outlook. In our dealings with the American Woolen Company we have found them free, frank, and aboveboard. In the advertisement entitled "The Truth About 'K'" the American Woolen Company have not rested their case in merely making assertions, but they openly printed criticisms upon the schedule and then attempted to answer those criticisms by intelligent arguments. For opponents of Schedule K to attack that schedule and then to forbid the interests involved to make any kind of a reply would, in our judgment, be the rankest kind of injustice. The new Congress is likely to take up the woolen schedule. We think it is of advantage to the country that it should have all the facts before it, *pro* and *con*, and we advise everybody who is interested in the matter to read the arguments of the American Woolen Company, and then, if they do not agree with them, to find out what are the strongest arguments on the other side.

We close the matter by saying that as long as the American Woolen Company pays its bills and presents its claims in as reputable and intelligent a form as it has in the advertisement to which we have been referring, it may have access to the advertising pages of The Outlook in every issue if it chooses, and we shall defend its right to do so and our right to accept these advertisements with as much vigor as we shall defend the rights of the American people to revise Schedule K in the interests of the general public welfare.

THE VISION OF PEACE

For centuries men and women of the highest order of mind have seen the vision of peace. It is still a vision; but it has always been prophetic, and to-day it draws nearer, becomes more distinct, and lifts up the hearts of those who care for humanity as they have not been lifted up for generations. There are many obstacles in the way. It will be perhaps a long time before the horrors of war will be relegated to collections of old armor and weapons, and before the crushing burdens of war will be lifted from the shoulders that have long bent under them. But peace draws on apace; and there is nothing that gives more convincing evidence that the vision of the past may become a reality of the not remote future than the response which Sir Edward Grey's comment on President Taft's proposal of a treaty of universal arbitration between the two Governments has evoked, not only from the leaders of English opinion, but from the English people. The English pulpit within the Church of England and among the Nonconformists has responded with a promptness and enthusiasm which show how quick and deep is the eagerness in that country to put out of the way forever the possibility of any future conflict among peoples of the English-speaking races. This response has been so emphatic that it has awakened a similar response from the churches on this side of the ocean, as shown in the call issued by the Federal Council of Churches to devote last Sunday to the cause of arbitration. The Bishop of Southwark, preaching in the venerable church associated with Shakespeare in the very heart of London, declared that "the suggestion borne over the Atlantic from a man who held the highest place and power had been received by the coolest and most reticent of British statesmen in words whose vibrant powers and feeling had reached even those who had not heard them, and had called forth an answer from the nation's heart to seize the opportunity for using England's vast resources for greater things than defense."

Bishop Talbot touched one of the greatest motives for peace—the liberation for constructive purposes of the immense

force now expended in war. It is difficult to set limits to the power of moral, spiritual, and material reclamation and conservation which the Governments could carry on if they were free to spend in peace the enormous sums they are now spending in preparation for war.

Three books have recently appeared which cover various aspects of the endeavor to reduce armaments and abolish war. They appear at a fortunate moment, and form a not unimportant contribution to a discussion second in importance to none now going on in the Western world.

These three books agree in condemning war because it destroys life and because it destroys wealth. Mr. Angell[1] says that in the economically civilized world wealth is founded on credit and commercial contract, and that if these are threatened with confiscation by a conqueror, not only does the credit-dependent wealth vanish, but it may also drag the conqueror down. Suppose a war should break out between Germany and England and the German army should raid the Bank of England, Berlin financiers as well as London financiers would be thrown into panic; for, even if she conquered, Germany could really gain nothing commercially; Germany would only injure her own customer and impoverish herself. In other words, economically speaking, one nation's "credit and commercial contract" cannot be destroyed by another nation unless both victor and vanquished are to be dragged down to economic ruin. Mr. Angell gives the following apt illustration of credit:

> Some years ago the bank in a Western mining town was frequently subjected to "hold-ups," because it was known that the great mining company owning the town kept large quantities of gold there for the payment of its workmen. The company, therefore, took to paying its wages mainly by check on a San Francisco bank, and by a simple system of clearances practically abolished the use of gold in considerable quantities in the mining town in question. The bank was never attacked again. Now, the demonstration that gold had been replaced by books in that bank was as much a work of defense as though the bank had spent tens of thousands of dollars in constructing forts and earthworks and mounting Gatling guns around the town. Of the two methods of defense, that of substituting checks for gold was infinitely cheaper and more effective. The last forty or fifty years of credit development in Europe has done for the states of Europe what the managers did for the bank. Seizable wealth has been replaced by unseizable credit entries. And when all that this fact involves becomes thoroughly realized, there will be as little need for Europe's elaborate defense as there was for any elaborate defense of the Western bank when the check system was introduced.

There is no such thing, declares Mr. Angell, as gaining a nation's wealth and markets by conquest, for the land, the property, and the markets will persist in the ownership of the people who have been conquered, as in the case of Alsace-Lorraine, for instance. We cannot wholly accept Mr. Angell's statement that an indemnity is paid as much by the conqueror as by the defeated nation, although it is true that Germany did pay a large share of the indemnity exacted from France as a result of the Franco-German War a generation ago. These economic situations arise because the relations of nations respecting trade and finance have become increasingly interdependent and proportionately influential in checking war. A force, however, not always appreciated is pointed out by Mr. Angell when he notes that in the world of finance some comparatively small military nations are really stronger than those heavily armed, as may be seen by comparing the market value of investment securities, indicating that Belgium is really stronger than Germany, Norway than Russia.

But there is a psychological as well as a physical side to war and to the effort to end it. We are always hearing that war rouses dormant nations, regenerates corrupted peoples, and that if it were not for war the virtues of courage, heroism, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty would be practically lost. If these things are true, war ought to be an end in itself, but it is not. It has always been a means, not an end, says the Russian writer Novicow;[1] to which Mr. Angell adds that warfare does not always make for the survival of the fittest or the most virile, and that the struggle between nations really

[1] The Great Illusion: A Study of the Relation of Military Power in Nations to their Economic and Social Advantage. By Norman Angell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[1] War and its Alleged Benefits. By J. Novicow. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.

forms no part of the evolutionary law of man's advance. Mr. Angell also makes short work of the old saw, "Human nature does not change." The work of the world rests on courage, devotion, self-sacrifice, and these virtues would not be lost even if the military profession became extinct. These virtues, writes General Chittenden,[1] a soldier, will remain because they "are part and parcel of man's higher nature;" it is the "vices of militarism that will pass with the passing of war."

The antithesis of war is peace. How shall we hasten its coming? Disarm? But individual disarmament is impracticable, and a general disarmament cannot be obtained at once, no matter how many peace societies demand it. General Chittenden's book brings out what we believe to be a very real distinction hitherto inadequately emphasized, namely, that a man may hunger for justice and righteousness and peace and still believe it to be his duty to favor for the time being the increase rather than the decrease of his nation's armament. General Chittenden also refers to certain practical measures to be taken at the present time by those who realize that we have not yet come into an ideal state of society. Take our volunteer soldiery, for instance, the popular confidence in which is touching. Some time ago a United States Senator declared that "if any nation attacked us, three million armed men would instantly rise to the defense of their country." "Armed with what?" asks General Chittenden. Again, take the case of the Panama Canal. A number of eminent counselors would have us leave that waterway, built with our money and by our genius, to be the prey of the first nation attempting to disregard international treaties. General Chittenden says: "We should fortify the Canal, first, because it belongs to our system of National defense, and, second, we would thus enforce neutrality as to other nations." The two divergent sets of counselors were differentiated in the recent naval debate, in which those who advocated the one-battleship policy considered themselves the only ones on the side of a peace policy! Yet a two-battle-ship advocate might equally have been an advocate of that policy. For, as President Taft said four years ago, "the voice of the United States in favor of international justice is much more mighty when it is known to have a good navy and a good army to enforce its views and defend its rights."

Thus our Government must follow two coincident policies: a prudent provision against possible danger, and the strengthening of our position as a power for peace.

For peace will one day be brought about, not by disarmament, for which no nation is ready, but by the spread of ideas pointing towards a general federation of the nations, for which they are all ready. We do not realize the progress of the tendency in society at large to classify itself by interests rather than by State divisions. Thus the modern State is losing its homogeneity. These things are making rapidly for the disappearance of international rivalries, and this tendency will be utilized to solve the present armament difficulty and to bring about justice and peace.

But there is a more immediate check to war—arbitration. We already have it in a hundred arbitral treaties entered into between the nations, two and two, and covering many subjects of dispute. These treaties have done much to check war. But universal arbitral treaties could do more. In three notable instances agreements have been ratified that cover all topics of dispute—the treaties between Norway and Sweden, Belgium and Holland, Argentina and Chili. A similar form of treaty was suggested a year ago before the American Peace and Arbitration Society, when President Taft said:

> I have noticed exceptions in our arbitration treaties as to references to questions of honor—of national honor—to courts of arbitration. Personally, I do not see any more reason why matters of national honor should not be referred to a court of arbitration than matters of property or matters of national proprietorship.

Later, before the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, Mr. Taft said:

> If now we can negotiate and put through a positive agreement with some great nation to abide by the adjudication of an international

[1] War or Peace: A Present Duty and a Future Hope. By Brigadier-General Hiram M. Chittenden. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.

arbitral court in every issue which cannot be settled by negotiations, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money, we shall have made a long step forward by demonstrating that it is possible for two nations, at least, to establish, as between them, the same system of due process of law that exists between individuals under a government.

These are statements both bold and wise. It is reasonable to hope that they will lead to the ultimate realization of permanent international peace. For with the establishment of treaties of obligatory arbitration and an International Court of Arbitral Justice, the lessening of armaments must necessarily and naturally follow.

SAVED BY HOPE

On another page we give an account of the foreign missionary meetings which culminated last week in New York City. It is evident from this account that the Eternal Hope has not cut the nerve of missions.

Fifty years ago belief that the pagan world was going down into an eternal hell because the pagans had not accepted a Christ of whom they had never heard was current in the orthodox churches. This belief was used to excite missionary interest; and, not unnaturally, many good people sincerely believed that the preaching of the Eternal Hope would destroy that interest. The reverse has been the case. Hope has proved a more powerful motive than fear. Paul's declaration that we are saved by hope has taken on a new significance. Acceptance of the Psalmist's doctrine that the mercy of God endureth forever has inspired God's children with the spirit of mercy. Never in the history of the Church has missionary interest been wider or missionary activity more intense than during the last half-century, and this widening of interest and this intensity of activity have progressed with the progress of the doctrine of the eternal mercy of God and eternal hope for his children.

Another cause has also contributed to this increase of missionary interest. Jesus Christ came preaching that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. He bade his disciples pray that this kingdom might come on earth as in heaven. He defined his own mission in the declaration that he was sent to preach glad tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty those who are bruised by oppression. He said very little about a future heaven, and still less about a future hell. He said much about the duty of men to make this world a better and a happier world by bringing it into harmony with the Father, of whom every family in heaven and on earth is named. Within the last fifty years Christian mission activity has gone back from mediævalism to this primitive Christianity. It has become less theological and more practical and philanthropic; it has concerned itself more with present-day conditions. It has established hospitals, organized schools, promoted industries, purified homes. Its fruits have been more visible. It was possible last week, in the missionary pageant, to portray some of those fruits upon the stage where the audience might see them. They will be portrayed more fully next month in the great missionary exhibit that is to take place in Boston, and is afterwards, we believe, to be transferred to other cities. These fruits appeal to the sight as well as to faith.

The result has proved that there are a great many men and women who are interested in promoting present-day welfare for the poor, the suffering, and the oppressed who are not greatly interested in recovering souls from what they regard as a problematical hell and introducing them to what they regard as a problematical heaven. What is sometimes regarded as the secularizing of Christian missions has promoted missionary activity. An unprejudiced study of the teachings of Jesus Christ and his methods will satisfy the unprejudiced that this so-called secularity is a return to his purpose and a revival of his spirit.

In this great missionary movement and its fruitage there is a lesson for all churches and all ministers. The Christianity that helps men to live better lives on the earth, and so promotes their earthly welfare and happiness, is a Christianity that appeals to the average man. It is the Christianity of Jesus Christ.

A LENTEN THOUGHT

THE SECOND BIRTH

In the desert of his temptation the Christ was alone; no human companionship kept him company in his hour of trial, and it was not until the peril was passed that angels ministered to him. He was born into this human life at Nazareth; thirty years later he was born into the consciousness of his power and his mission in the silence and solitude of a lonely place.

About the first birth a great and affectionate solicitude centers and the spirit comes into a world made warm and homelike by the love that precedes and makes ready for it. The second birth into knowledge of self and of one's place and work among men takes place in silence and loneliness. On both births pain waits, for without pain the secret of life is never disclosed, and the growth, which is the fulfillment of life, is never accomplished; the mother bears the agony of birth for the child, the child bears the agony of birth for his spirit; for the birth pang is part of every coming into light and life.

In the tumult of the senses when the world pours in upon the young spirit in a great tide of impressions and discoveries many things are revealed, and many wonderful sights and sounds sink deep into the consciousness of the child as it runs eager and thoughtless with its fellows at play. In the rush of action and the turmoil of the awakening energies, putting their earliest strength into the struggle of life, knowledge comes flooding in through a thousand channels; but the knowledge of self, brought to clear consciousness by the discovery of the world and the pouring out of energy and power in action, comes to the spirit in silence and solitude.

For every man who is born into spiritual consciousness and freedom the way lies through loneliness. It is true, there are many who never pass through the lonely place, but they never pass through deep and vital experience to the full stature of spiritual manhood and womanhood. They are always children who have been born into this world but have never been born out of it, or they have so blighted their power of growth that they have stopped half-way in the fulfillment of their lives. To such as these the story of the temptation of the Christ is unintelligible, as are the stories of the conversion of St. Augustine and of the army of saints who, through pain and tribulation, have come to the knowledge of the world and of themselves, and have been born into citizenship in the Kingdom of God.

Throughout the whole range of the experience of men in contact with God, of which the Old and New Testaments are matchless records, the Infinite always reveals himself in silence. In the most impressive manifestations of power it was the still, small voice that spoke with final authority; out of the tumult of action the prophet, who went before the Christ and for many centuries foreshadowed his coming, went into the lonely place to meet God and be born again into the knowledge of his purposes. The desert and solitary place are not more sacred than the city square or the crowded street; but they are symbols of the solitude in which the tumult of the senses and of the activities have died into a silence in which the divine voice becomes audible, and a man comes into such possession of himself that he can surrender himself to God.

In the noise of the tremendous activities of this day of large opportunity, setting all human energies at work, there is often desperate need of silence; in great sorrows and under the pressure of burdens which cut into the flesh silence brings no escape, but it may bring the strength which suffers and is strong:

"Stand upright in the silence, soul, to bear
Thy burden undismayed; cry not
It is too heavy; take of thy great share
Of the world's great anguish as thy lot,
Predestined from the dawn of days: so fill
Thy veins with fortitude; accept; be still."

IS DEMOCRACY A FAILURE?

ANOTHER PLAIN TALE FROM CHICAGO[1]

BY C. NORMAN FAY

IN the early days of the telephone industry, when for my sins I was compelled to know something of the personnel of the Illinois Assembly, there lived a statesman down Peoria way, whose name—such is fame—I now forget, who built him a nice new house. "My!" said a neighbor in deep admiration, "but that is an expensive house!" "You bet," replied the Solon; "there's lots of Ayes and Noes in *that* house."

That was standard American humor then, and raised many a laugh about the Capitol at Springfield. A year or two later I tried to enlist some of my colleagues in other Chicago public service companies in defeating for re-election a particularly obnoxious local grafter. "My dear boy," said one veteran to me, "go ahead and try it; you have my blessing. I will even contribute a little, if you will not use my name. But you will accomplish nothing. You might as well tackle the rock of Gibraltar as that man in his own ward. The American people *like* grafters; they are all grafters themselves at heart, essentially dishonest, lazy, and careless of their civic duties. Look at the shifting hordes of cheap politicians that they send year after year to the Legislature, the city councils, even to Congress, always changing but always grafting; the idle, incompetent, and dishonest employees, drawing double pay for half work, now Democrats and now Republicans, but never any good; the vice-protecting police, the 'fixed' juries, the bungling legislation, the weak administration, the stinking corruption turned up all over the land from Atlantic to Pacific, wherever one strikes in the pick of investigation. Do you suppose the people would choose such governors if they did not like them? A representative government *must* fairly represent the mind and morals of the average citizen; a mind too small for the large affairs of the community, and morals too easy for its healthful control. No—democracy is a failure! The fountain cannot rise higher than its source."

These melancholy tales are vital yet. The Ayes and Noes merchants are still in business at the old stand, under the style of "Jackpotter, Bathroom Boy & Co.," with important connections at Washington. They do not seem so humorous now, and the country is in deadly earnest, from Maine to California, to sweep them and their kind from the face of the earth. But *how?*

Our fighters for better things, in and out of office, except here and there a short-ballot man, seem to agree with my cynic friend above quoted, that we Americans are all grafters at heart. At the top, they say, our great constructive business and professional men are actuated in public matters mainly by greed. At the bottom, down there next the people, politics is dirty work, to be done by a dirty sort of good fellow, beloved of the crowd, "out for the stuff," dishonest and untrustworthy in office, but with us to stay. We must accept *him;* popular government means party government, and he is the bone and sinew of the party. There will always be crooked business and crooked politics; the remedy lies in coercion. We must smash big business, drive the interests out of politics, go for the man higher up; then there will be no one to bribe the "boys." We must hobble the latter with laws and scare them with penalties, until they, too, will be good, because they have to be. So are we taught the noble gospels of distrust and intimidation—forces that never helped the world in all its history—for our industries, our politics, for free government itself!

I am but one of many, I hope, who rebel against such feeble yet destructive doctrines. I hold that the partial breakdown of our democracy, our government by the unfit, our riot of graft and special privilege, is clearly due, not to universal

[1] Previous "Plain Tales" were published in the issues of The Outlook for March 6, 13, and 20, 1909, June 19, 1909, and January 22, 1910.

depravity, but to what might be called cumulative mechanical difficulties, which we can ascertain and remove, just as a modern production engineer remedies the troubles in a demoralized factory. I venture, therefore, to contribute to the literature of the subject a brief study of existing conditions in my own great city, as a pointer toward what seem to me better factory methods in the good-government industry.

Good government is like good organization of every kind, mainly a question of good men; of sound principles too, of course, but good men usually stand for sound principles. Now, our whole history shows that whenever a great moral crisis has arisen, when the issue has been clearly made up and thoroughly thrashed out, so that the brain and conscience of the average American has tried the case, and there remains what Lowell calls the "clarified residuum of thought," he has in ballot and in battle stuck to the right, and picked the *men* fittest to enforce it. In every-day life, too, when he wants steady work at fair wages, pure food and good clothing at fair prices, or sound insurance on life or property, when he would deposit his savings in a safe bank, or vote as a stockholder for directors who shall guard his invested earnings, again he turns instinctively and constantly to the largest employer, the greatest merchant, the soundest insurer, the richest banker; in short, to the man most conspicuous for trustworthiness in his community.

Why, then, on election day alone of all the year, when there is no crisis and life flows humdrum along, when he must quietly choose those who are to save or squander his taxes, purify or poison the air he breathes and the water he drinks, clean or leave filthy the street he lives in, suppress or foster vice and crime next door; who are to control the protection of his life and property, the education of his children, the care of his sick, the spread of contagion, the enactment of law, and the administration of justice—in short, the most intimate and vital concerns of his daily life—why does he suddenly seem bereft of every shred of sound principle and common sense, and, forsaking all precedent, deem no reputation too bad, no education too defective, no brain too dull, no experience too limited, no character too vicious, no shyster too notorious, no grafter too hungry, in short, no professional politician too rank, if "regularly nominated," to be trusted with the party honor and the immense material interests of the people? Why, indeed!

Simply because he has no choice. In our cities, where most of our grafters breed, under present conditions *there are bound to be few candidates except of the baser sort.* Let us consider, for instance, Chicago.

The city of Chicago and county of Cook, substantially one body of taxpayers or citizens, contains about 440,000 voters. We have a spring or city election every year, and a fall or State and National election every other year, with judicial and other elections from time to time, held in each of 1,448 polling-places, each manned inside and out by five or six workers of each party. Each election is preceded by 1,448 primaries, held by each principal party, with perhaps a smaller number for the weaker parties. These primaries must be manned by at least five workers each, and they nominate workers for no less than 331 elective offices during each cycle of four years, namely, 27 Presidential electors, 185 members of Congress, State Legislature, County Board, City Council, and Sanitary Board, and 119 executive, administrative, and judicial officers.

To sum up, for each election in Chicago are required the services of 15,000 to 20,000 primary workers, and about the same number of workers at the polls. Many of these doubtless serve in both capacities, but many do not; and besides them are the lieutenants, captains, and generals of this great army. It is probably safe to say that six times or more in each four years some 25,000 working politicians of the various parties for five or six weeks about election time must give continuous, and at other times must give frequent, attention to the colossal task of keeping in touch with the voters, and of organizing and getting to the polls some 440,000 men who ordinarily take little interest in going there.

Now the average man cannot with justice to his regular vocation give the time indicated above to politics; but without doing so he cannot hope, under present

conditions, to become an effective cog in a great party machine. The common phrase, "He got into politics and neglected his business," expresses the situation perfectly. Occasionally an exceptionally active and unselfish man, like George E. Cole or Walter Fisher, successfully runs business and politics too. But most of us must attend to, and live by, our business; and just so most of those who give their lives to politics must live by politics.

Therefore, so long as Chicago imposes upon her immense voting constituencies a sort of continuous vaudeville of elections, so long must she create and pay for the 25,000-politician-power machines to grind them out.

Furthermore, local politics are uninteresting. It is but once or so in a decade that a live issue, like Prohibition or Traction, is injected into a State or municipal campaign. The great parties usually manage once in four years to scare up some sort of an issue for the Presidential campaign, upon which we can all warm up; but in the off years the fight is merely whether some machine-nominated Democrats shall oust some machine-elected Republicans from petty offices, draw their salaries and touch their graft, or *vice versa*. What is there in all this for the average voter? Nothing whatever.

Last and saddest, *no very high-grade, very able, very successful man—the very man most needed in the momentous concerns of the cities—will run for local office, cheap and nasty, and limited, as it is bound to be, by reason of machine power and ward lines.*

I once asked the late Marshall Field, who just then was mentioned as a possible Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency and was laughing away the idea, whether he would accept any public office. "Yes, one," he replied. "I would serve as alderman of Chicago, provided that I could be one of a working majority of my own kind, elected for a term, say, of five years, long enough to accomplish something. I could name five men who would clean Chicago up, give us a government, and make life here worth living for rich and poor; and for two-thirds our present taxes. *That* would be worth while! But as things are, what would be the use of *my* sitting in that hog-pen every Monday night for two years, listening to Bath-House John pass special ordinances to stick bow-windows and electric-light signs out over the sidewalk?"

There is the situation in a nutshell, here and in most large cities. Who that knew Marshall Field would doubt his ability to clean Chicago up? He was one of the most modest of men, no snob, and, in spite of his enormous fortune, no plutocrat. What he meant by a majority of his own kind was such a one as he was accustomed to work with on the boards of the Steel Corporation and the Northwestern Railway Company; not necessarily millionaires, but men experienced enough and big enough not to waste the time of the Council and the money of the taxpayers puttering with details. Let me illustrate the kind of thing that he referred to.

I picked up at random the other day the proceedings of the Chicago Common Council of April 21, 1902. They covered 143 pages of fine print, and recorded consideration (so called) of no less than 296 different subjects. About one hundred of these were private or special ordinances for erection of signs, barber-poles, scales, bow-windows, etc., contrary to general ordinances. Another lot were for petty claims and rebates. A third large batch were ordinances for paving specific streets and alleys, with detailed paving specifications; and for water mains and service pipes, with specifications again. Undoubtedly all had been through committee; but only eight or ten of all these 296 documents, which the record avers were received, filed, referred, considered, amended, passed, or defeated in a session of about three hours, were such as would ever have come before the board of directors of any large corporation at all.

But what better can be expected of controlling majorities chosen, not for experience in large affairs, but because each member lives in a given ward, and perhaps obeys a certain boss? There are thirty-five wards in Chicago, sending seventy members to its Council. Marshall Field could easily have found five hundred men of his kind in the eight "silk-stocking" wards, but he could hardly have found five in the remaining twenty-

seven. As a matter of fact, men of successful experience and ability large enough to do justice to public affairs will seldom live and bring up their families in the poorer wards. *Consequently, thanks to ward lines and party machines, our city councils and the powerful city delegations to our legislatures are mainly composed of men mentally, and often morally, ill equipped for their great duties; and these men elect our Senators of the United States.*

The situation demands, it seems to me, something in addition to the remedial measures commonly proposed. If there must be primaries, they should be direct; but what is there in direct primaries to enable Marshall Field and his kind to cross ward lines and take control of our councils? If our representatives must be dishonest, it were as well to hold over them *in terrorem* the initiative, referendum, and recall; but what is there in those measures to attract *eminent* men into public life, or to coerce them after entering it? Is it constructive common sense to go on electing the unfit, trusting to tie their hands from mischief—or should we go to the bottom of things at the outset by electing the most fit, and giving them power to act?

That bottom of things lies in our great cities. Ever since I can remember, the bulk of the deviltry at Springfield, as well as in their city councils, has been put through by the machine gangs from Chicago, Peoria, and East St. Louis. So it is at the other State Capitols, judging from press reports.

But let us turn from our failures, shift the film, and throw upon the screen the pictures of some of our democratic successes. I refer to our great corporations; which, as we admit by our very fear and distrust of their growth and power, have solved in the largest way the problem of honest government *by* the stockholders and *for* the stockholders. That way, which should, I think, be ours in politics, is to make even local elective office so distinguished as to become the ambition of the ablest and most trustworthy men; which of itself will make it practically unattainable by any other sort.

The Steel Corporation has gross revenues about the size of those of the Government of the United States, say $700,000,000 per annum. It has 95,000 owners and 223,000 servants, of whom 22,000 are also owners. The New York Central Railroad has revenues larger than those of the city and State of New York. It has 20,000 owners and 63,000 servants. The Pennsylvania Railroad has far larger revenues than the State of Pennsylvania plus the cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. It has 50,000 owners and 192,000 servants. The Chicago and Northwestern Railway has revenues just about equal to those of Chicago and Cook County. It has 8,200 owners and 47,000 servants. There are fifty or more other great corporations whose business is greater than that of the other States of the Union, taken singly, plus their principal cities. I use business (or revenues) for comparison, because government for the most part is business, and is judged by cost and results; and, especially for the purpose of this discussion, because *graft* comes in mainly on the business side of government.

These corporations, as great as our commonwealth in affairs, are democracies, and offer opportunities for misgovernment and graft equal to those of political democracies; yet, whatever high crimes and misdemeanors against the public they are charged with, their directors are seldom accused of betraying those who elect them. Once in a while an embezzling or grafting officer is unearthed (and kills himself); very rarely a "frenzied financier" rigs the market against stockholders and public alike; occasionally special interests sway corporation councils; but, broadly speaking, there are fifty Vanderbilts, Cassatts, and Hughitts to one Gould, and a hundred honorable captains of industry to one financial pirate. These big but trustworthy men are *elected* by democratic Americans—Americans as genuine as those who elect to political office a lot of incompetent grafters. The student of this anomaly must therefore attribute the comparatively overwhelming success in good government of business as compared to political democracy, not in the main to better electors, but to better methods of election and sounder principles of administrative organization. These I will briefly consider for the sake of contrast.

Once a year the secretary of each

corporation mails to each stockholder a notice of an annual meeting for the election of a board of directors, with a blank proxy. Those who desire to be elected directors nominate themselves by the simple process of soliciting proxies, personally attend the meeting, vote the proxies obtained, and those who receive a sufficient number of votes are declared elected.

The whole proceeding takes a few hours. The newly elected board usually meets at once upon adjournment of the stockholders' meeting, elects a president, secretary, and treasurer, and an executive committee, and then adjourns.

After that the board of directors meets usually but once a month. The executive committee meets oftener. The board deals only with the largest matters of finance and policy, leaving details to the president and executive committee.

As a rule, the same board is re-elected and the same officers are reappointed by the board year after year. The thousands of subordinate employees never know that an election has taken place; the business flows along uninterrupted, transacted by the same skilled hands that have done it for years. The directors are seldom paid, except a nominal fee for each meeting attended; but serve for the distinction attached to their office.

Underlying all are the tried and effective principles of business democracy—simplicity and continuity of organization; concentration of power and responsibility in few and able hands; unhesitating trust of details to those whose business they are.

But in politics we have inherited from our New England ancestors the exact antitheses of the foregoing principles—an intense *distrust* of government, a sort of frenzied freedom, as Lawson would say, which might be summarized as follows: "Each village for itself; no centralized power. Any man is fit for any office, with a right to his turn at it. No permanent bureaucracy; elect every rascally official, and only for a year. Turn him out before he can do much mischief. Check and balance him meantime; *never* trust him."

For more than a century we have logically followed out these cowardly, demoralizing, inefficient principles, with more and more disastrous results as our communities grow greater. Hence our amazing tangle of constitutions and charters, elective executives, elective underlings, elective judiciary, bicameral elective legislatures, checks and balances, vetoes and pardons, boards and commissions; our constant attempt to give power with one hand and take it away with the other. Hence our crazy-quilt of overlapping constituencies—village, town, county, city, and State; our maze of elections, conventions, primaries, and pre-primaries; our party machines, State, county, ward, and precinct committees; our bosses large, henchmen middle-sized, and workers small; our colonies and cultures, our microbes and bacteria of political gangrene! And still, not satisfied with Pelions of mischief, we would pile on Ossas of remedy: good government leagues, voters' leagues, civil service leagues, committees of one hundred, of ten, of seven, minority representation, direct primaries, corrupt practices acts, etc., down to the latest scheme to boss the bosses, the biggest stick for their stubborn backs—the initiative, referendum, and recall.

Reader, has it never occurred to you that for the last century, right in and beside our great, clumsy, stupid, boss-ridden, plundered cities and States, our corporations have well and wisely managed their even larger affairs absolutely without all this colossal complication, by electing only their boards of directors; and as members of those boards only men who can be trusted; and, once elected, trusting them? What do you think would happen were these methods applied to State and local politics in something like the following fashion:

Abandon all executive, administrative, and judicial elections; elect nothing but the State and local legislative bodies: small, single-chambered, preferably unpaid, elected at large, for long terms (say four years); subject to the recall and, if you choose, to initiative and referendum. Let these legislative bodies appoint and remove the responsible executives (mayors and governors), who, like corporation presidents, shall appoint all administrative officers and employees with civil service tenure; and all judicial officers, removable

only on charges sustained by the legislative bodies. Establish a system of retiring pensions and the equivalent of corporation salaries, for all positions. Increase the importance and dignity of the local bodies, and simplify local government by consolidating counties, cities, towns, and villages tributary to natural commercial and railway centers into single governmental units, each under a small chamber as above.

Separate local, State, and National issues by holding the respective elections in different years.

Divide the consolidated units into voting districts of considerable and approximately equal size, say, of 25,000 voters each. Redivide from time to time as population grows.

Create a Bureau of Census and Elections, with a general office at the capital and a branch in each voting district, which shall make and maintain a complete, current street and alphabetical card index of the entire district population; also a house-to-house registration of voters, with a sample signature card, such as used in banks, for each voter. (This bureau might well keep the school, vagrant, and criminal census, and co-operate for accuracy and economy with the post-office and directory authorities.) Make the office of the bureau the regular registering and polling place, and its staff the regular registering and polling officers, for each voting district; and keep it open, to prevent congestion, say, from noon to 10 P.M. for twenty-five consecutive week days at each election and each registration, handling a given fraction of the vote each day, just as the gas and electric light companies handle their hundreds of thousands of monthly meter readings. (There is no earthly sense in trying to vote 440,000 voters in one day, as we do here now.) Voting-machines might well be used for counting and recording votes as cast, with total vote adding-wheels beneath candidates' names, always visible in the public polling-rooms.

Permit voting by messenger or mail. The bureau to deliver at each voter's home, a reasonable time before voting commences, an official Australian ballot, marked with his name and address and identified by a consecutive number, which he can sign and mark at his home or elsewhere, and vote by mail or messenger; or sign and vote without marking, if he wishes to ballot *secretly* (most voters nowadays do not), presenting it at the bureau, and personally using the voting-machine. Each ballot might plainly display its voting date, and might bear a detachable coupon carrying a duplicate list of candidates, which the voter could mark and retain as a record of his vote—a precaution that would insure the counting of his vote if mailed or deposited by messenger. The bureau to verify from the signature card each ballot before counted.

Candidates to nominate themselves by public advertisement, say, two months before delivery of official ballot, in order to give ample time for preparation of the latter, and to acquaint the voters with all the candidates. Each candidate to pay to the bureau a predetermined charge for the expense of putting his name on voting-machines, ballots, etc.

Following out these proposals, in each cycle of four years the voter would vote about as follows: In November of the first year, say, for five members of the county board; the second year, for one Congressman; the third year, for, say, fifteen members of the State Legislature; the fourth year, for President of the United States and one Congressman. How simple it looks! Even if there were four or five candidates for each local place, it would still be an easy matter to mark an Australian ballot with first choice; and, if so ordered, with second and third choices.

Well, what would happen were some such plan adopted? The following is my *guess;* I have had no political experience.

To be one of five to govern the city, or of fifteen to govern the State, should be attractive to any man. Eminent men of all vocations would stand for office, as independents, if necessary. The parties would have to accept them or nominate equally fit candidates of their own. The chance of election would be so small and the expense so great that mediocrities and unknowns would be unlikely to run. Good candidates, good government, whoever wins. *Verbum sap.*

The parties would persist, of course; but the permanent Election Bureau, with

few polling-places, would do away with the necessity for the thousands of party workers who now organize primaries and polls; and a permanent civil service would withhold the jobs they are now paid with. They would starve and drop away from the party machines like canker-worms from a stripped elm; and in their stead candidates would probably reach the voters by terse signed statements, printed often throughout the campaign as paid advertising matter in the papers and magazines. One of our leading merchants tells me he would guarantee to reach the 440,000 voters of Chicago as thoroughly as he now reaches their wives for $25,000 to $40,000 per campaign spent in this way. The Cook County Republican campaign fund in the last campaign was about $65,000. New York has over 600,000 voters, and might cost in proportion for advertising $40,000 to $60,000; against $200,000 given by Mr. Herbert Parsons as the cost of orators, mass-meetings, and personal canvass in that city. What a saving of effort, money, and—*buncombe!*

For the voter there would be no "off years." He could dream of clean sweeps for good candidates and simplified issues, and grow enthusiastic. He would find himself always registered, and never lose his vote by change of residence. His official ballot could be delivered to him at his home; and he could study and mark it, and vote it too, at convenience, personally, by messenger or by mail. By marking first, second, and third choices his vote need never be wasted; and it seems to me, on hasty consideration, that by this device party strength might be concentrated on the strongest party candidates *entirely without the nuisance of primaries.*

Come, let us reason together. Have we not outgrown the New England town meeting and the gospel of distrust? Is the Nation not old enough to quit wearing political baby clothes, in which we trip and stumble at every step? Are we not big enough to forget that cowardly envy and fear of the great that delivers us perpetually over to the small? Must representative government forever mean representation by the worst and meanest of us all? Must we keep on building houses out of Ayes and Noes? Do we love Tammanys and Old Guards, Jackpotters and Bathroom Boys?

No, thank God, we do not. The time is ripe to cut out our jungle of politics, that breeds grafters as a swamp breeds mosquitoes. Let us try simpler methods, nobler motives, larger men; the largest men in sight, even if we find some of them in corporation chairs. Let us not drive them from politics; but, on the contrary, make public duty and service seem to them the envied crown of a great private career. Surely the people deserve as able and honest government as the corporations; but they can get it only by electing very able and very honest men. If such men but *desire* election, their ability will secure it; and they will serve the people just as unselfishly as they now serve the corporations, universities, churches, hospitals, charities, social settlements, schools, and missions, which everywhere depend upon them.

Is all this visionary? I think not. I dream of democratic government by the best and wisest of us all—magnates, preachers, financiers, teachers, captains of industry, labor leaders, public servants, lawyers. I imagine a wonderful future, wherein those who have shown power to do the great things, moral and material, demanded by this our mighty day, when they come to the fullness of their prime, shall say to the people, "We have done enough for ourselves; now we offer our ripened abilities to you." And the people shall reply, without envy or distrust, "Well done, good and faithful servants. Ye have been faithful over a few things. We will make you rulers over many things."

A GIRL AT HEIDELBERG

BY HARRIET BENSON

The writer of the following "human document" is now the wife of a prominent professional man in New York City. From her early girlhood she was interested in philosophy and in art, and was granted the degree of Master of Arts after studying at a prominent Canadian university, having specialized in English, philosophy, and history. She studied in Hanover, Germany, and in Paris, and was the first woman to be admitted to the lectures on philosophy in the course presided over by Professor Kuno Fischer at Heidelberg University, and to take there the degree of Doctor of Philosophy with his approbation. After her return to America she became Dean of Women at a State college in the East, and then was appointed lecturer on the History of Art at a prominent Western university. Since her marriage she has published a number of interesting short articles on art and music in various periodicals, and a volume entitled "A Study of Thoreau." She has just completed a "History of German Painting," which is to be brought out by a New York publisher in 1911.—THE EDITORS.

I CHOSE Heidelberg University out of all the famous centers of study in Germany mainly because of my desire to read philosophy with Professor Kuno Fischer, the famous Kantian scholar and greatest historian of modern philosophy the world has known. I knew that he did not favor women students in the universities—that he objected to their being in his classes—but I did not know that attendance upon them was for a woman absolutely impossible.

On arrival in Heidelberg I went to see Professor Ihne, with whom I had had considerable correspondence. A tall, courtly, white-haired gentleman of almost eighty years, he had been in his own house the tutor of the Grand Duke of York—the present King of England. So, upon the occasion of my visit, since I was an interested British "Colonial," he showed me letters, photographs, gifts of many sorts, from "Edward," "Alexandra," and "George." In my desire to study at Heidelberg he was graciously much interested, and inquired presently as to what I was going to study besides English and German philology, concerning which I had written him. "History of art with Professor Henry Thode and philosophy with Kuno Fischer," I replied. He shook his head. "History of art, yes, tremendous under Thode; but philosophy under Kuno Fischer, impossible! He never admits women. Women of every nationality, of every degree of scholarship, and even fame, have tried it, but he will not let them in." It was a terrible blow. I began to protest. He waved me to silence. "But he will not admit women, that is all; he has stood out against it for twenty-five years. I will give you a card to one of our German women who is at the University, and who lives near here; she will tell you more in detail."

With this card of introduction I called on Fräulein B——, a woman of perhaps forty years of age, and at once opened the subject of which my heart was full. "Professor Ihne has just dealt a crushing blow to my plans," I began. "He says that Kuno Fischer will not admit women." "Oh, no," laughed Fräulein B——, as if it were a jest that I should ever have thought I might be permitted to study with him; then seriously: "Why, every philosophically inclined woman that ever came to Heidelberg has tried it. He sends them off with scant courtesy, I assure you. It annoys him now to have them come near him, so he doesn't even consider it necessary to be polite. You know about the woman who did go into his class? No? She was an American or an English woman, I am not sure now which, but she was very indignant at his ruling. 'Not admit women, indeed!' she protested. 'How can he keep them out? My brothers studied here with him, and were no better qualified than I. I shall go into the class-room and sit down.' So she went into the class-room before a lecture on Pythagoras," continued Fräulein B——, "and sat down in the end seat of about the middle row of benches. You know how it is here; the students must

all assemble first and await the coming of the professor from his private study. Now Professor Fischer's study is off the hall at the back of the class-room. He came to the door that afternoon, looked over his audience, turned to the 'Bedell' in attendance and said shortly, 'Remove the lady,' then returned to his study until she had left the room."

It looked discouraging, truly; still, that applicant had obviously tried a wrong method. I suppose I looked still unconvinced, for Fräulein B—— suggested: "I will give you a card to an American girl who is studying philology with Professor Hoops; she will tell you more. I think she tried it herself, and she used to be a lecturer in some college somewhere in your big country, I believe." Again I went forth into one of Heidelberg's incessant foggy downpours of rain to seek Miss H——. Her English was no more reassuring than all the German I had just heard. "You may as well give up that notion now," she said, with great positiveness. "Why, you don't understand how it has been! A famous Russian authoress has tried it; only a few months ago he refused the scholarly Madame M——, whose work had been crowned by the French Academy!" I was slight and blonde, and only a very young Canadian girl, and her impatience was so thinly veiled that it was in deepest dejection that I went to my *pension*. It seemed to my young, passionate heart that there was no use in anything since that upon which I had set my intense desire was denied me. Kuno Fischer and his philosophy blotted out the rest of the world for me. Rain and fog helped to embitter my protests as I walked furiously up and down my room. Just because I was a woman! No matter what my intellectual power, my need, my burning desire! No matter what my sacrifices or the consuming, compelling forces within me, driving me onward in spite of friends, in spite of loneliness, in spite of personal will! When at last I went to bed, it was with burning fever and tense, excited brain that would not let me sleep. Suddenly it came over me: "If I accept the word of these people and do not make the trial myself, I am to blame; the failure of effort rests with me. If I make the trial for myself and he refuses, the blame rests upon him; I shall have done my part and shall go clear." My decision was taken, and next day I went to his house between twelve and one o'clock—his reception hour. An elderly German maid answered my ring, and, as I gave her my card, said: "His Excellency lectures to-day; I doubt if you can see him, as he very seldom receives any one on the days of his lectures. However, as this is the first lecture of the semester, I will present your card and see." In a moment she came back to ask me to come in; his Excellency would see me. I was shown into a long, handsome room. The end at which I entered was furnished in the manner of a reception-room, with chairs and sofa; at the farther end of the room, in front of a wall of bookcases, was a great high desk, at one end of which was a bust of Descartes, at the other one of Hegel looking down upon it. Professor Fischer had but shortly before finished revising his great volume on Descartes, and was now engaged upon Hegel.

From behind the high desk emerged the professor, a man of barely medium height, strongly built, with short grayish hair, a curiously sharp, small, and crooked nose, and blue eyes that saw through you and beyond. He came quickly, it seemed to me impatiently, across the room, shuffling a little in his carpet slippers, my card in his hand and the unmistakable question in his eyes, "What do you want with me?" "Your Excellency," I began (he was a Privy Councilor to the Grand Duke of Baden, of which duchy Heidelberg is the University), "your Excellency, I have come a long way—from Canada—to study with you." "I never admit women," came back curtly, and he made as if to turn away. I went on as if he had not spoken. "I have come a long way—from Canada—because of my humble but intense admiration for your work, my consuming interest in the study of philosophy." "I never admit women," he repeated; but I went on quickly: "I read philosophy under John Watson, the greatest Kantian scholar we have, author of 'Kant and His Minor Critics,' etc., etc. You were our final authority, your works the last word in our study of the history of modern philosophy. And, as I came to know

your works more and more fully, I looked forward with more and more eagerness to the day when I should be able to cross the ocean to study with you." I did not say all this without interruption. It was punctuated by that same objection bitten off sharply, "I never admit women;" but when I finally paused a moment he said, "I have never admitted women." I noted the change of tense, and my heart gave a great leap, but I did not appear to notice it; I went right on with my story. After a few minutes he waved me toward the sofa. "Sit down," he commanded. "Come, tell me, what do you think my analysis of Berkeley's Idealism means." Then followed an examination, on philosophic systems and on his own writings, of which I have since then no memory. I know only that I told him things I never knew and doubtless never will know. I lay it to thought transference. What was in his mind seemed to leap into mine, revealed as by an electric flash. Suddenly, in the middle of one of his own sentences, he rose and held out his hand. As I met it with mine he said, just as grimly as ever, "I lecture this afternoon at four o'clock, and shall be glad to see you." I managed to get his signature to my list of courses, to stammer out my thanks, and to get out of the door before reaction overtook me and I sobbed aloud.

At two o'clock I went to see the great Germanist Wilhelm Braune. He greeted me kindly, graciously welcomed me to his classes, and was about to sign the list for me, when he noticed the signature "Kuno Fischer" just above the space for his own. Starting to his feet, leaning over the table to peer short-sightedly into my face, he brought his great fist with full force down upon the table—"*Mein Gott!* but how did you do that?" he cried.

Two hundred men gazed in amaze as I sat down in the philosophy lecture-room that afternoon. Many, I know, expected that "Bedell" to come and "remove the lady." The news went abroad, and after the lecture several of the women studying in the University—Germans for the most part—meeting me in the upper hall, put their arms around me, the foreign stranger, and, with tears, thanked me that the last and strongest wall was down. To them it mattered not so much, at that stage of their studies, that they could not take the philosophy lecture proper; but all greatly desired to hear the series on Goethe and Schiller to be delivered by Professor Fischer a little later in the year; and, indeed, so large did the attendance on these classes become that his Excellency had to quit the class-room as too small, and speak in the Convocation Hall; for men and women alike thronged to them, coming in trainloads even from Mannheim and Frankfort.

Thus fell the last barrier to women students at Heidelberg, and Kuno Fischer, as Privy Councilor to the Grand Duke of Baden, thereafter warmly supported the Grand Duke in his fair and generous attitude toward women, so that in the ensuing year a bill was passed giving women in the University of Baden the same rights as men; making Heidelberg the first university in Germany into which women could matriculate and be enrolled on the same basis as men; and making women eligible for all degrees, orders, and decorations for which men were eligible.

A few weeks after my admission to the lectures in philosophy I was ill with a severe attack of *la grippe*. Professor Fischer noticed my absence from lectures and inquired of a mutual acquaintance as to its cause, kindly expressing concern. In a few days I was in my place again in the front row. The German professor lectures from a high pulpit desk, and after the conclusion of the lecture the students remain seated, stamping their feet in applause, until he has descended in remote dignity from this pulpit and quitted the room. On this day Professor Fischer paused in his progress across the front of the room, stopped in front of me, and asked after my health, expressing pleasure that I was able to be out again. Of course I was on my feet in an instant and wholly overwhelmed with confusion. It could have meant no more to one of his students in those days at Heidelberg had the Emperor stopped in his royal procession along the street and descended to talk with a mortal. The applause ceased; two hundred men craned their necks and stared; many of them deciding, as I afterwards learned, that I was a princess royal, which fact alone could, in their

estimation, account for such unheard-of happenings.

At last came the time for my examination for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The examining professors voted me the degree with the highest possible ranking—"*summa cum laude*"—a rank not conferred in philosophy at Heidelberg for seven years previous. This was gratifying to Professor Kuno Fischer; he rejoiced in it as much as I, who could not, indeed, grasp at all how it had come about. I went to see him on the day after the examination, to thank him for it, according to University tradition, and also to say good-by, as I was to return to America at once. When it came to saying good-by, the great old man, full of years and of honors, for fifty years a reverenced professor of Heidelberg, visited in his home by grand dukes and princes and by the Emperor himself, took me by the hand and, with tears in his eyes, said to me, solemnly: "I can imagine nothing more beautiful in all the world than for a young girl to come away alone, across the sea, to seek wisdom, to find out understanding, and to succeed brilliantly as you have done. Now I want to say one last thing to you: Don't forget you have a *heart*, for truly 'out of the heart are the issues of life.'" Almost overcome by the sudden, full realization that this was the thing of greatest significance for me gleaned from those years of study, I confessed earnestly: "Oh, your Excellency, you great men in Germany have taught me that. Your childlike simplicity and directness, your big, tender hearts, and your large faith have shown me that the merely intellectual development I came to seek is not, as I had thought, the highest thing in the world. I came here seeking intellectual development as the greatest thing to be gained in life; I go away perceiving that to the heart is given perception to which the mind is blind; to the heart are vouchsafed insight and vision never granted to the intellect alone." "Do you remember," he asked me, "what we are told Richard Wagner was wont to say as he sat at breakfast with a new day before him? 'If we could but keep our hearts pure this day, untainted by the many pettinesses, untouched by the things the world deems important, undiverted by the fictitious values and standards set up by various sections of mankind, who knows what visions—aye, of Infinity itself—might be vouchsafed to us?'"

The time had come for me to seek the honor and privilege of an examination for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Heidelberg. First of all, it was necessary, and—what is more important in that five-hundred-year-old University—traditional, to make a call on the Dean of the Philosophic Faculty to request such examination, to arrange through him the obtaining of its sanction from the Senate—or "*Facultät*"—the determination of the date, etc.

The Dean of the Philosophic Faculty was a very learned bachelor of between fifty and sixty, who lived in great seclusion and was generally esteemed exceedingly crusty. He could see no justification for woman's invading the University precincts, so long sacred to men, and had not the slightest patience with their presence in Heidelberg. Every woman there had a tale of how unnecessarily disagreeable he had been in an interview she had had with him. I had not met him at all during the course of my work at Heidelberg, and naturally dreaded the interview, and mounted the steps to his apartment with considerable anxiety. As it was his "consultation hour," I was shown directly to the door of his study by a maid, who rapped, then left me standing there alone. "Come in," he called. I opened the door and stood just inside. The study was a long room, entirely lined with books, with a big desk at the end nearest the door, piled with books and papers, as was every table and every chair. At the farther end, Dean von D—— was engaged in rearranging books on some shelves. He looked around when I entered. "Dean von D——," I began, "I am Miss B——, and have come to see you about the honor of being admitted to examination for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy." He went right on with his work. "Huh!" he rejoined; "yes, I know; in such and such subjects, with Professors So and So." Then, in a tone of mingled wonder and contempt: "Kuno Fischer tells me you interest

yourself especially in Greek—philosophy! Why in the world do you do that? Can you read Greek?" The incredulity in the tone of the man, working away with his back to me, hushed my voice to a very faint "Yes, fairly." In rage of disdain and indignation that a woman should want to do these things, he fairly stormed, "Have you read all the dialogues of Plato in the original?" "No," I returned, a little stung by the injustice, "I haven't; have you?" He turned like a flash, looked at the young, slight, blonde girl in the doorway there, and burst out laughing. For a moment he stood there, enjoying himself hugely; then, crossing the room to me, shook hands with me, swept a mass of papers and books off a chair beside the desk, and said, quite cordially, "Sit down and tell me just what you want." When I had told him, his eyes always scrutinizingly on my face, he said: "Now, of course, I know all this already, and I am sorry that there is some trouble about your examination. You have not been in residence at the University long enough." "But I had a perfectly good M.A. degree when I came from Canada," I protested, "and I was in Paris about a year." "Yes, I know," he conceded, "and your own professors are anxious that you should have it, but several of the members of the Faculty think we must keep to a hard and fast rule about residence. There is a danger of foreigners thinking us too easy. Yesterday we refused a man from the United States who has been here almost as long as you have. And Dean S—— is dead against it;" adding, with a twinkle in his eye, "He doesn't like women students, you know." Suddenly, with a lightning glance from under his bushy brow, he poured forth sharply a volley of questions: "Why do you want it, anyway? What possesses you to come here and study? Are you going to teach? Do you really think women should go into professions and all that, just like the men?"

My opportunity to plead the cause of those who do things because they *must* was granted to me: "It is possible that I will teach," I replied, "but it is not to prepare for teaching that I have come here. Why do I do this? Why does a musician practice hours and hours daily, cut himself off from his kind, and often from life, for years and years, study, work, slave? For fame, you say? But if it never comes, as so often it does not, does he stop? He *cannot* stop. He dreams, and in his dreams he hears what he would play and how, and he works on, though no recognition comes. He *cannot help it.* An artist, too, will paint on, work and toil, though no outward sign of attainment is ever given him; though he go into old age unacclaimed and poor as poverty itself. Musician and painter alike are driven by a power within, an inner force—'*innerer Trieb*' you would call it. *They cannot help it;* they are powerless. They must so realize themselves. And I—did I leave my father and mother in deepest sorrow for their only daughter, and come away across the ocean alone because I *wanted to?* Did I pace the floor here night after night in my homesickness, alone in Germany, not a soul I knew in all the land, among a foreign people speaking a strange language, because of a whim, a fancy—because I *wanted to?* No: because I *must.* I do *not* believe in women studying in the universities with men, entering the professions with men, unless they have to; unless they *must.* If a woman can keep out of it, she should keep out of it. But if she cannot—if there is an inner force stronger than she that drives her on, an all-consuming passion to know, a power within that goads, 'On! On! You *must* know, you *must* see, you *must* understand!' *She cannot help it.*"

A silence fell. At last I arose. "I understand," he said, simply. "I will do anything I can for you."

A few days later I met him on the street in company with one of the assistant professors. Next day this professor asked me, "What has happened to the Dean? When we met you last evening, he said to me, 'That is Miss B——, *sie ist nicht so dumm*'." (she is not stupid). Words interpreted by the professor as high praise indeed for a woman from the Dean's lips.

He did richly fulfill his promise to do everything he could for me. As he had told me, some members of the Faculty were most decidedly opposed to my being granted an examination at that time, without longer residence. Before the meeting at which it was finally to be discussed

and voted on, Dean von D—— took the trouble to make personal calls on all the professors with whom I had done work and who were favorable to me, to request them especially to be present at the meeting. By this means he secured a majority for me, and I was granted an examination. He was as happy as I was over it when I called to learn the outcome. "Now, the next thing is," he went on, "on what date would you like to have the examination?" "I should prefer the 25th of next month." "That is taken, I am sorry to say; I gave it to a man just yesterday. Can't you make it the 18th?" "Yes, I can make it the 18th," I admitted, unwillingly, "but I should like the 25th better." "Any special reason?" he laughed. "Well, it would give me more time, and I just had my heart set on it, that is all," I answered; "but the 18th will do if I cannot have the 25th." The next morning he sent the University "Bedell" with a note to tell me that the man whose examination had been set for the 25th had received a change of date to the 18th, and that I might have the 25th.

The 25th over, I went to pay my call of ceremony and to receive the small certificate that should testify to the granting of the degree until such time as my dissertation should be printed and the parchment signed. "I suppose you have no objections to my adding this?" he asked, laughingly, and wrote across it, "Highest possible Honors." Then, taking my hand in good-by, he said: "But, seriously, I congratulate you. I wish I might hear from you when you are back in America, as to what you are doing and what comes next; and with all my heart I wish you God-speed in your further quest."

YOUNG CHINA IN THE CLASS-ROOM

BY J. T. ADDISON

WITH the finished product of Western education in China Americans are more or less familiar. The Mr. Wongs and Mr. Lis sent to our universities by their Government not only figure creditably in college catalogues, but even achieve newspaper notoriety. They arrive here fairly well polished and fall readily into our ways; and their resemblance to our own students is perhaps more obvious than are their alien characteristics. Yet more interesting at bottom than these surprising samples of reform is the home material from which they are drawn. In fact, it is the observation of the rank and file of Chinese schoolboys in their native country—as yet unshorn and still thoroughly Oriental—that gives to the Chinese undergraduates in America their real significance.

If you take a glimpse at these students in the earlier stages of evolution, while America to them is only a hopeful dream, and they are still grinding at work in Government or missionary colleges, you will find them far more startlingly and amusingly different from our own schoolboys than the Amercanized Chinese student would lead you to suspect. In the first place, they are out for business. From the youngster of twelve to the twenty-year-old senior, nearly ready to migrate, they are all at school with serious and definite purposes. The boarding-school boy who has left home to be got safely out of the way or to find the chance to play around with his contemporaries; the freshman who arrives with only social and athletic ambitions—these are types almost unknown. The Chinese come to Western colleges in their own land to *work*, and work they do. Thirty or more hours in class a week they will shoulder cheerfully, and athletics and "college life" must take their chances. One of the great problems in America is to stimulate a demand for learning; in China one needs only to satisfy the demand.

Such a receptive attitude and habits so industrious naturally make for exceptionally good discipline. Under the strict control of foreigners (*i.e.*, our Western selves),

Chinese boys and young men are extremely easy to keep in order. They are rather readily scared and very sensitive to criticism; and there is always the comfort that, if you can't see through them, they also cannot see through you. This chance of giving the impression that you have powers in mysterious reserve is a valuable asset to the disciplinarian—one which he cannot always win with boys of his own race, but which in China he inherits simply because he is an inscrutable alien. It is mainly, however, in our best missionary colleges that such strict order prevails. Many of the Government schools and universities run by the Chinese themselves are hovering on the edge of rebellion. Not a few have had to close for the mortifying reason that the authorities could not manage the students. And such a situtation is not surprising when we remember that the Chinese teachers are the worst disciplinarians in the world; and that from a proud young generation, every member of which feels that he is China's Only Hope, it is not easy to exact respect and obedience. The boys, in the first place, are ruthlessly critical of their instructors' ability. If they conceive the notion that their professor is weak in scholarship or ragged in his methods, they let him know at once. Last year, for instance, in one of the very best of the Government colleges, a group of masterful undergraduates reached the conclusion that their physics teacher was not of as high a type as they had hoped. So, by way of showing how calm Orientals are and how devious their methods, they locked the door and court-martialed him. Swift justice had just brought in a verdict of "guilty" when the President arrived on the scene. He stormed about for a little, merely to give the effect that he knew what his duty was. But he could not prevent the boys from sending a telegram to the Peking Board of Education lodging a complaint against his very self—an achievement to be checkmated only by wiring his resignation. This he did in hot haste. Everybody by this time had played his part—"saved his face," to use the Chinese phrase—and nothing was left but to finish the tangle by explaining and apologizing. The upshot was that the students gave the President another chance, the President overlooked the insubordination, and—the teacher was shifted to another class. In the hands of young Chinese like these, a native teacher, even when modern and well equipped, is at a disadvantage; and if he is of the traditional fossilized old woman type, he is helpless. Success, however, is more easily won by the foreigner—that strange person from overseas who is far less eager to preserve mere appearances than to stand for a principle, and who knows (as very few Chinese do) how to put down his foot and say "No."

As far, then, as being receptive, orderly, and industrious goes, the Chinese are a pleasure to teach. And doubtless schoolmasters in America would think that was all a man had any right to ask. But Western boys and young men have atoning virtues that one doesn't realize until one gets to China.

In the first place, nearly all the Chinese in colleges are very slow—due partly to reciting in a foreign language, but largely to sluggishness and cautiousness of temperament. Even the brightest are deliberate, and the "duffers" are inconceivably heavy and dumb. The pace is further slackened by the obstinate Chinese habit of refusing to say "I don't know." If the well-known question were put to a Chinaman, he would answer, "I'd rather *be* a greater fool than I *look*." His great moral aim is to preserve appearances, to avoid embarrassing discoveries or awkward situations, or, as he puts it, "to save his face." Now, to some extent a boy "loses face" when he gets up before the class and says, "I don't know." So he much prefers to stand mute as long as you will let him. It never occurs to him that a five-minute interval of depressing silence spells ignorance as clearly as a brief confession. However, he hasn't committed himself or lost face, and doesn't intend to, no matter how much the recitation may be delayed. The result is that you often have to pull answers out of him inch by inch.

Again, the Westerner misses the humor that enlivens the recitation of so many good teachers in this country—the standing jokes, the well-tempered chaff and banter, and all the quick sympathy that makes real fun possible. The Chinese

boys' sense of humor is broad and blunt, and there is a kind of oppressive doggedness in their attitude toward work. They will laugh, of course, if a pupil catches his queue in the desk as he gets up—a frequent accident; but that calls for no very facile appreciation. Fine points are beyond all but a few, for they look on the task in hand as all of a piece and all solemn. I found that they attack "Tom Brown's School-Days" in a spirit that would conquer Kant's "Critique;" and I have never seen more wide-eyed earnestness than a youngster in a reading class threw into his rendering of Stevenson's pirate song, "Yo-ho-ho and a Bottle of Rum!" It should be said, though, that a sense of humor in these Easterners is not so much lacking as it is undeveloped. It can be drawn out and stimulated. Such encouragement, too, is not only possible but almost necessary. A teacher must either get some fun out of the solemn hours, stir up some gleam in the passive faces, or else go melancholy-mad. A Chinese boy would not be at all surprised at a professor who had gone melancholy-mad; but one who has taken the other alternative is a constant puzzle to him.

Their heaviness is still more readily understood if we remember their incurable and ancestral habit of drawing a moral from everything. The Chinese, ever since Confucius, have been drawing "sermons from stones." In literary criticism, for instance, they could quarry texts from "Sweet and Low" or "Ulalume;" and every boy who studied Lamb's "Tales" with me was interested mainly in the salutary ethics to be extracted from every plot. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that every boy wished it to appear that that was his sole interest. A Chinese pupil will always write for a teacher what he thinks the teacher wants him to say—not (in the refreshing Occidental manner) what he really thinks. To make your teacher realize that you are a moral, circumspect model of a youth, trained in all traditions, has been the age-long method of achieving academic honors; and it is long before the young Oriental realizes that it won't work on Westerners.

I remember one freshman, for instance, who plainly wanted to impress me with his Christian devoutness. So he recounted in a composition a pathetic tale of how a fatal note was handed to him one day in class. It told of his grandmother's death, and thereat he burst into tears. Immediately he rushed to his room and seized his Bible, and before he had finished the first chapter of Matthew his tears were dried. Slightly skeptical at this latter-day miracle, I referred critically to Matthew i., and discovered, as I suspected, that it was a complete genealogy. What comfort in bereavement he derived from a full account of the begettors and begettees of Zerubbabel and the rest he left me to work out. And yet in China that is not hypocrisy.

Partly because of the priggish conventionality of which this Christian was a victim, but mainly owing to the laborious prudence, the self-consciousness, and the humdrum earnestness which I have described, it is clear that the competition, the snap, the rapid give and take, possible in good classes here, are unknown in China. The whole *tempo* of a recitation is often drearily slow, even when lessons are not ill learned. If I may put it musically, I should say that Eastern recitations were *andante*, frequently *largo*. The prevailing *allegro* of the West—and, of course, the occasional cheerful *scherzo*—are not to be found elsewhere. And yet even drawbacks of this kind can hardly offset the rare comfort that comes to a teacher who wants to teach from classes that really want to learn and do not shrink from paying the price of effort.

But, if we find the Chinese boys very unlike the American in the class-room, we find them rather less so when it comes to interests outside of school. In athletics, for instance, they are growing surprisingly proficient. The rationality, not to mention the fun, of out-of-door sports has only very recently been realized. Athletics seemed at first absurd to Chinese instructors; the idea was glaringly opposed to immemorial tradition. What place in an academic life could there be for sport? One collegiate director reconciled athletics with his notion of what a university ought to be by offering as prizes copies of Confucian commentaries—to be read through by each successful contestant. Either by this higher synthesis or by other compro-

mises, nearly all Chinese educationalists acquiesce in the wisdom of encouraging sports—a momentous forward step forced on them chiefly by the leading missionary colleges. To the boys as well the proposition of playing outdoor games at first seemed distasteful. It meant almost manual labor; it involved dressing suspiciously like coolies; it might even mean getting knocked about. For such reasons as these many of the frailer sort still hold off; but the majority of young collegians now enjoy some form of sport. Association football is a favorite with the more robust. The native juvenile game of kicking a shuttlecock about has made many of them surprisingly dexterous with their feet, and when a boy combines this skill with speed he can play an admirable game of soccer. Tennis, too, is popular, as combining variety with physical security. Baseball, however, is the least popular of all games that have been introduced, and is regarded as exceptionally dangerous! Only a hardy few indulge in it. But they love to watch it, and the bolder spirits (most of whom will insist on wearing catchers' mits in the field) are always sure of an audience. Quite as fascinating, too, to onlookers, are the track and field sports. Indeed, to the foreign spectator at least, nothing can be more amusing than Young China when it races and jumps and pole-vaults. Queues are here more of a nuisance than ever. They seem never more in the way than when the owner is putting the shot. As for costume, there is no limit to the variety. Long native gowns the athletes have had to give up, reluctantly. Now they get into jerseys and running drawers; and in the most advanced circles you may even see a hero's admirers rush at him between heats and wrap him round in a gaudy blanket in the most approved home style. The Chinese never seem more Western than when you see hundreds of grown men and women crowding the housetops and pressing against the ropes to watch the events at some local interscholastic meet. Such matches, in fact, are nowadays more than local. A striking feature of the recent Exposition at Nanking was an intercollegiate track and field meet held in September.

But these Far Eastern students are adapting themselves to our college life not simply in athletics; their tastes are growing "normal" in still other directions. To take one instance, they are naturally very fond of music. That which passes for music in China is their constant delight, and in the musical side of college social life they are especially eager to be proficient. No one who has not heard the freshmen or the sophomore struggling with foreign instruments like the cornet or flute or European fiddle can realize with what valorous persistence they stumble toward achievement. No really up-to-date college lacks a glee club; and on festal days quartets are always ready to render selections that seldom fail to remind one of the close harmony one hears at home. Then, too, each class will have its song. Such official productions are, of course, usually modeled after those of our own land—echoes of Princeton or Yale; but, since all tunes look alike to the boys, you may hear, as I did once, a college song sung in a Confucian hall (with a heathen president leading) to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Such a performance is less surprising when you remember that, at least in the numerous Christian schools and colleges, hymn tunes are always the most familiar. In fact, in the absence of our fresh supply from comic operas, you are more than likely to hear a group of cheerful and by no means pious collegians joining, from sheer sociable exuberance, in "Rock of Ages" or whistling "The Church's One Foundation."

Class songs are only one example of the outward expression of class and college loyalty which is growing in the modern schools and universities. Though apparently a foreign importation, such sentiment makes a strong appeal. The mere capacity to organize as a corporate class is an interesting development; and in the colleges where it is carried to the point of class meetings and elections, badges and banquets and cheers, any Westerner would feel at home. His only fear might be that higher loyalty to the institution as a whole and readiness to suffer sacrifice for it are likely to develop more slowly than the showier symptoms.

Of all out-of-class activities, however, dramatic productions call forth the great-

est enthusiasm. Here there is no forced growth. Every Chinese loves the play, and a surprising number of boys make admirable actors. In my own college four or five plays were given last year, managed entirely by the students themselves. Nothing is more astonishing than to see the same boys who are so phlegmatic and deliberate as pupils and so irreproachably dignified when on their good behavior display on the stage the most extraordinary animation. An unexpected percentage are born actors. In contrast with the tentative and awkward self-consciousness of most school amateur work hereabouts, they show not only lifelike energy and voluble abandon, but a capacity for expressing the comic that makes their little farces continuously entertaining.

Perhaps enough has been said, even in a brief space, to show that the young Chinese, like their ancestors, cannot be easily classified or definitely labeled. If you find that they are sober and hard-working, you find also that on suitable occasions they enjoy feasting and rioting. Though you may try to stamp them as monotonously earnest or priggish, you discover at the same time that among themselves they are normally noisy and talkative and sociable. They are at once as irritating, as satisfying, and as puzzling as all other Orientals. And yet, by way of a safe and saving conclusion, one fact can be established. In all their apparently contradictory activities they are through and through conservative. So, for that matter, are most American school-boys. But the difference is that with the Chinese young man conventionality is his *ideal*. Calmly effective he may be as long as he is working in a familiar groove; once out of that rut, he is at a loss. The well-to-do and educated young Chinese depends so wholly on the promptings of custom and tradition that he is more helpless in a new situation, less capable, so to speak, of "falling on his feet" in an emergency, than even the least experienced and resourceful of our own boys. To develop individuality, to encourage independent thinking, to draw out and accentuate suppressed *personality*—these are the tasks of the Western teacher. The younger generation in China is in a special sense a "rising" one. Its future achievements will be worthy of its splendid capacities if Western learning can carry with it Western resourcefulness and initiative and freedom.

EDUCATION: HOW OLD THE NEW

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE title above is that of a book by Dr. James J. Walsh,[1] the Dean and Professor of the History of Medicine at Fordham University and the Professor of Physiological Psychology at the Cathedral College of New York. Dr. Walsh has written a number of volumes well worth reading, the best of all being his exceedingly appreciative "History of the Thirteenth Century;" a volume, by the way, which can with advantage be read in connection with the essay on the same subject by Frederic Harrison, whose view is substantially that of Dr. Walsh.

Dr. Walsh contributes two or three points of view which it is advantageous to have emphasized in our American intellectual life of to-day. His first essay on education takes flat issue with the common theory that everything represents astounding progress at the present day, that we have nothing to learn at any point from the past, and that we are justified in fatuous self-satisfaction with everything about the present. So far is this from being true, as Dr. Walsh shows very clearly, that there has never been a great civilization in the past which on some point or other does not stand ahead of our civilization to-day; progress on the whole has been rhythmic, long periods of retrogression succeeding the periods when the world has gone forward. With this

[1] The Fordham University Press, New York.

statement of the facts I entirely agree, although I feel that, on the whole, it is undoubtedly true that the movement has been forward. But it would be quite impossible to show any advance among any of our people of the present day over certain sections of society in, for instance, the Judea of the great Hebrew prophets, in the Athens of Pericles, in the thirteenth century in various parts of western Europe. The essay on "The First Modern University"—that of Alexandria—is capital; and the author's appreciation of mediæval scientific universities, again, contains things that we as a people need to learn, including, by the way, the fact that in Spanish America excellent work was done in great universities before in what is now our country there was any institution of learning ranking above a second-rate school. These universities in Spanish America did what is really far and away the most telling of all intellectual work—that is, they did work in actual productive scholarship before in the English-speaking colonies such a thing as productive scholarship was known. This will doubtless be brought out when we have a professorial interchange with Spain as we now have with Germany. Again, in the essay on "Ideal Popular Education," introduced by an admirable quotation from Plato, Dr. Walsh emphasizes some of what the best-informed men are now agreed upon in regarding as the greatest needs in modern education, and especially in our American education.

Of course there are things in Dr. Walsh's book with which I do not agree, and I am sorry he included the essay on "New Englandism." It does not do justice either to him or his subject. But the essays as a whole deserve study, and they make a volume which should be in the library not only of every scholar but of every thinking man who wishes a broad outlook on the American needs of the day.

THE NEW BOOKS

As a dominating personality, Tzu-Hsi, the late Empress Dowager of China, ought to be ranked with Catharine of Russia and Elizabeth of England. Popular understanding of the age in which Tzu-Hsi lived, and of her influence on that age, so far as Chinese events are concerned, will be immensely helped now that Messrs. J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse have published their "China under the Empress Dowager." The book has all the ring of authority, for it has been compiled from state papers and from the private diary of the comptroller of the Empress's household. Tzu-Hsi was not only herself a remarkable ruler; she ruled at just the period when China emerged from the slough of many centuries into something like modern progress. Hence, to us, the most interesting part of her life is that which has to do with this momentous change in Chinese tendencies. In 1894–5 China had been ignominiously defeated by Japan. But China's prestige did not suffer so much as did that of the reigning dynasty. This, however, seemed to teach Tzu-Hsi nothing. On the other hand, the young Emperor, Kuang-Hsü, had been gradually won over by Weng-T'ung-Ho, the Imperial tutor, a Liberal, who, in turn, introduced the famous K'ang-Yu-Wei. These men obtained ascendency over the monarch, and he issued a number of reform edicts. One of them advised members of the Imperial clan to seek education in Europe! Another abolished the old examination system, substituting papers on practical subjects; while the classics were to remain as a basis for the literary curriculum, candidates for the public service were to be expected to display a knowledge both of the history of other countries and of contemporary politics. Another decree provided for the founding of high schools and colleges. Another ordered the publication of official gazettes throughout the Empire. Another commanded the reorganization of the effete troops. Another instituted naval colleges as a preliminary step to the reconstruction of the fleet. Another established railway and mining bureaus. Finally, the Emperor abolished a number of useless Government offices and sinecures. For generations thousands of idlers had been maintained in the enjoyment of lucrative "squeezes." Those now squeezed cried out to the Dowager to protect them. She did so. She even reversed the Emperor's progressive policy. If, as the authors point out, the Emperor had not been induced to contemplate an interference with the Empress's entire liberty, the reaction might perhaps have been averted. But the ill-advised monarch suspected that any professed sympathy for reform on the Dowager's part was a sham, and that she would avenge herself on the reformers, including himself, not only because of the hated reforms, but also for speaking disrespectfully of her private life and morals. Hence he decided to surround her residence with

troops so as to prevent her from exercising a reactionary influence. When Yüan-Shi-K'ai and Jung-Lu (the latter the Empress's favorite) informed her of this, she summoned the members of the Grand Council. They besought her to resume the reins of government and to save the Empire from the evils of Western civilization, about to be inflicted on them by a misguided monarch. Then followed the Dowager's swift stroke-of-state, the Emperor's relegation to the rear and the Empress's readvent to power. This, in turn, was followed by the Boxer Rebellion, instigated by the Dowager, so that China might be entirely free from the foreigner. But she and the Boxers overestimated the temper of the people. The Chinese were already impregnated with Western ideas. The result was a new reformation, at once nationalistic and tolerant. It swept within its bounds the Empress herself. For the general reader the present volume is perhaps too detailed—not, however, for the serious student of history. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $4.)

What is meant by an unreligious person? There are a good many people—probably a considerable proportion of the readers of these words—who are rather disinclined to regard themselves as religious, if not assured that they are not religious at all. In many cases their judgment would be confirmed by the attitude toward them of people generally accounted very religious. In such cases, what is meant by "religious"? Is Sabatier right in declaring mankind incurably religious? Is religion a human instinct? Such questions involve decidedly fundamental study and thought; but they are at the same time full of human interest and very practical. Some light has been thrown upon these questions by very recent results of study of the life and customs of primitive man and observations of well-sophisticated man. It is these fundamental matters that Professor Edward Scribner Ames considers in his book on "The Psychology of Religious Experience." In the main his conclusions are very sound and well based on scientifically classified facts, and yet they are likely to astonish many readers. The reasons he gives for the irreligion of the "fast set" are not those usually assumed to be true; yet Professor Ames is in this respect undoubtedly right. This is but a chance instance. This is one of the important books of recent months; it should be read by every thoughtful minister; but it is equally adapted to any thoughtful reader, whether he calls himself religious or not. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.)

The death of John M. Carrère, the eminent architect, calls attention not only to his contribution to American architecture but to the fact that to-day the personal equation in that form of art has more consideration than ever before. This emphasis of the personal equation is doubtless due to the fact of the greater independence of the individual; for, as Mr. Frank E. Wallis, in his "How to Know Architecture," shows, the architect's share in the evolution of style is curiously less than would naturally be supposed. According to Mr. Wallis, the fundamental art impulse has generally, if not always, come from the people, not from the architect. Hence architecture has really been created within the limitations of popular acceptance and consideration. "There is nothing in architecture," says Mr. Wallis, "down to the curve of a molding or the proportions of an individual brick, that has not its specific human reason." The lesson to be learned, therefore, in the evolution of architectural styles is a human lesson, and the study of architectural progress becomes the study of human progress. Special point is given to this in the chapters entitled "Trade and Scientific Factors" and "Greek Factors." Mr. Wallis points out the intimate relation between the Greek temple and the American barn, and the human motive behind both. Moreover, we realize that much of our so-called "Colonial" architecture is entirely Grecian. Take many a doorway in New England farm-houses. Take the Doric porch of the Astor House, New York City, for instance, or the Ionic columns of the old Custom-House in Wall Street, or the old Corinthian colonnade in Lafayette Place. Following that of the Greeks, the greatest influence in architecture seems to have been that of mediæval France. National idealisms created both. To some the Greek and the Gothic appear as well-nigh the only complete and distinctive expressions of architectural idealism in the life story of the races. Not every one, however, will agree with Mr. Wallis that Germany has now quite solved for herself her own national problem, or has taken to herself one religion, or has become entirely cohesive and concentrated—conditions precedent to reaching an apex in the history of style. Hence we hardly expect, as apparently Mr. Wallis does, ultimately to see in Germany such a purely distinctive method of architectural expression as were the Greek and the Gothic methods. Mr. Wallis divides the history of architecture into four periods—pagan, Christian, intellectual, and modern. Doubtless the third title is arbitrary, as the author would hardly, we suppose, deny intellectuality to every period of architecture. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.)

That unique and soul-stirring story of Christian heroism and achievement which has been read in many languages—the autobiography of John G. Paton, apostle to the New Hebrides—needed a sequel to complete the record of the remarkable life that ended in 1907 at the age of eighty-four. Its last two decades are covered by the volume entitled "John G. Paton, Later Years and Farewell," by his friend A. K. Langridge and his son, Frank H. L. Paton, with an Introduction by Lord Kinnaird. In this period

are included his two visits to this country to plead with our Government to follow the example of Great Britain in prohibiting the export of firearms and intoxicants to the savages among whom he labored—a result effected on his second visit. Again and again, after touring in the homeland to raise zeal and resources for his arduous work, meanwhile occupying his days and nights of travel in translating the New Testament for his converts, he returned to them to prosecute his advance with their aid into darker regions yet unreached by his gospel. Hardships and dangers that try the mettle of young men were no hindrance to this dauntless veteran of eighty years. Fortunately and wonderfully, the wife of his youth, whose journal forms a chapter in this volume, was spared to be his comrade till she fell asleep two years before "the racing torrent of his old age" came to rest in the grave. "These pages," says Lord Kinnaird, "will alike quicken church and family life in many lands." (Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $1.25.)

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

THE WOOL TARIFF

In your issue of March 25, under the heading of "Publisher's Department" and adjacent to the advertising pages, you print an article entitled "The Truth About K." The comments which I wish to make upon this article proceed, first, from a desire to clear at least one set of obscure allusions. Rather unpleasant reference was made in this article to critics of the wool schedule, or of the system of tariff-making which produced it. There have been several persons, perhaps not prejudiced to an extraordinary degree, who have publicly expressed themselves in condemnation of this schedule and the process of its manufacture. Mr. Taft is one. Mr. Taussig, head of the Economic Department at Harvard College, is another. Miss Ida Tarbell is a third. Whether or not they or others are meant, I do not know; but since quotations are made in this advertisement from an article which I wrote, I feel that I should bear my share of the opprobrium by naming myself as one of those who, by a corporation or group of manufacturers who do not sign the advertisement published in their interest, and by a cautious set of allusions, have had their motives brought into question.

These allusions which were printed in your magazine intended to suggest the possibility that those who have condemned Schedule K and their publishers are influenced by strange and secret motives of selfish and perhaps corrupt gain. It seems to me that the character of the critics of the wool tariff is such that they can stand these imputations without apprehension.

Another matter, however, is much more distressing to me, and arises from the fact that the defenders of Schedule K have been so successful in missing the point of the particular articles of which I cheerfully acknowledge authorship. Let me make my position clear. I am not a tariff expert; I do not claim ability to frame, with my present knowledge, a wool schedule which would be fair to all interests. I have never written against the principle of protection. My profession is not that of a writer of articles for the magazines. Finally, the suggestion that I, or the other commenters on Schedule K, have been allied with political, importing, or carded woolen interests is too old-womanish for discussion.

I watched the progress of the Payne-Aldrich Bill as any other citizen might have watched it. It seemed to me that our system of tariff-making was thoroughly bad. I had the opportunity to write about it as a paid contributor, and I chose to show how thoroughly bad it was by analyzing a particular schedule. K, it seemed to me, offered the best opportunity. I spent two or three months seeking the essential facts. I made no claim to any sensational discoveries. My material was drawn from public documents, from the debates in Congress, from recognized trade journals, from interviews, and even from testimony of the woolen and worsted men themselves, which last, by the way, in one instance, among others, grossly distorted, furnished me with the only error, I believe, into which I fell. I tried then to present these essential facts in a form in which they might be easily understood and might carry conviction to the average man. I tried to show that our method of tariff-making opened the way for manufacturers and interests with money power to go to Congress and get more than they deserved. I pointed out that sometimes, so open was the door, that entry could be made without the taint of moral delinquency. I showed that the consumer was not represented and that our tariff-making was not so much a public business as a private business. I am writing this to reaffirm my belief in every one of these conclusions.

I do not believe in tariff-making for private interests. At the bottom of their hearts the recipients of tariff favors do not. On the other hand, I can not believe in tariff-making for politics, or in the suggested revision of Schedule K at this session of Congress. To be sure, a system of tariff-making which produces a schedule like K calls upon both of our political parties for abolition as soon as possible; to have built up K is the responsibility of the Republican party; to have torn it to pieces without adequate consideration of a new schedule to replace it

may be the responsibility of the Democratic party. But tariffs should be made, not on the say-so of organized interests, but on the uncorrupted evidence gathered and presented by a board of able men commanding universal confidence, invested with power and supplied with adequate appropriations.

Finally, as one of your subscribers, may I express my desire that just now, when the occasion offers, The Outlook will make its position clear as to Schedule K?

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD.

Cohasset, Massachusetts.

[The subject referred to in this letter is treated at length editorially on another page. —THE EDITORS.]

A QUESTION FOR ANSWER

Your editorial paragraph on the case of Andrew Toth has raised a question in my mind. For nearly twenty years this man has been imprisoned for a crime which, it is now discovered, was committed by another. By the infliction of this punishment upon an innocent man the community has done an appalling injustice. Does not the community, therefore, owe the innocent man whatever reparation may be in its power? Nothing, of course, can repay a man for the loss of twenty years from his life; but some attempt at partial reparation could certainly be made. Why is it that such an attempt at reparation is not made as a matter of course? Why is it that there is not some automatic machinery for making a money payment (pitifully inadequate as any money payment could be in such a case) to the victim of such a mistake by the community? It seems to me that there is a clear moral obligation upon the State in a case like this, and I must confess that I cannot understand why it is not universally recognized and acted upon as a matter of course. H.

Montclair, New Jersey.

[The Outlook invites information and suggestion in reply to this question. What is now possible under the law? Ought new legislation to be adopted by the States to provide reparation, and, if so, what laws would meet the case?—THE EDITORS.]

JAPANESE IMMIGRATION

Will you allow me to call your attention to certain misconceptions which underlie your two articles on "Oriental Immigration" and "Japanese Immigration" respectively? They appeared in your issues of January 14 and 28. As a help to the understanding of my personal equation, I may say that, apart from furloughs, I have resided in Japan continuously since 1869, and have enjoyed a fairly wide and varied acquaintance with her people. In the latter article you justify the unwillingness of the people of the Pacific Coast to admit large numbers of Japanese or to allow small merchants and others to take up land, on the ground that Japan in different ways takes the same attitude. More specifically, you say: "Japanese do not allow foreigners to hold land in Japan save under such restrictions as to make it practically impossible to do so."

Now, this is hardly a fair statement of the situation. Since the present treaties came into operation in 1899, foreigners have been able to acquire a so-called superficies title to real estate. Many of these run for ninety-nine years, a few for 999 years, and there is nothing in the law to prevent their running for 5,000 years. For nearly all practical purposes these titles are sufficient, though they give only surface rights.

Again, foreigners, either alone or in company with Japanese, may form corporations for any lawful purpose and purchase all the land needful for their business. Nearly all mission property is held by such corporations, and they enjoy the same rights as a corporation constituted solely of Japanese. Furthermore, last winter the Diet enacted a law at the instance of the Government enabling foreigners to hold land anywhere in Japan, excepting in certain sections under a quasi colonial regimen, namely, the Hokkaido, Formosa, etc., provided that the home country of such foreigners allows the same privilege to Japanese. The law has not yet been promulgated, but it is understood that it will be so soon as the treaties now being negotiated come into force.

This law has been in contemplation for some time, and a prominent member of the Japanese Consular Service has assured me that the delay has been due chiefly, if not solely, to the fact that it was deemed inexpedient to yield this privilege until Japan should gain her two great desiderata, namely, complete tariff autonomy and the control of the coasting trade.

But there is a more vital point where it seems to me you base your argument upon a misconception. You do not claim that the Japanese or the Chinese are inferior, but you assert that "they are different; and it is better that different men, though frankly recognizing one another as equals in the major qualities of civilization, should have different homes." "No nation is large enough for two races." You quote with approval the saying of Lafcadio Hearn that the more you cultivate a Japanese child "the more he will think in the opposite direction from you."

You say, "Lafcadio Hearn had certainly no anti-Japanese prejudice." If you had read "Japan: An Interpretation," you could hardly have written that sentence. As a matter of fact, Hearn had no sympathy with the new life in Japan, and, so far as appears, never came into such relations with the people at large as to render him a true interpreter of the thoughts and sentiments which characterize the nation to-day.

Even within what might seem to be his own special province, his descriptions of Japan and her people were the pictures of an impressionist, and the subjective element was always abnormally prominent. One might as well quote Augustus J. C. Hare as

an authority on the life and aspirations of the leaders of thought in modern Italy as to refer to Lafacadio Hearn regarding modern Japan.

The power of assimilation of the Japanese is very great—quite as great, I fancy, as that of the average immigrants from southern Europe, and there is no intrinsic reason for restricting immigration from Japan that does not hold with practically equal force in the case of immigrants from southern Europe.

There are, however, substantial grounds upon which to base a general law which shall not merely bar out undesirables, but which shall at the same time check the inordinate tide of immigration which so seriously delays the process of assimilation. I am also quite ready to admit that the existing prejudice against the Japanese in certain sections, however unjust, is a fact with which our statesmen must deal, and, on the whole, I think our President and his predecessor have adopted a wise policy—a policy to which the Japanese authorities have in their turn responded in a spirit of intelligent friendliness. While admitting all this, I cannot admit your implied assertion that a Japanese, though educated in a Western environment, will remain, with his children after him, to the third generation, an Oriental still. The facts when fairly studied do not look that way. There is hardly a country in the world which is more surely caught in that vast current of thought and feeling which makes for the unity of our Western civilization. Even the so-called reaction in Japan has been due not so much to retroactive forces in Japan herself as to that great wave of Chauvinism, originating in Europe, which gave to the United States and to other countries similar nationalistic reactions.

No, the spirit of New Japan is in close harmony with that of the Western world, and a more careful study of the past seventy-five years of Japanese history will show that your theory of racial difference has no substantial ground.

DANIEL CROSBY GREENE.

Tokyo, Japan.

[The Rev. D. C. Greene, the writer of this letter, is a well-known Congregational missionary in Japan. His letter, therefore, has special weight so far as it relates to the conditions in Japan and to the characteristics of the Japanese people. Mr. Greene makes two points, one with regard to the law concerning the ownership of land in Japan, the other regarding racial differences between the Japanese people and peoples of European origin. As to the first point, it seems to us that what Mr. Greene says confirms the position of The Outlook, that Japan herself, by her own action, recognizes the right of a nation to determine for itself how it shall control the ownership of land within its own territory. As to the second point, it seems to us that Mr. Greene does not clearly distinguish between fact and opinion. He recognizes that there are differences between the Japanese people and peoples of European origin, but he declares that these differences are merely superficial. The point, however, is not whether they are superficial, but whether they are such as to make it impracticable for large numbers of Japanese to become residents of the United States. The relations between two peoples within the same territory are as likely to be disturbed by what Mr. Greene regards as superficial differences as by differences which he would term fundamental. The fact is that in America under present conditions a race so distantly related to European peoples as the Japanese is not assimilable. The United States will not do its duty to the world if it allows within its own borders the growth of a race problem that will duplicate that which it has not yet solved.—THE EDITORS.]

THE RIGHT TO WORK

In your issue of January 21 Mrs. Hillis makes use of the following argument: "Every place filled by a girl to whom self-support is unnecessary lessens the chance of some girl a little less well qualified, makes competition a little keener, and brings down the scale of wages for both men and women, thus making the possibility of a home in the future a little more distant for herself or for some one else."

To the ordinary reader, whatever the writer may have had in mind, the thought conveyed is that well-nigh universally prevalent, but nevertheless totally indefensible, idea that it is a moral wrong for a person, especially a woman, who has means for support without her working, to undertake any manner of remunerative employment. Allowing that her title to the property is without a flaw legal or moral, the fact remains that any adult, able-bodied person who draws a living for which he or she does not return to the world a full equivalent ought to be rated in the category of the most despicable animals known to man, those which sustain a low order of existence by attaching themselves to higher forms of life.

By a similar argument liquor dealers show the iniquity of any measure to abolish their business: farmers and laborers will be thrown out of work. Others draw consolation for the destruction of a vast conflagration because it will provide work for the poor laboring man. In like manner labor unions object to setting State prisoners to work at remunerative employment because free workingmen are thereby defrauded of the right to work.

It is as though one should say that if two men were cast on a desert isle, the property of one of the two, the owner must not work because it is wicked to defraud his fellow of work. Fie upon such reasoning! The law of Moses is better. Six days shalt thou labor, all of you; and from the abundance so produced rest assured that the poor girl will be more certain of sufficient reward out of the double production than at present out of the half.

ARTHUR G. BUGBEE.

Philadelphia.

The Outlook

APRIL 15, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

THE NEW CONGRESS

The coming together of the Sixty-second Congress on Monday of last week had more than one feature of singular interest; it was not only the first time that a Democratic House of Representatives had assembled for sixteen years, but it was the only time that a Democratic House has been called in extra session by a Republican President to act on an Administration measure which a Republican Senate had refused to consider. And, to add to the singularity of the situation, the new Speaker, Mr. Champ Clark, actually forgot, in his opening address, even to mention the subject of Canadian reciprocity, but for which Congress would not now be in session. The presence of Mr. Bryan and Governor Harmon on the floor was the occasion of great enthusiasm among the Democratic ranks, and was considered to presage party harmony and united action. That Mr. Cannon, for so many years Speaker, now sat with the minority party on the floor was another incident seized upon by the press correspondents for comment and as a striking incident of changed conditions. Not Mr. Cannon but Mr. Mann will be the leader of the minority. The new leader is regarded as an exceedingly clever parliamentarian, a close guardian of public interests in many ways, but far removed from sympathy with the ideas of advanced Republicanism. In the Senate a small Republican majority—eight only—still exists, but in some matters, and particularly in regard to Canadian reciprocity, the wishes of the Administration will doubtless receive Democratic support. Mr. Clark, in his speech on assuming the Speaker's chair, declared of his party: "We are this day put upon trial, and the duty devolves upon us to demonstrate, not so much by fine phrases as by good works, that we are worthy of the confidence imposed in us by the voters of the land, and that we are worthy of their wider confidence." He outlined under six heads the promises that the party should fulfill: intelligent tariff revision downward; action looking to a Constitutional amendment for the election of United States Senators by popular vote; wise changes in the rules of the House; economy in public expenses; the publication of political campaign contributions before elections; and the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as States. The first thing to be taken up was, of course, the rules, and here the Democrats carried out their own wishes quickly and with very little regard to the suggestions of their opponents. Most of the new rules do not differ materially from those of the Sixty-first Congress. Six committees have been abolished. The rules provide for the election of committees instead of their appointment by the Speaker. An important new rule permits germane legislation on an appropriation bill when it tends to retrench expenditures. "Calendar Wednesday" is continued, and the rule for the discharge of committees is broadened in scope.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

President's Taft's Message to Congress is a dignified and clearly expressed public paper, and will meet with general approval. Mr. Taft refers to his Message of last January regarding Canadian Reciprocity and the failure of Congress to comply with his urgent request for action, describes the negotiations with Canada, necessarily secret while they were incomplete, and declares: "I am constrained, in deference to popular sentiment and with a realizing sense of my duty to

the great masses of our people whose welfare is involved, to urge upon your consideration early action on this agreement." He expresses his belief that when this agreement, which is purely commercial and economic, became known to the people at large, "it was immediately apparent that the ripened fruits of the careful labors of the commissioners met with widespread approval." He adds: "This approval has been strengthened by further consideration of the terms of the agreement in all their particulars. The volume of support which has developed shows that its broadly National scope is fully appreciated, and is responsive to the popular will." Whatever view may be taken of the desirability of passing the Canadian Reciprocity legislation (and The Outlook, as its readers know, heartily indorses the measure), it is indisputable that the Administration has every right to demand of Congress immediate consideration and prompt action. That, at all events, this special session must grant; what else it ought to undertake is a fair question for consideration.

THE SITUATION IN MEXICO

The repeated rumors of negotiations for peace between the insurrectionist leaders and the Government in Mexico continue, but at the end of last week the prospect of an agreement was reported to be not improving. In a despatch from Mexico City Señor de la Barra is reported as expressing the belief that the Maderists would accept the reform programme of the Government and lay down their arms. This is not inconsistent, however, with the position assumed by President Diaz throughout, that he would not deal with the insurgents at all until peace should have been restored, for the actual advances made by President Diaz have not, so far as we can judge, been directed to the insurgent leaders, but to the country at large. Certainly the Message from President Diaz to the Mexican Congress issued on April 1 is a document of much promise, and marks a critical turn in the attitude of Mexico toward liberal ideas. President Diaz had already reconstructed his Cabinet, and the fact that Señor de la Barra, who has served acceptably as the Mexican Minister at Washington, has been made Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that Señor Limantour, one of the wisest and ablest political leaders in Mexico, has been made Minister of Finance, opens a new and promising outlook for the immediate political future. If the rumor that General Reyes, who is now abroad, will be brought back to take a Cabinet position is confirmed, the strength of the Administration with the people at large will be augmented. In his Message President Diaz favored a law to forbid re-election to the offices of President and of the State Governors, to change election laws so as to make the exercise of the franchise free and effective, and to reform the Federal judiciary. More important still was his acceptance of the popular desire that it should be made possible for landowners to hold and cultivate small parcels of land and thus mitigate the unfair predominance of the immense rural estates which now exists. Altogether, the Message showed a disposition to enlarge civil liberty in Mexico and to make commercial and political conditions what they should be. On our side of the border some comment has been caused by the order from the War Department to General Carter detaching the Ninth Cavalry, a Negro regiment, from his command. This was said to be due to fear of trouble with the citizens of San Antonio on account of the alleged refusal of the Negro troopers to comply with the municipal law about riding in "Jim Crow" cars. On the other hand, their Colonel declared that not a single complaint of disorderly conduct had been made against his men. The order was revoked a day after it was issued. A correspondent of The Outlook now at San Antonio telegraphs that the original order was premature, and that its withdrawal is generally approved.

THE NEW ITALIAN CABINET

The Luzzati Cabinet has resigned and Signor Giolitti has organized a new Cabinet in Italy. Signor Luzzati holds a distinguished place among contemporary statesmen. He is the first Jew who has held a Premiership in the Government of any European power since the days of Beaconsfield. He has taken a deep interest in the welfare of the working classes,

and it is largely due to him that the peasants and farmers of Italy have so many co-operative banks, and that Italy has postal savings banks. Under four different Premiers he has been Minister of the Treasury, and is perhaps more than any other man responsible for the improvement of Italy's financial position. The programme of the Luzzati Cabinet was not so notable, however, on the financial as on the political side. The particular measure by which it will be longest known is doubtless that of compulsory voting. Such a measure, one would think, would command the support of all the Liberals and Radicals in the country. Unfortunately, Italian politics must be always more or less modified by the fact that reactionary Roman Catholics, now abstaining from the exercise of the franchise, potentially form a strong clerical party. This would probably really result from the application of the compulsory vote. Accordingly the Radicals and Socialists opposed the bill. Two other questions embarrassed the Luzzati Cabinet: the reform of the Senate and the improvement of the railway workers. The members of the Italian Senate are appointed entirely by the King from certain classes of citizens. The Senate needs new blood. The proposed reform would include the introduction of elected Senators and the extension of the classes from which the King selects the appointed ones. While the Senate unanimously voted for this reform in principle, it took up the provisions one by one and defeated them! A proposed reform appropriated four million dollars for the increase of salaries of railway workers. But this did not satisfy the workers; they demanded seven millions, and when the Ministry declined to grant their request they retorted by threatening strikes and acts of violence.

THE POPE AND ITALY'S JUBILEE

As The Outlook has repeatedly announced, the year 1911 is to be celebrated by all Italy in many ways, but especially by the establishment of international expositions at Rome and Turin, all in celebration of the bi-centenary of Italian independence. For it was just fifty years ago that the Italians entered Rome—until then a Papal city and under Papal government, henceforth to be a national city and the Italian capital. The year's celebrations have been acclaimed by the vast majority of Italians and lovers of Italy. But certain irreconcilable Roman Catholics persist in adopting a pouting attitude, and have so far influenced the Pope as to elicit from him an announcement quite in the "Prisoner of the Vatican" attitude imposed upon him by the reactionaries. Moreover, the reactionaries are urging the Pope, as a further sign of displeasure, to close the great galleries under his control for the rest of the year, and thus make every visitor to Rome find the Eternal City far less attractive than it otherwise would be. These galleries are those in the Vatican and the Lateran. Such an act, we do not doubt, would savor too much of revenge to meet the approval of large-minded Roman Catholics. But even if they did approve, the act would be impolitic. By the Law of Guarantees, passed in 1871, Pope Pius IX and his successors became perpetual tenants of the Vatican and the Lateran palaces in Rome, and the Villa Castel Gandolfo, near Rome, rent free. The Italian Government also accorded to the Pontiff a yearly income of about $645,000, the accumulated payment of which, if refused by the Pope, was to stop every three years. While the Popes have never recognized the Law of Guarantees, they have occupied the three properties as the Church's temporal possessions from which its rights could not be alienated, but have persistently declined the annual stipend offered by the State. On the other hand, however, the laws of Italy are precise regarding the rights of the public to enter and enjoy all private palaces, parks, and museums which have once for a given period been open to the public. Thus it may be that, should the Pope close his galleries and museums, a Roman judge might be found who would command their reopening. The attitude of the reactionaries is further emphasized by the report that no cardinal-making consistory will be held, and that the number of Papal audiences and other necessary ceremonies will be reduced to a minimum. The absence of a consistory is the more notable since both England and Canada

remain without cardinals at the head of their churches.

MR. HARRISON ELECTED MAYOR OF CHICAGO

After a campaign that excited intense public interest, Carter H. Harrison, Democrat, was elected Mayor of Chicago on Tuesday of last week. His vote was 177,923, to 160,971 for his Republican opponent, Alderman Charles E. Merriam, Professor of Political Science in the University of Chicago. Alderman Merriam, though defeated, stirred the city as it had not been stirred before in years. He appears to have laid the foundation for a Progressive Republican movement in Chicago and in Illinois akin to that in evidence in the neighboring States of Wisconsin and Iowa. The day after the election a call was issued to the supporters of Alderman Merriam to come together for the purpose of planning for further political activity along the lines of Republican Insurgency. With few exceptions, the Republican organization leaders were hostile to the candidacy of Mr. Merriam, who had won his nomination at the direct primaries after an open fight. The followers of Senator Lorimer and of Mayor Busse were antagonistic, and even Governor Deneen was lukewarm. Many Democrats, on the other hand, were openly opposed to the Democratic nominee, Mr. Harrison. A serious disadvantage under which Mr. Merriam labored was the suspicion of the so-called "liberal" elements in the cosmopolitan population of a large city that he would be strict in the enforcement of regulations relating to the selling of liquor and Sunday amusements. Mr. Merriam openly committed himself to a liberal policy on these matters. But with the supporters of Harrison crying "personal liberty" and "no blue laws" it was difficult for a candidate without an administrative record on these matters to satisfy the elements in the population that are naturally distrustful of a man not of their own environment. Progressive policies, administrative efficiency, and opposition to all forms of graft were the principal demands of the Merriam campaign. Carter H. Harrison, in winning this election as Mayor, is duplicating the history of his father. The elder Harrison served four terms as Mayor of Chicago, and then, after an interval of six years, was chosen again the fifth time at the beginning of the World's Fair year. The present Carter Harrison was elected Mayor of Chicago in 1897 and was re-elected three times, retiring in 1905. After six years out of office, he is again the successful candidate for the office of Mayor. His next term will be for four years, the other terms having been for two years each. When in office before, Mr. Harrison won much praise because of his action in blocking the attempts of Mr. Yerkes to secure fifty-year street railway franchises. On the administrative side, however, he was always subjected to much criticism. He was easy-going, slipshod in many ways, and given to playing politics with important public issues. The principal newspapers that have said good things of Mr. Harrison in the past—the "Daily News," "Tribune," and "Record-Herald"—were opposed to him in the recent campaign. On the other hand, the publications that have been most abusive of Mr. Harrison in the past—the Hearst papers and the "Inter Ocean"—supported him enthusiastically. One of Mr. Harrison's specific pledges was to bring about a reduction of the price of gas from eighty-five cents to seventy cents a thousand cubic feet. Alderman Merriam refused to name a specific price in advance of an expert inquiry, but stood for the lowest price consistent with fair treatment of invested capital. Mr. Harrison was accused of demagoguery in pledging himself to the specific price of seventy cents in advance of an inquiry justifying that or any other particular figure.

CLEVELAND'S NEW FEDERAL BUILDING

Cleveland has recently dedicated the first of its great public buildings, and has given an impressive outward indication of its proposed "group plan." Cleveland centers at the Public Square, and an area opening out of this square is to be remodeled at a total cost of about thirty million dollars. Around a wide esplanade are to be grouped not only all the municipal buildings, including the Public Library, but also the County Court-House and Federal Building. The esplanade, or Mall, will

terminate at Lake Erie, where the present ugly and inconvenient railway station is to give place to something better. The group of structures should thus represent every principal function of civic life. In the effort to realize this plan much depended, of course, upon the architects employed as consultants regarding the whole scheme, and particularly upon the architect of the first structure to be erected. That building, recently dedicated, cost $4,000,000, and is a monument not only to the far-sightedness and public spirit of the citizens, but to the ability of its creator, Mr. Arnold W. Brunner. As an example of technical efficiency the structure is worthy of note, for in few Federal buildings are represented, as in it, almost every department of the Government. Not only does the edifice contain the Federal Post-Office and Federal Court-House, embracing the District and Circuit Courts, but also the Custom-House and Internal Revenue Offices, the Steamboat Inspection, Immigration, and Pension Bureaus, the Geological Survey, the Hydrographic Office, the Civil Service Examining Rooms, etc. Indeed, the roof covers the official residence of every Federal officer at work in Cleveland. The architecture of the exterior and interior is remarkable for great dignity and taste, and the interior is equally remarkable because of its ingenious disposition of space. It is also notable on account of the superb mural decorations by Mr. Blashfield, Mr. Low, Mr. Millet, Mr. Kenyon Cox, Mr. Zogbaum, and Mr. Crowninshield. In bringing about the adoption of the group plan in general, and in particular the erection of this Federal building, the chief agency has been the Chamber of Commerce.

A MINING WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT

The issue involved in the Workmen's Compensation Acts is capable of various statements. One clean-cut statement is suggested by the following sentence in the opinion of the Court of Appeals of New York State, described in The Outlook last week, which declared the New York Act unconstitutional: "In everything within the sphere of human activity the risks which are inherent and unavoidable must fall upon those who are exposed to them." Formerly it was considered both by the law and by public opinion that the individual employee in a dangerous employment is the one exposed to its accidents. With the increased sense of social unity, public opinion throughout Christendom has come definitely to the conclusion that it is not the individual but the concern which is carrying on the business which is exposed to all the accidents which are inherent and unavoidable in the conduct of the business, and that it is the duty of the law, and therefore of the courts, to recognize this change from the individual to the social assumption of such risks. The American Mining Congress has just adopted the report of a committee which has for some time been studying this problem, and has proposed a law aimed to recognize legally the fact that the coal-mining companies are exposed in their work to certain inherent and unavoidable risks, which have hitherto been regarded as the risks of the individual miner. This law provides for an annual levy of one cent per ton on the tonnage of all coal mined, the tax to be paid over to the State Treasurer and held by him in a separate fund to be known as "The Employers Accident Indemnity Fund." Out of the fund thus collected the State is, in case of accidents, to make certain payments to the injured party, or, in case of his death, to the survivors in his family, or, in case he is unmarried, to his representatives. The amounts to be paid are specified in the Act, and it is provided that, on the one hand, his acceptance of such payment shall operate as a bar to any suit for damages, and, on the other hand, that the institution of a suit at law by the injured person or his representatives shall be a bar to any recovery from the State fund. We are inclined to think that this Act would be regarded as unconstitutional by the New York State Court of Appeals; but, much as we hesitate on a law problem to call in question the decision of so eminent a tribunal, we do not believe that its recent decision will stand the test of time, for the simple reason that it does not sufficiently recognize the fact that law is, and must be, a developing, not a stationary, science—does not, for example, sufficiently recog-

nize that in modern organized life it is not the individual employee, but the employing concern, which in common sense is regarded, and by the law should be regarded, as exposed to the inherent and unavoidable accidents of its business. An editorial on another page expresses The Outlook's conviction of the spirit in which the modern court should treat such questions. Certain legal aspects of this particular question—the Workmen's Compensation Acts—we expect to discuss more fully in future issues.

FIRE

Last week thousands of wage-earners walked in solemn procession through the streets of New York City. Many bore arm bands reading "We Mourn Our Loss." The demonstration was not only commemorative of the fellow-workers lost in the recent Washington Place fire; it was also a mute protest against existing conditions. Another protest came from a mass-meeting at the Metropolitan Opera-House, where many more people came together than could be accommodated. The outcome of the meeting was the adoption of resolutions calling for the creation of a permanent committee to advocate new legislation, especially that providing for a Bureau of Fire Prevention. But the meeting also recognized as fundamental the immediate institution of compulsory fire drills, fireproof exits, unlocked doors opening outward, automatic sprinklers, and regular inspection and testing of apparatus. In this connection the difference between American conditions and those abroad is startling. As to loss in life, fire kills about fifteen hundred persons a year in this country, and injures four times that number. In Europe the similar loss does not reach a small fraction of the above. As to buildings, our loss compared with Europe's is over eight times as much per head of population—in other words, while our fire waste costs about $2.72 a head, in most of Europe it does not reach thirty-three cents a head. The material loss is, however, not to be mentioned in the same breath with the loss of life. The frequency of our railway accidents has often caused foreigners to say, "How cheaply Americans hold life!" Such a fire as the recent one in New York City has caused many a foreigner to repeat that expression. How long shall it be a National disgrace?

UNION IN ART IN NEW YORK CITY

The National Academy of Design in New York has taken the lead which The Outlook has urged upon the societies interested in the adequate housing of art in the city; it has decided to invite the co-operation of all organizations devoted to the arts of design in the metropolis in an effort to secure the erection of a Union Building there. Ten societies are expected to join the movement to erect a building that would accommodate them all, not only for exhibition purposes, but for permanent headquarters. It is proposed to raise from private sources a fund of five million dollars to cover both site and building. As to the latter, the tentative plan in the minds of the promoters is made on a basis of at least fifty thousand square feet. This would accommodate all the societies, affording them floor space for permanent quarters exceeding twice the space now used by them, and giving to each a linear wall space at least doubly sufficient for an exhibition embracing all the single exhibitions now held by these organizations. This is an adequate conception of a Union Art Building. How comprehensive such an exhibition would be can be gathered from the names of the organizations which are expected to co-operate in the plan: the National Academy of Design, the National Sculpture Society, the American Water-Color Society, the American Institute of Architects (the New York Chapter), the Architectural League of New York, the New York Water-Color Club, the Society of Mural Painters, the Society of Illustrators, the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects, and the Municipal Art Society. The proposed Board of Control is to consist of twenty artists and five lay members, the latter to be the Mayor, the President of the Borough of Manhattan, representatives of the New York Chamber of Commerce, the New York Public Library, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Outlook has repeatedly urged the erection of such a union building of art; it would encourage

and develop art study, arouse a general interest in art, advance popular knowledge of the productions of art, and give New York a more definite place among the art centers of the world.

MUNICIPAL ART

The subject of municipal art is of daily increasing interest. In New York City it has been accentuated recently by the activities of the Municipal Art Society, an organization especially brought to the fore by reason of its connection with the so-called "Hero Tablets." At the close of General Bingham's term as Police Commissioner a list of names was made out of officers who deserved permanent enrollment by reason of their heroism in one way or another, and the Municipal Art Society proposed to erect two great bronze tablets at the entrance of the new police buildings commemorating these men. Unfortunately, however, after General Bingham left office some discussion arose as to the list, and hence the matter was held in abeyance for the time being. It is understood that now there has come about a substantial agreement on the names to be commemorated, and that the tablets ere long will be dedicated. The policy of the Municipal Art Society is certainly a generous one; for it aims to leave with the city of New York each year some permanent memorial. The tablets above mentioned would form the memorial for one particular year. For this year the Society desires to erect a monument to the creators of Central Park. Surely the name of Frederick Law Olmsted deserves such recognition, so that succeeding generations will know about the man who, more than any other, is responsible for the exquisite bit of landscape architecture fortunately more than ever "central" in its location.

EUROPE'S ADMIRATION OF AMERICAN MUNIFICENCE

Our friends on the other side of the ocean approve of us at such long intervals, and usually with so many qualifications, that the praise of American munificence editorially expressed in the "Woche," an influential Berlin paper, is like a pleasant, balmy morning in a bleak April. This journal has recently told its readers that in the United States rich men spend their money for things which benefit the people at large; that they do not confine their expenditures to their own luxuries, nor do they store up money, but distribute it with foresight and care. The most remarkable fact about American munificence, it declares, is its magnificence. In 1910 the sum given away amounted to $65,000,000, a statement which, as a matter of fact, falls very much short of the truth. In 1909 the sum given away reached $185,000,000. And the German newspaper is not only astonished at the magnitude of these sums, but still more surprised by the intelligence with which they are distributed. The objects of the donors have been, according to this critic, to succor the laboring classes, to endow scientific research, and to diffuse religious and secular education. Mr. Rockefeller's ideals, the "Woche" says, are more religious than those of Mr. Carnegie; and it calls attention to the recent provision for the erection of a chapel in connection with the University of Chicago. The "Woche" also declares that American benefactors do not endeavor to start new cults, and are free from faddishness; their idea seems to be to contribute to the efficiency of what already exists; not to choke off individual initiative, but to spur it on; and, in contravention to the conventional cut-and-dried opinion of European travelers and the European press that the energy and skill of Americans are inspired by the love of money, the "Woche" says: Those who assert that Americans love the dollar for the dollar's sake must needs be reminded that in America generosity in giving is not confined to millionaires, but that people in general are liberal in their contributions to the support of the school and of the church. The millionaire gives because public opinion forces upon him his obligation to do so. It further declares that "the American system of beneficence is infinitely preferable to that which obtains in many civilized countries of Europe, where the munificence of the wealthy is too often exercised in such a way as to encourage idleness and incompetence." The extraordinary intelligence of these comments justifies their reproduction on this side of the ocean, and confirms the impression that Europe is beginning to

discern something of the real America, and to get a glimpse of the real American.

THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT

The motto of "The League for the Improvement of the Children's Comic Supplement" is not, as some newspapers would lead their readers to infer, to destroy the comic supplement, but "To Improve the Comic Supplement for the Children;" and it is difficult to imagine how any intelligent person can study the comic supplement as it is presented from Boston to San Francisco, and not become a subscriber to this motto. As part of the material gathered for The Outlook's discussion of this subject, there were secured about fifty comic supplements published in connection with a number of important newspapers from all over the country. No one could look at those supplements, spread out on the floor of two rooms, without receiving two impressions: one, the extraordinary lack of invention; the other, the extraordinary unanimity of bad drawing, bad coloring, and demoralizing suggestion. It must not be forgotten that there are two kinds of comic supplements; what the League is trying to do is to aid the good and discourage the bad. Nothing is of more fundamental importance than familiarizing American children with drawing, color, and composition of the right sort, and with ideas of respect, reverence, and honor. At a mass-meeting held in New York under the auspices of the League, Mr. Percival Chubb, who has rendered great service to the public in this connection as well as in other directions, read a number of letters from prominent people in educational, literary, and artistic work, condemning as vulgar many of the comic sheets which form a part of the Sunday newspapers. The comic supplement was not denounced *en masse;* condemnation was pronounced upon those supplements that are cheap and vulgar. The legitimate demand for humor and amusement for children was fully recognized; the liking of the people of the country for the comic supplement was also recognized; as was the broad liberty of taste which makes it possible for one man to love Browning and the next man to love the caricature of a Negro so gross that it is difficult to recognize the difference between him and an animal. But it must also be recognized that the fact that some people choose bad things is just the reason why they should be educated to choose better things. With the great majority of illustrated color supplements it is impossible to associate the idea of fun, of humor, or of manners. The drawing is atrocious, the coloring brutal, and the chief source of amusement presented to little children is the irreverent treatment of their elders. What people really want is comedy; what the supplement gives them is buffoonery; and the duty of those who have standards is to help educate people to understand the difference between the comedian and the buffoon. The comic supplement as now printed in the majority of cases is an instrument for widespread vulgarization of taste, and for the diffusion of that spirit of irreverence and lawlessness which is probably the most serious menace of the prosperity of the country. A number of leading American journals are endeavoring to supply amusing pictures and reading for children, and these journals ought to have the generous support of all parents who care, not only for their children, but for the well-being of the community. The editors of the journals which now publish the vulgar supplements would instantly respond if public taste demanded something better; and the League, under the leadership of Mr. Chubb, ought to have branches in every large city in the United States.

AN ATTACK ON THE BIRDS

Thousands of Outlook readers live in the country, or go to the country for their vacations every year, and most of them—perhaps all of them—take pleasure in the songs or the plumage of the wild birds which add so much to the interest and charm of country life. Such readers should take note of the fact that another attempt is being made in the New York Legislature to deprive the native birds of the protection that they have recently enjoyed. A bill has been introduced in the Assembly by A. J. Levy, of New York City, which will not only repeal, in effect, the Shea "White Plumage

Law," enacted last year, but open the way for the sale of the plumage of many birds that have hitherto been protected. The Levy bill, it is said, has been framed so adroitly, and with such skillful manipulation of words, as to deceive the unsuspicious reader, and make him think that it is a measure intended further to safeguard the birds of the State. The National Association of Audubon Societies, however, declares that the bill has been drawn, and is being pressed, in the interest of certain large concerns in New York which care not at all for the wild birds, but much for the money that the birds' feathers will bring. The association has issued a leaflet entitled "A Call for Help," in which it begs all friends of the birds to write to their Senators and Representatives in the Legislature and urge the latter to work and vote against the Levy bill. The Outlook is fully in sympathy with the aims of the Audubon Societies, and it ventures, furthermore, to express the hope that its readers will try, not only to defeat the objectionable bill, but to discourage the use of birds' plumage for personal adornment. One of the oldest and most widely extended natural history societies in Russia is incorporated under the name "Lovers of Nightingales." If we had in the United States more "Lovers of Egrets," "Lovers of Tern," and "Lovers of Bright-Colored Birds," and fewer "Lovers of Hats Trimmed with the Plumage of Birds," it would not be necessary to fight such measures as the Levy bill every year or two in our State Legislatures.

A PRIZE FOR GOOD FICTION

The offering of prizes for the best poems, essays, short stories, proverbs, and puzzles has long been a practice among enterprising American journals, and occasionally the conferring of the prize has drawn to itself another prize: it has happened on various occasions that a piece of genuinely good writing has carried off the honors and the money. While it is true that money, as a rule, does not call out the best things in the artistic world, it is true that the offer of a definite reward sometimes crystallizes the half-formed purpose of some really competent person and evokes a work of permanent value. At any rate, this method of stimulating interest and work has for some years received the sanction of the dignified French Academy, and its scope has but lately enlarged. At a recent meeting the Academy decided to award an annual prize of 10,000 francs ($2,000) for the best novel or other piece of imaginative prose published any time during the preceding two years; the prize to be awarded only in case the manuscripts submitted are of a sufficiently high standard. This is the first time in the history of the Academy that a prize has been offered for a novel, although many of the most distinguished members of the Academy have been novelists. The principal argument urged in favor of offering the prize was that it would give added importance and dignity to the production of this class of literature. A committee was appointed to make such arrangements that the prize can be awarded for the first time during the present year. If French writers of fiction are as numerous as American aspirants in this field, the labors of the committee of award will be onerous.

THE GRENFELL PROGRAMME FOR 1911

Three interesting new features are expected to distinguish this year's work by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the great medical missionary, in Labrador and Newfoundland. One should be the development of influence along the line of the stations of the Hudson's Bay Company. That Company has now made Dr. Grenfell its "Medical Adviser," a position enabling the Company, through its trade, to know how best to benefit the people on the coast. A second feature is to be the possibility of greater economy in getting goods and supplies for the use of Dr. Grenfell and his associates, and through them for the use of the population in general. One of the largest fish dealers in England has offered to take fish direct from the co-operative stores established by Dr. Grenfell, thus saving the fisherman's export cargo from the middleman's charge and profit; moreover, Dr. Grenfell has arranged with the Manchester Co-operative Stores to furnish his own co-operative stores with goods at cost, thus saving the middleman's profit on the return cargo. These operations are made

possible by the recent gift of a new hundred-and-fifty-ton schooner from Mr. Cluett, of Saratoga, New York: the boat's efficiency is doubled by its equipment of auxiliary engines. A third feature of the work is to be the completion of the new Fisherman's Institute at St. John's, Newfoundland, a building to cost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Twenty thousand dollars of this amount is still to be raised, and Dr. Grenfell is spending the spring in this country, traveling incessantly from place to place, in the endeavor to obtain this amount. While from his appeals the benefit derived in the direction of a general moral and religious revival here is incalculable—for perhaps no man has more instant or lasting influence—his strength should not be allowed to be spent in money appeals, but conserved for other appeals and for the arduous labors awaiting him next summer in his mission field in the north. His thousands of friends and admirers can make this possible by meeting the amount required to complete the Fisherman's Institute, sending their checks to the Treasurer of the Grenfell Association of America, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

DR. CHARLES F. AKED

Four years ago this spring The Outlook welcomed the coming of the Rev. Charles F. Aked to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York, from an influential ministry of sixteen years in Pembroke Chapel, then the largest Protestant congregation in Liverpool. Notwithstanding two interruptions by severe illness, he has fully justified the expectations of the church that called him hither, and is now leaving them, with mutual sincere regret, to become the minister of the First Congregational Church in San Francisco. Dr. Aked possesses uncommon gifts as a popular preacher, and has attracted congregations that overflow the seating room of his small edifice here. The erection of a larger building in the same district and removal from that district being found alike impracticable, the larger field offered in San Francisco has drawn him thither. The farewell given him at a great public meeting in Liverpool, whose Lord Mayor characterized him as "a high-minded and fearless citizen, who has played a great part in civic life, and has won the esteem of all right-thinking men and women," indicates what San Francisco may expect of his accession to the forces that make for righteousness there. The present year, when that city and California, after long domination by men of corrupting principles and corrupt practices, have recently shaken off the incubus, is auspicious for Dr. Aked's entrance on the field as their ally.

IMMIGRANT SELECTION ILLUSTRATED

The Outlook already has discussed the recent report and recommendations of the United States Immigration Commission, and has advocated a constructive plan of selection. Perhaps the most instructive illustration of an effective constructive immigration programme is that of Canada. The Dominion has undertaken to obtain certain classes of immigrants and to debar others for which there are no economic opportunities. She has great areas of unoccupied agricultural land in the West. There is much railway building to be done. Canada sends out agents to bring in the efficient agriculturist and farm and railway laborer, as well as the always-needed house-servant. On the other hand, she discourages the coming of those who will not fit into her economic plan, and enforces her disfavor by aggressive administrative measures if they are required. Only those races which she believes adapted to her civilization are encouraged to contribute to her population. Unlike the United States, Canada has no contract labor law. On the contrary, the evidences of assured employment upon landing count heavily in favor of admission, and sometimes will serve as the only basis. For the accomplishment of her ends Canada maintains agencies and pays bonuses for immigrants of the desired character in those countries from which she wishes to draw. These are Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and last, but by no means least, the United States. All imaginable devices likely to be effective are used. They include advertising, exhibitions of agricultural products at fairs, and the display of pictures. Delegations of successful farm-

ers are sent abroad to visit localities favorable for the sowing of the seed. They describe the opportunities and answer the questions of possible immigrants. Newspaper and other writers are invited to Canada. It will interest Americans to know that Canada has advertised the favorable opportunities to be found in western Canada in upwards of seven thousand American publications. This is in marked contrast to the American policy of prohibiting all advertising of the possibilities of the United States as an immigrant country. A distinction, of course, is that the Canadian Government, and not some private transportation company with selfish ends to serve, decides upon the character of the propaganda. In addition to the bonuses, the railways also offer a special fare to immigrants for the journey from the border to their destination, and the Government helps the desirable immigrant to obtain employment.

A FLEXIBLE LAW

In contradistinction to that of the United States, the Canadian law is a most flexible one, permitting the administrative force to use a large measure of discretion in the manner of its enforcement. Canada's immigration policy has been officially expressed in these words: "(1) Money is expended and administration is exercised with the object of securing immigrants whose purpose in life is to occupy farm lands, either as owners, tenants, or laborers. (2) Money is voted and administration is exercised with the object of excluding those whose presence in Canada would tend to add to the congestion of our towns and cities." The law is so framed as to permit a wide latitude of action in carrying out this policy. Its provisions for the rejection of those physically, mentally, and morally unsound are similar in character to those of the United States. Its flexibility is illustrated by the manner in which its provisions may be made to fit new conditions. Special administrative problems may be met by orders of the "Governor in Council." Through the changing of the amount of money necessary for admission, for instance, the volume and character of any particular class of immigration may be regulated. The problem of Oriental immigration was met by this means, the Government reserving to itself the right to determine whether a given class of immigrants were suited to the climate and the requirements of the country; and on this ground, and by raising the amount necessary for the admission of an Asiatic to two hundred dollars, it has practically eliminated the Japanese. The power conferred on the Governor-General in Council respecting immigration is so great that it would be possible through the special orders to cut off not only any particular class of immigration, but to stop immigration altogether. In another marked respect the Canadian law differs from that of the United States. The only ground on which an alien may be deported from the United States for a cause arising after landing is the practice of prostitution. In Canada an immigrant may be deported for acts following his admission, or on the ground of being a public charge. Deportation may take place within a period of three years after landing. This club over the immigrant amounts to a probationary term within which he is given an opportunity to demonstrate his right to be in the country and his ability to "make good." What has been the fruitage of Canada's policy? Out of more than a million and a quarter aliens admitted to the Dominion in the course of the decade in which it has been in force, nearly one-third were from the United States and two-fifths from the British Isles. Something more than three million dollars were expended in stimulating this part of the immigration. The immigrants took scores of millions of dollars of property with them into the country. Of this number nearly two-fifths were farmers or farm laborers, 58.4 per cent of the agricultural class coming from the United States. Two-thirds of the quarter of a million homesteads entered in the western provinces are occupied by former aliens, nearly one-third of the total immigration going upon them. Canada's policy is based on a clear conception of her needs, and her laws evidently are well adapted to the accomplishment of her purpose. The investigation of the United States Immigration Commission for the first time puts the United States in a position to adopt a definite policy based on knowledge.

"AS HE SAID"

To us the resurrection of Christ seems the most wonderful event in history; a sudden vision of a great peak rising into perpetual sunshine, seen once by the eyes of men when, for a moment, the clouds parted. To us it is a miraculous occurrence which stands out solitary in the long record of time. To the heavenly guardians of the tomb it was only the manifestation to men of an event as universal as birth. To the Christ it was a passing incident for which he made preparation as quietly as for a night of sleep; to him the morning which shines for us with a glory beyond the reach of speech came as normally as other mornings have come since the beginning of time, and he rose and laid aside the garments in which he had slept as quietly as we put aside the clothes of the night and go forth to the work and joy of the day.

His whole life and teaching had predicted the issue of that experience with death; the inexhaustible tide of life which poured in upon the world with his coming could no more have been arrested by the change we call death than the sea rushing landward in a fathomless flood of many waters can be held back by a wall of sand. That tide swept through and past the barrier with the tremendous sweep of an elemental power for which obstacles do not exist. Concerned with the giving of life, charging the very borders of his garments with vitality, healing with a touch, calling back the dead with a word, death was for the Christ but a passing shadow on the landscape of the world. To men it was a dense and awful mystery; to him it was a momentary clouding of the sun, powerless to destroy or even to obscure. When he spoke of it, his voice had no deeper note than when he spoke of the toils and sorrows of the human state; his tones were far less grave than when he spoke of the sins that imperiled the soul. Being what he was, his resurrection was inevitable; every word and deed predicted it. On the first great Easter morning, when the faithful women found the stone rolled away, and entered the tomb, two men in shining raiment stood by them and said to them: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen, as he said; and they remembered his words."

He had said it to them a thousand times in as many languages as there are forms of expression. Every work of healing was a disclosure of immortality; every quiet talk with the little company of disciples and every discourse with the multitude proclaimed it; the spirit that radiated from him like light in a dark place, like warmth in a cold world, was charged with deathless life; his wonderful personality, so deeply set in the history of the world and yet so far above its passion and blindness and evil, so intimately in the homes of men and yet so intimately at home with God, proclaimed the immortal life with such an eloquence of prophecy and majesty of evidence that his resurrection became as much a matter of course as his power of service, his divine habit of love.

He did not promise the resurrection and the life; he was the resurrection and the life. The decisive witness to immortality is not the resurrection, which was the physical manifestation of a universal fact; the compelling testimony to the reality of the unbroken and indestructible life of the spirit was the Christ himself. His mighty works were not the miracles on which faith builds its invisible peace; he was himself the miracle on which the faith of humanity rests on a foundation more massive than the round world itself.

He rose on the third day, "as he said," but the prediction was not made in words only or chiefly; it was not the promise but the revelation of the nature of the soul, not the promise of a great experience to come but of a life that now is. His whole life was prophetic; again and again the clouds parted and the immortality he was shone in the eyes of men; he shed the light of that immortality on every home he entered, on every path he walked. Through the midst of mortal fears and sickness and anguish and death he moved, touched with all sorrow, weighted with the awful sense of sin around him, tender and compassionate at every tomb; and yet serene, immovable, undismayed; wearing his immortality like an invisible garment until he stood revealed in it that first Easter morning.

APPLIED ETHICS IN JOURNALISM

I suppose all thoughtful men are agreed upon the fact that the journalist plays a more important part for good and for evil in our community to-day than even the great business man or the successful politician; and this of course means that the journalist who does evil does more evil, and the journalist who does good does more good, than any other men are able to do.

There is no particular in which this is more evident than in the relation of the journalist to business through advertising.

Abuses grow up almost insensibly. At first they are hardly abuses at all, and they become such so gradually that the best men, of necessity, take a longer or shorter time before they wake up to the fact that the abuse has arrived. This applies equally in the business, the political, and the newspaper worlds. Twenty or thirty years ago the best citizen would have been genuinely surprised at any protest against the giving and accepting of rebates by and from railways, the giving and acceptance of campaign funds by and from corporations, and the acceptance by newspapers of advertisements of patent medicines, stocks promising extraordinary returns, and the like. In all these cases time, of necessity, elapsed before the evil was recognized. Then the leaders of sound public opinion acted, and in each case our gratitude is due to them for their action.

In advertisements there are, of course, all kinds of evil. Perhaps the evil is most marked in connection with fake financial advertisements and advertisements of patent medicines. The fake financial advertisements represent a detestable evil, and yet the great majority of daily papers still print these advertisements just as they print the equally detestable medical advertisements. There are papers—with some of which I totally and radically disagree, even from the standpoint of morality, in so far as their editorial policy is concerned—which refuse to print either kind of advertisement, and which therefore deserve in this respect high credit; but most newspapers, including, I regret to say, most of those of the largest circulation, are still conspicuous offenders in this regard, and accept indifferently the advertisements of practically any kind of financial swindle as well as of perfectly safe concerns. The latter, however, advertise very much less freely than the former.

In a recent raid made by the Post-Office Department the official estimates announced that the financial frauds closed up in the raid had taken from the public about eighty million dollars. The experts in the advertising world to whom I have spoken say that about one-third of the net receipts of these financial swindles are spent in advertising in the newspapers. This would mean that, as to the swindlers put out of business by the Post-Office Department through its recent action, one-third of the money, or twenty-five million dollars, which the swindlers had taken from unsophisticated people, and usually very poor people, had gone into the hands of newspaper publishers. A prominent authority in the Post-Office Department stated recently that, as a fair estimate, he believed that between thirty and forty million dollars a year was paid in this country to newspapers of great circulation for advertising financial swindles of the worst kind.

Nobody can estimate the amount of real misery caused in the hearts of poor and unsophisticated people by these swindlers, in whose hands they have put their petty savings, and in whose good intentions they have placed their foolish faith and hope. Moreover, there is a grim irony in the fact that many of the newspapers which have been the worst offenders in this respect are the very newspapers which in their non-advertising columns howl their devotion to the poor man and attack the rich.

As has been shown by the action of the Post-Office Department, the Government can and does, even now, interfere to a certain extent with this kind of swindle; and with better and stronger laws it will interfere still more. But in addition to law there must be an informed body of public opinion, able to express the righteous indignation which all men should feel at this kind of mean money-making and mean wrongdoing. The worst actions of the big business corporations cannot cause more misery than can be caused by a single great daily newspaper which habitually advertises swindles of this character.

The patent medicine advertising repre-

sents as great an evil. With regard to this, there has been a great advance in public sentiment. The National Pure Food Law represented a great step in the right direction. The high-class magazines of the country, both monthly and weekly, have thrown out this class of advertising, and now no respectable magazine publishes it; but the great majority of the newspapers print it without limitation, and probably gain as much money from it as from the financial advertisements. We hear much of the influence exercised by great corporations upon the press, and unquestionably this influence has been, and is, very serious. Yet it cannot be greater than the evil influence exercised by the backers of objectionable medical and financial advertisements when they spend between thirty and forty millions a year in the daily newspaper press.

It is easy to state in general terms the distinction between those journals that have conscience in this matter and those that have not, as long as one keeps carefully to the abstract. Just to avoid this easy and normally not very useful type of generalization, I wish to call attention, first, to two specific instances of the evils in journalistic advertising, and then to two specific instances of real service.

In 1907 Mr. Stimson, then United States District Attorney in New York City, secured a verdict against Mr. Bennett, the proprietor of the New York "Herald," and forced him to pay a fine of about thirty thousand dollars for circulating through the mails the obscene matter contained in the "Personal" columns of the New York "Herald." In this case, by the way, many of the newspapers which are ordinarily of reasonable virtue so hid the facts as to prevent any effective understanding by the public of the real reason for the animosity very naturally shown by Mr. Bennett through his papers ever since toward all the public officials who were in any way connected with bringing him to justice for his crime.

The second instance is that of another New York daily newspaper. As I write, I have before me the issue of the New York "World" for January 1, 1911, and of the "World Almanac" for 1911, and it is simply appalling to see the number of medical advertisements scattered broadcast through the newspaper and through the "Almanac." A peculiarly objectionable feature of these medical advertisements, exactly as with the financial advertisements, is that it is the poorest class, the most helpless class, of people that are most hurt by them. I believe that legislation could be framed to forbid such advertisements. In default of such legislation there is at least need that we should discriminate in the sharpest way between newspapers which war against this evil and newspapers which encourage it.

Of the two instances of real public service, one is that of the Boston "Transcript." This newspaper has consistently refused to print either fake financial advertisements or advertisements of patent medicines.

The other instance of real public service is that which has been rendered by "Collier's Weekly." Its campaign, begun five years ago, hit the patent medicine concerns very hard and greatly reduced the amount they spent in advertising; but they have recently begun to get back their courage and to increase the advertising of patent medicines and of those medical practitioners whom reputable doctors regard as quacks and swindlers. "Collier's" service has been rendered not only by the stand it has taken as regards advertising, but by the way it has made courage back up virtue in applying that stand. The experience of "Collier's" with the Postum Cereal Company illustrates this. In 1905 "Collier's" announced that it would accept no advertisements of certain classes, among which were those "making claims to medicinal effect." The attention of "Collier's" was thereupon called to an advertisement of Grape Nuts which was published in that same issue. Being persuaded that the advertisement did lay claim to medicinal effects, "Collier's" excluded the advertisement from its pages. A year and a half later "Collier's" printed an editorial criticising the advertisements of Grape Nuts on these grounds. Upon this Mr. Post, the proprietor of the article in question, published an advertisement in several hundred newspapers in which he said that "Collier's" had tried to force him to advertise in that paper. Thereupon "Collier's" promptly sued him for libel, and obtained the unprecedented

verdict of fifty thousand dollars. An amusing feature of the case, and one which shows the influence of advertisements upon the daily press, is that very few papers gave any publicity to this noteworthy verdict, and when mentioned it was usually in the most inconspicuous fashion.

We owe hearty respect to the public servant who, like ex-District Attorney Stimson, fearlessly does his duty in bringing to justice a great newspaper that goes wrong, although he knows that his action will be of harm to himself personally; and we are bound to pay a tribute of deserved respect to a paper like "Collier's," when in a matter so vital to the public well-being it wages so fearless, aggressive, and efficient a fight for honesty and decency.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE JUDGE AND THE PEOPLE

No one with a heart can read Mrs. Scott's vivid and moving article about factory girls which is printed elsewhere in this issue without being driven to thoughtfulness. No one could see thousands of men and women, mostly wage-earners, gathering in the chill rain one day last week in New York, and marching in silent solemnity to the burial of the unidentified dead from the fire in the shirt-waist factory, without being driven to thoughtfulness. Of course there is in that thoughtfulness pity for the victims—the dead, the crippled, the destitute; but there is something more. One who thinks at such a time at all is compelled to face the question, Is it right, is it civilized, to let the burden of such a disaster fall upon those least able to bear it? Is it even enlightened self-interest to let such a disaster swell the roll of those who become human derelicts, who cannot pull their own weight, who create that burden on society that is caused by misery, destitution, and helplessness?

What is there to prevent the thirteen-year-old under-nourished Minnie, newly arrived from Russia, and left alone by the death of her sister in that fire, from becoming a charge on society, or something even more deplorable? She can sue her late sister's employer. That is, a thirteen-year-old alien starveling, without money, is permitted by law to hire a lawyer and begin a contest against a large business concern. The very notion is preposterous. But, even if she did sue, she would have to show that the employer was negligent. Suppose she were unable to show that, the burden of this industrial accident, incidental to the business, must fall on her. Is there no other remedy? This loss of a hundred and forty lives in a fire at one time is dramatic and appalling; but it scarcely affects appreciably the total of casualties from industrial accidents in this country. These accidents do not often occur in large groups; but one by one they reach in the end an enormous number. They create a burden of destitution that is inconceivable. This burden ought to rest on the businesses that cause it. The breakages in machinery in the factory are part of the cost of producing the goods made in that factory. The breakages in the human machine should be charged to the same account.

New York State passed last year a law to provide that loss of human life and limb should rest upon the business that caused the loss. The measure provided that the employer should compensate every employee injured because of the ordinary risks of the occupation.

The Court of Appeals has said, No, the State of New York cannot have such a law. Why? Because, in the opinion of the judges, this law does not "protect life, limb, health, comfort, peace, and property." These judges say: "In order to sustain legislation under the police power the courts must be able to see that its operation tends in some degree to prevent some offense or evil, or to preserve public health, morals, safety, and welfare." This law, so declare these judges, is not of that sort; so its provisions for the taking of property without due process of law cannot be approved under the police power. In other words, these judges say that automatic compensation does not "preserve public health, morals, safety, and welfare."

This is not a statement regarding a legal principle; it is a statement regarding social conditions. In spite of their protestation that they are governed by "purely

legal phases" of the case, they are really governed by their views about human life. And, as if to emphasize this fact, they cite case after case—not to illustrate a point of law, but to point out distinctions in human life. For example, they say that the law can require a railway to compensate a person not an employee for injury, though the railway may be blameless, for "in such a case, when both parties are equally faultless," say these judges, "the legislature may properly consider it just that the duty of insuring private property against loss or injury caused by the use of the dangerous instruments should rest upon the railroad company which employs the instruments and creates the peril for its own profit;" but these judges deny this when the injured person is an employee of the company. Why? Simply because he has a "contractual relation" with the company. But how about sailors? They have a contractual relation with their employers, but they can compel their masters to care for them when injured. Yes, answer these judges, but sailors are "incapable of fully protecting their own rights;" while a workman, they assume, "voluntarily enters upon employment from which he is at liberty to withdraw whenever he will."

These are statements about actual conditions under which people live, about the effects of action upon human life. With these conclusions we absolutely disagree. We hold that, however learned these judges are in legal precedents, they are ignorant about human life. And their ignorance has brought disaster upon the community. As the editor of the "Survey" pointed out last week, their error has been as calamitous as the error of a general upon the field of battle; and they ought, like him, to be held accountable for what they have done.

Judges cannot escape the duty of rendering decisions concerning the conditions of life. They cannot escape being governed by economic and social considerations. And it is as much their business to be informed on these matters as upon the technical points of the law.

A case is soon to come before the district court at Omaha, Nebraska. It concerns the constitutionality of a law which forbids night work for women. The whole question is not whether it is Constitutional for the Legislature to regulate particularly the hours of labor for women—that has been upheld—but whether this particular form of regulation is a real safeguard; in other words, whether night work for women is sufficiently injurious to make it justifiable for the State to interfere. This is not a legal question; it is a medical question, a question of hygiene. There is no doubt whatever what the conclusion of medical experts would be—it would amply sustain the law. But what will these judges decide? That depends upon their breadth of view, upon the extent of their knowledge of life and acquaintance with the social and physical effects of modern industry.

Judges cannot escape these questions. Most of them arise in cases concerning the relation between employer and employee. Not all, however. The Commodities Case, decided by the Supreme Court of the United States last week, turned upon a question of corporate organization. It is a big industrial question, and one which can be answered correctly by no amount of mere legal learning, but only by a knowledge of business affairs. The patent medicine case decided last week by the United States Supreme Court affords another illustration. Can the manufacturer of a proprietary article enforce a contract with a wholesale dealer to keep up the retail price of the article? There was a difference of opinion in the Court. Most of the judges decided that he could not, because he would thus act in restraint of trade. Judge Holmes differed with his colleagues chiefly because he did not value as highly as they did competition as a trade regulator. These judges rendered their decision on what is primarily a "business proposition."

Judges, under the guise of interpreting laws and constitutions, are constantly called on to decide what are and what are not public dangers. The Legislature may enact laws endlessly, the people may amend constitutions freely; but the judges of our courts can present their own views as obstacles to almost any reform. We shall not get remedies for evils till our judges know life. Such relief as workmen's compensation will be denied to the people till, through the power of public

opinion, judges, first, recognize their function as interpreters of social questions, and, second, exercise that function with knowledge and common sense.

DEALING IN SCANDAL

Englishmen have been shocked recently by a disclosure of the subterranean sewerage system which connects some of the great houses of London with the editorial offices of the purveyors of scandal to the uneducated victims of sensational newspapers. A London butler who recently advertised for a position received a letter, signed "Harriet Churchill," in which the writer said: "I would be pleased to hear from you if you have half an hour to spare once or twice a week and would care to turn it into cash by writing me a long, gossipy letter about the well-known people in English society who stay in the houses where you are employed. I pay liberally and settle each month for the letters received the previous one. I write for some of the American papers, which insist on having current gossip, amusing stories, etc., about well-known people over here, and I buy large quantities of such letters regularly."

Further light is shed on the methods of conducting yellow journalism in this country by a letter recently sent to the London "Times" by Lady Henry Somerset, an Englishwoman widely known and greatly respected in this country. For a number of years past she has written for the Hearst syndicate articles on matters affecting the interests of women and children and dealing with the social conditions of the people, the proceeds of this work being devoted to various charities. Some time ago a man, who stated that he represented this syndicate, called on Lady Henry Somerset and requested her to enlarge the scope of these articles so as to include social news; a request which was met by a prompt and decisive refusal. Later, articles began to appear in the journals of social garbage in Boston and New York "containing London gossip of the most contemptible description, over my signature, with a portrait of myself appended." The matter was placed in the hands of American lawyers, and Lady Henry Somerset was told that the headlines indicating that she was the author of these scandalous articles were "printers' errors"! Lady Henry Somerset did not know that "printers' errors" is a kind of cyclone cellar into which editors who are brave when they slander but cowards when they are called to account take refuge when a storm approaches. For these "forged articles" no apology was ever offered and no public retraction ever made.

The newspapers engaged in this nefarious traffic of scandals are fortunately few in number, and live only on the breath of a popularity which must be renewed every day; they have no rootage in conviction, affection, or confidence. They appeal to the baser passions of their readers, stir up class feeling, denounce the rich on their editorial pages, and fill their news columns with accounts of the pleasures, sports, vices, extravagances, and scandals of the men and women whom they affect to despise.

But when the London "Times" declared that letters from which quotations have been made throw light on the standards of life obtaining in a modern democracy, and fostered by a democratic press, it invited the frank suggestion that a society which furnishes so much material for the yellow journal is hardly in a position to protest against its publication. "Harriet Churchill," it now appears, is an Englishwoman who furnishes "social intelligence" to certain English newspapers. The incident would have no public interest but for this fresh illustration of the ancient habit of lecturing Americans on all occasions for faults of taste which they share with other peoples. In England this sort of gossip, in its most serious forms, is a large part of the stock in trade of many men and women in society, and it has often been remarked that the English "take it out" of their aristocracy by the outrageous things they say about them. Americans who have much to do with English society hear so many scandalous tales about people of rank that they come to regard this widespread habit of disparagement as a kind of pastime which can be carried on without interfering with other forms of amusement.

Scandals are far too many in every country, and especially in those countries in which wealth and leisure are ample; it is the special American misfortune that

the law gives the press such license in reporting the details of every kind of offense against manners and morals. The English press is greatly helped in its struggle for good manners and sound morals by the English law of libel and of contempt of court, and by the British jury, which stands in no awe of the sensational newspaper. This regard for reputation and privacy is one of the finest fruits of English civilization and one of the most effective supports of English liberty. This form of liberty Americans have lost. There is nothing so sacred in the home or the family that the sensational press will not smirch it if it gets a chance. It will print a foul "story" even when it has in its possession conclusive evidence that it is untrue; and, having exploited the outrageous fabrication, it is too cowardly to retract or correct its misstatements. The time is coming when Americans will make a fight for the right of privacy and stop the mouths of slanderers by law.

There is both in England and this country another aspect of this matter of society news; a great deal of the information concerning society people, their dinners, balls, weddings, is furnished by the people themselves. This is one of the easy devices of the "climber" here and abroad. To these self-advertisers must be added the large class of men and women who love publicity and court it at any sacrifice of dignity and refinement. Commenting on this aspect of the matter, the "Saturday Review" recently said: "The greater part of the gossip and scandal that appear in society journals is supplied by ladies and gentlemen moving in that world on some footing or another." The photographs of women of fashion and of the interiors of handsome houses which adorn the Sunday issues of the newspaper are not all surreptitiously secured; they are often gratuitously furnished. This is not a serious form of social offense; it gratifies the love of admiration on the one hand, and the very human interest in rank and wealth and fashion on the other. If one is beautiful, why not share the gift and grace with a multitude? If one has a stately home, why not entertain a crowd without the bother of sending out invitations and having "plain-clothes men" guarding one's toilet articles from the ravages of the souvenir hunters? Curiosity about the rich, the beautiful, the society leaders, is not the highest form of human interest; but, whatever may be said about the taste of those who are ready to gratify it, there is no grave mischief done, and the newspapers must not be blamed if they use material always at their command and always salable. It is the subterranean traffic in scandal with servants, the mean eavesdropping, the brutal exploitation of private sorrows, the outrageous distortion of innocent things until they take on criminal aspects, the hideous air of expecting a noisome disclosure whenever the door into the house is opened, that make sensational journalism a nefarious business, degrading alike to those who sell and to those who buy.

IMPRESSIONS OF A CARELESS TRAVELER

BERMUDA

The first impressions of a Careless Traveler are not to be taken too seriously. If I had written this letter at the end of the first week, what I would have written would have been something like this: The climate of Bermuda in March is like the climate of the coast of Maine in July—except that there is no fog. Or it is like the climate on an ocean steamer. You come up on deck in the morning; the sun is shining; hardly a cloud to be seen; you prophesy for yourself a fair day. After breakfast you come up on deck again; the sky has clouded over; a cool wind is blowing; there is a dash of rain. You go down and get your wraps and prepare for a rainy day, but before mid-morning lunch the wind has blown the clouds away, the sun has come out, and you are using your steamer rug as a chair cushion instead of as a covering. Climatically Bermuda is a steamship anchored in mid-ocean.

But at the end of the second week I have a different impression. The sun is out permanently. The clouds come and go only enough to cast beautiful shadows on the hills and on the ocean. The wind blows just enough to save us from all suggestion of stagnation. The days are warm, but not hot: the nights are cool,

but not cold. There is no edge to the wind; there is no burning to the sun. I begin to understand why the Bermudians build their houses without fireplaces. Personally, I like a warm climate—for vacation. But I have the tropical temperament: thermometer at seventy degrees, ideal; at eighty degrees, enjoyable; at ninety degrees, not uncomfortable; at one hundred degrees I begin to sigh for cooler weather. But here, with the thermometer ranging from fifty-five to seventy-five degrees—this is not scientific but impressionistic—I must confess I find the climate more invigorating. Bermuda is not the land for the lotus-eater. And March is March even in Bermuda. No! I will correct that statement. It is the first half of April. But in all seasons it is a land of beauty.

There are three adjectives I would choose to characterize Bermuda—beautiful, balmy, clean. When I asked the poet of Bermuda what color he should call the water, he answered without hesitation, as a good poet should, "A shimmering, iridescent peacock blue." A poet, and yet without exaggeration! Still, I don't agree with the poet unless he includes in the peacock blue all the colors in the peacock's tail. The islands of Bermuda are like bits of greenish silver surrounded by big fire opals that flash quickly succeeding lights of peacock, cobalt, turquoise blue, and soft clear green. With the setting sun the sparkle leaves the water and the softer light transforms the blues into a mellow, iridescent gray. As for the flowers of the island, we are too late for the best exhibition of its roses and too early for its lilies and its oleanders. But the coral sea-garden, seen through the glass-bottomed steamboat, an improvement on the glass-bottomed rowboats of Catalina in southern California, are in bloom in all seasons. Nature masses these corals in garden beds. They are architectural bouquets of graceful forms and beautifully harmonizing colors. Bermuda is a playground for the winds; but they are free from the iciness and the dust of American winds. It is at once the balmiest and the cleanest land I have ever visited. As there are no fires in the houses except for cooking, there is no smoke in the clear air and no coal dust and ashes in the rooms. The coral roads are almost absolutely dustless. One can drive last in a procession of carriages and be as free from dust as the leader of the procession. And we have had a fair trial of its cleanliness, for we are here in a drought, and the islanders are in apprehension of a water famine.

The island of Bermuda is really a series of closely connected islands in a shape roughly resembling that of an old-fashioned skate with a high curving runner. At the point of this curved runner is the British dock-yard. The curve of the runner and the toe of the skate inclose the Great Sound, the outer bay of Hamilton; at the instep is Hamilton, the capital and now the chief port; at the heel is St. George, the oldest town, and possibly yet to become the chief commercial port, for its harbor is for two reasons superior to that of Hamilton—it is larger and it is easier of access from the sea—or would be if an adequate channel were once made by clearing out the obstructing rocks. It is a saying here that Hamilton has a good channel but no harbor, and St. George has a good harbor but no channel. As a harbor is useless if you cannot get into it, Hamilton now has the advantage; as it is easier to make a good channel out of a poor one than a large harbor out of a small one, the hopes of St. George are not without reason. A steam dredge is contracted for, to be delivered next summer, which is both to widen the channel at Hamilton and deepen the channel at St. George. The rivalry between the two towns for precedence is an interesting feature of present-day life in Bermuda.

The white population, which dominates the island in every way—politically, socially, and commercially—is almost exclusively English in its origin; but Negroes constitute more than half the permanent population. Among them are many mulattoes, but, while I believe marriage between white and colored is not forbidden by law, it is said to be very infrequent, and the impression which a transient visitor gets is that the purity of both races has been better guarded in Bermuda than it was under slavery in our Southern States, and much better than in the Spanish West

Indies. As a consequence there is no mongrel population; some poverty of course, but no apparent degradation. The Negro homes are incomparably better-looking than the shacks one sees in Porto Rico or Trinidad, or the one-roomed cabins of which there are many in our own States. The general appearance to the passer-by is one of comfort and thrift. The carriages are generally driven, and often owned, by Negroes, who are guides as well as drivers, and more intelligent than the average guide of a similar class one meets with in European countries. Our driver, for example, could tell us, in answer to questions, the name of nearly every tree, plant, and flower, and of every song-bird, we met in our drives. As in our Southern States, the races generally worship in separate churches, and the children are educated in separate schools. In these respects the experience of Bermuda parallels and confirms that of our own country. In other ways, too, we are reminded of our Southern States, for cordial hospitality greets the stranger on every hand, and far and near, from our host to our last-met friend, one and all seem anxious that we should have the best of times and the greatest of comfort. We instinctively felt a certain likeness in this respect between Bermuda and Virginia, and were not surprised to be reminded that both were settled about the same time and by the same type of colonists.

Hamilton is a modern city of hotels, big and little, boarding-houses, and shops. On steamer days it is thronged with tourists. As the white population of Bermuda is said to be five thousand, and the tourist population between October 1 and March 1 is said to have been this year eight thousand, and as practically all the tourists land at Hamilton and many of them stop there, it may be imagined that the tourists are much in evidence. Hamilton is the center for excursions by boat and carriage, the place to stop in if one wishes to be in the crowd and see what the crowd sees. St. George is a quaint old city of white walls inclosing hidden gardens; of narrow lanes without sidewalks; and of steep hills, or, to speak accurately, one steep hill. Dropped into St. George suddenly, one might easily imagine himself in an old English coast town. Midway between Hamilton and St. George is Harrington Sound, a body of salt water two miles long and a mile and a half wide, connected with the ocean by a narrow passage. This sound is surrounded with wooded hills from among whose evergreen trees white cottages peep out, glistening in the sun, and it would have all the effect of an Adirondack lake but for the absence of mountain peaks. The highest hill in Bermuda is reported to be less than three hundred feet high, though, rising almost directly from the sea, the hills produce scenically the effect of a greater height. There are rocks and cliffs here which, in miniature, quite forcibly suggest the coast of north Devon in England.

On the shore of this salt-water lake we have made our temporary home. A walk of a mile and a half in either direction brings us to the seacoast—on the one side the north shore, on the other side the south shore. We are in the country, off the highway, and the only evidence of the eight thousand tourists is found in the occasional carriages rolling by. Here is what we came for—quiet and rest. But if Captain Combes succeeds in his plans, Harrington Sound will also become in a year or two a center for a new class of tourists. Captain Combes is a retired ship captain and an enthusiastic fisherman. He has conceived the idea of putting a wire netting at the entrance to the sound, establishing a hatchery, and converting the sound into what he assures me will be the only salt-water fish preserve in the world. I am not expert enough to judge whether his plan, which has encountered some strong opposition, is practicable; but he has secured the passage by unanimous vote through the lower legislative house of an act appropriating a thousand pounds for the purpose of constructing such a fishery preserve, and it has the approval of the Governor and has been ratified by the Council, and the necessary steps have been taken to initiate the enterprise. If the experiment proves successful, the result will be that in a few years the shores of the sound will be covered with camps and cottages, and its waters with rod and reel fishermen. The

captain tells me that the International Fishery Congress held at Washington, D. C., in 1909, reported that in the previous year 338,000 rod and reel fishermen visited California, Florida, and Canada in pursuit of their favorite sport; and he estimates that if one-half of one per cent of these sportsmen—that is, if fifteen hundred of them—come to Bermuda to this preserve, it will add a new industry of no inconsiderable proportions to the island. If he is right, they will certainly create an abundant home market for the Bermuda gardeners, and Bermuda potatoes will become a rarer luxury in the New York market.

Bermuda is not without its romance. Orthodoxy is largely a matter of locality. Elsewhere it is orthodox to believe with Lowell that the island of Shakespeare's "Tempest" is "at once nowhere and anywhere—for it is in the soul of man;" but in Bermuda it is orthodox to believe with Thomas Moore that this island "is the scene of Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' and that here he conjured up the delicate Ariel." Was not Governor Somers wrecked on this island shortly before the drama was written, and had not the news of that shipwreck created great popular interest, not to say excitement, in England? Does Shakespeare not refer to winds in general, and the southwest wind in particular? And is not Bermuda pre-eminently the windy isle? Does not Prospero say that he has "pluckt up the Pyne and Cedar," and are not pine and cedar the chief woods of this wooded isle? Does not Ariel sing, "Of his bones are coral made," and is not Bermuda reefed about with coral? Does not Stephano find for his store of wine "a cellar in a rock by the seaside," and are not caves, extending far below not only the surface of the ground but even the surface of the sea, a characteristic of Bermuda? What more probable than that Caliban was suggested by the pirates and the wreckers which in Shakespeare's time infested the island? And, finally, does not Shakespeare distinctly refer in one line to "the still-vexed Bermoothes"? What more would you have? These accumulative arguments are quite as strong as some that have been used to prove that Lord Bacon wrote the Shakespeare dramas. At all events, the caves are there, and wonderful "cellars" they are. There are seven or eight of them which have been opened, lighted, and made easily accessible to visitors. One you reach by a flight of a hundred and fifty steps, and traverse its watery floor by means of an ingeniously constructed pontoon bridge. Another opens directly upon the land, and you sail through it in a boat. In still another the stalactites hanging down from above and the stalagmites growing up from below have met and made pillars seeming to support the roof and giving the cave a cathedral-like effect. No one has truly seen Bermuda who has not seen one or more of these caves, for Nature is lavish with her beauties and has stored some of the most exquisite of her art treasures in these underground compartments.

There are the usual recreative employments for restless tourists who are unable to get rid of the American fever and must be always doing something. There is some sailing in the harbor, though not so much as I would have anticipated. There are several steamboat excursions, including one semi-ocean trip from St. George to Hamilton, one among the islands of the Great Sound, one to the Aquarium, which, though not as large as that of New York, is said to be biologically interesting, and one to the coral sea-gardens, to be looked at through a glass-bottomed boat. The coral roads furnish an admirable opportunity for bicyclists. There are carriages enough apparently for all the eight thousand tourists and some to spare, and a great variety of truly beautiful drives. There are interesting old churches to visit, one of them said to date from the early part of the seventeenth century. There are athletic sports and a Bermuda Derby, at which we saw less evidence of gambling than is sometimes to be seen in a church fair. And there is what the Careless Traveler cares for most of all, a chance for quiet reflection. Why should we be always pursuing? Why not sometimes be still and let thoughts come to us? For to the quiet and hospitable mind thoughts often come that cannot be caught by a hunting expedition.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE PRAYER FOR PEACE

BY ALFRED NOYES[1]

"Unless public opinion can rise to the height of discussing President Taft's suggestion as a great world-movement, it cannot be carried out."

. . . . . .

"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

I

Dare we—though our hope deferred
  Left us faithless long ago—
Dare we let our hearts be stirred,
  Lift them to the light and *know*,
Cast away our cynic shields,
Break the sword that Mockery wields,
Know that Truth indeed prevails,
And that Justice holds the scales?
    Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

II

Dare we know that this great hour,
  Dawning on thy long renown,
Marks the purpose of thy power,
  Crowns thee with a mightier crown,
Know that to this purpose climb
All the blood-red wars of Time?
If indeed thou *hast* a goal
Beaconing to thy warrior soul,
    Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

III

Dare we know what every age
  Writes with an unerring hand,
Read the midnight's moving page,
  Read the stars and understand,—
Out of Chaos ye shall draw
Linked harmonies of Law,
Till around the Eternal Sun
All your peoples move in one?
    Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

IV

Dare we know that wearied eyes
  Dimmed with dust of every day
Can, once more, desire the skies
  And the glorious upward way?
Dare we, if the Truth should still
Vex with doubt our alien will,
Take it to our Maker's throne,
Let Him speak with us alone?
    Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

V

Dare we cast our pride away?
  Dare we tread where Lincoln trod?
All the Future, by this day,
  Waits to judge us and our God!
Set the struggling peoples free!
Crown with Law their Liberty!
Proud with an immortal pride,
Kneel we at our Sister's side!
    Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

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[1] Alfred Noyes, the author of these lines, is one of the best known of the younger English poets. He was born in Staffordshire, his mother the daughter of an officer of the United States army. He studied at Exeter College, Oxford; and his verse has appeared in many of the leading English and American magazines. He is the author of ten or twelve volumes of poetry. Selections from his works were published in a single volume in this country by the Macmillan Company several years ago.—THE EDITORS.

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THE FACTORY GIRL'S DANGER

BY MIRIAM FINN SCOTT

ON Friday evening, March 24, two young sisters walked down the stairways from the ninth floor where they were employed and joined the horde of workers that nightly surges homeward into New York's East Side. Since eight o'clock they had been bending over shirt-waists of silk and lace, tensely guiding the valuable fabrics through their swift machines, with hundreds of power-driven machines whirring madly about them; and now the two were very weary, and were filled with that despondency which comes after a day of exhausting routine, when the next day, and the next week, and the next year, hold promise of nothing better than just this same monotonous strain.

They were moodily silent when they sat down to supper in the three-room tenement apartment where they boarded. At last their landlady (who told me of that evening's talk, indelibly stamped upon her mind) inquired if they were feeling unwell.

"Oh, I wish we could quit the shop!" burst out Becky, the younger sister, aged eighteen. "That place is going to kill us some day."

"What's the matter?" asked the landlady.

"It's worse than it was before the strike, a year ago," bitterly said Gussie, the older. "The boss squeezes us at every point, and drives us to the limit. He carries us up in elevators of mornings, so we won't lose a second in getting started; but at night, when we're tired and the boss has got all out of us he wants for that day, he makes us walk down. At eight o'clock he shuts the doors, so that if you come even a minute late you can't get in till noon, and so lose half a day; he does that to make sure that every person gets there on time or ahead of time. He fines us for every little thing; he always holds back a week's wages to be sure that he can be able to collect for damages he says we do, and to keep us from leaving; and every evening he searches our pocketbooks and bags to see that we don't carry any goods or trimmings away. Oh, you would think you are in Russia again!"

"That's all true; but what worries me most is a fire," said Becky, with a shiver. "Since that factory fire in Newark where so many girls were burnt up there's not a day when I don't wonder what would happen if a fire started in our shop."

"But you could get out, couldn't you?" asked the landlady.

"Some of us might," grimly said Gussie, who had been through last year's strike, and still felt the bitterness of that long struggle. "What chance would we have? Between me and the doors there are solid rows on rows of machines. Think of all of us hundreds of girls trying to get across those machines to the doors. You see what chance we have!"

"Girls, you must leave that place!" cried the landlady. "You must find new jobs!"

"How am I going to find a new job?" demanded Gussie. "If I take a day off to hunt a job, the boss will fire me. I might be out of work for weeks, and I can't afford that. Besides, if I found a new job, it wouldn't be any better. All the bosses drive you the same way, and our shop is as safe as any, and safer than some. No, we've got to keep on working, no matter what the danger. It's work or starve. That's all there is to it."

The next morning the two sisters joined their six hundred fellow-workers at the close-packed, swift machines. All day they bent over endless shirt-waists. Evening came; a few more minutes and they would have been dismissed, when there was a sudden frantic cry of "Fire!"—and what happened next all the country knows, for it was in the Triangle Shirt-Waist Factory that Becky and Gussie Kappelman worked. The fire flashed through the eighth, ninth, and tenth floors of the great building like a train of powder; girls were driven to leap wildly, their clothes afire, from the lofty windows; and in a few brief moments after the first cry one hundred and forty-three workers, the vast majority young girls, were charred

bodies heaped up behind doors they had vainly tried to beat down, or were unrecognizable pulp upon the street far below.

And as for Gussie and Becky, who had gone to work that fatal day knowing their danger, as all the workers knew it, but helpless in their necessity—what of them? Gussie was one of those who met a horrible death. Becky, in some way unknown to herself, was carried down an elevator, and to-day lies in a hospital, an arm and a leg broken and her head badly bruised. Frequently the young girl calls for her older sister, but her condition is too precarious for her to stand the shock of the awful truth, and the nurses have told her that Gussie is injured in another hospital. And so Becky lies in the white cot waiting until her wounds and Gussie's shall have healed and they can again be together.

Conservatives, liberals, radicals, of all shades and intensity, are agreed in denouncing the criminal indifference that is shown to the murderous conditions in which men, women, girls, and mere children are compelled to earn their bread. The Triangle disaster has revealed an appalling state of affairs that exists throughout the factory district of New York City, and that presumably exists in varying degrees of badness in other cities. From the standpoint of the safety of the workers, everything was wrong. And yet it is hard to single out one person or institution and say that there belongs the blame. The proprietors of the Triangle Company were violating no law, and were but following the instincts and practices common among manufacturers in their trade. The inspection of the Building Department has been inadequate and loose, and ugly stories of "graft" have been set afloat. The ultimate blame must be traced back to the inadequate building laws, and thence to an indifferent or unawakened public that allowed such laws to be passed and to continue in existence. The huge modern factory buildings of New York City are what is called "fireproof;" such construction is safest to the builder and secures him a lower rate of insurance than would non-fireproof construction. The building in which the Triangle fire took place is as sound as ever; outwardly it bears few signs of fire, and doubtless the comparatively trivial property loss was covered by insurance. The great impulse that brought the present New York laws into existence was the safety of the dollar and the best profit upon it. The safety of the hundreds of thousands of workers, their possible terrible deaths, the widespreading tragedies that death would bring upon the workers' families and loved ones—such things were given hardly a thought against the mightier dollar.

The tragedies that such tragedies bring upon loved ones! Two days after the fire I was in an East Side street that was a street of funerals. It was crowded with sobbing men and women; children wept with their parents; even little babies must have felt the bitter sorrow, for they clung tightly to their shawled mothers in an agony of terror. Among the poverty-stricken funeral cortèges was a hearse containing a rough pine box, and behind the hearse was carried a Jewish wedding canopy, all of black—and here I learned the story of another Becky and her Jacob.

Becky Kessler was out on strike for sixteen weeks last year against the Triangle Company, and was among the most valiant of those who struggled for safer and fairer conditions. She picketed about the shop morning and night, in cold and rain; she suffered outrageous treatment from the police; she was three times arrested. When the strike of the forty thousand shirt-waist workers was settled, the Triangle was one of the few big shops that did not sign the union agreement, though in order to get its workers back it made a verbal promise to maintain union conditions—which promise, by the way, it very quickly forgot. Becky did not want to return, but she was penniless, she was half starved, she owed her kind landlady for four months' lodging, she had an old father in Russia dependent upon her wages; and so, after her sixteen weeks' fight, she was driven by the terrible necessity into her old position, and upon terms and conditions dictated by the company.

The Triangle firm had two systems of payment, piece-work and a fixed weekly wage, and it imposed upon each employee whichever method of payment it preferred. Becky was a swift and clever worker; in the busy season, working at the piece-

work scale, she could make from eighteen to twenty dollars a week. The Triangle Company, seeing how quick she was, with sharp business sense, changed her from piece-work to a weekly wage, and managed to get the same amount of work out of her for half the money. In the case of slow workers the reverse of this process was practiced—they were not given a regular weekly wage, but were put upon piece-work. But, though working at half her real value, Becky kept on. Out of her week's earnings she kept one dollar with which to cover her car-fares, breakfasts, and lunches, and the rest she divided between her debts and her father.

Her great sustaining hope was that she was soon to be married. Her life with Jacob would be one of poverty, to be sure, but she would be free from the grind of the shop. Toward the end of winter Jacob begged her to give up work and take a rest before their marriage, which was drawing very near; she needed a rest, he insisted, for she was sadly worn from hunger and exposure when she had gone back to the shop, and the strain of her hard, tense work had given her no chance to recover. But she refused. She must work up to the very day of the marriage, for she must come to him with all her debts paid and with some money laid aside for her father. Besides, the marriage was now but a few weeks off. So she worked on, joyously checking off the days till the wedding day. And the end of this love's young dream was what I saw in that East Side street of funerals—an incinerated bride-to-be in a pine box, a black marriage canopy, and next in the procession a bowed, white-faced young man with streaming eyes.

How many love-dreams were blasted by that Triangle fire, God only knows. But here is a matter of cold statistics: On one floor of the Triangle shop, where they had fallen from charred fingers, were found fourteen engagement rings.

The dangers that lurk in the factory, waiting their chance, do not menace the worker alone; they strike blows, often irreparable, upon the worker's relatives. There was little Rebecca, who came from Russia two years ago at the age of sixteen. Too slight to operate a machine, she at first sewed on buttons, and later cut out the fabric underneath lace insertion, for which she was paid $6 a week. Shortly after her arrival here her father and mother died, back in Russia, leaving a boy of eight, who was taken into a neighbor's family, and a girl of thirteen. This sister Rebecca determined to send for, and she denied herself food, denied herself clothing, held tight to every penny, till at last she had scraped together enough to make the first payment on little Minnie's steerage ticket, which she bought on the installment plan.

Three months ago Minnie arrived, her only baggage the clothing upon her back. Of course Minnie had to go to work at once, but her sister-mother, Rebecca, dared not stop work even for a day to help Minnie hunt a place. So Minnie looked for herself, and in a little shop on Grand Street she found a boss sufficiently disinterested to take on a little greenhorn like herself at nothing per week. Rebecca, with two mouths to feed on her six dollars, and with the regular installments on Minnie's ticket to pay, had even less for herself than ever. She became very thin and weak; often she wished to stay away, but she dared not do so, not only because she could not afford the loss of a day's pay, but more because she feared her absence would lose her her job. The company could not stand for having one of its machines idle for a day, and thus earning nothing for them. Once she fainted at her work. She was taken to a dressing-room, was revived, and, instead of being sent home to rest, was sent directly back to her work.

She clung desperately to her strength and her job; she had to, for Minnie's sake. On Friday night before the fire she came home very ill with the grip. Her landlady urged her to stay at home for at least a day. But Rebecca would not consent to this; she said she would lose her job if she did so. All night she tossed about in fever, but the next morning she dressed herself and went weakly back to the shop.

Well—Rebecca lost her job, anyhow. She was among those who sought safety by the great building's single fire-escape. that gave way, and who were found dead at its foot.

And behind there is left the little Min-

nie, penniless, unskilled, uneducated—the foothold Rebecca was trying to aid her win not yet secured—no helpful relatives in Russia, not a friend or a relative in America—and even the price of her ticket to this country not yet entirely paid for. "If that factory had been built safe, Rebecca would have seen that Minnie got a chance," Minnie's kind-hearted but poverty-stricken landlady wailed to me. "But what is going to become of her now?"

Yes, what is going to become of her? I had to echo in dismay, knowing the dangers and temptations with which New York surrounds the ignorant, penniless, unprotected girl. What is going to become of her? Perhaps the fate that heartless factory conditions inflicted on Rebeeca is, after all, a kinder fate than that which these same factory conditions are holding in reserve for little Minnie.

Yes, the danger to the worker is not limited to the worker; it reaches out and strikes down at the very ends of the world. Esther was the main support of her old parents in Rumania, though her brother Abraham, who was also in New York, contributed all he could. She was a very skilled waist-trimmer, and when she went to work for the Triangle Company after the strike she received $12 a week. Her excellent work was noticed, and she was soon offered a place over five newly arrived Italian girls, to supervise and instruct them. This offer was presented to her in the light of a promotion, and Esther so regarded it and gladly accepted. Under Esther's instruction, the eager Italian girls made rapid progress and soon were able to do almost as good work as Esther herself; moreover, they were willing to do it for $6 and $7 a week, which to their non-Americanized standard seemed a tremendous sum. Thereupon Esther was told by the company that they could no longer pay her her old wages; she would have to accept a cut or go.

Esther already perceived that, under promise of being promoted, she had been used to train girls who would underbid her; but she was in debt after the long strike, she must send money to her parents, she dared not be out of work, so there was nothing for her but to accept the reduction.

She stayed on, lowering her own standard of living to the very minimum in order that her parents might suffer as little as possible from the cut in her wages.

Esther was paid every two weeks, and Saturday, March 25, her pay was due. On Friday evening she wrote a letter to her parents saying that she and her brother were together sending $25 for the Easter holidays; Saturday evening, after she had been paid, there would be nothing to do but buy the draft, inclose it, and mail the precious letter.

Esther was paid, as was the custom, before her Saturday's work was quite done, but she never came home with her wages. She was among the scores who were trapped by insufficient exits, and who were crisped and blackened by the flames; her money was lost in the vain, wild rush for life. To pay for her funeral her brother used all his money—pawned all his belongings, including his overcoat, save the clothes in which he stood—borrowed from all sides. . . . And up in the tenement room which Esther shared with three other girls, in the top of her little trunk, was found the unsealed letter that was to carry her Easter present to her far-distant parents—a present that now was never to be sent.

"Won't it ever be safe for us to earn our bread!" the agonized mother of one of the victims cried out to me. And sobbingly she told me of a generation-long struggle against the dangers and oppressions of the worker. As a girl, and even after her marriage, she had been a shirtwaist-maker; she had seen the dangers from fire, from disease, from overwork, from underpayment, and she had joined in every effort to secure some betterment of conditions. Her husband was a cloakmaker, and he, too, during all his working life had thrown himself into every struggle for improvement. They had tried to save, in order that their children might have an education and not be forced into factories; but the cost of living rose faster than wages, and they had been able to lay nothing aside. Last summer came the cloak-makers' strike, and for long weeks the husband did not earn a penny. Debts piled up; their credit became exhausted; the mother would have gone back to her trade, but she was nursing a new-born

baby. In this stress of circumstances they were forced to let their eldest child go to work—Rosie, then barely fourteen.

Rosie found a place in the Triangle factory. After the fire she did not come home. The parents searched distractedly among the burned and mangled bodies collected from, in, and about the building. Upon an unrecognizable heap of remains that had been gathered from the Belgian blocks that paved the street they found a tarnished locket, and in the locket were their own pictures. That was how they knew their child.

"For twenty years we have struggled for better conditions!" the mother burst out to me in her black bitterness of soul. "For twenty years! And what have we won? A death like Rosie's! They have made their shops better and safer for their machines and their goods, but for us workers— O my God! how long will we have to stand it? How long?"

And that mother who had fought the long fight, and now at the end of it all sat in her dark tenement kitchen, with a new life in her arms, mourning her mangled dead—that mother's anguished voice sounded in my ears as the outcry of the millions of workers: "How long must we stand this—how long? Will it never be safe for us to earn our bread?"

THE CRY OF THE WOMAN

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

Mary, Mother, hearken and heed!
  Heed thou the woman's cry!
Thou who hast seen thy Dearest bleed,
Looked on Him in His bitter need,
  Helplessly standing by!

When our children plead and moan,
When the small hands clasp our own
When to tender heart and brain
Strikes our heritage of pain,
And we strive in vain to share
All their weaker flesh must bear—
  Mary, Mother, hearken!

When they tread the pathway sore
Where our feet have toiled before;
When the stress of storm and woe
Lays their power and beauty low;
When their lives are lost and spent,
Stained with sin, and passion-rent—
  Mary, Mother, hearken!

When the tongues of strife give cry,
And our sons go out to die;
When the crucial hour must come
And the lips of love are dumb,
And the touch of love is vain
On the cold hands clenched in pain—
  Mary, Mother, hearken!

Mary, heed thou the woman's cry!
  Mother, listen and hear!
Thou who hast seen thy Dearest die,
Under the darkened noonday sky,
  Dauntlessly standing near!

AN EASTER BLESSING

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

ELDER PERRY was very unhappy. He had a quarrel with the Lord. And to be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the brain, we are told. All his life, he said, he had loved the Lord; he had served and honored him, had had high joy in communion with him. And the Lord had forsaken him. He had implored the life of Davy—the Lord had not listened. The laughing, lovely little creature had gone over into the dark unknown—oh, like a white butterfly fluttering in the night.

The night? The dark unknown? The Elder knew there should be nothing dark in it to him, filled as it was with the divine personality. But robbed of his child—so flagrant a violation of love—although he went on with his duties, he felt that he was living a lie.

Loss of Davy made the undercurrent of his life. It was the child's starlike eyes that he saw in the stars of the midnight blue; the petals of a rose wore the velvet of the child's cheek; music brought back the lilting tones; the stir of the poplar leaves gave him, with a sort of agony, the patter of little feet. Two tiny shoes tore his heart like the trampling of wild horses. Scraps of paper fell from his sermon book where the boy had drawn a rude head with something that meant wings, as if playing with foreknowledge of companions he was soon to have. When the first snow fell, it was only a compulsion of decency that hindered the Elder from lying down beside the little mound and shielding it with his arms. Did not his wife remember when once he spoke irritably and the child came, with his little lip trembling, and held up his arms imploringly, his blue eyes full of tears, as if begging to be forgiven for what he had not done? Could she not see him when looking up at the sky in an ecstasy as if he were only a film between him and God? It cut him to the quick that the child should be wronged of his sweet rights. Life, his life, had been given to him, and now its bright days, its struggles and victories and joys, were wrested away.

Perhaps it would have been less bitter if Davy had not died just when he was to walk in the procession of children singing "March on, Christian Soldiers." There should be no more festivals in his little meeting-house while the stars wheeled in the sky!

It was a weary winter. The spring brought him no sense of the upspringing of sod to a higher life in grass and flower. The orchards that once made the earth seem winged gave him no rapture; he saw no loveliness in the slim white birch shaking her green gauzes about her. The summer, that had seemed the visible expression of God alive in his world, was only the untended flame of a forsaken altar.

One evening, Miss Eliza Brooks—who often played the part of colleague in plain clothes—having stayed to tea, was telling of a young robin that fell from the nest last spring, Puss Pharaoh looking on, his green eyes big as blazes; and when she picked it up for its safety the parent robins had flown at her as if she were ruining their nest. It was the last straw. The exasperated Elder, quick at application, uttered a terrible word, and stalked from the room.

"Ain't that awful!" whispered Miss Eliza, breathlessly. "Mis' Perry," she added, bending over solemnly, "this goes no furder. Never— Sort of a useless word, anyways. The poor man warn't never learned to swear. You have a hard time on't, dear soul. But I guess the worm suffers some gittin' its wings."

Of course all this distressed the Elder's wife. She felt that he did not deserve to be told of the Angel of Blessing hovering over the house. At any rate, the right moment did not come for telling him. But she was a loving person. "Dear," she said, "you are not well. You must rest a while. Drop everything and go to your mother. She always helps you." And, after some murmuring, the Elder went.

His mother's house was forty miles beyond the mountains. The roundabout

stage-coach did not suit his mood; he would go afoot. Once his knapsack and stick would have meant scrip and staff. They did not now. All was matter-of-fact. He would spend the night at Giles Gonne's cabin, and proceed next day.

The woods were ripe with color, but the Elder was blind to their glory. A high-bush blueberry, before which he would have felt as if it were the burning bush itself, was no more that day than any wayside weed. He plodded on wearily, something spent when he reached Giles Gonne's cabin, on a shelf of rock where the road wound below with a seldom wayfarer.

Giles lay on a tumultuous bed, with a burning fever. "Come in, whoever you be, an' gimme a drink o' water!" was his greeting.

"Why, Giles, you sick?" said the Elder.

"Dog-gone sick," replied the thick voice. "That you, sir? Come up 'cause I was sick? Then fetch some cold water, for God's sake!"

The Elder brought water from the spring and was presently bathing the man, smoothing the bed, and looking over his kit for the medicines that he always carried on his ministrations. "Reg'lar doctor," said Giles, feebly, "body and soul. Hev ter be. Good on ye. I do' 'no's ye know I took the dipthery to your Davy. No?"

The Elder stood still with horror.

"Gilly—now, Gilly, daddy's boy—be still," the delirium remounting. "Daddy 'll go down to Salt Water for the doctor's stuff. No medicine here, ye know. No nothin' here! Lock's kind o' rusty. Guess I'll look back an' see if he's stirrin'. No—he don't sense nothin'. Poor Gilly—never did sense thin's. Oh, gimme some water, some col' tea, quick, I'm burnin' up alive! So was Gilly, poor lamb! Wal, wal," he said presently, tossing off the clothes, "it's a footsore way. I'm pretty well torn up, Mis' Perry, a-tumblin' an' a-stumblin' in bush an' brier," he cried, after a moment, falling back. "Oh, that'll be good, ma'am, ef ye can spare it. I won't hev to go on, then. It's a stretch to Salt Water, even ef I got a lift. An' time's money. Time's life an' death! That your boy? Davy his name? Come here, little lad, let me heft ye. Light's a feather. Gimme a kiss for Gilly and I'll let ye go. Got the face of an angel. Says his prayers? Tell him to pray fer Gilly—oh, poor Gilly! Blame these briers! There's that log acrost the way ag'in'! That's a nasty fall—ain't broke nothin', hev I? Make haste, oh, make haste! There's the door—where's the key? Oh, yes, here. Gilly! Gee, but it's dark! Gilly! Oh, my God, Gilly's dead!" And then came brief stupor.

So that was the way the infection came to Davy? This man's action had killed his boy. But it was hardly a conscious thought. No idea of good to them that despitefully use you followed. The Elder sprang to the help of one who needed him. As soon as he had cooled the fever ever so slightly he milked the cow and gathered the eggs, had Giles drink the warm milk, and made his own supper ready. Then he sponged off the patient again and prepared for the night.

There were three nights without sleep, except for a nap caught standing—terrible nights, with raving and profanity that made the Elder's heart stop beating. "I never knew you swore, Giles," he said, in spite of himself.

"Didn't ye?" said Giles. "Then you hear me now." And the Elder's blood ran cold.

"Where is your wife, Giles?" he asked in a lucid moment.

"I know where she'd orter be," cried Giles. "Buyin' ribbons fer a dance, an' Gilly sick then!"

"But she has been home since?"

"Off an' on she ain't." And after a moment, "Gol darn her, she knowed I can't read writin'!" And the air became so blue the Elder had to go out for a breath of the blowing north wind.

The raving went on, shrill and incoherent, growing faint, till at last came deep sleep. And then the Elder was on his knees praying with all his might for Giles's salvation.

Giles slept through the night and late the next day. The fever was gone, his strength gone too. "Elder," he whispered faintly, as the Elder went to give him nourishment, "do idiot boys have souls?"

"Of course they do. That is—" began the surprised Elder.

"Wal, if Gilly had a soul, he's somewheres where I must go an' take care on

him. They won't separate him an' me, Elder?" looking up with piteous, wan eyes.

"They can't," said the Elder. "What belongs to you, you will have." And then a sudden inner light flashed blindingly upon the Elder.

"I heern ye prayin' fer my soul. So I guess I'm safe to go fer Gilly. I'd like —ter see Gilly with his soul showin'."

And that was all. The Elder labored with stimulants, and whey, and many a wrestling prayer. But Giles slipped out of life as if the tide down at the great river mouth ebbing out to sea drew the soul with it.

With his capable hands the Elder did what was necessary. Then he read "The Lord is my Shepherd," if perfunctorily, and sang his customary psalm, and offered his petition, and trod down the sod. And he packed his small kit again and was ready to be off.

It was just then that a peddler's cart came along below and left a woman whom he recognized as Mrs. Gonne, who, loaded with boxes, climbed the path and went into the house. She came out again presently.

"Where's Mr. Gonne?" she demanded.

The Elder pointed at the resting-place.

"Oh, my goodness! Both on 'em!" she cried. "An' me here all alone! An' I gotter to go an' buy black! Hev you smoked out?" she asked suddenly. "You needn't to look at me that way. I went off so's not to ketch it, and it 'd be redic'lous ef I come back an' ketched it, arter all!"

"You would deserve it," said the Elder.

"I'd liketer know who you be ter talk so to a widder that's jes' laid away her only husband an' her child!" she declared. "Ef you ever lost—you'd orter sense how I'm feelin' ef you ever buried a boy!"

To compare that idiot boy and his own heavenly child! The Elder's wrath ran high. "Woman!" he roared, but stopped, remembering that Gilly, free among the dead, might now be all that Davy was.

"You needn't 'woman' me!" exclaimed Mrs. Gonne. "I'm no more woman 'n other folks be! Oh, that empty cheer! Oh!" she said, looking up with her pale, wide-open eyes. "It brings you dretfle near the black outside. I'm scairt mos' to death! Oh, say—I know I done wrong. But there's wus folks 'n me. I was made kind o' light. P'r'aps we ain't all born with souls. Giles said his'n come to him; it come with a buzz. P'r'aps I hedn't no soul ter give Gilly. He looked at me reproachful like till I hatter skip. I ain't took thin's in yet. But don't you leave me here! Jes' think o' me here awake in the dark night. I'd go deestracted. Say, do you b'lieve in hell?"

"Hell," said the Elder, feeling as if he had met the Scarlet Lady in person, "hell is absence from God."

She stared at him a moment. "Then I've been there all my life!" she said. And in the instant the Elder felt that since Davy's death he had been there, too.

Directly afterward he forgot himself—here was work for him. "I'm going on down to my mother's," he said. "Mrs. Perry, in the Byways. If you like, you can come with me."

"Mis' Perry. I'm knowin' to her. Her speckle hen laid away oncet, an' Mis' Perry wouldn't shet her in, cause the hen'd be feelin' bad about the eggs out there. Be you her son? Be you Elder Perry? I heern tell on ye. No, no," she said, retreating, "I guess I'd ruther stay here."

"You will come with me," said the Elder. "God forgive me for doubting it, but, if you haven't a soul, my mother will put one into you."

"I—I do' no' ef I want one."

"I do," said the Elder. "Come. I am in the habit of being obeyed," he added, sternly.

She went into the house, and, opening one of her boxes, took from a hat a bunch of impossible roses, went over and divided them between the two mounds, securing them with some stones; and then, having made a small parcel, as if she must not break the Elder's habit of being obeyed, she followed him down.

It was noon of the last November day, the air full of lingering Indian summer balsams, hoar-frosts overlying the hollows, and purple hazes hanging round the hills. To the Elder, lost in thought, the beauty passed like a phantom. They stopped at a racing brook to drink from the Elder's folding cup. "Lord! Elder," said Mrs. Gonne, "ain't you got nothin' stronger'n that?"

In days before his quarrel this traversing of woodland ways would have been the Elder's joy. He would have seen the heavenly hand in every bud pushing off the dead leaf. In every withering tassel of barberries he would have seen provision for the birds; with every bank of drifting mist reaching the sun and smitten with white glory he would have sung, "The clouds in heaven praise Thee!" But here he was blind to beauty, robbed of his old happiness, walking in company with what seemed the sin of the world incarnate.

As they neared the village a dog ran out; he was caught by his master. "The old feller flies out at ye every time he sees ye," said the man.

"I hurt him once without meaning to. Yes, he flies out, but I forgive him," said the Elder, good-humoredly.

"The dog ain't forgive," said Mrs. Gonne.

Something smote the Elder like a lash. "Am I a dog that I should do this thing?" he cried.

The Elder's mother was as well versed in old ballads as in old hymns.

"I've been in the wild-wood, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie doun,"

she remembered, when her son asked to go to his old room. It had seemed to the Elder that not only every bone in his body ached, but his soul itself. "It's only a little," she said.

"It's the little things that count," said her son, bitterly. "An idiot boy, a dog!"

She sat down beside him while Mrs. Gonne in the kitchen, having declared she would as soon sing hymns as love songs—unwitting that she was to sing them there the rest of her life—was singing the only one she knew, in a way to make the cat's back stand up straight. And then, after the old custom, the son told his mother all.

"Giles had done you a deadly wrong, you felt," said the mother. "Through him you lost your boy. Yet you tended him, you comforted him, you did not spare yourself. He was thirsty and you gave him drink, he was hungered and you fed him. Do you think God is less good than you?" And with other words, gentle and maybe wise, she brought him rest as since time began has been the way of mothers.

She used no more arguments. Perhaps she could not have done so, anyway. But Miss Eliza, some time before, had taken the stage-coach to visit an acquaintance, and had slipped over in her friend's chaise to see the Elder's mother, whom she knew. "So, you see," she said, having told her story, "that 'tain't no use a-firin' off argymence. It ain't wuth yer breath to be a-tellin' him the 'arth warn't good enough fer Davy, or that he's the father of an angel. He'd on'y want ter fly away inter some other climax an' be at rest from ye. Fact is, he's got a quar'l with the Lord, an' he's all nervoused up like a clock that's wound too tight. You gotter help him run down. He's a prophet to the soul if ever there was one; but I s'pose prophets are made of dust, an' go back to it, and shed consid'able along the way. His wife was right—"

"She always is," said the mother.

"She said you'd fix him up. I guess the Lord knowed what he was about w'en he made mothers. Elder was tellin' us an old story of somebuddy in a fight, an' every time he fell on mother-'arth he got fresh strength from her. Don't seem exac'ly even that Pharaoh should be all I— But I won't complain. Pharaoh's very companionable. Wal, I thought I'd let ye know how the land laid. Snow's held off late. Unfortun't' fer the grass. But natur' ushully makes thin's right in the long run."

Nature does—in her own time. The Elder had thought that a couple of weeks in his old room under the eaves, where the snow filtered over his coverlet, of being a boy again, thinking no thoughts, feeling no cares, a couple of weeks of his mother's daily life and conversation, of the healing of her hand, would bring back all the fresher currents of life. But, being made of dust, as Miss Eliza said, he did not escape the effect of wind and weather on dust, the effect of his experience and exposure, and a raging fever came to burn the dross out of him, and its consequent weakness held him housed for many weeks. The Conference supplied his place for the time, as Miss Eliza asked them. But one night the Elder waked to see the day-star shining in the east like a risen spirit. "'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of

the Pleiades?'" he said to himself. And when the light in his mother's eyes shone upon his face, "'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you,'" he said again.

The bells of the stage which brought the Elder back by the main road—the wild-wood way being still deep with the early April snow—rang all the time with the tune,

"Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!"

They passed many lonely dwellings where happy children ran to the windows, or where they trimmed some little church with Easter lilies. He left the conveyance at the foot of the hill and went over to the old burying-ground. The trees there, as he passed, shed over him showers of sifted silver. Davy was not there. The great fir-tree swayed in the wind and stretched a dark and soft protecting bough across the low bed. The full paschal moon hung above, balanced on broad wings of light, like a brooding mother.

The Elder went up the hill. There were lights about the house, and a murmur of voices as he opened the door. Miss Eliza met him with a joyful outcry. "Would you take care of this?" he asked, handing her the pot of Easter lilies he had brought from his mother's.

"Cert'in," she said. "An' you'll find an Easter gift in there better'n lilies or burnt off'rin's," she added, closing the door of his wife's room behind him.

That his wife should be in bed and ill was grievous; but his exaltation almost put that fact out of sight. His heart was too full even for the customary greetings. "Ellen," he whispered, bending over the pillow, "it is all over. I have no more quarrel with the Lord. It is Easter—the Lord has risen—he has risen in my heart. God has forgiven me."

"And have you forgiven God?" she sighed.

"I have given him Davy," he said. "My soul and your soul."

"And your little daughter's soul, then," said his wife, drawing down an edge of flannel, and showing the tiny being asleep beside her.

The Elder fell on his knees, hiding his face in the bed. "His mercy endureth forever!" he half sobbed.

His wife lifted her hand and laid it on his head. "The child's name," she said, with an indescribable accent of joy in her tone, "the child's name is Peace."

AS IT SEEMED

BY GEORGIA DAVIES

It seemed I stood upon a traveled road;
Thousands of pilgrims had passed by that way,
And others still were passing. As I looked
I noticed by the wayside lifeless shapes—
Like worn-out garments they were thrown aside—
Then, turning to the one who was my guide,
I asked the meaning of the thing I saw.
He answered: "Some are creeds outgrown, and some
Are cast-off thoughts, and some are forms that fettered,
Doctrines that galled, or the soul's cradle-clothes."
Then there came a band of eager pilgrims,
Who, passing where we stood, seized on the garb
Cast off by others. One I saw array
Himself in an old thought and say, "Mine own!"
Another grasped an outworn creed and cried,
"A new creed! I, its prophet!" Some there were
Who fastened on old fetters. As I mused,
Burdened they passed from sight.

CROSS-LIGHTS AND COUNTER-CLAIMS

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN

THE FOURTH OF FIVE ARTICLES BY DR. GLADDEN DEALING WITH PROBLEMS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL

IN this article I wish to deal with a variety of conflicting phases and aspects of the labor question in which partial notions are involved and by which misleading judgments are given currency. In any conflict of ideas or policies the partisans on either side are apt to discern with great clearness the evil consequences which would follow if the policy of their antagonists were carried to extremes, and to assume that this is what is likely to happen. Neither party, however, is likely to follow its own policies to extreme conclusions, or is willing to admit that such a thing is possible. Each party sees the best possibilities in its own programme and the worst in that of its opponents. It would be well to reverse this method now and then; we should get a better perspective.

The employers who are fighting the unions have before their minds vivid pictures of the confusion and ruin which would ensue if the cause of unionism should prevail. If all the industries were unionized, and if the worst practices of the unions should become universal, the injury to business, say the employers, would be deadly. With such power to enforce their demands, the tyranny of the unions would become intolerable. The capitalist employer would lose all control of his business; rules would be made which would cripple production; no manufacturer could be certain, if he made a contract, that he would be able to keep it; profits would be so reduced by the constantly rising rate of wages that there would be no adequate reward for business enterprise; the value of costly buildings and machinery would be constantly depreciated; the cost of production would be so enhanced that prices would rise to a point at which consumption would be curtailed, and this, in turn, would check production; from industries under this ban capital would be withdrawn as rapidly as possible, and the communities thus afflicted would be depopulated.

This is a picture which the anti-unionist is fond of drawing. It is generally overdrawn; but it is well for the unionist to take a good look at it. There is in it enough verisimilitude to give him food for serious thought. It may suggest to him that if he should have his way about everything he might produce a condition of things in which it would not be possible for him to live. That is not a rare achievement. The ancient sport of killing the goose that lays the golden egg has many votaries in modern times.

There is no question but that unions have sometimes carried their exactions so far as to cripple industries and paralyze the growth of communities. Instances are constantly cited by anti-unionists; I will not mention them, but credible reports warrant the belief that in several American communities unionism has become a public injury; by its greedy aggressions it has destroyed the enterprises it undertook to regulate, and proved itself to be an unsocial force. It is well for all unionists to keep these possibilities steadily before their minds.

There is another picture, however, which intelligent unionists are more in the habit of contemplating. That is the picture of the industrial community in modern times from which unionism has been forcibly excluded. We have had glimpses of these conditions in a previous article, and they are not reassuring. What happened in England in the second quarter of the nineteenth century is sure to happen anywhere, under the large system of industry, if the working classes fail to unite for their own protection. Greed is as merciless as the grave and as blind as fate; it overrides and tramples on all humane considerations; it makes the bodies and souls of men its prey. The fate of the working class, unorganized, in contact with the great aggregations of capital is not an obscure augury. The pressure of competition forces the labor market downward; the cost of production must be

reduced at every point, and labor, unorganized, furnishes the line of least resistance. Benevolent wishes on the part of conscientious individual employers count for little. "What would you do?" is the employer's confident demand. "What right have I to raise wages? Here are hundreds of men knocking at my gates who are willing to do my work for what I am now paying, or even for less. They need the work. Why should I not give it to them? Is there any better regulator of wages than the law of supply and demand?" Such reasoning steadily and fatally lessens the wage and lengthens the working day, till you find unorganized laborers even to-day, in the biggest corporations that the world has ever seen, working twelve hours a day and seven days in a week for a compensation that barely keeps body and soul together.

It is palpable, of course, that such a policy must result in the deterioration of the working force. The standard of living goes down and the efficiency of labor goes down with it, so that it is not long before the low wages buy less work than the high wages bought, and the cost of production is greater than it was with the well-paid labor. What is more, the great mass of the consumers are wage-workers, and when their compensation is cut down they have less to spend, and the demand for the products of labor is reduced, and trade stagnates, and orders fall off at the mills and the factories, and the wheels stop, and the starving laborers stand idle in the market-place because no man will hire them.

In communities as intelligent as ours such conditions breed discontent, which bodes ill to the peace of the State. So long as workingmen have reason to believe that they may be able to maintain their rights by combination they are apt to give a wide berth to revolutionary agitators; but when it becomes evident that this resource is failing them, the propagandists of a new order find them accessible. I have heard many bitter words spoken during the last summer in my own city, not by strikers, but by workingmen who saw in the concerted and determined efforts made by the power-holding classes to crush the strike the evidence that no resource was left to them but social revolution. The strike was crushed in October, and the Socialist vote in November was increased one thousand per cent.

Now, this is the panorama on which the employing classes may usefully fasten their gaze. They can see very distinctly what is likely to happen if unionism prevails and the unsocial tendencies of the unions are triumphant; they do not, as a rule, give any careful attention to the consequences which are sure to flow from the triumph of their own programme. Indeed, they are quite as blind to these issues as the unions are to the industrial paralysis which their own aggressions are threatening. The feudalism which these employers seek to establish would bring lean economic returns; the path to prosperity is not through the degradation of labor. Considering their own interests, their policy is just as suicidal as that of the aggressive labor unions. Nothing worse could happen to them than to succeed in their efforts to abolish the unions.

It would be a calamity to the State if either of these contending policies should win a complete victory. The subjugation of labor by capital or of capital by labor would mean, of course, the downfall of the present industrial order and an industrial revolution much more sweeping than any that has yet occurred in history. Such an overturning would be an unspeakable disaster. That a healthy evolution will carry us in the direction of the collective ownership of capital is altogether probable; but precipitation into that régime, with our present moral and social outfit, would result in terrible losses to civilization. It is, above all things, needful that we make haste slowly in that direction, and the kind of industrial democracy which is furnished by the frank recognition of organized labor and friendly co-operation with it affords to both classes just the kind of education which is needed to prepare us for those larger co-operations which are, no doubt, in store for us. Along that road we may go peacefully and prosperously toward the industrial commonwealth of the future. If that road is blocked, the path leads over a precipice.

What is needed, therefore, is a serious consideration by each of these contending parties of the consequences which are likely to follow from pushing its own

policy to extremes, and a resolute purpose to guard against those excesses. No unionist is in a position to demand the recognition of his union till he has pruned it of those harsh features which naturally exasperate the employer; till it has shown that it has no use for violence or lawlessness; that it does not mean to embarrass production by petty restrictions; that it intends to keep all its contracts to the letter, to maintain high standards of fidelity and efficiency, and to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages. Unions which maintain such a character as this will find it less difficult to obtain recognition.

On the other hand, no employer is in a position to demand that his men shall maintain this high standard of industrial ethics so long as he denies to them the primary right of uniting for the protection of their own interests, and insists on treating such unions as outlaws and enemies. The injustice of this act is so flagrant that he has no right to complain of any misconduct on the part of his men. And no gratuities or benevolences that he may practice toward them will atone for this denial of their rights. When their rights are fully recognized and he is ready to meet them on such a platform of equality as collective bargaining provides, he will find them much less disposed to resort to those extreme measures of which he now complains.

I come now to speak of one or two matters which may seem of slight importance, but which deserve some serious attention.

Not a little mischief is done by the indulgence of undiscriminating and intemperate speech on both sides of this controversy. The labor press often makes use of very ungentle terms in describing the acts and judging the motives of the employing class. Some of the employers deserve these hot words, but not all of them; there are many among them who are sincerely desirous of finding a just solution of all these problems. Sweeping denunciations of the capitalist class are not only unfair, they are highly impolitic. They tend to alienate friends whose support would be valuable to the cause of unionism.

On the other hand, I hear, from men whose intellectual opportunities should have taught them more temperate habits of speech, judgments upon the entire laboring class which are astonishingly unjust. One who knows the working people of the United States—those of foreign birth as well as those who were born upon our soil—listens with surprise and pain to what is said about them by many who do not know them at all. Certainly they are not all saints or angels; doubtless many of them are not as wise or good as we could wish them to be; but the kind of speech which we are accustomed to hear about them is fearfully unjust. I hear men talk as though there were no fidelity or honor or honesty among American workingmen—as if they were all shirks and malingerers and eye-servants; as though they had no other motive than to get the largest possible stipend for the least possible service. Especially true are these harsh judgments assumed to be of trade-unionists; of them it is not possible for some Christian people to believe anything good.

It is a pity that those who harbor such hard feelings could not get better acquainted with their neighbors. I am sure that they would find among these working people—even among trade-unionists—a goodly number of honest, faithful, fair-minded men and women. It would be a sorry thing for this Nation if the great mass of its citizens were as lacking in the sound elements of character as many of these wholesale judgments assume that they are. For my part, I do not find them so. I believe that, take them all in all, they are as trustworthy and reasonable and honorable and kind-hearted as are the more cultured and prosperous classes. The hope of the Nation lies, I believe, in the essential worthiness of these wage-workers. Something is the matter with the patriotism of the man who maligns them. And the man who can see but little good in them ought not to have any dealings with them. His intercourse with them can bring nothing but harm to him and to them. He is not fit for any responsible place in the kingdom of industry, and will not be until he gets a new heart.

Another subject on which there is need of some revision of judgment is the "walking delegate," or business agent, as he is

now generally named. The almost universal impression among the employing classes seems to be that these representatives of the unions are, as a rule, depraved persons with criminal antecedents and none but sinister purposes. This judgment is formed, in most cases, on very slight acquaintance. Again I must protest that I have not found this judgment just.

There are historic instances of thoroughly bad men obtaining and holding the leadership of labor unions. But the same thing has been true of churches, and the people sometimes choose bad men to rule our cities and to represent them in Congress. I am not sure that the unions are not as successful in the choice of leaders as are the religious and the political organizations. In the great majority of cases it will be found, I think, that the representatives of the unions are clean, fair-minded, upright men. Nor is it true that most labor disputes are due to their instigation. Employers are apt to charge all disaffection among their employees to the influence of "walking delegates," but this is by no means the rule. The trouble generally begins before any labor leader is called in, and the influence of these leaders in the adjustment of such difficulties is apt to be conservative. The worst strike I have known in Ohio was voted by the men against the strenuous protest of their leader. Only the other day in Chicago the business agent of the garment-makers arranged a settlement with the employers which the union itself violently repudiated, driving their agent from the hall. The habitual refusal of employers to have any dealings with accredited representatives of the unions is not only unjust, it is extremely unwise. Those employers who have received these representatives and have entered into amicable relations with them have generally found them intelligent and reasonable. One employer in Ohio, after spending half a million dollars in fighting against the recognition of the union, changed his mind and entered into a labor agreement with the union through its representatives. After two or three years of this experience he told me that everything was going well at the mine. "In fact," he said, "it is far easier dealing with an intelligent and responsible man than with a mob." If employers generally could get rid of some of their superstitions about "walking delegates" and could meet them man-fashion, they might often find it greatly to their advantage.

The question of the open or closed shop is one around which just now the battle rages. As was said in a previous article, this question is practically eliminated by the determination of the employer to give full recognition to the union and to let it be known that he desires all his workmen to belong to it. Under such conditions it is not probable that enough men would remain outside to cause any trouble. If it is the employer's policy not to fight the union but to establish living and co-operative relations with it, he will have no more use for non-unionists than the union itself has, and it is not likely that non-unionism would thrive in that atmosphere. If the contention of these articles is valid, this is the only attitude toward the union which can be taken by a right-minded employer, and it effectually disposes of the question of the closed shop. If, on the other hand, the employer wishes to maintain an unfriendly attitude toward the union, and to put as many obstacles as he can in the way of the organization of his men, of course he will stand for the open shop and use his influence to keep the non-union contingent as large as possible, that he may have a strong force at hand to fight the union when a strike occurs. This creates a situation which is nearly impossible, and justifies the men in demanding a closed shop.

I see no reason why the kind of agreement entered into last September between the Manufacturers' Association of New York and the Garment Workers' Unions of that city might not be widely adopted. After definitely fixing the hours of work and the rates of compensation in all the shops concerned, this agreement follows:

> Each member of the Manufacturers [Association] is to maintain a union shop; a "union shop" being understood to refer to a shop where union standards as to working conditions, hours of labor, and rates of wages as herein provided prevail, and where, when hiring help, union men are preferred; it being recognized that, since there are differences in degrees of skill among those employed in the trade, employers shall have freedom of selection as between one union

man and another, and shall not be confined to any list, nor bound to follow any prescribed agreement whatever. It is further understood that all existing agreements and obligations of the employer, including those to present employees, shall be respected; *the Manufacturers, however, declare their belief in the union, and that all who desire its benefits should share in its burdens.*

This seems a most liberal and reasonable contract, fair and honorable alike to employers and employed. What the employers say, in the phrases italicized above, is a notable confession of faith and a cogent statement of industrial morals. When all employers are ready to put their hands to such a declaration, the labor question will be well advanced toward a solution.

If what these employers say is true, it must be admitted that the non-unionist is not left in an exalted position. There has been a tendency in certain quarters to make him a hero, but, if the reasoning of these articles is sound, this is rather more than is due him. He is one who insists on enjoying the benefits of labor organization without sharing its burdens. That is something less than heroic.

My own mind is clear upon the proposition that if I were a wage-worker in any trade I should feel under obligation to join the trade union. It is so entirely plain to me that the freedom of the working class can be maintained in these days only by firm organization that I could not get the consent of my conscience to stay outside the union. And I am equally sure that I could not feel any very enthusiastic admiration for men of my own trade who refused to join the union and did what they could to defeat its purposes. I trust that I should be able to refrain from applying to them opprobrious epithets and from assailing them with brickbats, but I should not be able to hold them in high honor.

One of the strongest of recent writers on political science, Mr. Herbert Croly, bears this testimony:

> The labor unions deserve to be favored because they are the most effective machinery which has as yet been forged for the economic and social amelioration of the laboring class. They have helped to raise the standard of living, to mitigate the rigors of competition among individual laborers, and in this way to secure for labor a larger share of the industrial product. A democratic government has little or less reason to interfere on behalf of the non-union laborer than it has to interfere on behalf of the small producer. As a type the non-union laborer is a species of industrial derelict. He is the laborer who has gone astray, and who, either from apathy, unintelligence, incompetence, or some immediately pressing need, prefers his own individual interest to the joint interests of himself and his fellow-laborers. . . . From any comprehensive point of view, union, and not non-union, labor represents the independence of the laborer, because, under existing circumstances, such independence must be brought by association.[1]

The joint agreement between the Garment Workers and their employers, from which I have already quoted, contains also a definite provision for the arbitration of all differences arising between the two parties, who bind themselves to abide by the decision of the arbitrators; also stipulating that if any dispute shall arise, "the parties to this protocol agree that there shall be no strike or lockout concerning such matters in controversy until full opportunity shall have been given for the submission of such matters to said Board of Arbitration, and, in the event of a determination of such controversies by said Board of Arbitration, only in the event of a failure to accede to the determination of said Board." All disputes to be arbitrated and a Board of Arbitration appointed; no strikes or lockouts until the decision has been rendered, and only then in case one of the parties breaks its contract and refuses to abide by the decision.

Is not such a provision for the peaceful settlement of disputes possible in any industry? Is any man's dignity or honor compromised by entering into such a compact? Would it not save both for capital and for labor millions of dollars every year, and put an end to the industrial warfare which embitters our lives and threatens our liberties?

The civilized world is rapidly coming to the conviction that all international disputes may, and must, be settled by arbitration. In view of that fact, it seems absurd to contend that there are any industrial disputes which cannot be settled in the same way. The demand is loud from a long-suffering community that industrial war shall cease. The day is near when the combatant in this arena who has

[1] "The Promise of American Life," pp. 387, 388.

"nothing to arbitrate" will be recognized as an enemy of society.

Especially true is this of labor disputes in public service companies. It is about time that the managers of such companies were made to understand that the people do not put franchises into their hands to be used as weapons of war. In all these industries in which the State or the city is a partner the State or the city is bound to keep the peace. No franchise ought to be granted to a public service company which does not contain explicit and stringent provisions requiring the submission to arbitration of all disputes arising between the managers and the men. It ought to be made a misdemeanor for the men to strike until the question has been fully arbitrated; and the refusal of the company to arbitrate or to abide by the decision of the arbitrators ought to result in the forfeiture of its charter.

This raises the serious question as to the regulation by the State or the Nation of industrial organizations. We are undertaking, in some rather drastic ways, to regulate corporations; there seems to be equal reason why we should take trade unions in hand, and, while giving them explicit recognition, establish certain definite principles to which, in their organization and operation, they must conform. It seems inconceivable that an interest so vast as this, affecting the public welfare in so many ways, should be allowed to shape its own policies and choose its own ends with no efficient direction by the commonwealth. I am not clear about the incorporation of the unions, but I am sure that the Nation must find some way of defining their powers and privileges, and giving them a rightful and honorable place in the National life. Precisely how this is to be done I will not undertake, at the end of this article, to point out. I am only sure that our lawmakers have some very important constructive work to do in the organization of our industries, and that they cannot get about it too soon.[1]

THE BREAKING UP OF THE RUSSIAN COMMUNES

BY GEORGE KENNAN

ON the 3d of March, 1911—the fiftieth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs—the Czar issued a rescript in which he announced his intention to supplement and complete the work of his grandfather, Alexander II, by making it possible for the emancipated peasants to abandon their communal organization, acquire title in fee simple to their communal allotments, and become "free and independent farmers," owning their land in severalty instead of merely occupying it as tenants at will of their communes. From the wording of the rescript one might suppose the reform therein announced to be a thing of the future; but, as a matter of fact, the breaking up of the communal system of land tenure in Russia began more than four years ago. Shortly after the dissolution of the first Duma, and before the election of the second, the Czar, acting independently of Parliament, promulgated, in the form of an imperial ukase, a law, since known as the Agrarian Settlement Act, which compelled a certain class of the communal peasants to dissolve their communal organization, and which allowed and encouraged members of all the other classes to leave their communes, take title in fee simple to their communal allotments (or other communal lands equal to such allotments in area), and thus establish themselves as small landed proprietors on separate farms of their own. Local commissions were appointed to supervise the changing of communal ownership to individual ownership in all the *uyezds*, or

[1] See "The Promise of American Life," by Herbert Croly, Chapter XII.

districts, where the land was held in common; thousands of surveyors were engaged to plot and measure the farms of peasants who desired to sever connection with their communes; and before the 1st of March, 1907, everything was in readiness for one of the greatest social and economic experiments that Russia has ever tried.

At the time when this reform was projected, ten million heads of peasant families in Russia, representing a total population of perhaps sixty or seventy millions, were socially and economically organized in village communes. These communes owned in the aggregate about two hundred and seventy million acres of land, which they distributed among the families of their members in lots, or parcels, bearing a definite relation to such families' size, needs, and working capacity. As the families increased or decreased through the operation of natural causes, corresponding changes were made in the size of their respective allotments by means of periodical redistributions, which took place at intervals of from five to twenty-four years. This system of land tenure had in Russia, as it has had in other parts of the world, many economically disadvantageous features. In the first place, considerations of equity required that every peasant family should take its proportionate share of all the different kinds of land, good, bad, and indifferent, that the commune owned. This necessitated the division of every family allotment into a large number of strips or parcels, which were often separated one from another by miles of distance. In the second place, the periodical redistribution of the land among the families of the communes discouraged fertilization and permanent improvement of it, and prevented the erection of barns and other farm buildings where they were most needed. A peasant had no inducement to improve permanently the quality of the land that he cultivated, because, at the next redistribution, it might be taken away from him and given to somebody else. He could not profitably erect barns or storehouses on his scattered lots, partly because they were so far apart, and partly because he had no certain tenure of the land on which the buildings would stand, and might therefore have to move them to other plots. In the third place, the segregation of the communal population in villages increased intemperance by making it easy for the agricultural peasants to get together in the evening and drink *vodka* while they discussed their local affairs.

On the other hand, communal organization had certain economic and political advantages which largely counterbalanced its admitted evils. By guaranteeing to every head of a family an allotment of land that corresponded more or less closely with the family's needs and working strength, it prevented, in part, the formation of an agricultural proletariat, and, by making it possible for the peasants to act together in legally sanctioned groups, it facilitated defense of their class interests as against the interests of the great landed proprietors, and enabled them to offer more effective resistance to local bureaucratic aggression than they could possibly offer as separate, non-associated individuals.

When, in November, 1906, the law was promulgated, public opinion with regard to it was divided. All of the reactionists and sworn supporters of the Ministry, as well as a majority of the great landed proprietors, favored it, while all of the Constitutional and Social Democrats, most of the liberals in other parties, and a large number of Conservatives were hostile to it. In the ranks of the Opposition were many men, like Count Witte, who would have been glad to see the communal peasants established on farms of their own, but who did not approve of the way in which the law was being executed, nor of its application indiscriminately to all parts of the Empire. Many opponents of the measure, moreover, regarded it as an attempt to weaken the communal peasants by creating dissensions among them and scattering them, and accused the Government of an intention to undermine the economic and political power of the common people by breaking up their communal organizations, depriving them of communal self-government, and leaving them without any means of taking collective action for the defense or promotion of their local interests.

Under the Russian Constitution, "emer-

gency" laws, enacted by the Czar independently when Parliament is not in session, must be submitted to the representatives of the people as soon as they reassemble; and in accordance with this requirement the Agrarian Settlement Act was laid before the second Duma and the Council of the Empire in the early part of 1907. Before either house, however, could possibly consider or act upon it, it was in full operation, and tens of thousands of peasants had availed themselves of its provisions by leaving their communes and acquiring individual ownership of their communal allotments. In these circumstances Parliament had either to adopt the law or invalidate the titles of the private farm-owners—and throw all the relations of communal peasants and ex-communal peasants into confusion. In spite, however, of the virtual compulsion to which they were thus subjected, the representatives of the people withheld their approval of the reform, and the law did not finally pass the Council of the Empire until June, 1910, when it had been in operation three years and a half, and had changed the social and economic status of nearly five million people. Even then, and with all the Ministers voting for it, it had a majority in the upper house of only two. There can be no doubt that the Czar acted shrewdly, if not fairly, in promulgating this law as an "emergency" measure, and getting it into full operation before the representatives of the people had a chance to consider and discuss it. If the reform embodied in it had been laid before Parliament as a project instead of a *fait a compli*, it would almost certainly have been defeated. It went through only because the Council of the Empire felt reluctant to upset social and economic readjustments that had already changed the status and environment of nearly a million peasant families.

The Agrarian Settlement Act has now been in operation more than four years, and, while it is too early as yet to predict with confidence the final outcome of the experiment, time enough has elapsed to warrant the drawing of certain tentative conclusions with regard to the working of the law and its immediate results. It has become apparent, in the first place, that the communal peasants generally are in no great haste to give up institutions and methods with which they have long been familiar, and adopt others of which they have had no practical experience. The Government has offered them every possible inducement to accept land in severalty, and in many cases has brought administrative pressure to bear upon them in order to force them out of their communes, but, in spite of all its efforts, it has succeeded in settling upon private farms only a small part of the communal population. The latest reports of the land commissions show the following results:

Number of communal heads of families (approximately)	10,000,000
Number settled on private farms	1,372,734
Percentage	13.7
Area of land owned by communes	270,000,000 acres
Area turned into private farms	27,000,000 acres
Percentage	10

It thus appears that, in a little more than four years, the communes have lost only 13.7 per cent of their members and 10 per cent of their lands.

In the second place, it has become evident that some of the evil results anticipated by the opponents of the reform have already begun to manifest themselves. The Constitutional Democrats predicted that a large number of the weaker and less provident peasants, tempted by the possibility of obtaining ready money, would acquire ownership of private farms merely for the purpose of selling them. This prediction seems to be in process of fulfillment. The reports of the agricultural commissions show that 129,000 heads of ex-communal families, representing a population of about 775,000, have already sold their farms and become practically landless. Some of them have emigrated to Siberia, and have probably established themselves satisfactorily there; but a majority of them, after wasting their money or spending it for *vodka*, have entered the service of the landed proprietors or joined the ranks of the unemployed. In either case, they have lost their attachment to the soil.

The Constitutional and Social Democrats also predicted that the breaking up of the communes would cause dissensions

and quarrels among the peasants, and would divide them into hostile camps of united tenants and seceders. This prediction, too, has been measurably fulfilled. The agricultural commissions have found it almost impossible to carve farms out of the communal lands in such a way as to satisfy both the prospective farm-owners and the remaining communal tenants. The former complain that the commissions often assign to them farms which are made up of widely separated or inconveniently located tracts, while the latter assert that, in order to encourage withdrawals from the communes, the commissions frequently give to the seceders the best of the communal holdings. The communal tenants, moreover, who are always in the majority, resent the action of the seceders in applying for individual farms, and often resist forcibly the partition and parceling out of the communal property. Such was the case, for example, in the Lebediansky district of the province of Tambof, where the resistance was of such a violent character as to necessitate the calling out of troops, and where the delimitation of private farms was made only after twenty-one of the protesting peasants had been killed or wounded.[1] The feelings of animosity thus engendered have not only inspired frequent acts of violence, followed by criminal reprisals, but have so broken up the solidarity of the peasant population as to make united action, for any purpose, more difficult than ever.

Whether the peasants who have left their communes and established themselves on private farms have improved their condition or not it is impossible as yet to say. The evidence bearing upon the question is fragmentary, and the opinions of those who profess to know are either biased by political considerations or based on insufficient data. Premier Stolypin, who has personally visited a large number of the newly created farms, says that the reform is working satisfactorily in every respect, and that in less than twenty years communal land tenure in Russia will be a thing of the past. At the same time he urges the *zemstvos* (district and provincial assemblies) to give every possible assistance to the private farmers, even at the expense of the communes, and thus virtually admits that the nominally independent peasant proprietors are unable, as yet, to stand alone. One obvious reason for the economic weakness that makes it difficult for them to stand alone is the failure of the Agricultural Settlement Act to increase the area of their holdings. A peasant who has difficulty in supporting his family and feeding his cattle on, say, five acres of communal land, does not find it any easier to make ends meet on five acres of his own land. On the contrary, he finds it harder to do so, because, as a private farmer, he has lost certain common pasturage rights which, as a member of the commune, he enjoyed. The lack of sufficient land was the privation from which he suffered most while he was a communal tenant, and it is the thing from which he continues to suffer now that he has become an independent freeholder. In other words, the Agrarian Settlement Act has not removed the principal cause of peasant impoverishment.

When the serfs were emancipated, in 1861, every head of a peasant family received a *nadiel*, or land allotment, which was supposed to be adequate for the family's support. Since that time, however, the population of European Russia has doubled, while the land allotments have remained the same, so that two or more families now have to gain a living on a plot that originally was barely adequate for the support of one. In 1860 the average area of a family allotment was thirteen acres. It is now less than seven acres, and there has been no improvement in the soil or in the method of cultivation that is at all commensurate with the reduction in area. In view of these facts, it seems very doubtful whether the mere substitution of private ownership for communal ownership will greatly improve the economic condition of the agricultural population. In the provinces where the agrarian experiment has been most thoroughly tried out, the reform seems to have worked badly. In the province of Kiev, for example, where seventy-four per cent of the communal peasants have gone on private farms, the *zemstvo* board (*uprava*) has reported to the Agronomic Council as follows:

"A majority of the private farmers at

[1] The "Reitch," of St. Petersburg, June 22, 1910.

the present time are in a helpless condition, and many of them are on the verge of economic ruin. If prompt and energetic measures are not taken to assist them, a very considerable part of them will become insolvent, and their farms will be sold under the hammer." [1]

This state of affairs is not wholly due, of course, to the breaking up of the communes. In Kiev, as in many other parts of the "black-earth zone," the economic condition of the peasants has been bad for many years, and the disruption of their communal organization has merely intensified their distress.

What the peasants of Russia need most is not private ownership of land—or, at least, not that primarily—but more land, better education, lighter taxation, abolition of the hampering passport system, impartial and competent local courts, adequate local banking facilities and credit, better agricultural implements, and last, but by no means least, freedom from a despotic and all-embracing bureaucratic guardianship which discourages enterprise, paralyzes individual initiative, and frustrates every attempt that a man makes to improve his own condition by his own untrammeled efforts. If the Czar would bring about some of these reforms, he would do more to supplement and complete the work of his grandfather than he ever can by disrupting the village communes and placing the emancipated peasants on private farms, with undeveloped brains, inadequate credit, archaic agricultural implements, and tied hands.

REVIEWERS REVIEWED

THREE volumes by American authors exhibit a galaxy of literary stars differing in glory from the first to the ninth magnitude.

Professor George Santayana, of Harvard, puts before us under the title "Three Philosophical Poets" (Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts) the resplendent names of Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe, the union of whose several insights and gifts "would constitute a truly philosophical or comprehensive poet." A few captivating pages introduce us to a critique of each in turn, the views of the world and of life found in the naturalism of Lucretius, the supernaturalism of Dante, the romanticism of Goethe. More than this, their points of identity as well as of difference are noted—*e. g.*, in Goethe's "Faust" "the Lucretian Venus has her innings as well as the Lucretian Mars," who rule the universe linked in each other's arms.

Six lectures given last year at Columbia University and the University of Wisconsin mainly compose this fascinating volume. As in all of Professor Santayana's writings, fresh and stimulating thought, keen and brilliant, is put in an elegant literary form, and is here modestly presented as merely "the impressions of an amateur." It will be difficult for many not to take this profession seriously at its face value. It is easier to do so than to believe that when Plato and Aristotle, after Socrates as their pathbreaker, undertook a moral interpretation of nature "they launched into the world a new mythology taking the place of the Homeric." There is indeed a crass supernaturalism—Dante's, for instance—conceived as intruding into nature from outside, and it vitiates much of religious thought to-day. The supernaturalism which conceives of an Intelligent Will as giving birth to nature, and as the vital heart and mind within its mechanism, is not transcended by "the insight of this age." Professor Santayana reduces the supernatural to a mere "idea," "a part of the natural;" but confesses that "moral unity has been best attained in this world" by regarding the supernatural as the key to nature and to happiness. Only on the ground he takes, that "egotism is the distinctive attitude of modern philosophy and of romantic sentiment," can we rationally account for his teaching that idealism is a failure from Plato to Kant, only a small and dependent

[1] The "Reitch," of St. Petersburg, October 15, 1910.

part even in the life of man, and impossible as a view of the central and universal power in the world.

These lectures have a distinct and uncommon value as an analysis of three great poems and an appreciation of the genius and art of their authors. On the other hand, the views of nature and the philosophy which crop out in this volume, admitting no divine providence, no God, no life for man but in this world, occasion serious apprehension of their pernicious practical tendency. These views are, in fact, avowed by an increasing number of anarchic lives and of suicides. That, under color of the freedom of learning, philosophy of this sort is officially taught in a university founded, as its ancient seal still testifies, "for Christ and the Church," is one of the perplexing phenomena of a time that in various ways is out of joint.

Mr. Archibald Henderson turns our attention to novelists and dramatists, selecting for his study Meredith, Oscar Wilde, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, and Bernard Shaw. The presentation of such a list as "Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit" (M. Kennerley, New York) provokes the comment that every man is an interpreter of life from his own point of view. One may question also if the spirit manifested in these selected instances is, except so far as intent on a psychological interest, distinctively modern. It can be heard resonant in ancient Athens and Rome, the same individualism which Mr. Henderson hears as "the most resonant note in modern thought." But let that pass. These essays are, in a purely literary point of view, good specimens of generally judicious criticism, workmanlike in analysis, generous in appreciation, polished in style, though sometimes falling short of the simplicity of spontaneous elegance. "Trial balloons," for instance, would not have been so needlessly far-fetched a term as *ballons d'essai*, and such a phrase as "orchidaceous modernity" ignores the primary demand for clearness. Mr. Henderson brings in his interpreters of life to speak for themselves. Large space is given to a specializing review of the masterpieces and the minor works that express their spirit and purpose. His criticism of these sometimes cleaves the center, *e.g.*, "One often feels that, instead of opening a window into the soul, Meredith has merely opened a casement of his own brain." Again it wabbles, as in thinking Meredith "ahead of his age," with a strengthening "claim upon posterity," although finding that his "memorable characters . . . have no concern for humanity at large or for the wider destiny of things."

To Ibsen, as the chief in Mr. Henderson's pentarchy, fully one-third of the volume is devoted, with a separate and illuminating essay on the genesis of his dramas. Though honored here as "the greatest Teutonic dramatist since Shakespeare, and the greatest of any race or clime of our modern era," Ibsen was content to interpret life merely as it was. To his strident and mordant exposure of its shams and stagnation he added no portrayal of life as it should be, saying, "My vocation is to question, not to answer." *Wanted, an ideal*, is, in effect, the colophon of all his work. Ideals of varying worth and unworth are not wanting in this, on the whole, inharmonious quintet. But for any sound and satisfying philosophy of life one must look to other interpreters.

The seventh volume of Mr. Paul Elmer More's "Shelburne Essays" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) includes with poets, famous and obscure, themes so distantly or closely related to them as the socialism of Mr. G. Lewes Dickinson and Professor James's pragmatism, literary criticism and the Victorian literature. The unity of the collection is that of a critique of the modern spirit in this variety of phase. These essays exhibit the qualities which Mr. More's readers have recognized and valued. Their admirable workmanship is that of a disciplined and conscientious critic thoroughly at home in the world of letters ancient and modern. That he is not equally at home in all subjects on which he pronounces appears in his astounding report that "the so-called 'new theology' of Protestantism, . . . virtually dispensing with the relation of mankind to an immutable deity, discovers all of religion that is necessary in the varying sympathy of man with his fellow-man unregulated by any divine command or revelation."

Dissenters from such criticism as "the nerveless elegiacs of 'In Memoriam'" may reasonably attribute it to a temperamental limitation. To one who sees such a fact as this, that the world-wide Christian missions of the nineteenth century are only the latest wave of St. Paul's influence, a more serious limitation is apparent in the judgment earlier expressed by Signor Ferrero: "I question whether Cicero [as in his ethical treatise "De Finibus"], while he certainly represents what is more enduring, has not been also, actually and personally, as dynamic an influence in civilization as St. Paul, though the noise, no doubt, and the tumult have been around the latter."

"Tennyson is the Victorian age" crisply characterizes him with perfect truth as the fullest impersonation of the spirit of that age. But is it not misleading to characterize as "the Victorian compromise" Tennyson's "reconciliation of faith and science" through faith's intuition of a Father's spirit within the iron wheels of nature? Compromise always implies a mutual surrender; but that faith surmounts rather than surrenders. To speak of Tennyson as "the official poet" of this alleged compromise, delivering an "official message," carries, however unintentionally, a suggestion of insincerity that provokes just resentment.

"The old order changeth" is the note that unifies these essays, as those of Mr. Henderson. In divers tones all their characters are "singers of the flux" in a revolutionary age, worshipers of "the idol Mutability." Justly does Mr. More conclude that in the swirling flood "the only salvation is in the recognition of some superior guiding and dividing law of just rule and right subordination, that is, of something permanent within the flux." But neither he nor the other subjects of this review supply the required insight, that this desideratum is not to be looked for in the colliding wills or judgments of men any more than in the colliding atoms of the Lucretian world, but in that divine control invoked by Tennyson:

"O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure."

THE NEW BOOKS

Bernard Shaw's new book might well have been called "Prefaces and Plays," with the emphasis on "Prefaces," for these take considerably more room than the plays. Mr. Shaw makes one of his characters somewhere say, "My way of joking is to tell the truth," and he himself has declared, "When a habit of thought is silly, it only needs steady treatment by ridicule from sensible and witty people to be put out of countenance and perish." This is undoubtedly his underlying purpose, and because he seriously believes that the present social structure is all wrong, he delights to pour ridicule broadcast and hit a head wherever he sees it, without much regard to consistent reasoning. But at heart he is a preacher; hence his prefaces. Unfortunately for the spread of his doctrines, the prefaces do not make themselves read, while the plays do. The first two plays in the present book are immensely good reading; the third ("The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet"), which was denied stage rights by the English censor, is grim and forbidding, and certainly does in expression shock the reverent mind, although the censor's charge of immorality and blasphemy totally misses the author's real purpose. "The Doctor's Dilemma" and "Getting Married" are clever and witty and suggest social problems upon which Mr. Shaw's prefaces dilate volubly, savagely, sometimes brilliantly, but never convincingly. (Brentano's, New York. $1.50.)

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor has made a number of free-hand drawings of the antebellum Virginia life, remembered through a long period of years, and with deep feeling—the quality of memory which uses the process of selection almost without consciousness. In other words, Mrs. Pryor writes of the old-time Southern life in the romantic spirit, but with essential fidelity to the fact, generously interpreted. To her account of "The Mother of Washington and Her Times" and her "Reminiscences of Peace and War" she has now added a novel, "The Colonel's Story," which is a dramatization of her memories and experience, and an interpretation of old-time Virginia life, which created a class of men and women of leisure and ample means, greatly given to hospitality, and of a certain dignity and charm of life; a kind of sublimated English country life of the eighteenth century. This story is essentially the draw-

ing of the portrait of an old-time Virginia gentleman; uncommercial, in many ways unpractical; idealistic in his family relations and his friendships: a gallant, unworldly figure. The Colonel does not stand alone; he is involved in one of those dramas of Fate which leaves no class, however fortunately placed, untouched. He is part of a love story, and he has a love story of his own. "The Colonel's Story" is not a pretentious novel, but it is a very wholesome and charming one. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.20.)

We have always felt that the poet Pope's dictum, "The proper study of mankind is man," should be amended to read, "and the young woman." One of the most delightful studies—although it is so human that to call it a study is a little unfair—of the American girl and young woman that we have seen for a long time is found in Inez Haynes Gillmore's "Phœbe and Ernest." It is natural, humorous, entertainingly slangy, and yet is founded upon a very sane view of life, and portrays without any professionalism some of its fundamental principles. We recommend those fathers and mothers who think they have problematical daughters to read it and then put it into their hands. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.)

It is not an attractive portrait that Dr. H. P. Willis draws in the study of "Stephen A. Douglas," contributed by him to the series of "American Crisis Biographies," now in process of publication. Almost altogether the emphasis is laid on Douglas's defects—his opportunism, his loose habits, his fondness for intrigue, his activities as machine politician and spoilsman. It is natural enough that a writer, scrutinizing critically the record of Douglas's career and weighing the estimates passed upon his personality by keen-minded contemporary observers, should regard with scant favor the extravagantly eulogistic tone adopted by so many of Douglas's previous biographers. But in Dr. Willis's case we fear that he has allowed the pendulum of appraisal to swing too far in the opposite direction. He is undoubtedly correct in regarding Douglas as typical of the frontiersmen in the public life of his day, and as being "representative of all their virtues and all their vices—their energy, their individuality, their self-assertion, their coarseness, and their self-confidence." The trouble is that he has not brought out with sufficient force the virtues of the man, and the really valuable contributions which, with true frontier virility, Douglas made to the growth of the Nation. The result is that one gains from the reading of his book a distinct impression of futility. Futile, assuredly, was Douglas's pursuit of the Presidency; futile his course in the slavery conflict, until the last few months, when he manfully turned to the support of his long-time rival. But his Presidential ambitions and his handling of the slavery problem by no means sum up his work as a public man, and Dr. Willis would have been well advised had he taken a hint from, for example, the scholarly biography of Professor Johnson, and put more stress on the really beneficial phases of Douglas's statesmanship. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $1.25, net.)

The old problem of how history should be written is raised once more by Mr. Charles A. Hanna in the introduction to his massive two-volume work, "The Wilderness Trail," which carries with it the alluring sub-title, "The Ventures and Adventures of the Pennsylvania Traders on the Alleghany Path, with Some New Annals of the Old West, and the Records of Some Strong Men and Some Bad Ones." Contrary to the implications of this romantic sub-title, Mr. Hanna inclines strongly, even feverishly, to the opinion that the historian should not concern himself overmuch with narrative skill, nor with the question of interpretation. "The business of the historian," he affirms, "is simply to discover and record facts." As a glaring example of the way history should not be written, he mentions more especially "the labored, brilliant, and intrinsically disappointing rhetoric of a Hume, a Macaulay, a Gibbon, a Froude, or a Carlyle." Needless to say, Mr. Hanna avoids the errors into which these deluded rhetoricians have fallen, and gives us instead a true "history," in which we are left entirely free to make our own interpretation of the facts—if, happily, we are able to make any interpretation after groping through the almost trailless wilderness of data with which he monumentally confronts us. Most people would, in fact, rate his work not as a history at all, but as providing the material for a history. It is, to be quite frank, hopelessly unreadable, except in spots; but, on the other hand, as a reference work it has much to commend it. Certainly no one prior to Mr. Hanna has brought together such a mass of information regarding the Indians of the Ohio Valley, the English traders who dealt with them and thus acted as advance agents of American expansion, the topography of the early West, and the mountain and forest trails followed alike by red men and by white. No available source of knowledge seems to have been neglected, and, besides assembling many facts previously to be ascertained only at the cost of much time and trouble on the student's part, Mr. Hanna has put into print much hitherto unpublished documentary matter in the way of extracts from old journals and letters. The historical student and writer will thus find his work a veritable treasure-trove. It should, perhaps, be added that, while deprecating any rhetorical method of making history attractive to the reader, Mr. Hanna does not disdain the aid of pictorial illustrations, for his volumes are embellished with some eighty maps and photogravures. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $10.)

Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews is very well known as the author of useful handbooks relat-

ing to natural history. In "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves" he describes and illustrates, through drawings and through a number of color pictures also, the growth of trees, and especially the characteristics of their leaves. This particular work has never been done so fully and accurately, and the descriptions are made readable by the author's account of his own experiences in observation and of the history of the spreading of tree life in this country. Thus he finds an individuality in every tree, entirely apart from its classification and botanical name; and he believes that the influence of the tree as regards human feeling and sympathy and through our personal associations should be recognized. Doubtless such study as this book affords may well lead to a widening of one's knowledge of the charm and beauty of our wonderfully varied tree life. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.)

The Black Prince is commonly accounted the greatest warrior of his age. He must have been a great warrior, indeed, for his age was the fourteenth century, the age of chivalry. In Mr. R. P. Dunn-Pattison's "The Black Prince" we gain a new idea of the warrior son of Edward III. After reading the present volume the hitherto romantic halo about the Prince's head seems a bit blurred. But certainly the essential worth of the Prince's character stands out in sharper contrast than ever, both as against the selfishness of his brother, John of Gaunt, and the shallow ambitions of his own son, Richard. In particular, the institution of the Garter takes on a new meaning. Inspired, doubtless, by the Arthurian Round Table, we now connect it, as we have not before, with the "coming out" of the Black Prince. The work has a value beyond that of mere biography, however. The Prince died in 1376. His life thus covered an extremely interesting part of the fourteenth century—a part marked by the battles of Crécy (1346), Poitiers (1356), and Najera (1367), in all of which he was the victor. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.)

The volume entitled "Resonance in Singing and Speaking," by Dr. Thomas Fillebrown, is a concise, easily understood, and yet complete little book, and is one of the best works on the subject that has ever come to our attention. Not only every student of singing but every student of public speaking will find it useful. It will arouse discussion, because it demolishes the "register" theory completely, and treats the voice as a unit in the exercise of its function as a tone-producer. Many of Dr. Fillebrown's aphorisms might well be used as texts to be placed on the walls of every singing school and debating society. We quote a few of them: "The less attention the larynx receives the better." "Correct pronunciation and beautiful tone are so interdependent as to be inseparable." "Weak breathing is the prime cause of throaty tones." "Nasal tones are produced, not because the vibrations pass through the nasal passage, but because they are obstructed in their passage through them." "Reduced to its lowest terms, voice culture to-day is a struggle with throat stiffness." "Whatever is unlovely in singing, as in all else, is unnatural." The entire chapter on breathing and the breathing exercises will help any thoughtful person, whether a singer or not, who wishes to use the voice easily, clearly, and agreeably. We give this little volume, which at first sight may appear to be a technical one, this special commendation to our readers, because the strident and unpleasant use of the voice in conversation and in public speaking is one of the besetting sins of American life. (Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.)

Mr. John Allyne Gade has published a very interesting account of "The Cathedrals of Spain," but the value of the text is at least doubled by its excellent illustrations. One feels in both the enthusiasm not of the emotional observer so much as of the trained expert, for the author is an architect. He has not allowed himself, however, to succumb to two temptations. In the first place, he has not made his text too technical. In the second place, he has not yielded to his craftsman's impulse to discourse solely on his craft. He tells us much about the cathedrals, but he also tells us much about their past history and their present surroundings. Hence his book should appeal not only to the student of architecture but also to the general reader. The cathedrals selected are Avila, Salamanca, the older and the younger, Burgos, Toledo, León, Segovia, Seville, and Granada. Thus nearly all of the Gothic periods are covered, as well as the earlier Romanesque and the succeeding Renaissance ages. But why does not the book include a chapter on Cordova, thus giving us a glimpse also of the Moorish? (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.)

The initial volume of a new edition of the "Complete Works of Emily Brontë," in two volumes, is devoted to her poetry, and is a substantial book, well printed from readable type, and with the margins which the book lover appreciates and enjoys. The poems are edited by Clement Shorter, and introduced by an essay from the hand of W. Robertson Nicoll, who is a warm admirer of Emily Brontë and gives her a higher place than her more famous sister. "Unquestionably," he writes of Emily, "her novel and the best of her poems are more unmistakably works of genius than even the books of Charlotte Brontë." There is justification for his statement that "'Wuthering Heights' is, from beginning to end, a pure and purifying tragedy." There are few stories in the language more deeply imbued with the tragic element. Emily Brontë's range was narrow, her feeling deep, her power as a writer less varied than that of her sister. (Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $2.50.)

The Outlook

APRIL 22, 1911

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CONGRESS AT WORK

The House of Representatives, on Thursday of last week, passed by the overwhelming majority of 296 to 16 a resolution providing for an amendment to the Constitution under which United States Senators should hereafter be elected by the direct vote of the people. Only four hours were allowed for debate, and when it was apparent that this was unsatisfactory to many members, it was agreed to allow those who wished to speak, but did not have the opportunity, to have their remarks printed in the "Congressional Record." It will be remembered that when the direct election of United States Senators was under discussion in the last Congress, it was impossible to carry the measure through the Senate because of objection to the inclusion in the resolution of the Sutherland Amendment, which provided that the Federal Government should retain control of Senatorial elections. A similar amendment was offered in the House the other day, but was voted down by a large majority, and the final result was the overwhelming vote recorded above. Mr. Cannon protested vigorously that without such an amendment as was defeated "the Government of the United States, so far as Congress is concerned, exists at the mercy of the State," and argued that the Federal Government should always have the power to perpetuate itself without regard to any action or inaction of the States. The Outlook has already expressed its belief that the principle laid down in the Sutherland Amendment is essentially right. Doubtless, when the new resolution comes before the Senate for discussion, the exceedingly important political and Constitutional questions involved will be thoroughly argued. It is evident that the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives considered the party pledged to take immediate action on the question of the direct vote for Senators, and a surprisingly large number of Republican members not only believed that such action should be taken, but were willing to accept it without a provision safeguarding Federal rights. The emphasis put by the Democrats on the importance of this particular measure is shown by the fact that they suddenly brought it to the front after having fixed upon a general programme during this extra session which did not indicate that this measure would be the first selected for legislation. On Friday similar rapidity of action was shown by the House in passing the Campaign Publicity Bill, which provides for the publication of contributions to National political funds at stated times both before and after elections. The Canadian Reciprocity Bill is next in line for action. The programme which, it was understood, had been adopted by the Democratic leaders and caucus, was to pass, after brief debate, the Canadian Reciprocity measure, and then to take up a bill, already introduced, which provides for a special revision of the tariff in the interest of the farmer and incidentally, in many particulars, of the ultimate consumer. This bill puts upon the free list about a hundred articles now included in several different schedules which are in constant and common use by farmers, and the purpose of the bill is to offer compensation to offset the alleged disadvantages to the farmer under the Canadian Reciprocity Law. Whether rightly or not, the Insurgent leaders, supported by a strong sentiment in the agricultural States in the Middle West, hold that the provisions of the Canadian bill bear hardly on the farmer, and

that the revision of the tariff should not have this character. The Underwood bill would put on the free list foodstuffs, such as meat and flour, agricultural implements, lumber, fence wire, cotton bagging, sewing-machines, salt, certain leather products, and other articles of similar classes. It is held by the Democratic leaders that under the new rule providing that no amendment can be made to a revenue measure unless the amendment is germane to the subject-matter under consideration, it will be impossible for the enemies of this legislation to amend it in such a way as to destroy its character. The Democratic programme as generally understood would, after the law is passed, introduce another tariff law which should deal with the woolen and cotton schedules, and would then take up other items of the general plan formulated by Speaker Clark at the opening of Congress and already summarized in The Outlook.

THE MINNESOTA RATE CASES

If upheld by the United States Supreme Court, Judge Sanborn's decision last week in the Circuit Court at St. Paul, in the Minnesota rate cases, will have great importance. The suit was brought by stockholders of certain railway companies engaged in transportation both within the State and "among the several States" against the Minnesota Railway Commission to enjoin it from enforcing a reduction in rates. Minnesota rates had been reduced as follows: Passenger rates, from three to two cents per mile; merchandise rates, from twenty to twenty-five per cent; commodity rates, by nearly seven and one-half per cent. The reduced rates have been in effect long enough to make their effect provable. Such proof was attested at hearings extending over many months before a Special Master in Chancery, who, last September, reported the facts and recommended decrees in favor of the stockholders on the ground that the natural and necessary effect of the rates was substantially to burden and directly to regulate inter-State commerce by creating undue and unjust discrimination between localities in Minnesota and those in adjoining States. The laws of the State and the orders of the Commission were therefore declared to be in violation of the commercial clause of the Federal Constitution. When this report was made public, six months ago, it was justly regarded as a document of much significance. Judge Sanborn's decision now accentuates that significance. The result of this decision, which confirms the report of the referee, is to enhance the Federal Government's power in railway regulation. Whenever State regulation of transportation within its own borders interferes with the regulation by the United States of traffic among the States, the State regulation must give way. In such cases commerce within the State is subjected to Federal control.

RAILWAY REGULATION AND THE COURTS

The power of the people to regulate the railways of the country has been given greater scope and freedom by a decision of the United States Supreme Court rendered week before last. This is the decision in what is known as the Forwarding Companies Case. The opinion was delivered by Chief Justice White. The issue was raised by the Export Shipping Company. This is one of those agencies that have grown up to enable small concerns to join in meeting the competition of big concerns. Railways accept for transportation car-load lots at materially lower rates than are required of lots that are less than a car-load. This is entirely just, as it costs more proportionately to handle the smaller shipments; but of course it gives the bigger shippers an advantage over the small ones. This is shown in the development of the modern department stores. The volume of their business enables them to receive their goods in car-load lots, and therefore at lower rates than the small dealer can get, and the difference in the cost of transportation has proved sufficient in a multitude of cases to drive the small retailer to the wall. This is unfortunate for the small dealer, but not unfair. In self-defense the small concerns have brought into existence the forwarding company to receive the goods of various owners for transportation, to combine a number of these shipments into car-load lots, and thus to get the advantage for the small shippers of

the lower rates for the transportation. Naturally, the railways, seeing a considerable volume of traffic thus going at lower rates which otherwise would go at a higher, adopted rules to shut out these forwarding agents. These rules provided that car-load lots going at car-load rates must move from one consignor to one consignee, and must be the property of one or the other, and not the combination of the goods of several owners. The Inter-State Commerce Commission decided that such a rule is indefensible. After being reversed by the Circuit Court, the Commission has now been sustained by the Supreme Court. The Commission, in the report written by Commissioner Lane, declared that the railway could not look beyond the actual transportation for fixing its rates; that, so far as the railways are concerned, the forwarding agent is the shipper, and that it does not concern the railway whether he is the owner or not; that a difference in rates based on ownership is an improper discrimination between shippers, such as is prohibited by the act to regulate commerce. In sustaining this opinion, Chief Justice White declared that the "contention that a carrier . . . may discriminate in fixing the charge for carriage not upon any difference inhering in the goods or in the cost of service rendered in transporting them, but upon the mere circumstance that the shipper is or is not the real owner of the goods, is so in conflict with the obvious and elementary duty resting upon a carrier, and so destructive of the rights of shippers, as to demonstrate the unsoundness of the proposition by its mere statement." In this the Supreme Court establishes an important point of law.

THE POWER OF THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION

This decision of the Supreme Court in the Forwarding Companies Case not only puts a new restraint upon the railways as to discrimination, but, what is quite as important, removes one more uncertainty regarding the powers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. This is of great importance just at this time, for it settles a much-mooted question as to the jurisdiction of the new Court of Commerce. After the Commission has taken testimony in a disputed case, has investigated the facts, has reached its findings as to what the facts actually are, and has rendered its decision on the basis of those facts, may the Commerce Court set aside these findings and take new testimony, or pass upon the evidence already taken? If so, the function of the Commission is reduced to a minimum, and there are two bodies that are regulating inter-State commerce. This decision of the Supreme Court makes it clear that the new Commerce Court has no such function; and that the Inter-State Commerce Commission is the final judge as to the facts in any case that may properly come before it. Moreover—and this is perhaps most significant of all—the Supreme Court is liberal in its interpretation as to what is fact, for it says that the finding of the Commission, that this rule of the railway company would, if enforced, engender discrimination, "embodies a conclusion of fact beyond our competency to re-examine." In other words, the Supreme Court performs in this case what might be called an act of self-denial. It declines to put its judgment as to what is profitable and desirable under our present industrial conditions over against the judgment of an administrative body. We commend the example of the United States Supreme Court to the New York Court of Appeals and other courts which feel it their duty to save the people from what they seem to regard as the unwisdom of Legislatures and Legislatures' agents.

THE CASE OF THE DANBURY HATTERS

One of the most famous labor disputes that has ever been laid before American courts has been, at least in part, settled by a decision which was handed down last week by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in New York. This is the case of the Danbury hatters. It arose through a boycott. A firm of hat manufacturers, D. E. Loewe & Co., of Danbury, Connecticut, by refusing to unionize their shop incurred the hostility, not only of the hat-makers' trade union, known as the United Hatters of North America, but also of the larger association of which this union was a constituent body, namely, the American Federation of Labor. Thereupon there was

first a strike called and subsequently a boycott declared against this manufacturing concern. This boycott was in time extended to this company's customers. The boycotted manufacturers brought suit for damages. The persons against whom the suit was brought numbered in all 193. They were selected, not on account of any special individual activity in the boycott, but simply because they were members of the union who were thrifty and economical enough to have accumulated some property which could be attached. The real prosecutors of this suit were not the manufacturers themselves, but the Anti-Boycott Association; and the object of the suit was palpably not primarily to apprehend and punish those individuals who as emissaries used threats in extending the boycott, but to break up the union, or at least weaken it by getting the property of its most efficient and thrifty members. In the Federal Circuit Court in Connecticut, where the case was tried before a jury, the judge directed the jury to find a verdict for the plaintiff, leaving to the jury as the "only question with which they could properly concern themselves" the amount of damages. The jury fixed the damages at $74,000. This amount the Court, acting in accordance with the provision of the Federal Anti-Trust Law, trebled. Such a verdict was, of course, a severe blow to this particular union, but it was more. It was a severe blow to all unincorporated labor unions, for it rendered all the members of those unions, simply by virtue of their membership, liable for the acts of the union's officials and representatives. This decision the Circuit Court of Appeals has reversed, holding that the lower court was in error in taking the matter out of the hands of the jury. The reversal is not only a measure of relief for this particular union, but is also important as affecting the status of all—or practically all—labor unions. The significance of this lies in the opinion read by Judge Lacombe.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DECISION

The action of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals in reversing the decision of the lower court and ordering a new trial of the case, as explained in the opinion by Judge Lacombe, makes clear two important points. The first relates to the boycott itself. As to this, Judge Lacombe says that a boycott which prevents a manufacturer from making goods for inter-State trade, or which prevents his customers in other States from selling or trying to purchase his articles, is an obstruction of commerce between the States, and, however it may be in common law or under the statutes of some particular State, it constitutes a violation of the Federal Anti-Trust Act; therefore recovery can be obtained even "although the compelling motive of the combination was an effort to better the condition of the combiners which, except for the Anti-Trust Act, might be proper and useful." This point the Court regards as already established. The other point relates to the responsibility of the members of a trade union for the acts of the union's agents in carrying out the boycott. It is on this point that the higher court reverses the lower court's decision. This portion of the decision, defining the liability of individual members of a trade union for the act of their leaders, is of such wide interest and importance both to employers and to workingmen that we give it in full:

It has been argued here that the mere fact that any individual defendant was a member of and contributed money to the treasury of the United Hatters' Association made him the principal of any and all agents who might be employed by its officers in carrying out the objects of the Association, and responsible as principal if such agents used illegal methods or caused illegal methods to be used in undertaking to carry out those objects. We cannot assent to this proposition. The clause of the Constitution of the United Hatters which provides that certain of its officers "shall use all the means in their power to bring such shops (*i.e.*, non-union shops) into the trade" does not necessarily imply that these officers shall use other than *lawful* means to accomplish such object. Surely the fact that an individual joins an association having such a clause in its constitution cannot be taken as expressing assent by him to the perpetration of arson or murder. Something more must be shown, as, for instance, that, with the knowledge of the members, unlawful means had been so frequently used, with the express or tacit approval of the Association, that its agents were warranted in assuming that they might use such unlawful means in the future, that the Association and its individual members would approve or tolerate such use whenever

the end sought to be obtained might be best obtained thereby.

The mere fact of membership in the union not being of itself sufficient to render the individual members responsible for the illegal acts of their agents, the question whether they had made themselves responsible by their express and tacit approval of such acts was one which should have been submitted to the jury. "It was for the jury to determine from the entire body of proof what was the intent of the individuals who made up the combination, and what they must have known was the necessary and inevitable consequences of their acts." This decision of the Court of Appeals The Outlook welcomes on two grounds: first, that it re-defines with great clearness what sort of combination by labor unions is illegal because in restraint of trade; second, because it refuses to hold members responsible for the illegal acts of their representatives, so that hereafter a thrifty member of a labor union will have no reason to fear that his membership in that union, without negligence, or wrongful act, or authorization of wrongful act, may make him amenable to prosecution.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION IN NEW JERSEY

Must workingmen, and workingwomen also, bear the full weight of accidents that are incident to industry? Is there no way by which in free America the cost of such accidents may be made a part of the cost of the industry itself? These questions have become particularly acute since the New York Court of Appeals, in its recent decision, destroyed the law adopted in New York which offered a sensible way of relief. The New Jersey Legislature has answered these questions by enacting a measure known as the Edge Bill. This measure has been signed by Governor Wilson, and is now one of the statutes of the State. In order to understand it, one must first distinguish between what is known as "Employers' Liability" and what is known as "Workmen's Compensation." Under a system of "Employers' Liability" an injured workman may bring suit against his employer for recovery of damages. Ordinarily he must show that in some way, either directly or by necessary inference, the employer was negligent; and the employer, according to the usual rules that have come down from the past, can avoid paying damages if he can show that the accident was due to one of the workman's fellow-employees, or arose from the risks inherent in the occupation; and it has been held that the employer is not liable even when he has failed to provide reasonable safeguards if the workman continued to do his work with the knowledge that the safeguards were lacking! After such a case is tried, it is left to the jury to decide whether the employer is liable for damages, and, if so, how large the damages shall be. The consequence of this system is that the workman or his family is forced to risk the cost of a long and perhaps futile lawsuit at the very time when even the ordinary burdens of life have by the accident been made heavier, and that the employer has no means of knowing from the nature of the accident how great the damages are going to be, and no way of estimating from year to year the probable cost of accidents. As a result, almost all large employers turn this whole matter over to an accident insurance company, against whose resources the ordinary workman has little chance. In contrast to this is the system of Workmen's Compensation, according to which every injury arising in the regular course of an occupation, except through the willful act or culpable negligence of the workman himself, results in an automatic compensation to the injured man according to a regular schedule—so that each form of disability has its corresponding form of compensation. Of course, if there is any question as to fact, it is brought up by a suit at law; but such suits are necessarily rare. By this means the employer pays for the costs of accidents to workmen just as he pays for accidents that injure his machinery, and he charges such accidents to the cost of production. The New York Court of Appeals has declared that a law that substitutes a system of compensation for a system of liability is unconstitutional, on the ground that it is taking property without due process of law. The New Jersey statute avoids this objection by making the system of compensation optional; but it so arranges

matters that the employer will find it very disadvantageous to choose anything else. It does this, first, by greatly enhancing the burdens of liability for damages; and, second, by providing that unless in his contract with his workmen he expressly states that the Liability system is to apply, it is to be presumed that both workman and employer accept the principle of automatic Compensation. The fact that the Supreme Court of New Jersey has recently sustained the constitutionality of the former liability law, which abolished certain of the immunities formerly enjoyed by employers, indicates that the New Jersey Court is more willing to trust legislative discretion than the Court of Appeals in New York. At any rate, the New Jersey law is an interesting and important attempt to secure the relief that the Court of Appeals in New York denied the people of New York.

EX-MAYOR JOHNSON

One of the most forceful men of his time, Tom L. Johnson, lost his power months ago. His death last week was not the termination of his career as a public man; it was rather the tragic sequel of that termination. He was a man who, in whatever he undertook, was bound to be leader. He had a genius for dominance. It seemed as if, once he had lost the opportunity to dominate, he lost with it his abounding vitality. Whether that be so or not, there seemed to be something of the inevitable in the fact that after he went down to defeat for re-election as Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, and with him went down also his cherished plans for the public control of the city's transit lines, he succumbed to ill health that slowly culminated in death. No public man in America in recent years has aroused greater extremes of loyalty and enmity. Among his fellow-citizens in Cleveland men of public spirit and good judgment deeply distrusted him and vigorously opposed him from first to last; while other men of equal public spirit and of equally sound judgment believed in him and gave him effective support. There is no doubt that his early career supplied good foundation for distrust; and in the opinion of many there was abundant confirmation of it in the methods he adopted in his final term as Mayor. He first won a place of prominence and power as a "traction magnate." Like many another American who has become wealthy, he began life in poverty. He was born in 1854 in Kentucky. The war came and swept his family's property away. At thirteen years of age he was selling newspapers in Indiana. Even at that age he had a monopoly, for he got all the papers that came into town. By seventeen he got a position in Louisville, Kentucky, on a street railway. He had an inventive brain, and devised a steel rail, a nickel-in-the-slot box to supply the place of conductors on small street cars, and an automatic switch. He became superintendent on this street railway. He later secured a run-down car line in Indianapolis, and still later another in Cleveland. He was soon making them successes. Then he went into the steel business and made his own rails and switches. Although a Democrat, he was, as he acknowledged, willing to take all the advantage which Republican protection would give him. He finally got virtual control of the street car lines of Brooklyn and three large Western cities, including Cleveland. In 1890 he was elected to Congress, and made a sensation by espousing the cause of the "Single Tax." He was willing to acknowledge that he himself was a horrible example of the injustice of land monopoly. In 1901 Mr. Johnson was elected Mayor of Cleveland. His fight for three-cent fares on the city lines and for municipal control and ultimate ownership was as vigorous as his battles for his own fortune had been. And his experience on the other side stood him in good stead. With the general object of Mayor Johnson The Outlook was in hearty sympathy; but when Mr. Johnson introduced into the financing of railways on behalf of the city methods which have brought disrepute upon many a private speculative venture, The Outlook welcomed the rebuke which the voters of Cleveland administered. Mr. Johnson's idealism, which made him a genuine advocate of large public rights, would have been more successful, and therefore more practical, if it had been more consistent. Nevertheless, Mr. Johnson's fight on the traction question has been far from ineffective. In other as-

pects of municipal government Mr. Johnson's services were less widely known, but equally—in some respects even more highly—noteworthy. Under him the management of Cleveland's water supply was put into expert hands. Under him the administration of the police was actuated by the aim to make it something more than an agency of repression; and though this aim, in our opinion, was not clearly kept in mind or practically followed, it was higher than that which ordinarily obtains in American cities. Under Mayor Johnson, too, the city's department of correction was administered in an extraordinarily enlightened, humane, and civilizing fashion, and has been a laboratory of wise experiment from which all municipalities should profit. In National politics Mayor Johnson was a Democrat of the Bryan school, and in his State he was for several years the leading figure in his party. It is, however, not as a party man, but as a leader in municipal government, that, by both foes and friends. he will be chiefly remembered.

INDICTMENTS IN THE ASCH FIRE CASE

Last week the Grand Jury of New York found indictments against the proprietors of the Triangle Waist Company, Isaac Harris and Max Blanck. These two men constitute the firm who employed the factory operatives of whom 143 lost their lives in the terrible disaster in Washington Place, New York City, on March 25. The indictments against them are for manslaughter in the first and second degree, and they are based, so the District Attorney states, on what he believes to be strong evidence that some at least of the doors through which the girls might have escaped were habitually kept locked and were locked at the time of the fire. The law requires that doors in such a factory shall open outwardly where practicable, and shall not be locked, bolted, or fastened during working hours. The evidence before the coroner's jury has been conflicting on this point, but the Grand Jury, it is asserted, had before it a fragment of a tightly locked door. Meanwhile, Mr. Whitman, the District Attorney, laid before the Grand Jury the testimony of witnesses who stated that the doors on the Washington Place side of the building were kept locked, and the Italian Consul is reported to have taken the affidavits of many Italian girls who swore that the Washington Place doors were locked and never used for exit. It is further asserted that it is capable of proof that two girls in particular lost their lives directly because these doors were locked. We need not point out that the men accused are entitled to a suspension of opinion until they are actually tried. Whatever may be the facts in this case, there is considerable evidence that it is a deplorably common custom for doors in similar establishments to be locked. Immediately after the fire The Outlook quoted from the report of a special committee made up from the Cloakmakers' Union and the Cloak Manufacturers' Association. It stated that they had found twenty-two shops in which the doors leading to the hall and stairways were locked during the day, while other provisions of law were constantly violated in a much larger number of shops. The continuance of public interest in this matter and the wide discussion of proper legal regulation of conditions in factories and other crowded buildings in New York City form an encouraging sign that the public is in earnest and will not be satisfied with less than a thorough overhauling of the laws and the provision of an ample force of inspectors. What can be done by voluntary efforts was seen last week when in a New York factory not unlike the Asch shop an alarm of fire very nearly caused a panic which might easily have proved fatal had it not been that the forewoman of the shop had herself organized and frequently practiced a fire drill, and by her prompt orders got the girls into line and out of the building with no injury whatever.

HYPODERMIC NEEDLES AND SYRINGES

A bill is before the New York State Legislature forbidding the sale of hypodermic syringes and needles without the written order of a duly licensed physician or veterinarian, and also requiring that each sale shall be registered with the name and address of the buyer. It seems incredible that there should be objection on the part of any intelligent person to the passage of such a

measure. The bill in question grew out of a consultation between Mr. Charles Towns, of New York City, and Dr. Hamilton Wright, expert delegate to the International Opium Conference at The Hague. Mr. Towns is also an expert on narcotics and is the discoverer of an efficient plan of treatment for the drug habit. Mr. Towns and Dr. Wright concluded that the trade in instruments for the injection of habit-forming drugs should be strictly controlled. It is beyond doubt that the availability of the hypodermic syringe has been as much a factor in the widespread use of morphine, cocaine, etc., as the availability of the drugs themselves, and that the vast majority of hypodermic syringes and needles are used to give morphine and cocaine in a harmful way. The objection is made that drug fiends could easily obtain syringes and needles through the mails from druggists in another State. This is perfectly true, and is, of course, the weak point in all State legislation designed to control the use of habit-forming drugs and instruments for their injection. If New York State will lead the way in this reform, however, there is little doubt but that other States will follow so good an example. At all events, the lower grade of drug and department stores in New York City and elsewhere would be deprived of one of their activities. It is reported that a cheap hypodermic outfit may be bought at those stores for a few cents. The best physicians pay as high as from six to seven dollars apiece for them. One can conceive that the laity may buy and use hypodermic outfits for emergency stimulation if there is some member of the family liable to collapse, but such sales and instances are negligible. If the laity are buying hypodermic outfits to-day, we may, we think, rest assured that it is for the harmful injection of morphine and cocaine.

AN EXHIBIT OF MENTAL HYGIENE

In the New Jersey Conference of Charities and Correction, which held its sessions in Princeton, at the University, on April 2, 3, and 4, there were a number of striking "exhibits" showing the application of modern methods to problems of society. One of the most notable of these was the exhibit in mental hygiene. It was planned to disseminate information concerning the nature and the nurture of the mental life. For many years tuberculosis was thought to be an unpreventable and incurable disease. The campaign of education in the causes and cures of that disease has accomplished astonishing results. The same can, and should, be done for mental and nervous disorders. This exhibit is a step in that direction. Professor Dahlgren and Dr. Stewart Paton displayed the development of the nervous system from simple one-celled animals to man. This showed the appearance of the brain in evolution and its growth in vertebrates up to the highly organized cerebrum in man. Professor H. C. Warren and Professor H. C. McComas presented a series of charts, models, and apparatus which explained the relation of psychology to mental hygiene. A demonstration was given to the visitors of the way in which "reaction time" is measured to the thousandth of a second. After this they were shown the influence of such drugs as alcohol, tea, and morphia upon the quickness of nerve action. Charts were shown which explained the growth in alertness as the brain and nervous system mature. Other diagrams presented a series of curves illustrating the way in which the brain and nervous system develop in acquiring new accomplishments. These showed that dexterity in tossing and catching a ball, learning typewriting, or learning a language, are accomplishments whose progress is erratic. There will be periods of rapid improvement and periods of retrogression, as the nervous system adapts itself to the new habits. Another interesting display showed the effect of severe mental work upon the physical body. Even the control of a finger muscle is affected by arduous mental work. The influence of fatigue upon accuracy of movement was startlingly exhibited in a table presenting the increase of accidents that occur when laborers are tired. Dr. H. A. Cotton developed the argument of the exhibit by a series of photographs portraying the old and new methods of treating the insane. He showed that a very large percentage of the cases received at the hospital are preventable. His system of recording the life and family history of the patients is of

great service to students. From it one sees how certain forms of insanity develop and how valuable a few suggestions from an alienist may be in the early stages of the disorder. The effect of such an assembling of facts augurs a new era in our attitude toward nervous troubles and mental disorders. The great need is for more facts. Nothing could serve the cause of human happiness more than a great institution devoted to research in mental hygiene.

TWO EXHIBITIONS

Two exhibitions have just been opened in New York City of seemingly local character, but, in reality, much more than that. The first is at the City Club, and the second at the National Arts Club. Both exhibitions are free. The first shows the cartoons of Mr. Boardman Robinson; the second is representative of the Municipal Art Society's activities. Mr. Robinson is a cartoonist whose illustrations disclose more than those of any other American the influence of the work of Caran d'Ache and his school in France. But while Mr. Robinson's drawings betray his French training, they have a quality all their own. They do not lack in humor, as the facial expressions of Governor Dix, Mayor Gaynor, Charles F. Murphy, and William F. Sheehan show. But they are most notable because of their underlying seriousness, deeply ironical though it be. The publication of these cartoons has now come to be a recognized feature of the New York "Tribune;" and while Mr. Robinson's work is, like that of well-nigh every other artist, uneven in quality and appeal, it should be judged at its best, and that best reaches a high level. The Municipal Art Society's exhibition does not turn men's thoughts towards laughable or deplorable elements in our modern life; instead, it shows new plans for the introduction and widening of city streets; for the building of new schools, hospitals, docks, recreation piers, bridges, aqueducts; and for the protection to life and comfort afforded by more open-air tenements and small parks within the city and by the establishment of camp sites in the great Harriman Park outside, and by farm colonies. The key to the whole exhibition is found in an immense colored map showing a new Greater New York, with new avenues radiating from such common centers as Longacre Square, for example, and including in a common and unified development all the residential region directly affected by the metropolis; and that means a region from Montauk Point, at the extreme end of Long Island, well into New Jersey. A popular feature of the exhibition is that of street fixtures. The evolution of lighting is indicated, and that of mail-boxes. Even the advertising post is made at once more æsthetic and more useful now as a help to the passer-by who may suddenly remember that he has forgotten to write a letter; for through the agency of the slot machine he may obtain, from various apertures in the post, writing materials, postal cards, stamps, etc. All the suggestions and plans should prove interesting to any one from any place who will take the trouble to look at them, for all evince a finer and broader civic spirit.

HUNTING FOR ANTS WITH A TELEPHONE

A German professor, Karl Escherich, has just published a learned and yet fascinating volume upon the white ants of Ceylon. Who but a German could make a three-hundred-page book on such a subject! Its practical value, however, is great, for, not content with simply describing the habits of these wise little creatures, their laws, their industries, and their battles, he has pointed out how their ravages can be minimized by the early detection of their presence in the neighborhood, followed by their destruction. Nearly every writer upon tropical experiences has told of the ravages of these pests; their irresistible march or insidious approach; their insatiable appetite; their destruction of every article of wood or leather or paper or cloth; the fall of houses whose solid timbers were converted by them into the equivalent of sawdust, etc., etc. But few have been able to suggest adequate means for prevention of the damage. Professor Escherich's volume is just off the press in Jena, and we are indebted for what follows to an exhaustive review in a recent number of "Science." Some of the practical suggestions may be of use in guarding

against the injury or annoyance of the varieties of these little pests so common in our temperate zone—the true ants of our acquaintance. In Africa, where the white ant pest is widespread and very serious, it seems that oftentimes a colony will establish itself at places near dwellings, without the least indication of its proximity, their nests being below the surface, until hundreds of feet of subterranean galleries have been made, and the sills and uprights of buildings honeycombed without the previous appearance of a single individual to give warning of the danger. To detect the presence of the enemy, Professor Escherich recommends the "Termitensucher," manufactured in Hamburg. It consists (to quote from "Science") "of a microphone inserted in a funnel at the end of a steel tube and connected with a telephone receiver. When the tube is stuck into the earth, the noise made by the crawling insects can be distinctly heard through the receiver, even when they are working at a considerable depth in the soil. Their presence in trees or in the walls of houses can similarly be detected." Among the methods of extermination Professor Escherich recommends, "first stuffing some of the main openings of the nest with tow or waste soaked in carbon-bisulphide, and closing the remaining openings with clay." In Durban an ant exterminator is made consisting of a small charcoal-burning stove with a sort of bicycle pump attachment. From another side leads a rubber tube with nozzle. The stove is lighted, the nozzle thrust into the entrance of the termite dwelling, and certain volatile poisons sprinkled upon the glowing coal. The stove is thereupon closed, and the pump can then force the vapor through the tube into all the chambers and galleries of the nest.

THE WONDERFUL WHITE ANT

The life history of the white ants in Ceylon is even more wonderful than that of our own more familiar species—the true ants. There are ordinary workers who perform the drudgery of the camp, feed and attend upon the queen mother, etc., nurses that care for the young, and also a military gens, which defends the city from attack, polices the streets, and, under the command of a leader, goes forth to conquest. Some act the part of sanitary police and see to it that no uncleanly act is permitted within the nest, maintaining a latrine outside and at a distance from the home. In the same "termitarium" are often class distinctions, or rather castes. Differing in no visible way from the others, inhabitants of some streets are kept within their own pale by walls guarded by soldiers. The soldiers are most powerful, armed with formidable mandibles, by means of which they can rend an enemy, or, leaping, hurl him to a distance. Some species pound an enemy with their horns and then smear him with an exudation that seems to paralyze. Professor Escherich agrees with other authorities that the sightless workers follow trails by means of their sense of smell, each predecessor leaving a trace which his successor can perceive. Once upon a time the writer of the article in "Science" sat on the shore of a New Brunswick lake, patiently waiting for a suspicious bull moose to come within range of his rifle. He watched for an hour an endless *safari* of ants which followed, Indian fashion, a long and uncharted trail. Over or under or around the stones and pebbles, each followed his predecessor—out of his sight even if he could see; or across sand, now damp, now dry. One tiny trickle of water was crossed on a convenient fallen leaf. None hesitated when he came to the bridge. The leaf was then removed. Those which had crossed continued on; those following soon formed an excited, congested, growing crowd at the nearer end of the vanished bridge. Soon out of the mob certain leaders started running up and down until one found another crossing. Then by some mysterious telepathy he imparted the news to his fellows, and all crossed after him. Once over, the leader did not start on in the general direction of the journey, but ran up the streamlet until he came to the exact spot where the farther end of the leaf bridge had rested, then took up in confidence the old trail. Lifting a stone over which the trail passed threw the *safari* again into confusion, but always they recovered the true course, sooner or later. The observer could see no markings on leaf or stone with his

pocket magnifying-glass, and then made up his mind that the ants must have been guided by a sense of smell.

WAR ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER

A serious state of affairs as regards American rights and interests has grown out of the fighting between insurrectos and Mexican Federal troops close to and even over the line between Mexico and the United States. It is reported that two Americans have been killed and eleven wounded at or near Douglas, Arizona. It seems that a party of insurgents entered the Mexican town of Aqua Prieta just opposite Douglas, a mile away, concealed in box cars. They opened an indiscriminate fire in all directions, drove a small body of Federal troops to flight, and many of their bullets reached the town of Douglas. Some of the Americans injured were peacefully attending to their own business; some were children; others, it is said, had gone near the scene of danger to see the fighting. A telegram from the Secretary of the Douglas Chamber of Commerce to the President states these facts, and alleges that fighting took place within ten feet of the American line. Some of the Mexican Federal troops crossed the line and were detained by our army officers. President Taft instantly directed the Secretary of State and Secretary of War to take steps to prevent the recurrence of such deplorable incidents. The Mexican Government has been informed that it will be held responsible for injury to American life and property, and the leaders of the revolution have been officially warned against the consequences of such acts. The situation is a singular one, almost, if not quite, without precedent. It is clearly the duty of the Mexican Government so to guard its northern frontier as to prevent the infliction of such unendurable injuries on the persons and property of peaceful citizens belonging to a friendly Nation. If it cannot do this, our Government can and will. Press reports from Washington say that our Government officials fear in incidents of this character more possibility of real trouble for this country than in anything else in the Mexican situation; and that they fear the arousing of a strong anti-Mexican sentiment in this country which might get beyond control. This, it is thought, was one of the considerations which led the President to send the troops into Texas.

THE NEW DEPARTMENT BUILDINGS AT WASHINGTON

We are glad to announce the assignment by the Government of commissions for the erection of the three new Department buildings at Washington—the State, Justice, and Commerce Buildings. The award is the largest and in some respects the most important ever offered in this country. The State Department Building is to cost $2,200,000; the Justice Building, $1,900,000; and the Commerce Building, $3,650,000. The opportunities thus afforded appealed to architects, as was seen by the competition of fifty-nine of them. Of this number twenty-eight were from New York City. The others included the leading architects of Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. Not only did the New York competitors carry off all the awards, but the majority of those whose designs were credited with honorable mention came from the metropolis. The successful architects are to meet in conference to revise their designs wherever necessary to present a harmonious group. The largest of the buildings is to be that of the Department of Commerce, and it will stand between the other two. The whole group will occupy the area bounded by Pennsylvania Avenue, the Mall, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. The two end buildings are to be three stories high and the Commerce Building five stories. The structures are to be of white marble, thus harmonizing with the wings of the Capitol, the new House and Senate office buildings, and the new District of Columbia Building. All of the accepted designs are of classic type, but certain features of arrangement will distinguish the buildings from any others in Washington. For instance, in the Commerce Building a large aquarium will be placed in the center; in the State Department Building there is to be an international conference room and a reception room, and a great state dining-room; the most important feature of the Justice Building will be the large law

library. The names of the successful competitors are Mr. Arnold W. Brunner for the State Building, Mr. Donn Barber for the Justice Building, and Messrs. York & Sawyer for the Commerce Building.

THE CHAMPAGNE WAR

The old province of Champagne in France has been the scene of what seemed at first a merry war, but has now turned out to be a disastrous economic conflict. The province is now divided into a number of departments, and these cluster about one central region comprising Rheims and Epernay, and producing the best champagne. The wine-growers in the outlying departments have been selling their own champagne, it is alleged, as if it were produced in the central region, and the Government recently delimited the district from which standard champagne should be produced and ordered any champagne grown in the neighboring department of Aube, for instance, to be so branded on the bottle. This enraged the Aubois, and the more hot-blooded among them wreaked summary vengeance on the wine-cellars and other buildings of their more fortunate neighbors. The Government now grew alarmed, rescinded its order, and issued another declaring that there should be no territorial distinctions. But this was jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire; for the wine-growers in the central region were furious because their goods would be cheapened by the inclusion of those from less favored districts. Thereupon rose a counter-war. Peasants marched from town to town, destroying stores of wine. In one town five million bottles, it is said, were smashed, and in another six millions. Sixteen regiments of infantry and calvary were needed to end this mimic war. Of course, as an example of Gallic effervescence, the affair has its ludicrous aspect. But the great body of French peasantry will be the first to deplore the economic loss; for, of all producers, the French are the most economical. They represent a greater wealth in proportion to population than do any other people, and a wider subdivision of property than may be found in any other land.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER IN ITALY

The first Italian Parliament, on the 14th day of March, 1861, by a unanimous vote, proclaimed Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. No announcement could have been more dramatic to those who knew the history of the Peninsula. There had been Italians for thousands of years; now, for the first time, an Italy came into existence. For centuries the word "Italy" had been, as Metternich said, a geographical expression, though prophetic minds in all parts of the Peninsula had dreamed of unity and freedom. Two years before the appearance of a King of Italy there had been seven different states on the Peninsula, all of which, save Piedmont, were under governments more or less arbitrary. There was a king in Piedmont, full of faults, but of a daring and devotion which have made him one of the heroes of modern history; the member of a family which, his son declared, was synonymous with liberty. Venice was under the hated rule of Austria; Florence, of a duke of foreign blood; the Papal States, Naples, and Sicily had for a long time been governed by methods which were ideally bad. Jealousy, misunderstanding, and the alienation of city from city and province from province prevailed all over Italy. From the beginning of the Renaissance the free development of personality which had made Italy the home of creative art, of liberating thought, and of scientific advance had developed also intense local feeling.

Then came the series of dramatic events which made United Italy. At the psychological moment three leaders appeared—Mazzini, the prophet; Victor Emmanuel, aggressive, patriotic, daring, and popular; Cavour, one of the greatest of modern statesmen, with the genius for practical diplomacy and a vision of the future of his country; and Garibaldi, the picturesque and romantic successor of the old fighters of Italy—the servant, however, not of a royal master or of an ambitious nobleman, but of a passionate love of liberty and country. From Piedmont to Sicily a great change began; for men began to forget that they were Piedmontese, Venetians, Florentines, Romans, Nea-

politans, Sicilians, and began to think of themselves as Italians. The bitterness of the Bourbon rule in Sicily, the misgovernment in the Papal States, the intrenchment of ignorance in southern Italy and the deliberate isolation of that section from the north, the ignorance, superstition, and idleness of Calabria and Sicily, began to recede into the past. The trial of the Camorrists at Viterbo is a dramatic recrudescence of the untrained passion, the relentless lawlessness, and the disregard of life bred under the tyrannies which oppressed a large part of the Peninsula.

The creation of Modern Italy and the development of the national spirit, when one recalls past conditions and almost unsurmountable obstacles, seems like a miracle; one of those miracles which forever renew the faith of men in their kind, and, though often succeeded by disaster and sometimes by retrogression, point the way to the future. In 1861 only one person in ten in the lower half of Italy could read or write. The land was poor, the country had little capital, and had made small progress in the development of modern industry. The class which in other countries had been bred to habits of industry was in Italy largely a class of idlers. Beggary was both a profession and an art. There were so many holidays that the working days almost disappeared from the calendar. At the close of fifty years Italy is throbbing with commercial vitality from Naples to Turin. Her cities have grown so rapidly that it is impossible to secure adequate houses in the most progressive of them. Rents have trebled and quadrupled; diversified industries have sprung into being. Popular education has taken long forward strides. A uniform system of elementary education has been established, and a great commercial development secured in the face of obstacles which Americans find it difficult to reckon with in imagination. Writing in the "Century Magazine," the Mayor of Rome presents, in a condensed way, these difficulties when he describes the country as "a long and lean peninsula, the whole of which, even to the limits of eternal snows, . . . is totally appropriated and divided up; . . . which possesses no coal, indeed no fuel beyond its meager forests, no source of energy beyond its streams and rivers, with all its natural resources long ago sucked dry." In the face of these difficulties the income of the country has been enormously increased. The Budget estimates for 1882 amounted to about two hundred and fifty million dollars; they now exceed seven hundred million dollars. A depreciated currency, which was at one time sixteen below par, is now at a slight premium.

This great growth from small beginnings, with limited means, is the result of hard work, economical living, and thrifty saving. The Italians, Mayor Nathan tells us, have bought back nearly all the stocks of the country that were formerly in foreign hands. Post-office savings banks, which in 1882 had deposits of about twelve million dollars, now hold over three hundred and twenty-one million; and the Exposition at Turin, to those who can put behind it the industrial and economic background of fifty years ago, will present a record of astonishing growth.

The King is a student, a patriot, and a man of undaunted courage. The Government is democratic, and its educational influence is already discernible in all parts of the country. The northern half of the Peninsula is on the advance line of economic development. In the south, recalling the conditions which obtained fifty years ago, the growth has been much slower; but it has been steady, and it has been moral and social as well as economic. Italy is confronting great and serious problems; but her problems are no greater or more serious than those which confront western Europe, England, and the United States; and, in spite of the discontent which pervades the whole modern world, and for good cause, her position is stronger than it has been since the fall of the Roman Empire. She has managed her relations with great Powers with extraordinary skill; her relations with the Vatican have been handled with tact and judgment, though always with loyalty to Cavour's great maxim—a free Church in a free State.

The New World owes to Italy an incalculable debt; for she was the teacher of Europe in the art of navigation, in the making of charts, in the training of explorers and navigators; and the names of two Italians have a greater geographical significance in the New World than any others. She was the first to emerge from

the fascination and the limitations of the Middle Ages, to break down the restrictions which made commerce in the modern sense impossible. She recovered ancient art and learning; she relighted the torch and passed it on to the Western world. It was within her borders that the Renaissance was accomplished; that rebirth of humanity which meant a fresh contact of the human mind with nature, and the first complete realization by man of his own powers.

GERMAN JINGOISM

Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is the present German Chancellor. While his official activity is more or less marked out for him, he has done some good work personally. But, measured by the caliber of his predecessors, especially Bismarck and Bülow, he does not loom large. Indeed, he seems commonplace, if not clumsy. Much of this may be due to lack of diplomatic skill, however, rather than to conscious opposition to the popular will.

His most recent pronouncement concerns limitation of armaments and arbitration. Taking the reasonable position that a nation must maintain its sea and land forces at a point corresponding with its national strength, he declares that "Germany cannot afford to bind herself to limited armaments, because she would thereby run the risk of forfeiting her present place among the Powers to some other nation willing to take it, and Germans would thenceforth play the rôle of mere dummies in the world of affairs."

Germany is not only a robust military nation, but has perforce been such because of her geographical situation. She has come to be the strongest military Power in the world; she now aspires to have a naval strength in proportion to the demands which have come to her by reason of her recently acquired, widely separated colonies, and her ever-increasing oversea commerce.

So much for the general view. But how about Anglo-German relations in particular? The English attitude, that England must have a fleet strong enough to be equal or superior to any possible hostile combination, is England's good right, the Chancellor admits; but he is equally insistent in declaring that no self-respecting foreign Power can afford to recognize this principle for itself; "if England came to a World's Congress, for example, with such a plan, she would have to reckon on an almost certain rebuff." The Chancellor thus clearly defines a situation which has induced, and probably will induce, a constant increase in the military burdens imposed on England and Germany until those burdens fall of their own weight. Disarmament, therefore, is far from being contemplated at present in either German or English governmental circles.

The Chancellor went on to yoke together the present impossibility of imposing limits of arbitration with what he regards as the impossibility of realizing the universal arbitration scheme proposed for England and America by President Taft and supported by the British Government. In making his statement the Chancellor lost sight of the fact that an Anglo-American universal arbitration proposal rests upon ties of a common language, common traditions, and, to a large extent, common origin, and he also lost sight of the fact that his statement contributed nothing to the German nation's love of peace. He directly lent himself to the reactionary attitude of the delegates from the German Government to the Second Hague Conference, who made Germany appear as the one great Power that resisted the proposal to sanction obligatory arbitration; a proposal which nevertheless obtained the votes of the great majority of the nations represented.

This attitude, we are confident, by no means represents the real sentiment of the German people. A proof of this is evident in the action of the popular branch of the German Parliament the day following the Chancellor's speech. It adopted a resolution requesting him "to declare his willingness to enter upon mutual negotiations with the other great Powers as soon as propositions concerning simultaneous and equal limitations of armaments are made by any one Power;" and, what is of more importance, the Government was called upon "to make treaties of arbitration with other nations."

The German people may not be ready for universal arbitration, but they are very

ready to commend limited arbitration, and to express disappointment at their Chancellor's utterances. If he is wise, he will listen to two organs of public opinion in his own country, the "Frankfurter Zeitung" and the "Berliner Tageblatt." The first declares that, no matter what resistance the German Government may make to the peace idea, the time will come when it cannot resist its force. The second actually suggests that it is not too late for Germany to form the third member of an Anglo-Saxon Universal Arbitration League.

Why should not such an Angio-Saxon League become an ultimate reality? The American, British, and German *peoples* substantially regard each other with feelings of kinship and respect. If the American, British, and German *Governments* were now to stand together in radically and universally applying the principle of arbitration among themselves, the world's peace would be permanently assured.

THE GREAT ARCHITECT

There is no question in philosophy more fundamental than the one which Dr. James Martineau has put with admirable brevity and admirable distinctness in the following alternative:

> There are but three forms under which it is possible to think of the ultimate or immanent principle of the universe—Mind, Life, Matter: given the first, it is intellectually thought out; the second, it blindly grows; the third, it mechanically shuffles into equilibrium.[1]

In his recent volume, "The World of Life,"[2] Alfred Russel Wallace has given striking illustrations of the scientific evidences which support the last of these alternatives. The book may be criticised from the literary point of view. It appears to be made up of essays on corelated subjects, published at different times and here hung together somewhat loosely upon a connecting thread. It thus lacks coherence and continuity. But this criticism does not apply to the separate chapters or essays of which the volume is composed. Each one of them is closely knit together, and carries the mind from premise to conclusion without a break. The descriptions of phenomena are clear and intelligible to the unscientific mind. And the argument for the doctrine of evolution by natural selection is not less powerful than the argument for "creative power, directive mind, and ultimate purpose" in the process of evolution.

Paley's famous illustration of the argument for design furnished by a watch may be conceded to be somewhat antiquated. But it is so simply because nature is now seen to be, not a machine which a Great Mechanic has made, wound up, and set a-going under the operation of its own forces, but a vitalized mechanism pervaded by intelligence and directed in its every movement to a predetermined end. It is, in other words, far more like a human body than a watch; and the relation of the Great Architect to nature far more nearly resembles the relation of the spirit of man to his body than it does the relation of a watchmaker to a watch. Thus science, so far from weakening the argument from design, has immensely strengthened it; has, in brief, made it almost impossible for the unprejudiced student of nature to reach any other conclusion than that reached by Mr. Wallace and thus stated by him: "Not man alone, but the whole World of Life, in almost all its varied manifestations, leads us to the same conclusion—that to afford any radical explanation of its phenomena we require to postulate the continuous action or guidance of higher intelligences; and, further, that we have probably been working towards a single end, the development of intellectual, moral, and spiritual beings." In such an article as this it is impossible to present any summary of the accumulated facts which point to this conclusion. We must content ourselves with selecting two illustrations and giving, somewhat at length, a graphic argument of the author in his own words.

One of these illustrations is furnished by the bird's wing, the structure of which "most clearly implies the working out of a preconceived design in a new and apparently most complex and difficult manner." After describing with an illustrative diagram the mechanical structure of the wing, which is so constructed as to give a maxi-

[1] "A Study of Religion," Vol. I, p. 336.

[2] The World of Life. A Manifestation of Creative Power, Directive Mind, and Ultimate Purpose. By Alfred Russel Wallace. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

mum of power with a minimum of weight, and to oppose the greatest resistance to the air in the downward stroke with the least resistance to the air in the upward stroke, a contrivance somewhat clumsily imitated by the oarsman when he "feathers" his oar, Mr. Wallace goes on to point out the related fact that the feathers are not, properly speaking, a part of the living organism, but a mechanical instrument which the organism has built up for its use. As the feathers wear out they are dropped, at molting, but the successive pairs are replaced by new ones, and this replacement takes place so gradually that the bird never loses its power of flight. In this replacement not only is every feather the size and shape characteristic of the species, but, in addition, "each of the often very diverse feathers grows in its right place and reproduces the various tints and colors on certain parts of every feather which go to make up the characteristic colors, markings, or ornamental plumes of each species of bird." And Mr. Wallace puts the question well: "What is the nature of the power which determines that every separate feather shall always 'grow' into its exact shape? . . . What *directive* agency determines the distribution of the coloring matter (also conveyed by the blood) so that each feather shall take its exact share in the production of the whole pattern and coloring of the bird, which is immensely varied, yet always symmetrical as a whole, and has always a purpose either of concealment, or recognition, or sexual attraction in its proper time and place?"

The other and not less striking illustration of a "directive mind" in nature is afforded by the metamorphoses of insects, and these furnish an even more striking illustration of the "creative power;" for in these metamorphoses the process of creation—that is, of the upbuilding of organization and of disorganized matter—is witnessed. Mr. Wallace traces the process by which the caterpillar or other grub is formed "a living machine, which at first appears to exist for the sole purpose of devouring leaves and building up its own wonderful and often beautiful body. . . . When fully grown, it ceases to feed, prepares itself for the great change by various modes of concealment—in a cocoon, in the earth, by suspension against objects of similar colors, or which it becomes colored to imitate—rests a while, casts its final skin, and becomes a pupa. Then follows the great transformation scene, as in the blow-fly. All the internal organs which have so far enabled it to live and grow—in fact, the whole body it has built up, with the exception of a few microscopic groups of cells—become rapidly decomposed into its physiological elements, a structureless, creamy, but still living protoplasm; and when this is completed, usually in a few days, there begins at once the building up of a new, a perfectly different, and a much more highly organized creature both externally and internally—a creature comparable in organization with the bird itself." This description gives a new significance to the butterfly as a symbol of immortality, since it shows not merely a new life growing out of the entombment of a prior life, but a new organization growing out of the disorganization and apparent decay of the entombed body which preceded it.

We hope that these illustrations may send some of our readers to Mr. Wallace's book. Here they must take our word for it that they are only two instances out of a number cited to maintain his thesis that in the world of life there is manifested a creative power, a directive mind, and an ultimate purpose—a thesis which he thus admirably states in what he calls a "physiological allegory:"

For an imaginary parallel to this state of things, let us suppose some race of intelligent beings who have the power to visit the earth and see what is going on there. But their faculties are of such a nature that, though they have perfect perception of all inanimate matter and of plants, they are absolutely unable either to see, hear, or touch any animal *living* or dead. Such beings would see everywhere matter in motion, but no apparent cause of the motion. They would see dead trees on the ground and living trees being eaten away near the base by axes or saws, which would appear to move spontaneously; they would see these trees gradually become logs by the loss of all their limbs and branches, then move about, travel along roads, float down rivers, come to curious machines by which they are split up into various shapes; then move away to where some great structure seems to be growing up, where not only wood, but brick and stone and iron and glass in an infinite variety of shapes, also move about and ultimately seem

to fix themselves in certain positions. Special students among these spirit inquirers would then devote themselves to follow back each of these separate materials—the wood, the iron, the glass, the stone, the mortar, etc.—to their separate sources; and after years thus spent, would ultimately arrive at the great generalization that all came primarily out of the earth. They would make themselves acquainted with all the physical and chemical forces, and would endeavor to explain all they saw by recondite actions of these forces. They would argue that what they saw was due to the forces they had traced in building up and modifying the crust of the earth; and to those who pointed to the result of all this "motion of matter" in the finished product—the church, the mansion, the bridge, the railway, the huge steamship or cotton factory or engineering works—as positive evidence of design, of directive power, of an unseen and unknown mind or minds, they would exclaim, "You are wholly unscientific; we know the physical and chemical forces at work in this curious world, and if we study it long enough we shall find that known forces will explain it all." If we suppose that all the smaller objects, even if of the same size as ourselves, can only be seen by microscopes, and that with improved instruments the various tools we use, as well as our articles of furniture, our food, and our table-fittings (knives and forks, dishes, glasses, etc., and even our watches, our needles and pins, etc.) become perceptible, as well as the food and drinks which are seen also to move about and disappear; and when all this is observed to recur at certain definite intervals every day, there would be great jubilation over the discovery, and it would be loudly proclaimed that with still better microscopes all would be explained in terms of matter and motion! That seems to me very like the position of modern physiology in regard to the processes of the growth and development of living things.

This is more than an allegory. It is more than an analogy. It is an interpretation. The argument for a directive mind in the operations of nature is precisely the same as the argument for directive minds in the works of man—the same in kind, stronger in degree. For we do not *see* any directive mind in the works of man. We see material bodies, moving material tools, and producing material effects. We see the picture produced on the canvas by the painter's brush, or the piece of furniture produced by the cabinet-maker's saw and plane. But in neither case do we *see* a directing mind. We are conscious in ourselves of a directing mind, when by similar material tools we produce similar material results, and we attribute to the workman the intelligent direction of which we are conscious in ourselves. Precisely the same reason leads us, or should lead us, to attribute an intelligent direction to the material forces using material tools to accomplish material results in the processes of nature. The evidence of design in the colors of a flower or a bird is the same as the evidence of design in the color of a painting on a canvas; there is the same evidence of design in the structure of a beehive as in the structure of a tenement-house. In the one case as in the other from the result produced we attribute intelligence to the forces which produce it. The argument is that suggested by Professor Huxley, who closes his classic description of the development of a salamander with the conclusion that "after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skillful manipulation to perfect his work."[1]

This hidden artist is the Great Architect.

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator is not a handy mechanic. The sea of modern machinery is an unsounded deep to him. Therefore, when he received an invitation to visit the Manufacturers Club in Philadelphia and see their exhibition of safety devices in connection with the annual meeting of the Academy of Political and Social Science, he went with some misgiving. Anybody can pretend to be wise politically and socially, with little danger of being found out, but your machinist is a practical person, and sees through pretenses. As the Spectator mounted the wide stairs and entered the large, long, crowded room where the safety devices were installed in state, he presented himself frankly as one of the ignorant general public. He did not feel capable of understanding the devices, but he hoped that he could at least learn where the safety lay.

But, lo and behold! it was an exhibition for the ignoramus. To be sure, the

[1] "Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews," p. 261.

crowd were mainly manufacturing men, or factory inspectors, or insurance men, with only a sprinkling of social workers and the common, or garden, public. But each safety device had an understandable exhibit. Also each exhibit had an expert there to explain—an expert as plain and persuasive as the salesman of a collar button at a county fair. The first device that allured the Spectator was a self-opening door with the "self-releasing fire exit latch." The door was there in model for any one to see and push against. "The best part about this device," said the expert in charge, "is that it cannot be put on any door that opens inward. That means that any school, church, assembly hall, or theater putting in this safety device must first have its doors hung so as to open outward. And that, as any one knows, is half the battle. The appalling loss of life is often due to the double fact that exit doors open inward and refuse to operate. This door must open outward, and the moment any pressure is thrown upon it it releases lock and catch automatically and the door swings wide."

There was no doubt that it did. An adult would have no advantage over a child—merely a touch, and not an intelligent touch at that, was necessary. Any one falling against the door would open it. The apparatus was simple—just a neat metal bar across the door at the height of the ordinary lock, connecting with a lock slightly larger than usual, with the everyday hardware trim outside. "Yes, it could be used for house or hotel doors," the man said. Double doors had to have a slightly different arrangement. "Have you any literature that you can send to our Board of Education?" asked one of the crowd, a visitor from a near-by town, watching the little door swing outward at a touch. "Nearly all our school class-room doors open inward to-day, and we are getting nervous about it." The Spectator wondered how many towns had the same perilous doors, and had not yet even become nervous about the children's danger.

Next to the automatic self-releasing door stood an automatic engine stop. The Spectator is emphatically ignorant where fly-wheels are concerned; but it did not take long for him to understand the simple explanation that even when a fly-wheel explodes because of a defect it really explodes because it is running so fast that the defective part cannot stand the unusual strain. Neither did it require any knowledge of mechanics to see at the next exhibit that casing a revolving shaft means the elimination of all danger from being caught in it. The casing was of the lightest, and opened longitudinally, snapping on to the shaft like an old-fashioned handcuff, and having springs at the end to keep it from rattling and wearing the shaft. The man who was explaining the device flecked a handkerchief on the miniature revolving shaft to show how secure the safety was, and laid his hand on the casing, which immediately stopped, though the shaft went on revolving inside it. On the uncovered portion of the same shaft the handkerchief was caught and twisted up in a moment.

"Automatic? Oh, yes. No other protection but an automatic one is really of use," the expert explained. "You see, the manufacturer puts in the device, but the workers must use it. Some workers are intelligent and careful, of course; but, just for that reason, it wouldn't be necessary to put in safety devices for them. But the careless workers—they are the manufacturer's problem. He has to look out for them, or there'll be accidents—and damage suits. Every good safety device must be fool-proof—that's about the situation. It must be simple enough for an immigrant foreigner to understand, and it must take care of him even if he doesn't trouble to work it. It must safeguard even children, for there are many careless child workers in industry nowadays. A girl of fourteen—what does she know about a safety device? Yet she's just the one it is for."

After that the Spectator felt even more at home. He regarded each exhibit with the eye of the connoisseur in ignorance. Busy manufacturers were taking notes and asking prices. Young insurance men were looking at the patent asbestos house

(a thing of hideous slaty-gray homeliness unparalleled in domestic architecture), and the safety lamps which, when flung into a pile of shavings, extinguished themselves with prompt security. Builders were pressing around the patent safety scaffoldings. Electricians were looking at the rubber shields for linemen to slip over the wires when at work. Each was talking in his own technical way. But the Spectator was the ultimate consumer, so to speak. He was the best judge, in a sense, as to whether the show was a good one—and he magnified his office.

He found he could even criticise. The asbestos house, for example—what great value is there in having a fireproof tiling, so to speak, over the outside, when a house usually catches fire from the inside? The safety lamp, extinguishing itself (automatically, of course) when flung over so as not to break the chimney, went out, sure enough. But when, in the fall, the chimney came off or broke, the light hesitated about leaving. The Spectator could not understand the long explanations that followed, but he knew by this time that any device that needed them was not yet the perfect device. A few exhibits had the gold medal; and these were of a great simplicity and finish. There was the patent scaffolding, for instance, which had won the gold medal in 1910. It is simply a series of ten-foot planking sections, supported on iron beams and suspended by wire ropes working through winches on each end of a section. It can be raised or lowered at will, and can be worked on a slant wherever necessary, yet it is so secure that no fatal accident has ever occurred where it is in use, though three hundred and nineteen buildings in the last two years have been erected with its aid. As nearly eight hundred deaths in New York alone have been caused within the past five years by falls from buildings in process of erection, this device is a striking life-saver.

"That fire-escape wouldn't help one much in front of a burning building," said one man, pausing in front of a pair of leather shoulder-straps attached to a heavy rope which was arranged to pay out from a pulley fixed on a window-sill. "The rope wouldn't stand a lick-out of flame from a window. It ought to be of wire." The factory inspector who was standing by the Spectator smiled. "Wire might be better," he said, sagely, "but wire wouldn't do it either. That fire-escape takes too much head to use it, and nobody in a fire has any head. Not one in a hundred would fix that thing right on the window-sill, or get into the straps right, or let themselves down right. Look at this other one," he went on, pointing to an arrangement like a rope-ladder, of iron and wire rope. "That would kink, nine times out of ten. Only an expert could lower it straight and safe. It's the same way with the chemical fire-extinguishers. If they're filled according to orders, most people think that's the end. But it isn't. The chemicals don't last. Every year, at the least, they ought to be poured out and filled up all over again. How many would remember to do that, unless the insurance people keep them up to it?"

"Fire precautions haven't come to the fool-proof stage yet, then?" said the Spectator. The inspector grinned. "That's it," he said. "You've heard, haven't you, of the man who filled up the extinguishers—with kerosene? That's an old insurance story. But I've known folks do things just as bad who weren't after insurance. I've seen a workman who had used the protection of a cover, like this one in the corner, on a circular saw. It's a pretty fair protection, but it isn't automatic. You have to set it at a certain height for this thing and that. Well, he set it one way, and left it, and then didn't think, and used it for a different height, carelessly, and cut off half his hand, just as he would have done on an entirely unprotected saw. *Automatic—fool-proof—fool-proof—automatic*—that's what I'd keep saying to myself, day in and day out, if I was an inventor working out a safety device."

And as the Spectator looked up and down the big room, everything there seemed to echo and re-echo those two suggestive words.

Four Treasures
from the
Chauchard Collection

The Knitter

By Jean François Millet

Italian Landscape

By Jean Baptiste Camille Corot

A Sheepfold Interior

By Charles Émile Jacque

The Artist

By Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier

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THE KNITTER. BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

COURTESY OF BRAUN & COMPANY

ITALIAN LANDSCAPE. BY JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

COURTESY OF BRAUN & COMPANY

A SHEEPFOLD INTERIOR. BY CHARLES ÉMILE JACQUE

COURTESY OF BRAUN & COMPANY

THE ARTIST. BY JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER

THE SPINNER. BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET COURTESY OF FRANZ HANFSTAENGL

The Louvre's New Treasures

The Chauchard Collection

By Edward Verrall Lucas

IN writing about Paris a few years ago I complained with some cockney bitterness that she was too rich in *objets d'art*. She had not only the Louvre but the Luxembourg, not only the Cluny but the Carnavalet, and so forth. She is richer now; for now she has the Chauchard pictures. That is to say, to the Louvre have just been added one hundred pictures of inestimable worth, by Millet, Corot, Daubigny, and others of the Barbizon school, together with twenty-six of the finest Meissoniers; so that in this one building you may now visit four distinct sets of Barbizon paintings: (1) those in the Musée proper, acquired from the annual Salons or the artists' studios as they were painted, now hanging in Salle VIII (but a little difficult to appreciate fully, so crowded are they by neighboring works); (2) those contained in the Moreau Collection; (3) those contained in the Thomy-Thierret Collection; and now (4) those bequeathed by M. Chauchard and thrown open to the public in December of last year. The total is some hundreds, and there is hardly a picture among them which, isolated, would not cast its spell.

Some hundreds—perhaps a thousand—in all; while in London, until George Salting died in 1910 and left his pictures to the nation, the National Gallery had no Corot of its own, no Daubigny, no Millet.

To-day it has perhaps a dozen Barbizon pictures all told, not one of which has been acquired by purchase; while in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House are a few more, and a few others in the Ionides Collection at South Kensington. No wonder, then, that one feels a little envious of Paris galleries.

I may say at once that the Chauchard Collection does not compare with the Thomy-Thierret in charm or the Moreau in courage. M. Thomy-Thierret liked his pictures to be small and exquisite and happy. Within the limits imposed, his favorite painters never did anything more delightful or, indeed, better. Corot's "Le Vallon," Rousseau's "Printemps," Troyon's "La Provende des Poules," Millet's "Précaution Maternelle" come to mind as I write, as perfect examples of these masters when painting for the adornment of the walls and the pleasure of the eyes and heart of this friend and patron. The whole collection—and it is beyond price—is homogeneous; it reflects the taste of one man. M. Moreau and his son had a robuster taste, a bolder eye. They wanted strength as well as sweetness, or strength alone. Hence their interest in innovation, and hence the presence of Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe." The Moreau Collection has not quite the homogeneity of the Thomy-Thierret, but one feels here also that personality has honestly been at work bringing together things of beauty and power that pleased it, and nothing else.

But M. Chauchard— It is perfectly evident in a moment that M. Chauchard had neither knowledge nor taste. He merely had acumen and good fortune. He was not the proprietor of the Magazins du Louvre (which some persons—and Americans among them—deem the true, or indeed only, Louvre) for nothing. At a certain moment in his successful life, one feels, M. Chauchard extended himself before the fireplace, stroked his spreading *favoris* (so like those of our own Whiteley), and announced, "I must have some pictures." Other prosperous men saying the same thing have forthwith taken their courage in their hands and bought pictures. But M. Chauchard, as I see him (both in his dazzling marble bust and in the portrait by Benjamin Constant), was not like that. "I must have some pictures," he announced, and then quickly reverted to type and cast about as to the best means of discovering whose pictures were most worth buying. That is how the Chauchard Collection came about, if I am not mistaken. It was the venture of an essentially commercial man—an investor-in-grain—who also desired a reputation of virtuosity, but did not want to lose money over it.

As it happens, M. Chauchard was well advised. The men most worth buying were Corot and Daubigny, Rousseau and Troyon, Millet and Meissonier, and with these he covered his walls; and now that he is dead, the French nation possesses one hundred and forty new examples of them. But, wonderful as they are, beautiful as they are, valuable as they are, there is not a picture here which suggests to the visitor that it ever brought a real gladness to the eyes of its owner in his own home.

But I can convince you only too easily that M. Chauchard's strong point was not taste. Do you remember when, driving out to Longchamps, through the Bois, either to the races or to Suresnes, just after you pass the Cascade, you come on the left to a windmill overlooking the course, and on the right to a white villa, all alone and unreal? A club-house, one naturally thinks it, for the French Jockey Club, or something of that kind. You may have forgotten the villa, but you will recall it when I say that on the very trim, vivid lawn in front of it, scattered about, supposed to be counterfeiting life, are various animals in stone—a stag, a doe, some dogs—all white and motionless, in the best mortuary manner, and all, to you and me, outrageous. Well, that was one of M. Chauchard's homes. M. Chauchard was the owner of that lawn and its occupants. The man who, looking out of the window, could feast his eye on these triumphs of the monumental mason was the same man who bought for his walls sheep by Jacque and Millet, and cattle and dogs by Troyon.

No matter. M. Chauchard acquired pictures and left them to the French nation, and they are now on view forever (always excepting the fatal French Mondays) for all of us to rejoice in.

It was at first stated, I remember, that

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RETURNING FROM THE MARKET. BY CONSTANT TROYON

a new building was to be provided for the Chauchard Collection; but I am glad to say that a place has been found in the main gallery. The five Chauchard rooms lead out of the Rubens Salon, and are thus the last of all on the first floor; which means that, in order to reach them, you have to walk the whole length of the picture galleries. There are several devices for inducing unwilling walkers to walk, of which golf is the most popular; but the Chauchard Collection strikes me as the most admirable, for you not only have to walk an incredible distance, but every inch of the way is amid masterpieces. You begin with the Luinis; then cross the Salle Carré, with a glance at "Balthazar Castiglione" and "Mona Lisa" on the right, and "Saint Anne" on the left; then you enter the longest gallery of all, at first among the Italians—more of Leonardo, and then Perugino and Raphael, Titian and Tintoretto—then Velasquez and Murillo on the left, Constable and Bonington on the right; and so past the Germans and Flemings, to Rembrandt's own room. Then the Salle van Dyck, and then (unless you yield to the temptation to diverge into the Dutch cabinets) the gorgeous Salle Rubens, and at last, with your eyes filled with gilt of the decoration and the ripe and ruddy contours of Peter Paul's exuberant brush, you pass into the quiet stillness of Barbizon. At last you are amid the Chauchard treasures, having walked not only some furlongs but clean from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth.

The first picture of all is a Diaz, quite typical; and it may be said at once of the Chauchard pictures that they are all typical. I have seen here and there better Corots, better Daubignys, better Rousseaus, better Troyons; but the Chauchards are unmistakable and true to type. Probably their purchaser insisted upon that. The Diaz is entitled "La Forêt de Fontainebleau"—the forest which he made his own and which made him his own. There, at Barbizon, he lived; he had but to open the garden gate to be among the trees and rocks that he never tired of painting. This first picture is pure Diaz—greenery, silver birches, and light. The next is a little Rousseau, "La Mare," small enough for M. Thomy-

Thierret, and sweet enough, too, with its peaceful evening glow. Then two more Diazes, and we are fairly started: one, "La Route," a peasant girl with a white cap and a red scarf winding through the trees, and one, "Les Hauteurs du Jean de Paris" (also in the *forêt*), a lonely and threatening waste of sand and rock and autumn leaves beneath a thunder-cloud.

I am not going to pass the whole collection under review like this. Having thus struck the tuning-fork, so to speak, I will merely endeavor to complete the harmony, selecting only what to me (in the midst of a surging French crowd which never decreased day after day) seemed the best. A Dupré comes next, "Le Berger," a rich scene of sheep and sunset, more than a little suggestive of Diaz; and then the first of the six-and-twenty Corots—"Danse des Bergères," painted in 1871 (he died in 1875), very light and sweet and characteristic; and next it an ambitious but not quite satisfying Decamps, "Le Christ au Prétoire," a *tour de force* rather than a great religious picture, but very interesting. And so the way is open to the first really compellingly beautiful work, the first picture to touch the emotions—Rousseau's "La Charrette." It was painted in 1862, five years before the painter's death, which left the villagers of Barbizon the richer by a studio-chapel. It is a mere trifle, and it is as wonderful as a summer day: a forest glade, in the midst of which a tiny wagon and white horse with light-blue trappings are seen beneath a sky of intense heat—such a picture as ought to have a wall, if not a room, to itself—such a picture as I should like to see placed above an altar. It is the same subject—a forest wagon—that provided what, in some ways, is the best, or most attractive, Corot here. His "La Charrette" is a large, easy landscape lit by the gracious light of which he alone had the secret. In the foreground is a deep sandy road with the wagon laboring through it. But before we came to this we had stood before one of the finest of the seven Daubignys, "La Seine à Bezons," a river scene of almost terrible calm, with Mont Valérien in the distance and geese and boats on the near shore, and implicit in it the sincerity, strength, and humility of this great man. Perhaps the next most striking picture is the "Chasse au Tigre" of Delacroix, an immensely rich and vivid picture, but hardly in keeping with the room—any more than the gay and pageantish Isabeys are, or the glorious Venetian visions of Félix Ziem (the only pictures in the Louvre by an artist still living)—neighbored as it is by green and misty Corots and a tender Dupré.

We now reach the end of the room, the narrow wall facing the entrance, where hang two large and busy Troyons, one on each side of M. Chauchard himself, the donor of the feast, whose bust, in the whitest Carrara, with the whiskers in full fig, and the *croix de grand officier du Légion d'Honneur* meticulously carved upon it, stands here, as stipulated in the will. These two Troyons, of which there are eighteen in all, are, I think, the largest. One represents cows sauntering lazily down to drink; the other, the return from the market of a mixed herd of cattle and sheep, with a donkey in panniers, all being urged on by a man on a white horse. As was his wont, Troyon chose a road on the edge of a cliff with a very green border of turf and an exquisite glimpse of sea to the left. None of the new Troyons, perhaps, is as fine as those in Salle VIII of the Louvre collection proper, but this is a superb thing. The "Bœufs allant au Labour" and the "Le Retour à la Ferme" in Salle VIII should be visited after the Chauchards.

And so we leave the first and largest room, in the midst of which are two cases of Barye's bronzes—lions and tigers, bears and deer, snakes and birds—and enter the first room on the left as we came in; and here we begin to see for the first time pictures with special knots of people before them. The last room was crowded enough, and indeed Paris has perhaps never so swarmed to a collection as to this, for M. Chauchard had enough notoriety to allure others than the genuine art lovers, but now that we are drawing near to the real attractions of the exhibition—to the Meissoniers and the Millets—the congestion is becoming intense.

Immediately on the left we find the first Jacque—that patient delineator of sheep, who, in London at any rate, has

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THE WASHERWOMEN. BY CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

latterly been rated at Christie's high above Troyon. M. Chauchard had only three, and all are beautiful. And then the Meissoniers begin; and what am I to say? For Meissonier leaves me cold. He is marvelous; but he leaves me cold. He painted with a fidelity and spirit that border on the magical; but those qualities that I want in a picture, those callings of deep to deep—these one seeks in vain. Hence I say nothing of Meissonier here, except that he was a master, that there are twenty-six of his masterpieces, and that the crowd opposite his "1814" extends to the opposite wall. How can one spend time over "Le Cheval de l'Ordonnance" and the "Petit Poste de Grand' Garde," when Daubigny's "Les Laveuses (effet de soleil couchant)" hangs so near—this great placid green picture, so profoundly true as to be almost an act of God? Corot's "Étang de Ville d'Avray" is here too, liquid and tender; and on the farther left-hand wall are two more Corots, one with one of his water-mills in it, and a Troyon, "Le Pâturage à la Gardeuse d'Oies," that recalls the "Provende des Poules" upstairs, in the Thomy-Thierret Collection, which we must certainly climb to after we have left M. Chauchard, no matter how many steps and how many miles of marine exhibits we have to traverse. I knew it all the time, but this Troyon settles it.

Returning to the right-hand wall as we entered the room, we find Isabey's "L'Emprisonnement," two good Diazes, a superb Ziem, "Barque à Venise," and a meretricious but intensely popular work by Henner which has no right here whatever: "La Liseuse," that glimmering naked girl lying prone over a book who found her way into all the print shops some few years ago—either she or one of the replicas or approximations which this artist existed to produce.

The little room that leads out of this one is almost unenterable by reason of the press before Meissonier's "1814." This undoubtedly is one of the little great pictures of the world, and I can understand the enthusiasm of the French sightseer whose blood is still stirable by the enduring personality of the saturnine man on the white horse. Neighboring pictures are a rich cattle piece by Diaz, immediately over "1814;" Rousseau's "La Mare," which is not a little like the Koninck in the Ionides Collection at South Kensington; and the same painter's "La Mare au Pied du Coteau," with its lovely middle distance. Here, too, is one of Corot's many *pêcheurs*, who little knew as they fished on so quietly in the still gentle light that they were being rendered immortal by the quaint little *bourgeois* with the long pipe sketching on the bank. One of the finest of the Duprés is also here—"La Vanne," a deep-green scene of water.

We now turn to the other little room, which contains one of Corot's fascinating bridges, "Le Pont de Palleul," the second of Troyon's "Garde-chasse et Chiens;" Diaz's "Lisière de Forêt," very typical;

and, lastly, M. Chauchard himself once more, this time in the sumptuous pigment of Benjamin Constant. In the passage is one of Corot's loveliest Italian landscapes, "Les Chevriers des Iles Borroméo," and then we enter the last room and come at last to that painter whose work, next perhaps to Meissonier's, is the magnet which draws such a steady stream of worshipers to this new shrine of art—to Jean François Millet. M. Chauchard had eight Millets, including "L'Angelus," but, though it is the "Angelus" which is considered by the French illustrated papers to be the very core of this collection, I find more pleasure in "La Bergère Gardant ses Moutons," which I would call, I think, the best picture of all. The first Millet—and all are in this room—that we come to is the "Parc à Moutons," next Meissonier's famous and much-engraved "Amateur de Peintures." Then Corot's "Les Saules" with its pollarded willows, and another of his "Danses des Nymphes," of which he painted—how many? And in the middle of this, the right-hand wall, are those two peasants whose bent heads, as the call of the evening bell reaches them, are familiar almost throughout the world. No reproduction, however, can convey the glory of the fading light or the richness of Millet's coloring.

But, as I have said, it is the chief picture on the next wall—"La Bergère Gardant ses Moutons"—which to me is the most beautiful of M. Chauchard's many possessions. That is the masterpiece of the collection. It has been remarked that no picture containing sheep can ever be a bad picture; but when Millet paints them, and when they are grazing beneath such a sky, and when one of those grave, sweet peasant women—a monument of patient acceptance and the humility that comes from the soil—is their shepherdess, why, then, it is almost too much; and the brave ardent Jacque, whose "Moutons au Pâturage" hangs close by, is half suspected of theatricalism. Millet is so great, so full of large elemental simplicity and truth, that one regrets that his eight pictures have not a room to themselves. That they should be elbowed by the neat dancing-master *chefs d'œuvre* of Meissonier is something of a catastrophe.

To the last Millet on this wall, the little charming "Tricoteuse" knitting away on a bank, we come by way of one of the loveliest of the Rousseaus, "La Passerelle," and Corot's "La Route." The "Tricoteuse" might be described as a Thomy-Thierret Millet, both in size and subject. It is wholly a delight, and the child has in perfection the countenance which the painter may be said to have created—the eyes set wide below the candid forehead, and the smooth, rounded, resolute features, so soon, one feels, to be marked by that hopelessness, or, at any rate, unexpectancy of anything better ever happening, which every Millet peasant betrays. The other Millets are the very delightful "Fileuse," the "Petite Bergère," "Le Parc à Moutons" (under the moon, an unforgettably beautiful effect), "Le Vanneur," and "La Femme au Puits," who fills her water-pots in the courtyard of the farm-house where the artist was born in 1814. And so we come to the end.

Before leaving the Museum, however, two further pilgrimages are necessary—one, as I have said so often—to the Thomy-Thierret Collection, at the top of the building, and one to Salle VIII, which is more easily reached, since it leads out of the long gallery along which we are bound to travel. The Thomy-Thierret rooms are Barbizon, and almost nothing else; but in Salle VIII you have to search for the great *pleinairistes* amid a wilderness of other work. But there they are for those that seek—the vast Troyons of which I have already spoken; Corot's magic "Souvenir de Castel-Gondolfo;" a great Daubigny, "Les Vendances de Bourgogne," very hard and fine, and the same gigantic painter's large and lovely harvest scene, "Le Moisson;" Rousseau's "Sortie de Fôret," not unlike the Rousseau in the Wallace Collection in London, with its natural archway of branches and rich tenderness of color; the sublime "La Vague" of Courbet, an artist whom M. Chauchard was evidently not advised to buy; and, lastly, Millet's "Les Glaneurs"—the three stooping women in the corn-field who come to the inward eye almost as readily as the figures in the "Angelus," but also need the calm, soothing power of the great colorist. The red, blue, and yellow of their head kerchiefs

alone would make this picture worth a millionaire's ransom.

Thinking over the Chauchard Collection since I saw it—I write some three weeks after—I have very strongly the feeling already expressed that it was wrongly assembled. The investor, rather than the enthusiast, is too apparent. M. Chauchard, it is true, refrained from making money by his acquisitions, since he gave them to the nation, and this is eternally to his credit; none the less, I find it difficult to esteem him as perhaps one should even in the light of a generous testator. One so wants pictures to be loved. And of all pictures that are lovable and that exist to pass into their owner's being—to engentle his eyes and enrich his experience and deepen his nature—none equal those that were painted by the little group of friends who in the middle of the last century made the white-walled village of Barbizon their headquarters, and the Forest of Fontainebleau their happy hunting-ground, and a Wordsworthian passion for nature their creed.

Such pictures deserve the most faithful owners and the most thoughtful hospitality. But if we cannot get all as we wish it, at least we must be grateful for the next best thing, and to M. Chauchard and the Louvre authorities I am supremely grateful.

An Appreciation of Valiant Trees

By Maud Going

NOWADAYS, when the Pierian spring of science has so overflowed its banks that even yellow journalists dabble in its muddy shallows, we hear strange tales of "sensor" and "motor" nerves.

The hapless grasshopper, impaled alive as bait, vents his emotions in frenzied kicks, and seems to have the delusion of pain.

But "Oh," says the fisherman, calmly contemplating the athletics of his victim, "all his nerves are motor nerves; that is only reflex action."

The grasshopper and his sympathizers, it seems, are alike in error. He is not really hurt. With no sensor nerves worth speaking of, how can he be?

We think of the jellyfishes, with no nerves at all, sensor or motor, yet all alive to the nethermost tip of every streamer, pulsing rhythmically out to sea. How well they seem to know it when you make too free with them! How thoroughly they can convince you that they know it!

Ninety-eight per cent water, and with no nerves, they travel, seek for food, and repel advances. They are living arguments for Lamarck's theory that sensation precedes nerve tissue, and that life is to the sense organ even as is the workman to the tool he handles.

If this be true—and the newest science shows symptoms of reacting towards this view of Nature—may there not be even in plants some dim beginnings of consciousness?

"Flowers," says Longfellow, "teach us by most persuasive reasons how akin they are to human things." Much more do trees, which live on, like men, through the changing seasons and the passing years.

In the folk-lore of our fathers are many tales of trees which cried out when the ax was laid at their roots and whose cut boughs dropped blood. Long, long ago, in the days of the great god Pan, each tree was inhabited by a beautiful creature, like a woman, but without a soul—the dryad of the trees. When the dryad's tree dropped, she languished; when it aged, her strength and beauty faded; and when it died, she perished forever. We know better nowadays. No hoof-print in loamy

THE POPLARS, PROSPEROUS AND TRANQUIL

soil suggests the great god Pan to any shepherd, and no seer finds any "wayside bush afire with God." But even now the customs of planting class and memorial trees survive, and are probably remnants of the tree worship of our ancestors. So, perhaps, are the feelings of veneration which cause successive generations to preserve the lives of well-beloved old trees, such as the shire oaks of Old England and New England's patriarch elms.

Personally, we confess to greater interest in the forest giants which have taken care of themselves. Each of these is a hero of twenty duels and of a continuous free-for-all fight. It has vanquished a series of rivals in a long struggle for earth, air, and water; and it has survived frosts, gales, and plagues of insects which have cost the lives of many tree neighbors. Perhaps it has come through great tribulations maimed and broken, knotted and gnarled, but still responsive to the sunshine and the spring.

THE GIANT ELMS WHICH ARE THE GLORY OF NEW ENGLAND

We know, for instance, a valiant elm which grew close to a burning house. Fire charred off most of its bark, and left all the limbs on one side blackened and dead. Then bluebirds called, the woods awakened, and every tree adorned itself for the wedding of earth and sun.

The maimed elm rose to the occasion. It did its poor best and used all its resources.

Along the trunk, on the side that had been farthest from the fire, young withes sprang out. They grew from latent buds which had been formed in long-ago springs, and, sleeping under the bark, awaited an emergency call like this. And so, recent and ruinous misfortune did not keep this elm aloof from the spring gladness of the woods.

Spring, too, puts enthusiasm into the willows which seem to have weathered such hard winters—and so many of them. There is a touch of the ridiculous in the rejuvenation of these uncouth antiques.

Their knotty and gnarly bodies, with the tender withes about them, make one think of a very old bathing-woman or fish-wife fantastically gay in the finery of a society bud.

Some of the trunks, putting forth a luxuriant growth of leafy wands, are mere shells. Decay, beginning perhaps at the raw surface left by a broken limb, has eaten in till the tree-trunk is little more than a hollow column.

In such shelters the white-bellied swallows make their homes. We are warned away from the swallow's tree in nesting time by the downward rush of the excited birds, with backs blue-green like summer seas and breasts as white as foam. But if we defy the scolding of these proprietors and listen with ear against the bark, we can hear the tender twitter of nestlings within. They are living in the bottom of a dark tube, but few birds will be stronger and swifter of wing than they. The wide heavens are their heritage. Yet they know to-day nothing of sun or stars; nothing of cloud, field, or sea. They are little spirits in prison till they learn to use their wings.

Buds which develop on maimed trees are fed during their first growth by nourishment stored in the wood itself.

A thin morsel of wood, stained with iodine and placed under the lenses of a microscope, is seen to be made of cells like those of a honeycomb. Inside each cell is a great number of bluish-black specks. These are starch-grains, and besides all this starch the wood contains gum.

Nourished on this food, buds can develop even on boughs which have been severed from the tree. So we see green sprouts on floating timber and on fence posts, and we have known a rustic table to burgeon inconveniently forth with long, vigorous sprays.

Such sprays live only so long as the store of food in the wood-cells lasts. As soon as this is exhausted they wither away, because they have no root.

Every tree-grower, even one who is coaxing a single consumptive shoot in a city yard, has wondered at the perversity of trees. Why do they "up and die" when cash, time, muscle, and science are combined in the effort to make them live? And why do they live where, if one could wager on any action of a tree, thousands might be staked upon their sure death?

Spruces especially baffle all reasonable expectations, and nothing is certain regarding them except—uncertainty. One of the marvels of the Au Sable Chasm is the growth of large spruces supported on the gatherings of roots thrust into cracks where one cannot insert the blade of a penknife. We know a blow-down spruce, prostrated by a long-ago gale, which has right-angled its whole scheme of living. Lying flat upon the earth, it welcomes each spring with an outgrowth of feathery buds, and it ripens cones every autumn. But raised in one's front yard and fed, so to say, on the fat of the land, a spruce languishes and demands as much humoring as a prima-donna.

The dogged perseverance of some trees exceeds that of Robert Bruce's spider. In pasture lands are grotesque haws, bitten back year after year by browsing cattle or sheep, and raising their heads again year after year undaunted.

Darwin found a community of Scotch firs making a like valiant struggle in the very teeth of misfortune.

"In one square yard," says Darwin, "I counted thirty-two little trees, and one of them, with twenty-six rings of growth, had, during many years, tried to raise its head above the stems of the heath, and had failed."

Comfortable philosophers, with well-filled purses, one suspects, tell us that keen competition among mankind develops qualities which we think worth a high price when our neighbor has to pay. But the analogy of the woods does not justify this theory.

Where conditions of living are hard, where soil is poor, or where for any reason the struggle for existence is strenuous and unceasing, we find the tree children of adversity fallen far below the ideal of their type. Deserted trees growing in abandoned plantations or forsaken gardens soon lose their symmetry. Neglected orange trees in the abandoned groves of Florida become thorny, and bear small and bitter fruits. These trees were once digged about and fed with fertilizers purchased by a hopeful grower.

APPLE TREES WITH THEIR CONTORTED BRANCHES

Since he has gone North, discouraged, there is no one to supplement the root's starveling diet of sand, and the neglected trees approach the condition of the thorny shrubs of the desert.

Apple trees, when abandoned, degenerate in like manner. In upper New York, beside snorting drills and towering derricks one can see here and there lonely survivors of vanished orchards. They " have not been pruned nor digged." At first their contorted branches turned new-found liberty into license. Then came the evil days, the droughts, the late frosts, the insect destroyers, and there was no friendly gardener to save. Some forsaken trees left alone in uptown building lots seem to reach out gaunt arms in mute appeal for help; some bristle defiance against a hostile world.

There is little beauty in the attenuated growth of very dense woods where trees fight for light and air; and the trees of high mountains, fighting the cold at

THE MAJESTIC CHESTNUTS, WITH THEIR LUSTROUS LEAVES

the timber line, are just as far short of æsthetic perfection.

On Mount Washington spruces, mingled with dwarf birches, gradually degenerate till they become little gnarled bushes, so closely matted together that it is almost impossible to penetrate among them, except where paths have been cut. Finally they lie flat on the ground, so stunted that the reindeer moss may be seen overtopping them.

"The bush form," says Ruskin, "is essentially one taken by vegetation in some kind of distress—scorched by heat, discouraged by darkness, smitten by fierce winds, parched by thirst or bitten by frost. It is the form in which isolated knots of earnest plant life stay the flux of fiery sands, bind the rents of tottering crags, purge the stagnant air of cave and chasm, or fringe, with sudden hues of unhoped-for spring, the arctic edges of retreating desolation."

On the other hand, the majestic chestnuts, with their lustrous leaves, and the grand willows which make the borders of the rivers glad, "are expressions of vegetable power in its accomplished felicities." In green pastures and by still waters we find the stately poplars and the giant elms which are the glory of New England.

And yet one feels interested in the valiant stunts and starvelings as in some brave human soul meeting misfortune with courage and with cheer.

"I thought," says the crippled child in Mrs. Ewing's exquisite "Story of a Short Life," "that perhaps there are lots of brave afflicted people—poor things. And then I thought of a book—a collection, you know. And I thought perhaps by degrees I might collect three hundred and sixty-five poor things—all brave. So, if you can think of anybody, you must tell me, and if I think they're brave enough and afflicted enough, I'll put them in."

In Hugh Price Hughes's work among the poor of East London this little incident has been taken as a suggestion. In this settlement, as in others, the workers find that much pleasure and benefit come from organizing people into clubs, and the most unique and interesting of these clubs is one called "The Poor Brave Things."

All the members of this pathetic company are cripples. Some of them were born misshapen, and some have had

THE BOAT-BUILDER SEEKS OUT THEIR HARD AND CROOKED TIMBER

cripplehood thrust upon them by a painful accident. Their bond of unity is their weakness and their deformity. Their common effort is to be cheerful and, as far as their deformity permits it, helpful. And who knows how ill some of them could be spared from their homes or their communities! Looking at the half-human struggle for life made by trees living in adverse conditions, trees blighted by fire and frost, by drought and insects, and trees in the very grip of death, one is reminded of the "poor brave things" making the best of life lived in a deformed body and amid the penury and squalor of East London. And, seeing maimed stumps budding forth at the call of the bluebird, we think of men and women shot through and through by the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," who keep, nevertheless, their love for laughter, flowers, and little children, and their serene faith in the goodness of God.

Moreover, the unfortunate trees have their uses.

The boat-builder seeks out their hard and crooked timber. The wood-worker, who goes to the heart of things, finds in the humps of distorted trees "burls," all lovely sinuous lines and richly contrasting tints.

A multitude of wild creatures, like the tree-swallow, use the hollow trunks as nesting-places where they may lay their young.

The coast-cedars, blighted into grotesque forms, shelter sea gardens from ocean gales. And the twisted dwarfs that crouch and cower high on the mountain sides are doing most important work in the world. Their roots bind down the earth and boulders of the uppermost steep slopes, and their branches make life possible for the reindeer moss which soaks up the mountain rains. Hence water seeps and percolates gently into river head and spring, instead of tearing down the slopes, bringing destruction to the lowlands.

Aristocratic elms and poplars, living in luxury beside still waters, owe their prosperity and tranquillity to the stunted spruces high up on the steep and misty slopes. The proletariat of the trees fighting their battle on the heights win peace for the valleys—and so our interest in the "poor brave things" is not without its justification, after all.

"I HAD THE CHANCE TO WORK THE WHOLE DAY IN THE OPEN SUNSHINE"

Through the Mill

By Al Priddy

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

CHAPTER X

A YEAR was a long time for Uncle Stanwood to live in one house. We were constantly on the move. The main difficulty lay in my aunt's violent treatment of the neighbors she did not like. About my fifteenth birthday we found a home near the most disreputable tenements of the south end. These tenements faced a forlorn, grassless park, and in the rear were marshes, dumps, and chicken yards. The tenements themselves were painted a dull drab, and the sun burned the paint into blisters, which peeled and left the houses looking as if they had suffered from smallpox. Neither shade tree nor porch could be found. The yards, back and front, were made from mill cinders, and not a wisp of grass could be found attempting to grow. The back yards were crisscrossed with clothes-lines strung from short stumps. Near the outhouses were heaps of tin cans and past-tense vegetables.

The park would have been beautiful if the tenements had allowed, but the policemen were kept busy carrying settees from the gutter back to the shady spots from which the ambitious youths had torn them, and in righting those which had been overturned out of sheer mischief. One day the councilman for that ward succeeded in getting an appropriation for a bronze drinking-fountain to be erected on the corner opposite the police station and directly on the main street. In due time the pretty fountain was established, and the tenements had delightful anticipations of cooling draughts of water on July nights. But, lo! no sooner was the bowl in place and the water turned on than the tenement children came to bathe their feet and wash their faces in it. It was soon after taken down by the authorities.

Directly opposite this park my uncle opened his little shop and sold confectionery and pork pies. I was brought into the heart of a new "gang;" this one was noted throughout the city for its criminal operations. My new companions were mostly Irish and were still wearing "knee-pants." They visited the wharves and stripped sheets of old copper from abandoned whale-ships. They visited houses in the process of construction and cut out new lead pipe from sinks and drains. They tore lead from eaves, and appropriated copper wire from the electric company. One of the boys, Taddy, stole from his own grandmother, and was sent to the reformatory. Nearly every one of the gang had been caught by the police.

Their viciousness repelled me, and I did not stay with them long. When Hern, a young Irishman, was sent to the lunatic asylum from excessive cigarette-smoking, I bade farewell to the crowd and spent my nights in roaming the city alone.

But Uncle Stanwood did not keep his business long. The profits meant an increase of beer. He sold out, and moved to a tenement at the lower end of the city, and I found myself once more in the bosom of the "Point Roaders."

It was at this time that the "Deaf-and-Dumb Woman" made an acquaintanceship with Aunt Millie. This woman, born in Scotland, was the wife of a day watchman. He was a man of the highest integrity and honor, but his wife went among the women "for evil and not for good." The sum and substance of her influence was to get women to buy and drink whisky. If every page of these recollections bears some allusion to intoxicants, it is unavoidable, for every hardship—my labor in the mill, lack of education, vicious home influences—all were rooted and nourished in intemperance.

The Deaf-and-Dumb Woman came first on a day when I chanced to be at home. She brought a flask of whisky, and invited Aunt Millie to share it with her. Soon the flask was empty. The Deaf-and-Dumb Woman never seemed to be affected by the taste of intoxicants, but her victims were always at her mercy. While in her drunken stupor that day

Aunt Millie parted with money and provisions, and I saw the Deaf-and-Dumb Woman go silently away with a basket of provisions and money enough for a few drinks in the corner saloon.

The acquaintanceship thus begun soon ripened into a daily renewal. As soon as uncle and I left the house the Deaf-and-Dumb Woman would enter, and the morning would be spent by the two women in one of the saloons or at home, emptying glass on glass, without a thought or care for housekeeping duties.

The saloon bills contracted by my aunt caused her little embarrassment, for she had the disposal of our wages and paid all the bills. She generally aimed to involve Uncle Stanwood in the saloon debts so that he would not question her.

Day after day we came from a hard day's work and found Aunt Millie either not at home or lolling in a drunken stupor. If she chanced to be at home and had been drinking, immediately on seeing the door open she would straightway begin to scold over some imaginary fault in a pathetic attempt to divert suspicion from herself. My uncle's face on beholding such a sight would flush with shame, and he would do his best to keep silence. Our supper on these occasions was made up of indigestible pastry which my aunt had bought at the nearest store. If we did not eat, we were scolded with such a torrent of abuse that silence was welcome at any cost.

If, after supper, Uncle Stanwood dared charge his wife with drunkenness, she would scream, tear her hair, and throw the handiest kitchen utensil at him.

At this time I began to keep a small diary. Every day I faithfully inserted a line of comment. In red ink I wrote it, and the days on which I came home and had to witness the scenes above described I simply wrote in big, significant letters, "Dark to-day!" That diary, from January to December, is full of such lines. Every time I take it from a certain old trunk and turn its pages tragedy after tragedy unfolds itself.

I was now nearing my sixteenth birthday, and the dream of entering college had not perished in me. In the midst of such a home I had my little sanctuary in which I devoted myself to self-education as strenuously as ever did Greek devote himself to the worship of an oracle.

The sanctuary was my study. In our tenement was a large front room, unused, because we did not have furniture. The floor was carpetless and the walls unadorned by pictures. The shutters were kept closed because we had no window curtains, and the beams of light streamed in during the day and lighted up the dust which had collected on the floor. In this large, cheerless room I had a small writing-desk and a bedroom chair. The only other furnishing, but chiefest of all, was a row of books which I had arranged with great affection on the white mantelshelf directly over the gaping hole in the chimney where the stove-pipe was due to enter.

In the selection of these books I spent delightful Saturday afternoons poking in auction rooms and in the dusty windows of the second-hand clothing stores. I also paid weekly visits to the Salvation Army salvage rooms, where, among cast-off clothing, I managed to dig up precious volumes at five cents each.

The following is a partial list of my library gathered at that time:

Hume's "History of England," printed with old fashioned s's—the second volume, bound in calf, with one cover missing.

A well-bound copy of a civil trial which took place in Boston in the late eighteenth century, and chiefly important to me because Paul Revere was listed as one of the witnesses.

A tiny cloth-bound copy of "The Mariner's Progress," stamped with gilt.

Cruden's "Concordance," bound in calf, for which I paid twenty-five cents.

"The Cottage Bible," in three bulky volumes and printed about 1800. Of the three volumes, two were without covers.

"Poor Boys Who Became Famous," by Sarah K. Bolton. I bought this new at a city bookstore.

"The Life of Calvin," by Guizot, printed in pamphlet form and bound in manila.

"Biblical Theology," a book in black cloth and very old, which proved doctrine by exhaustive Scripture texts.

"The Koran," Sale's translation, which I bought on account of the thrilling legends in the appendix.

"'BUT, SIR, WON'T YOU GIVE US A CHANCE?' I PLEADED"

An old-fashioned grammar arranged on the question-and-answer method for self-teachers.

Two well-worn arithmetics.

"A History of the Ancient World," which was published about 1830 and was filled with quaint woodcuts.

Binney's "Compend of Theology."

I have read that in the midst of the rough ocean there are quiet places where a storm-driven ship may ride at peaceful anchor. That dingy room, with its desk and shelf of dilapidated books, meant as much to me. Through the winter months when the household was in the turmoil caused by the association of my aunt with the Deaf-and-Dumb Woman, I made this room my quiet place.

After an hour of verbal abuse from my aunt I could shut the door and forget the painful incident. One night, after she had roughly assaulted me and had roused in me the murderer's passion, I fled to my little haven and received consolation from "Poor Boys Who Became Famous." There I read of men who had attained to fame through patience and hard work. My ideals were thus stimulated and my ambitions kept at full pitch.

I was not only anxious to improve my mind, but I also wished to be on hand in case of a serious quarrel between my foster parents. That this precaution was necessary will be evident by one or two illustrations as to the progress of events between my aunt and uncle. One night I came home and found no supper provided. Aunt Millie sat in a chair, nodding her head as if half asleep. Presently my uncle arrived from the mill, and, on catching sight of his wife, went up to her, sniffed of her breath, and then dragged her, in a great rage, into the middle of the floor and

struck her a savage blow. With a blood-curdling scream my aunt lurched toward the table, picked up a saucer, and hurled it straight at the head of my uncle. It crashed against his brow and fell to the floor in fragments. With the blood streaming down his face, and without any further word, my uncle tenderly carried the raging woman into her bed and soothed her into sleep, while I went into my study and attempted to quiet my mind with a study of the adverb.

Of course, after spending the whole day from early morning till darkness in a vitiated atmosphere, out of the fresh air, and after one has endured labors that are the limit of physical endurance, one is neither physically nor mentally fit for study. Yet I was never told so. In fact, the school authorities and our employers wanted us to crowd the evening schools. I always went into my study more fit for bed. I could not sit still in one place long. My eyes needed constant rest, and the blood surged to my head and made me dizzy. But I wanted to learn. I craved a wide knowledge, such as the "Poor Boys Who Became Famous" obtained in spite of tremendous handicaps. I planned an extensive course of study. First I read a page from the "Life of Calvin," then several of the romantic legends in the appendix to the Koran, and then passed on and tried to memorize a half-page from the "History of the Ancient World." By this time I felt too weary to proceed. I paced the room and tried to recollect what I had been reading, but my mind was a blank, and I considered myself without the necessary mental qualifications for becoming famous. In a few minutes, however, I was able to resume, and after a page had been filled in my diary, I applied myself to more serious study, namely, snatches of grammar or arithmetic, ending all with a few verses from the Bible and the reading of a few definitions of Biblical terms in Cruden's "Concordance." This sounds like a formidable schedule, but in reality I understood little of what I read. Latin, Hebrew, or Spanish might have been included so far as the retention or apprehension of the subject-matter went. I went through most of it in a weary and perfunctory manner. I should much rather have been in bed resting or out under the electric lights with the gang. The motive underneath was the one controlling desire to break away from the mill and its terror. I knew that education alone could effect the freedom. I reasoned, for instance, that Joe Helphin, who had been a weaver, had obtained his position as a letter-carrier mainly through his ability to pass the educational test. I reasoned that the positions which offered short and easy hours were obtained alone through mental superiority. Hence I worked and lived to acquire an education.

The gang noticed, that winter, that I seemed to have withdrawn myself from them. "He's got the book bats," suggested Yellow Belly. "Goin' daffy over learnin'," sneered "Whizzy" Schon. The boys expressed contempt and pity for me. "Well," I explained, "you fellows can hang around this corner nights, but I'm going to learn something that will get me out of the mill. It's none of your business, anyway!" and with this last fling I had to run to escape the shower of stones the gang sent after me.

The numerous family rows in our house finally brought a letter from a lawyer in which we were ordered to remove from the neighborhood. The letter stated that our presence would not be tolerated any longer. Aunt flew into a passion and named certain of the neighbors whom she charged with all manner of petty conduct. I flushed and went to my room, shut the door, and prayed that God would in some great miracle give me a good home and respectable parents—like other boys.

CHAPTER XI

After we had received notice to remove my uncle went to a little town in Connecticut and obtained work in a cotton-mill. He next secured a place to live in one of the corporation tenements and wrote for us to follow him.

"The beauty of the place where we're going," said my aunt, "is that the whole place is owned by the company and they don't allow any drink to be sold. That will help us, and we can save money. If once we can get away from the saloons, your uncle will be able to keep straight, won't he?"

It was the beginning of spring when aunt and I arrived in the village of S——. We were delighted with the evidences of prosperity in the houses. Every brick cottage had its little garden under its front windows. There were ample lawns and grassy back yards. In the center of the village was a triangular park.

The house which my uncle had rented was as pretty as the best. It had its front garden and its lawn. Aunt was delighted and could hardly await the arrival of the household goods.

While waiting for the furniture we lived at the corporation boarding-house. My uncle obtained for me a very desirable position in the mule-room, and every day he painted in glowing colors the opportunity that had come to us.

"No drink here," he said, "and we ought to get along and save money, Al. It's a pity that we have spent so much and got so little, but now it's all changed." His pale, drawn face took on a cheerful look the first week of our life in the village, and when the furniture arrived our joy was complete.

The afternoon that the furniture did arrive the superintendent of the mill called for my uncle and had a long talk with him. The upshot of which was that we were ordered not to unload our furniture, but to go back to our former home. When my bewildered uncle pressed for a reason, the superintendent sternly informed him that my aunt had been found drunk in one of the cottages.

The bottom went out of the fairy world we had planned. My uncle said to me in a choked voice: "The superintendent wants to have a talk with you too, Al. Do your best to get him to give us a chance."

The superintendent waited for me in the elevator-room, where we had strict privacy. When he had shut the door, he said: "Mr. Priddy, I want to ask you a very hard and delicate question. You must give me a frank answer, even though it is very hard." "Yes, sir," I said, huskily, wondering what the question would be. "Mr. Priddy," said the old man, very sternly, "is your aunt a regular drinker?" I gasped hard and deliberated a lie. Then, in a choked voice and with my eyes on the floor, I confessed, "She is, sir." "Well, I am very sorry for you, my boy," said the superintendent; "I am sorry that I have to be so hard. You and your uncle have just settled down to work, and we need you, but we cannot allow women who drink to live in our houses. They will corrupt the town. Your furniture is not unloaded from the freight cars, and we shall pay for its return to the city. We shall also pay your railway fares back, but you cannot live in our village, that is certain. I am sorry for you, my boy." "But, sir, won't you give us a chance?" I pleaded; "that is what we came here for. In the city we are near the saloons and the beer wagons come around to the houses every morning. If we can live here—" "But your aunt has managed to get drink already, and she has been in town only a few days. That is a very bad start, isn't it?" said the superintendent. "But, sir, you are a member of the church and believe in forgiving, as Christ did. Won't you give us a chance?" The old man sternly said: "It is not you I am thinking of, as I am of the whole village. I am determined to keep liquor out of it even if you have to suffer. That is final. Go back to your work now and I will talk further with your uncle!"

The miserable hours of the morning wore on, and by noontime there seemed to be no change in our unfortunate situation. In the privacy of his room my uncle informed his wife of the misery her action had brought upon us. My aunt was crazed and ran out of the room. We could not follow her, as the one o'clock bell was ringing and we had to return to work. In conferences with the overseer that afternoon my uncle learned that there was a vacant house on the outskirts of the village not owned by the corporation. He also learned that if we could rent this, we should be allowed to retain our positions in the mill. This gave us hope, and we went to our suppers determined to view that house and make arrangements for occupying it.

The place was about a mile distant from the boarding-house, and could be reached by the trolley car. Aunt was not at supper, neither could she be found in the house. No one had seen her, but we knew she would return in her own time and way.

The car was speeding along a stretch of country road, skirting a meadow at the

foot of which ran a river, when Uncle and I, who were standing on the rear platform, beheld a woman running through the fields towards the river, screaming and waving her hands in the air. "Millie!" gasped my uncle, leaping from the moving car to the ground. We followed the crazed woman and caught her as she was about to hurl herself into the water. It took a long while to bring her to her senses, and then we learned that, brooding over the misery into which she had brought us, and thinking that the superintendent would brand her as a public disgrace, she had obtained some drink and had spent the afternoon in trying to forget her troubles. She had been afraid to come back to the boarding-house that night, and had determined upon suicide.

When she was quieted, we took her with us to view the house, and to our joy the landlady was willing that we should move in immediately.

CHAPTER XII

One of the first discoveries I made in our new neighborhood was the existence of a saloon in a basement next door! It stood directly on the town line, and was the common resort of the village. I knew that our residence in that vicinity was fated to be brief. Aunt and Uncle, however, made firm resolutions not to patronize the place, and for a few months maintained their positions very firmly.

Meanwhile I was in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. First of all, I made the acquaintance of a young cloth designer who loved books and talked very intelligently on learned subjects. I became also a regular attendant at the village church. My whole life was washed of the grimy atmosphere which had enveloped us in the city. To go from week to week and not see the cheapness and vulgarity to which I had become habituated was dreamlike and delightful.

I responded to my opportunity. First of all, I paid frequent visits to the historical places and spent my holidays in Indian cemeteries reconstructing ancient times and familiarizing myself with weird legends. I devoured a copious history of the city of B——, our neighbor, visited the museum, and talked with a very learned and venerable librarian about local Indian history.

The result of this crystallized in the formation of a historical society, of which the five young fellows who were charter members with me made me president. We invited the learned librarian to lecture to us. He came to our first meeting, and put in our hand typewritten sheets of unpublished history. That was our first and only meeting!

In the city, on Saturday afternoon, when the week's work was done, I paid frequent visits to a noted museum. One day I stood before a copy of "The Dying Gaul" in the statuary hall, and soon found myself shedding tears over the pain which the hero seemed to feel, and I even caught myself speaking works of pity into the clay ears of the prostrate hero.

In the middle of summer also, much to my delight, I was offered a position on a farm directly across the road. At last my ambitions were beginning to be realized. I had the chance to work the whole day in the open sunshine! I have had many joys come into my life, but none more splendid than this.

"You'll get some flesh on your bones now," declared my aunt. "We'll see you with rosy cheeks and an appetite like a horse's."

The farmer for whom I worked was an exacting master, but the joy of breathing the pure air strengthened me for the severest labors. I milked cows, delivered milk in a town three miles distant, and attended to the ordinary chores about the place.

On Sunday I attended church with the farmer, and, though daily exposure to the air made it impossible for me to keep awake in church, I always brought to mind the pleasant places into which I had been led, and joined with the minister in a sincere and joyous prayer to the God who was leading me.

But there is a serpent in every paradise. At last the will of my uncle and aunt broke down, and the peace of the house was gone. The next-door saloon took much of our money, brawls and fights ensued, and the whole matter ended by my uncle leaving home.

The farm was paying me four dollars a week, and I had to live at home. My aunt had no money saved, and we entered upon a struggle with hunger that lasted well into the winter. The dark gulf once

"ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE PICKED COUPLES WERE GENERALLY INVITED"

more had swallowed up my dream. My aunt resolved to go back to the city, where I could earn a larger salary and where she hoped my prodigal uncle would join us.

With bitterness I had to turn my back on the good friends that had been given me. I had little patience with the Providence that willed things so badly. I knew that I should be tripped at every wide turn in the road. To return to the city meant plunging once more into the hot, vulgar shadows of the mill.

On the eve of our removal, one clouded night, about nine o'clock, I went across the road and down an embankment to draw water from a spring. Out of the shadows came a man and a bicycle. He stopped, and said, "Hello, Al!" "Good evening, Mr. Lewis," I returned, recognizing an old mill friend who lived outside the village. "I hear that you are planning to go to college," he said. I was astonished, for I had kept that ambition away from even my foster parents. "Who told you?" I demanded. "Your uncle. He told me that you were buying books and wanted to learn. He told me that he would like to have you go if only things were brighter. Now, keep up your courage, lad. Go right ahead and make the best you can of yourself. There's a chance for those of the right stamp. You are young and can make your own way, all right. Don't give up, and God bless you!" and with that word, he climbed up the embankment, mounted his bicycle, and rode off in the direction of his home. His words were a tonic to me, and I resolved, then and there, at the first opportunity to leave home and use on my education the money I earned.

CHAPTER XIII

"Al," said Aunt Millie, "before we move, you had better go to the city and pick out a tenement, and then I will come along."

Accordingly I hurried to the city and searched over the South End for a tenement remote from a saloon. I wanted to keep my aunt as far as possible from temptation; my happiness depended upon it. I found a desirable place on a quiet street and in the midst of good neighbors. I then sent for my aunt to come.

As soon as we were settled I sought out the "Point Roaders." I recall the night very distinctly. Changes in stature and ideas of life had taken place since we first organized. The boys had begun to leave their homes. One was boarding just around the corner from the house where his parents were living. Another, Jakey, had been to a distant city, and was with us that night to offer some suggestions in regard to "life."

"Now, fellows," he said, "what's the matter with being sports, eh? Let's pass the hat for some money and rush the growler like the rest of the chaps." Fifteen cents was collected. "Now, somebody run and get a pail, and then let me go to Donovan's for fifteen cents' wuth." A large pail was speedily brought, while we all thrilled at the daring things about to be done. Jakey importantly swaggered off and soon returned with a can of beer, the first official venture the gang made into inebriety.

We stood in a circle and Jakey took the first drink. There were ten in the circle, and only three of us refused.

From that night the gang went to pieces. Jakey began to invite us to "surprise parties" on Saturday nights. These affairs were arranged as often as once a week, and were extremely shady functions. The intention was to present some girl with a present, the excuse being a birthday, a wedding engagement, or a token of popularity. The recipient was kept in ignorance, but her parents were informed. From the collections made beer and refreshments were bought, and a "gift" obtained. About twenty-five picked couples were generally invited.

After the presentation speech dancing on the cellar floor began and refreshments were passed. Boys and girls freely indulged, and by midnight the party had attained the proportions of a revel. The effects of these parties were of the grossest indecency.

I now began to live my own life. In the mill I was fortunate enough to meet two young fellows of my own age who had the same ambitions as I, and who grasped every opportunity for bettering themselves. One was an Irishman by the name of Pat Carroll, the other was an Englishman by the name of Harry Lea. Pat had been through the common schools,

and by faithful attendance at the evening schools had the equivalent of a high school education. Harry Lea was even further advanced. Harry had a very original mind, did not care for companionships, and lived a very thoughtful life.

I began to bring my grammar and arithmetic to the mill, and at every opportunity sought the assistance of these two friends. I was then stumbling over common fractions.

I found it an almost impossible task to dodge the eyes of the overseer long enough during the work hours to study with any degree of application. Pat said to me: "Never mind, Al, some day we'll be in college together. Keep right on." I replied: "Yes, Pat, but see the muscle you've got, and see how thin and weak I am. I can't get through the day without getting all tired out, and if I am moved to a better-paying job I sha'n't be able to measure up to it. I don't see but that I shall have to just wear myself out in the mill like Bill Langdon."

Harry attended a private evening school and invited me to the annual graduation. I put on my Sunday clothes and attended. It was held in one of the lecture halls of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was a brilliant scene. It was the first time I had ever seen men, off the stage, in evening dress. Then a tall young man was announced, and he stepped forward and read an essay. I was considerably astounded when the principal, at the conclusion of the reading, announced, "Mr. L—— has been studying English but five months!" I took him literally and asked Harry if the man was a Swede, declaring that he must be a wonder to learn English so rapidly.

One morning I read an announcement in the mill to the effect that a school of design would be opened in the Textile School, and that tuition would be free to mill-boys. I enrolled myself. The schoolroom was extra brilliantly lighted, and in the minute tracing of small designs for book-covers my eyes grew tired, and I had reluctantly to abandon that opportunity for culture.

Next I saved my money and enrolled myself in a correspondence school, and received a first lesson in drawing. But when evening came I did not have strength to apply myself to the lessons, and I had to forego that opportunity also.

Meanwhile my uncle had returned home and left us again three times in less than five months. He could not keep a position long on account of his drinking habits. My aunt piled up bills with the grocer and with the installment men. I was looking for my first opportunity of leaving home, but I did not want to make my aunt suffer by doing so.

The mill in which I was working had opaque windows, so that from morning till night I could not get a glimpse of the outside world. I began to suffer from severe attacks of weakness. I was now seventeen years old, measured almost six feet, and weighed but one hundred and sixteen pounds.

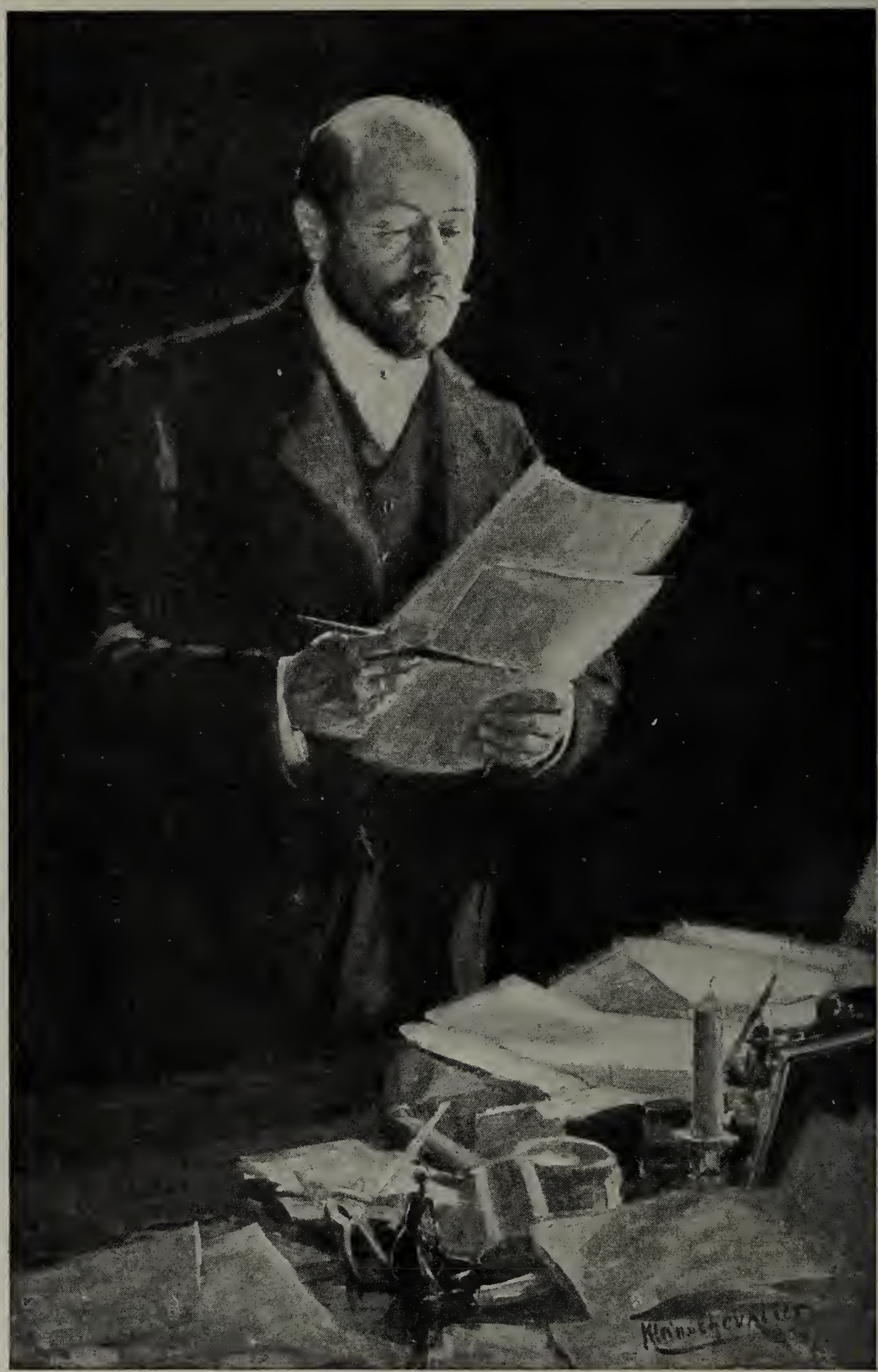
One autumn night, as I was nearing my home, a young lad ran up to me, stopped and poked his finger almost in my face while he shouted derisively: "Aw, yer aunt's been arrested fer being drunk and was carried off in the 'hurry-up'! Aw, yer aunt's got jugged, shame on yer, shame on yer!"

I ran home, found the house empty, and knew that the news was true. I lay on the bed and cried until Uncle came home. We ate our supper in silence, and my uncle said there was nothing to do but wait until morning, when he could go to the court, pay the fine, and bring her home.

I went to work the next morning with a note to my uncle's overseer to the effect that he would be unable to come to work that morning. The boys in the mill knew about our misfortune, and had not the delicacy to refrain from mentioning it before me. That day I felt like one apart, and worked through the day moodily. On going home at noon, I found both my aunt and my uncle waiting for me with smiles on their faces.

"Al," said my aunt, "we've turned over a new leaf. Uncle and I have been to the city mission and have taken the pledge, and this time we mean to keep it. We've put you to shame often enough and are sorry for it. You're to have a better home, and we'll get along famously." She meant it, too. I could tell by the new earnestness on her face.

(To be concluded in the Magazine Number for June)



PAINTING BY KLEIN-CHEVALIER

DR. EMIL A. BEHRING

The antitoxin of diphtheria, discovered by Dr. Behring, of Germany, has brought about the reduction of the death rate from this disease to a small fraction of what it formerly was. Dr. Behring was born in Prussia in 1854, studied medicine in Berlin, and was for several years a surgeon in the German army. In 1895 he became the Director of the Hygienic Institute at Marburg. In recognition of his important contributions to medical knowledge he was made the recipient of one of the Nobel prizes in 1901

The Conservation of the Child

By Earl Mayo

The fourth of a series of articles on "Big Battles Against Disease," in the preparation of which the author has had the assistance of eminent physicians, surgeons, laboratory workers, and scientific experimenters in the field of medicine and surgery

IF we can imagine all the children born in the United States in a single year assembled in one gathering, we shall picture to ourselves a mighty army more than two million strong. Each member of this multitude bears the love, the hopes, and the aspirations of parents and other relatives. Each embodies possibilities of helpful achievement for family, nation, and mankind. It is a wonderful host, the most wonderful and the most appealing that could be marshaled on this old earth.

If again we look at our army after the lapse of a year, we find that its first encounter with the world has been disastrous, that its numbers have sadly decreased. More than four hundred thousand of those who started out under childhood's white banner are missing. At every fifth place in the ranks there is a vacancy. Likewise, if we follow their course to the end of the second, third, fourth, and fifth years, we find that further deep inroads have been made on the numerical strength of our army, though the fatalities of this second period of four years are rather less than half those of the first twelve months. From one-quarter to one-third of those who enlisted for the warfare of life have fallen before the enemy in one-seventh of the average span of service.

This is heavy campaigning. The loss in numbers of the infantile army in its first twelve months is greater than has been sustained by any actual army in active warfare in any armed conflict of modern times. It shows how ill equipped we still are for the conflict with man's one mortal and never-resting enemy. More especially it points the need of intelligent and united effort in the greatest of all conservation movements, that which looks to the care and preservation of the most important of all our crops, the child crop, on which the future of the Nation depends.

The showing made by the statistics of infant mortality, however, is by no means a discouraging one. It is unsatisfactory, but it is distinctly hopeful. The child born in the United States has an appreciably better chance of life than he would have in most other countries—in Russia, for example, in Austria, in Germany, or even in England. He has a better chance than he would have had in this country a generation ago, or twenty or ten years ago. Since the organization of the Department of Health in New York City in 1866 the death rate of those under five years of age per thousand of total population has fallen from 16.4 to 5.5. The death rate of infants under one year has been lowered from 10 to 3.67 per thousand of population. The general death rate for all ages has dropped from 35 to 16.5 per thousand. While the average death rate has decreased slightly more than one-half, nearly all this gain has been accomplished among children, the

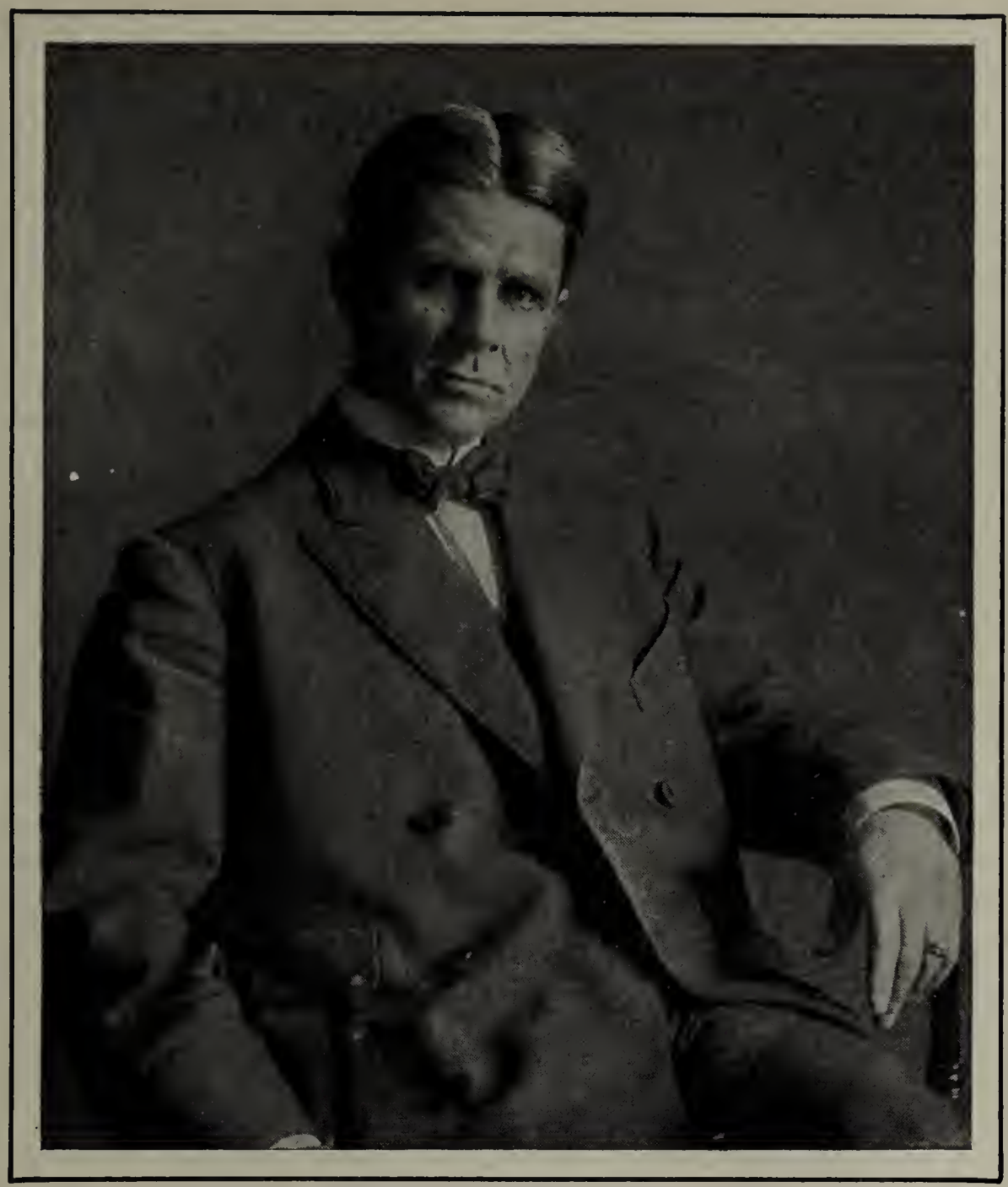
death rate of those under five having been reduced about two-thirds. Progress has been made, is being made, but we are still far from giving to the child at birth a full opportunity to live and to make of life whatever his capabilities and his environment may render possible.

Aside from the considerations of fundamental humanity involved, and viewed only in its social aspects, the problem is more important now than ever before. With a declining birth rate, it becomes of increasing moment that the children born should be permitted to grow to maturity. It is asserted frequently by those who cling to Malthusian theories that society, by preserving the lives of those who would be destroyed by the working of unrestrained competition, is tending toward the deterioration of the race. It would be a difficult task, however, to prove that the three thousand lives saved every year in New York by the use of diphtheria antitoxin represent individuals less fit than the average, or that the victims of the various gastro-intestinal ailments that carry off great numbers of young children are on the whole less promising than others in the same surroundings who escape the attacks of these diseases.

A factor too often overlooked is that mortality figures by no means measure the entire effect and the full injury of disease. Its greatest injury from the social view-point is inflicted on those who fall into its clutches but escape its final blow. Every illness leaves its mark, hidden or open, in retarded physical growth or slackened mental virility, in lowered vitality, which means less power of resisting other forms of disease, in the earlier waning of the exact functioning of various organs, and in shortened lives. The killing off of great numbers of young children by the unchecked ravages of disease does not mean that those who are left are of superior quality. Rather it means that many of these are weakened and rendered less fit for the combat of life. The abolition of disease, or even its measurable control and reduction, is of benefit socially not only through the lives it saves from extinction, but also, and chiefly, because it prevents the infliction of lasting hurt on a vast number of those who survive its attacks.

There are two main factors that contribute to the reduction in child mortality. One of these is more intelligent care of infants, especially during the first year of life. The other is the increased ability to prevent or cure those infectious diseases of which childhood is the favorite target. Prevention, of course, is more useful than cure. As was pointed out in an earlier article, the great progress that has been made by medicine in recent years has been in dealing with those diseases of an infectious character in which it has been possible to identify the microbic agents responsible for their spread. Several of these diseases, including those in which the greatest results have been achieved, are essentially diseases of childhood, with the highest mortality among those less than ten years of age.

Of these diseases diphtheria affords the most striking example. Less than one-tenth of the deaths from diphtheria occur among persons above the age of ten. Virtually the whole incidence of this dreaded infection falls on childhood. The discovery of the bacillus of diphtheria in the early eighties and the application of the antitoxin treatment about ten years later provided a highly effective weapon with which to combat this disease. The result of the general adoption of this treatment is evident in a comparison of diphtheria mortality as shown by the census returns for 1890 and 1900. The earlier date was before the introduction of antitoxin; the latter followed its general though not universal adoption. In 1900 the deaths from diphtheria in the registration area of the United States, which includes nine States and 153 cities, was 45.2 for each 100,000 of population. In 1890 the rate was 97.8 for each 100,000. In other words, the deaths from diphtheria had been reduced more than one-half in this ten-year period. The improvement in this one disease represented the saving of 45,000 lives a year; and of these 45,000 more than 40,000 were children under ten years of age. In view of the organized efforts made from time to time to prevent the carrying on of medical research by means of experiments on animals, it may be pertinent to point out again that the discovery of diphtheria antitoxin is one of the notable advances in



DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

Through his work as attending physician to the Babies' Hospital in New York, as a member of the Advisory Board of the Health Department of the city, and as Secretary of the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. Holt occupies a position at the forefront of the effort to reduce infant mortality. He was born in Webster, New York, in 1855, and has made his professional career in New York City. Dr. Holt is widely known to the lay public through his practical and popular handbooks on the care and feeding of infants, which have gone through a large number of editions and have helped many young mothers over the hard places in the bringing up of their babies

medicine made directly as a result of animal experimentation, and that the continuance of the supply of this life-saving product depends absolutely upon the use of animals not only for its production but also for its standardization and for the accurate diagnosis of cases of the disease.

The reduction in the death rate from diphtheria, which began with the introduction of antitoxin on an extensive scale in 1895, has continued since 1900 as its use has become more general. No figures are available for the whole country to show what this gain has been, but in the State of New York, which had a death rate of 45.4 for each 100,000 population in 1900, or just about the average for the country, the rate in 1908 had fallen to 28.9. If this gain is uniform throughout the United States, it means an additional saving of roundly fifteen thousand lives every year. It is safe to say that, except for the use of antitoxin, sixty thousand more Americans would die every year from diphtheria than do at present. The saving of over fifty thousand children—for, as we have seen, more than nine-tenths of the victims of

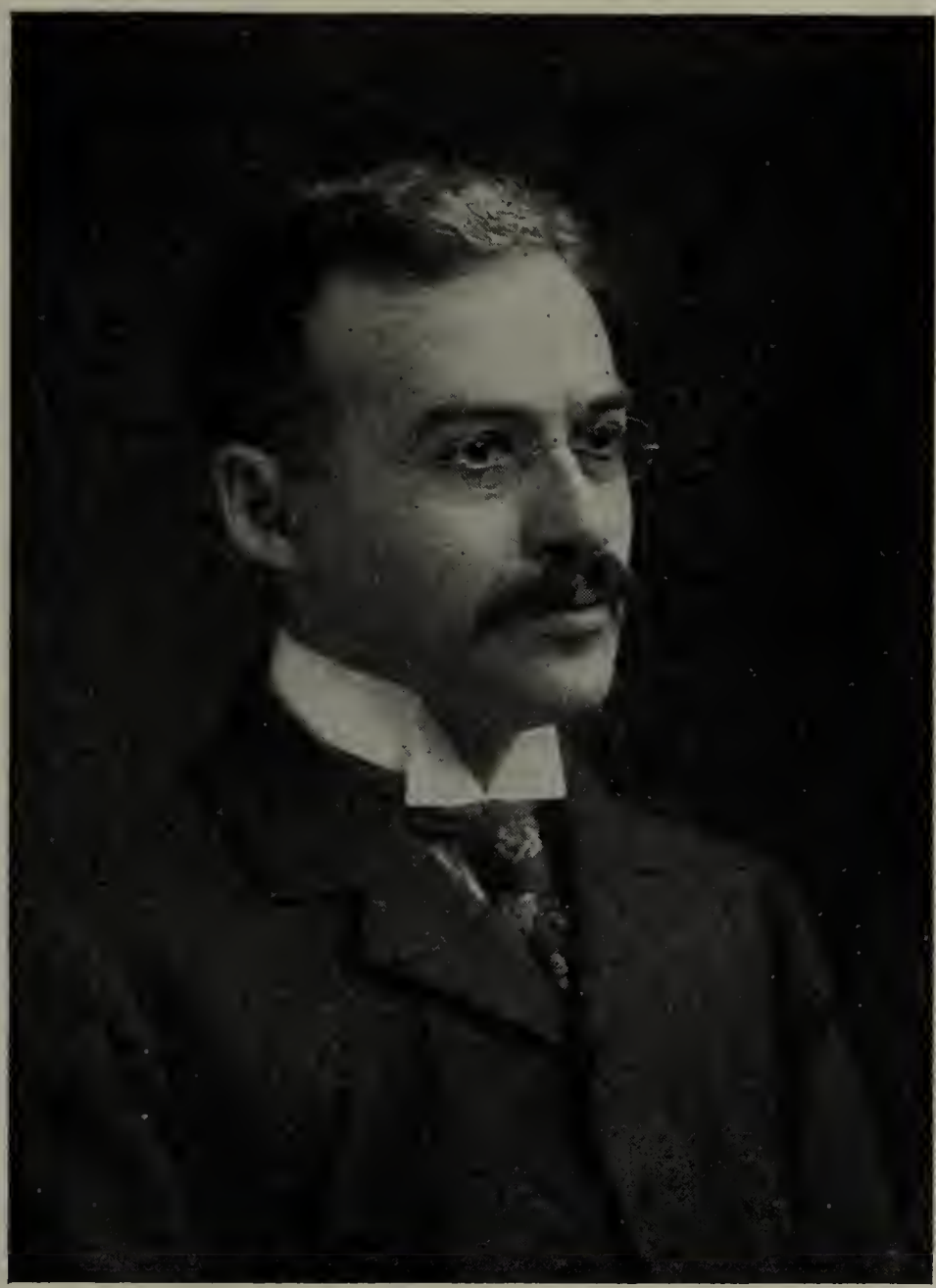
diphtheria are children of tender years—is an achievement of the greatest importance, for it represents a grand total of over three-quarters of a million in the sixteen years since the antitoxin began to be widely used.

Before the adoption of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox, this was essentially a disease of children. In fact, the name by which it was known in Germany was *kindspocken*—childpox. So widespread was smallpox, or childpox, that almost all the adult population was made up of survivors of attacks. Statistics collected from various English towns before the era of vaccination show that ninety per cent of the deaths from this disease occurred among children less than ten years old. At the present time, with vaccination enforced almost everywhere in the public schools, smallpox does not figure appreciably among the causes of child mortality in the United States.

A group of diseases which formerly every child was expected to have, and which even now are considered to be unavoidable, are scarlet fever, measles, and whooping-cough. The two latter are not regarded as alarming ailments, but they are very regular and persistent contributors to the mortality figures. According to the statistics collected in the census of 1900, these three diseases were responsible for upward of thirty thousand deaths in the course of a year. There was a slight reduction in the death rate for each of these diseases between 1890 and 1900. The deaths from scarlet fever decreased from 13.6 to 11.6 for each 100,000 of population; those from measles fell from 13.5 to 13.2, and the mortality from whooping-cough was reduced from 15.8 to 12.7. In none of these diseases, it will be seen, was the reduction in any way comparable to the improvement recorded in the treatment of diphtheria. The explanation is to be found in the fact that while scientists and medical men are satisfied, from the characteristics of these afflictions and the manner in which they spread, that they belong in the class of germ diseases, the particular microbes responsible for them have not been identified, isolated, and studied. Consequently it has not been possible to devise a preventive or a specific treatment, as in the case of smallpox and diphtheria. Such progress as has been made toward the more effective control of these afflictions of childhood is due primarily to more general enforcement of quarantine against them.

There is a marked difference between those infectious diseases to which some specific therapy is applied and those which are kept in check only by measures of quarantine and disinfection. This difference is clearly shown if we follow the mortality rates platted upon a scale map for a number of years. In those diseases for which a preventive or curative treatment has been discovered, we find the death rate rapidly declining, with slight interruptions, for several years, and then remaining practically stationary or declining very slowly, indicating the general adoption of the successful mode of treatment. On the other hand, the contagious diseases which remain unconquered show wide fluctuations. Thus the death rate from scarlet fever has varied in New York from 35.6 to 8.4 for each 100,000 population. The high marks represent periods of epidemic which are followed usually by several years in which the rate is well below the average. In the case of measles the fluctuations are not so great but are much more frequent. Measles, being a disease that is highly contagious and spreads very rapidly, usually assails within a relatively short time nearly all those in a locality who are not immune by reason of previous attacks, and the disease for the time being falls off for lack of additional material to feed on.

Although scarlet fever, measles, and whooping-cough are diseases that cause a great number of deaths during the course of every year, it is true of them, and especially of measles, that little effort is made by many parents to avoid the exposure of their children to them. In fact, the point of view is often taken with reference to measles that it is better for children to have it in their earlier years in order to acquire immunity at a later period. As a matter of fact, however, this immunity often is purchased at too dear a price. All three of these diseases are frequently followed by injurious after-effects. Scarlet fever may result in deafness or in the impairment of heart or kidneys; measles not



DR. WILLIAM H. PARK

As Director of the Research Laboratories of the Department of Health of the City of New York, Dr. Park has had an important part in the promotion of practical measures for the improvement of the city's health which have had a direct effect in decreasing the death rate, particularly from infectious diseases. He is a bacteriologist and hygienist of recognized authority. He was born in New York City in 1863, and received his professional training in Columbia University and in the hospitals of the city. As an investigator rather than a practicing physician, Dr. Park is typical of the men who are contributing most largely to modern medical progress

infrequently is followed by injuries to sight or hearing; and all three leave behind a fertile field for the seeds of bronchitis, pneumonia, and tuberculosis. In the absence of more effective measures of control, the enforcement of a strict quarantine on all cases of such diseases, the thorough disinfection of the rooms and premises occupied by patients, and careful attention to those attacked by it throughout the period of convalescence, are measures of great importance. In the cities quarantine is very generally enforced against scarlet fever and less effectively against measles, but in smaller towns and in rural communities it is more often disregarded than enforced in the case of all three.

Less effort has been devoted to determining the cause and the mode of transmission of these so-called minor diseases of childhood, for the very reason, probably, that the proportion of fatalities is lower in them than in some others. With the gaining of more complete knowledge and control of the more fatal diseases, greater attention is likely to be given to these lesser ailments, and by means of investigation and experiment more definite

measures of prevention or control may be devised.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis (the conquest of which by Dr. Flexner and his associates of the Rockefeller Institute, as a result of experiments on guinea-pigs and monkeys, was described in an earlier article [1]) and infantile paralysis are two other diseases that claim the great majority of their victims from the ranks of childhood. According to the figures of the census of 1900, some seventy per cent of the meningitis deaths occurred among children less than ten years old, while infantile paralysis, as its name indicates, is confined almost entirely to children. While these diseases are not sufficiently widespread to cause the deaths from them to figure largely in the totals of child mortality, it is comforting to know that a means exists of saving those attacked by the former, and that a similar effective method of overcoming the latter is reasonably certain to be worked out within a short time as a result of animal experiments now under way. The importance of the serum treatment for cerebro-spinal meningitis is particularly great in reducing the number of those who are permanently crippled or injured as a consequence of its attacks, and the same thing probably will hold true of infantile paralysis when it is finally brought within control.

Many of the diseases that are by no means confined to children claim large numbers of victims from those of tender years. This is true of bronchitis and pneumonia, which cause three times as many deaths in children under two years of age as at any other age period. Tuberculosis also claims many child victims. In the Babies' Hospital in New York ten per cent of all the deaths are due to tuberculosis.

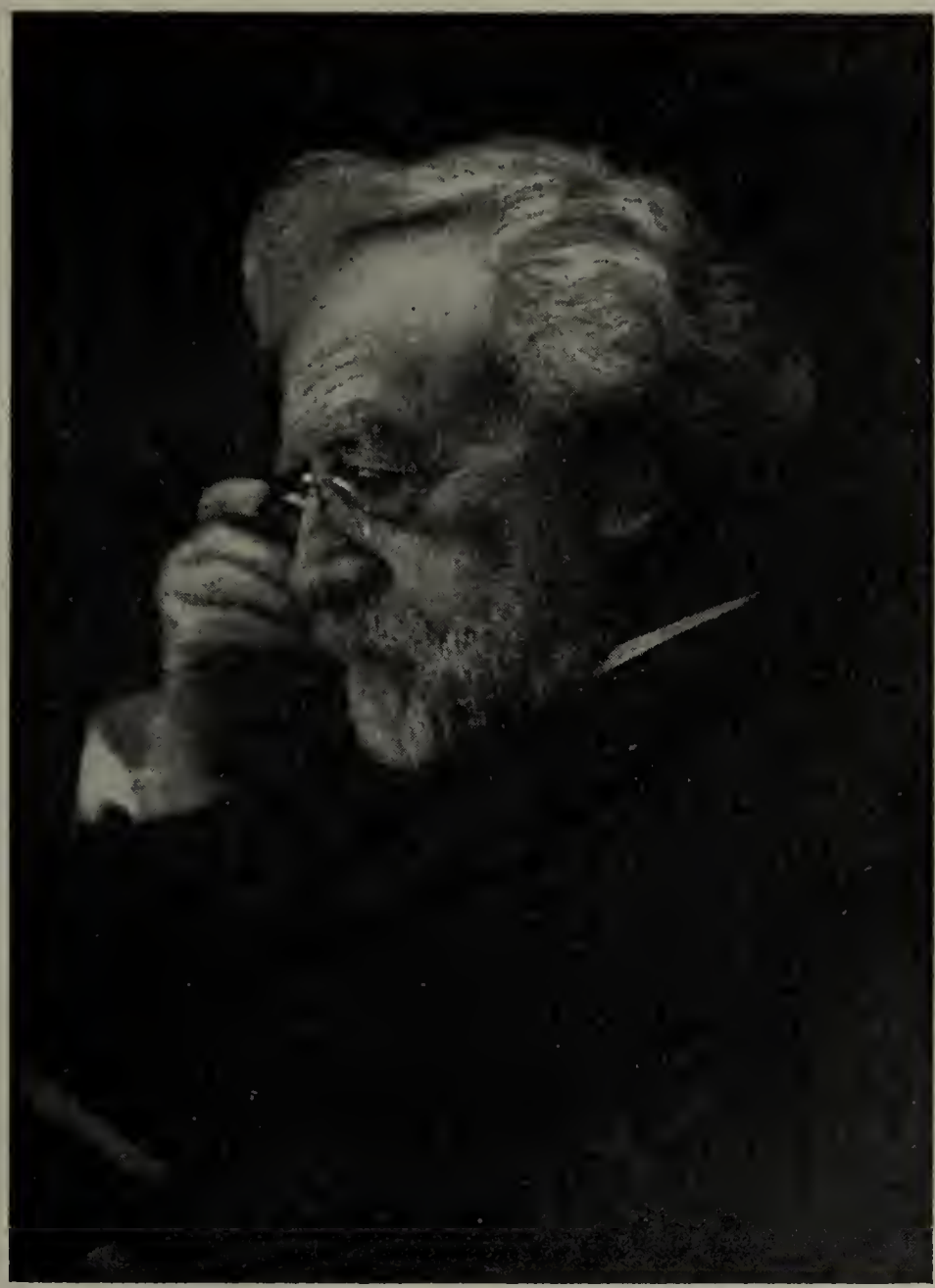
Of all the disorders that decimate the ranks of childhood, the most serious as a cause of death are those classed as gastro-intestinal diseases. These, in fact, rank fourth among the causes of death, taking in all ages and all ranks of the population. They are exceeded only by tuberculosis, pneumonia, and heart disease. Of these, heart disease does not assail small children as generally as older persons, and pneumonia, while responsible for a high death rate among children in the first year of life, finds the majority of its victims among those in middle age. Diarrhœal affections, on the other hand, record their fatalities among the very young and the advanced in years. Among children especially they form a scourge that reaches impressive proportions during the heat of summer.

These diseases work their most serious results in large cities, where overcrowding in unsanitary quarters is most prevalent, where summer heat is most oppressive, and where tainted milk and other forms of food unfit for consumption are more widely used than in smaller cities and rural communities. Thus the death rate from this cause in New York City in 1908 was 137.7 for each 100,000 of population, while in the rural counties of the State it did not run over fifty to each one hundred thousand population in most cases. The death rate for the registration area of the country from this cause was reported as 132.8 in the census of 1900.

The great contributing factors to the existence of disturbances of the digestive organs in children are improper care and impure food, the two usually going together. Inasmuch as proper care comprehends good feeding, it may be said that this is the one all-important factor, but of course it is possible for improper feeding to go along with good care in other respects, and *vice versa*.

A few years ago a study of the feeding of a large number of infants was undertaken in New York City by the Rockefeller Institute and the Department of Health, under the direction of Dr. William H. Park, Director of the Research Laboratory of the Department of Health, and Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the eminent authority on children's diseases. The cases were divided into two classes, those observed during the summer and those observed during the winter. The difference in the two classes was marked chiefly by the absence of diarrhœal disturbances in those observed during the winter period. Out of 211 of these, 156 did well, only six died, and only one death was due to an ailment of the digestive tract. Of the 421 summer cases, on the other hand, 41 died, 88 did badly,

[1] "The Conquest of Germs," The Outlook, January 28, 1911.



DR. ABRAHAM JACOBI

Dr. Jacobi is recognized by medical men as the dean of their profession in the treatment of children's diseases. He was born in Germany in 1830, and received his medical education there. For over forty years he occupied a prominent position as Professor of Diseases of Children in New York medical schools and as consulting physician to various hospitals. He has been president of numerous organizations of medical men, including the New York Academy of Medicine, the Medical Society of the State of New York, and the Association of American Physicians, and has been honored by election as honorary fellow of many European and American medical societies. The degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon him by Columbia University, University of Michigan, Harvard, and Yale. He is the author of several important works on diseases of children, and at eighty-one is still an active and powerful force in the fight to protect childhood against disease

and 184 were classed as doing well. The children were all healthy at the beginning of the period of observation. In practically all the cases of those who failed to do well the immediate cause was diarrhœal disturbance. This, of course, indicates merely the much greater danger from this cause in summer than in winter.

An examination of the cases observed during the summer with regard to the source and quality of the milk supply showed that this had much to do with the progress or lack of progress made by the children. The least satisfactory results were obtained with the children fed on what is generally known in New York as store milk—that is, milk kept in small grocery stores in cans and served to customers in pails or other receptacles which they bring for this purpose. Next to this ranked condensed milk, and then the ordinary bottled milk produced by average country dairies with no special sanitary equipment. Above this came the milk

furnished by central distributing stations, of which there are a number in the poorer districts of the city. This milk was either pasteurized or sterilized, and an influence tending to the better results obtained from its use was found in the fact that the mothers called at the stations for the milk and had the advantage of advice from those in attendance. This milk was put up in small bottles, each containing sufficient for one feeding, and some attempt was made at its proper modification according to the age of the child. In this way the risk of overfeeding—a very common error—was avoided, and the milk station provided some of the elements of care in the supervision of the child's diet which depended upon the intelligence of the mother in the other cases. On the whole, this was found to be an efficient method of providing milk for children in poor surroundings, and its extension throughout large cities undoubtedly would result in an appreciable reduction of infant mortality. At the present time a campaign is under way in New York to provide funds for the establishment of a large number of additional milk stations.

The best results of all were obtained from the few cases fed upon the best quality of bottled milk—that is, milk produced and handled under sanitary conditions. The high price of this product, however, puts it beyond the reach of most tenement dwellers.

While this investigation demonstrated the close relation between the quality of milk fed to young children and the diseases of the digestive organs which are such heavy contributors to infant mortality, it showed no less clearly that the treatment received by the milk after it entered the home had much to do with its effect. Filthy feeding-bottles, milk allowed to become sour in the bottle, irregular feeding, overfeeding, or generally dirty and unsanitary conditions were found to exist in the homes of most of the infants who did not thrive. Some mothers using the poorer and cheaper grades of milk were able to bring their children through the summer without illness. One instance is mentioned of an Italian mother whose baby, two months old at the beginning of the season, thrived throughout the summer on store milk carefully treated and administered. During the following winter the mother became ill, and the child ran down steadily in spite of the cold weather and its greater age.

Two encouraging facts were noted in this investigation. One was that the great majority of tenement children—eighty-five per cent of the cases under observation in the test referred to—are breast-fed for at least six months after birth. The other was that among those depending upon cows' milk some attempt at sterilization was made in nearly every case. In other important respects conditions were not so good. Of the children that died, only one-third were classed as receiving good care, while more than a third were actually neglected. In nearly half the cases with a fatal termination the surroundings were bad.

One of the causes of a high child mortality, particularly among the poor of the larger cities, is found in the fact that very little supervision is exercised over the baby's diet after the first year. A visiting physician sent out by one of the New York hospitals to call upon tenement dwellers reports bananas, watermelon, beer, and similar delicacies among the common articles of diet of children under two years of age. Cheap candy smeared in the dirt of floors and pavement is responsible for a long death roll, and in many homes of this class children are allowed to eat food which has been left lying about and over which swarms of flies have trooped with every opportunity to leave behind the infection of diarrhœal and other diseases.

Every investigation that has been made into the causes of disease and death among young children indicates the necessity—not the importance, but the *necessity*—of these three measures:

(1) The careful inspection and supervision of milk from the point of production to the place of consumption. This is now provided in greater or less degree in many communities.

(2) Similar inspection and supervision of food products, particularly fruits, candies, and vegetables sold in the poorer quarters of cities. This is almost universally neglected.

(3) The instruction of mothers in the

DR. SIMON FLEXNER

Both by his important contributions to medical knowledge and by his position as Director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, Dr. Flexner has come to occupy a position as the foremost exponent of medical research in the United States. By experiments upon animals he produced the anti-meningitis serum which has brought about a great reduction in the number of deaths from cerebro-spinal meningitis, and he is now working toward a similar specific cure for infantile paralysis. Dr. Flexner was born at Louisville, Ky., in 1863. He studied medicine, first at the University of Louisville, then at Johns Hopkins, and later in Germany. He was one of the medical faculty of Johns Hopkins for several years, and from there went to the University of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the Commission for the Investigation of Tropical Diseases sent to the Philippines in 1900, and of the commission that investigated the bubonic plague in San Francisco in 1901. Upon the organization of the Rockefeller Institute Dr. Flexner was placed in charge. Under his direction the Institute has accomplished results of the highest importance in the advancement of medical research

elementary principles of the care and feeding of children. This is most important of all, for intelligent care often will overcome all obstacles to the successful rearing of children, but nothing else will take its place. In a very limited degree this is provided as a part of the philanthropic activities of various societies and institutions. It should be supplied systematically and universally, not only in the tenement quarters of large cities, but in smaller towns and rural communities as well. A simple and inexpensive measure for disseminating information of this sort suggests itself as part of the new movement to make of the public schools social centers of use to all the people. It would be entirely feasible to have lectures given in the school buildings by physicians or qualified nurses, telling in simple terms

how to care for babies and how to ward off and detect the common ailments of childhood, particularly derangements of the digestive organs. Such popular lectures would prove an important step in a campaign of child conservation. That they would be well attended and carefully followed is a certainty, for few mothers are indifferent to the fate of their offspring. Ignorance and lack of spirit to cope with unfavorable surroundings make them the unconscious slayers of their children.

So far we have been considering the case of children in their tenderest years—those under five, among whom from a quarter to a third of all deaths at all ages occur, and more especially those in the first year of life, who alone furnish a fifth or more of all the victims of disease and death. At the age of five the child is just entering upon the most healthy period of life. This extends from five to twenty, or, to bring it within more exact limits, from ten to fifteen. From five to ten he is not yet freed from the risk of those ailments which are confined chiefly to children—diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, and the rest. Tuberculosis is an ever-present danger, but it bears more heavily upon the very young and upon adults than upon those in this middle period of youth. From fifteen to twenty the child is entering the zone of the diseases of mature life. Roughly speaking, the period of the child's school-days is the healthiest period of his life. Yet this period is very far from representing an ideal condiiton of affairs.

An experienced health officer asserts that seventy per cent of the children who enter school are physically incompetent, and he gives as a reason for this condition the fact that their parents have had no training in the care of children. The gastro-intestinal diseases of the first or second year, the mumps, measles, scarlet fever, and whooping-cough of the succeeding period, with perhaps a case of bronchitis thrown in for good measure, have left scars and injuries which are none the less real for being invisible. It may be in abnormalities of an overworked lymphatic system, such as adenoids or enlarged tonsils, in impaired hearing or vision, in undergrowth or lack of muscular development, but in some form the child who has undergone attacks of childhood's diseases usually suffers some ill results from them which may extend throughout his life.

Until recent years almost no attention was paid by the schools to the child's physical condition. Except for vaccination or for inquiries into occasional outbreaks of contagious or infectious diseases, the physical welfare of the child in the public school was wholly neglected. With the realization of the fact that what appears to be dullness and inability to learn is often the result of some physical incapacity, more attention is being devoted to this matter. In the cities medical inspection is being introduced, and in some progressive communities a school nurse is provided. In most of the cities in which this forward step has been adopted the number of pupils over whom the inspector and the nurse exercise supervision is so great that they are unable to give adequate attention to any of their charges, while it is only in a very few places that any provision of this kind has been made.

In every school of graded size there should be regular medical inspection and a school nurse or a number of nurses to take charge of those children whose physical shortcomings are such as to interfere with their mental progress. Not only the physically deficient but the healthy children as well should receive practical instruction in the care and development of their bodies. The child's play during his school years is almost as important as his study, and may be made to contribute even more largely to his future welfare and success. With the growth of city dwelling the intelligent direction of the physical as well as the mental growth of the child becomes more and more important.

There is a still more serious aspect to the problem of the school and child health. While the schools receive a vast number of physically backward and incompetent children and do little or nothing for them, there is abundant evidence that they often undermine or injure the health of those who come to them in good condition. The school-room too often takes in bright-eyed, clear-skinned youngsters overflowing with health and lively spirits in the autumn, to turn them out in the spring listless,

anæmic, fertile fields for the sowing of tuberculosis and other diseases, if, indeed, the seeds have not been planted under the favorable conditions that have prevailed throughout the winter.

The indictments that can be drawn against the average school building are many. The most serious, however, are the lack of fresh air and the prevalence of improper methods of heating, ventilating, and cleaning the rooms. The maintenance of an adequate supply of fresh air is in a measure dependent upon the methods of heating and ventilating employed, but even where these are faulty it is not necessary to do entirely without air.

In any group of eighty to one hundred or more children, such as is often to be found sitting in a single room, there are very likely to be some who are suffering from tuberculosis. In some cities, as in New York and Chicago, following the inauguration of medical inspection, separate departments have been established for such children in rooms the windows of which are never closed. Here the children sit, warmly wrapped, in even the coldest weather. They gain in weight, improve in health and appearance, and make more rapid progress in their studies than do the pupils in the regular schools who are not suffering under the handicap of disease, but who are forced to breathe air lacking in oxygen, and to work in a temperature better suited to the production of hot-house plants than of active minds and bodies. It seems the height of the ridiculous that we should deny to children who are well and strong, and who ought to be permitted to remain so, the advantage of a liberal supply of fresh air, which works such marked improvement in their less vigorous fellows, but this is the condition that prevails in even the most advanced communities.

In too many school-rooms the teacher herself is afraid of fresh air. One or two windows opened a few inches from the top are relied upon to let in air enough for scores of children to breathe. Meanwhile the janitor makes superhuman exertions to maintain the torrid temperature which is the bane of American homes and public buildings. From time to time the pupils march about the room, stirring up the germ-laden dust which floats about in the hot, dry atmosphere until every child has full opportunity to inhale a generous amount of it. At night, when the rooms are vacant, brooms are brought into play to stir up the death-bearing dust once more, allowing it to settle on desks, window-sills, and wall projections. In the morning before school begins dusters are brought into play to get the dust once more thoroughly into circulation for the benefit of the children as they come in for the day.

Many improvements in school architecture have been made, including improved methods of ventilation, but such improvements can be introduced only slowly, for no community has the courage to throw away an antiquated school plant as the enterprising manufacturer discards out-of-date machinery. But all school-rooms have windows that can be opened by the teacher who has the intelligence and courage to do it; and effective appliances for removing dust and dirt without blowing it hither and thither through the rooms can be installed at no overwhelming expense. One may be a conservative in most things and yet be willing to work and pray for a revolution in our educational methods and mechanism that would lead to the giving of some attention to the physical side of the child's upbringing, that would give to the boy and girl who enter school physically deficient a chance to improve their condition, and that would permit those endowed at the beginning with good health and strong vitality to emerge with these unimpaired.

"SHE WAS BORN ON ACHILL ISLAND"

A Substitute for the Poorhouse

By Harris R. Cooley

IN a nook in one of the gloomy halls of the old Cleveland Infirmary or Almshouse an aged, crippled woman in a wheel-chair was comfortably smoking. As we approached she slipped the pipe under her apron, but, seeing that she was too late, for the last puff of smoke was still wreathing itself about her rugged, wrinkled face, she said in the most bewitching way, "It's me only comfort." She was born on Achill Island, off the west coast of Ireland, and her lot was one of constant drudgery from earliest childhood. Left an orphan at five years of age, she tells us that she was obliged to make her own way and that she never had a chance to go to school. She worked in the fields tilling the soil, digging the peat, cutting the hay, and at all kinds of hard labor. Now, eighty years old and crippled with rheumatism, with husband and children gone, Mrs. Madden, with her careworn, kindly face, was smiling and cheerful.

The "*alte Grossmutter*" of the Almshouse was one hundred years old. Seamed and wrinkled by years of care and toil, her face had the mingled pathos and beauty of a Rembrandt. Her home was in Constance, on the Bodensee. In eighty-two years she had never passed beyond the borders of her ancestral town. Although surrounded by children and grandchildren, her heart yearned for the one boy who had come to America, until at length her mother-love drove her forth over land and sea to a foreign shore. Eight years after she came to this country

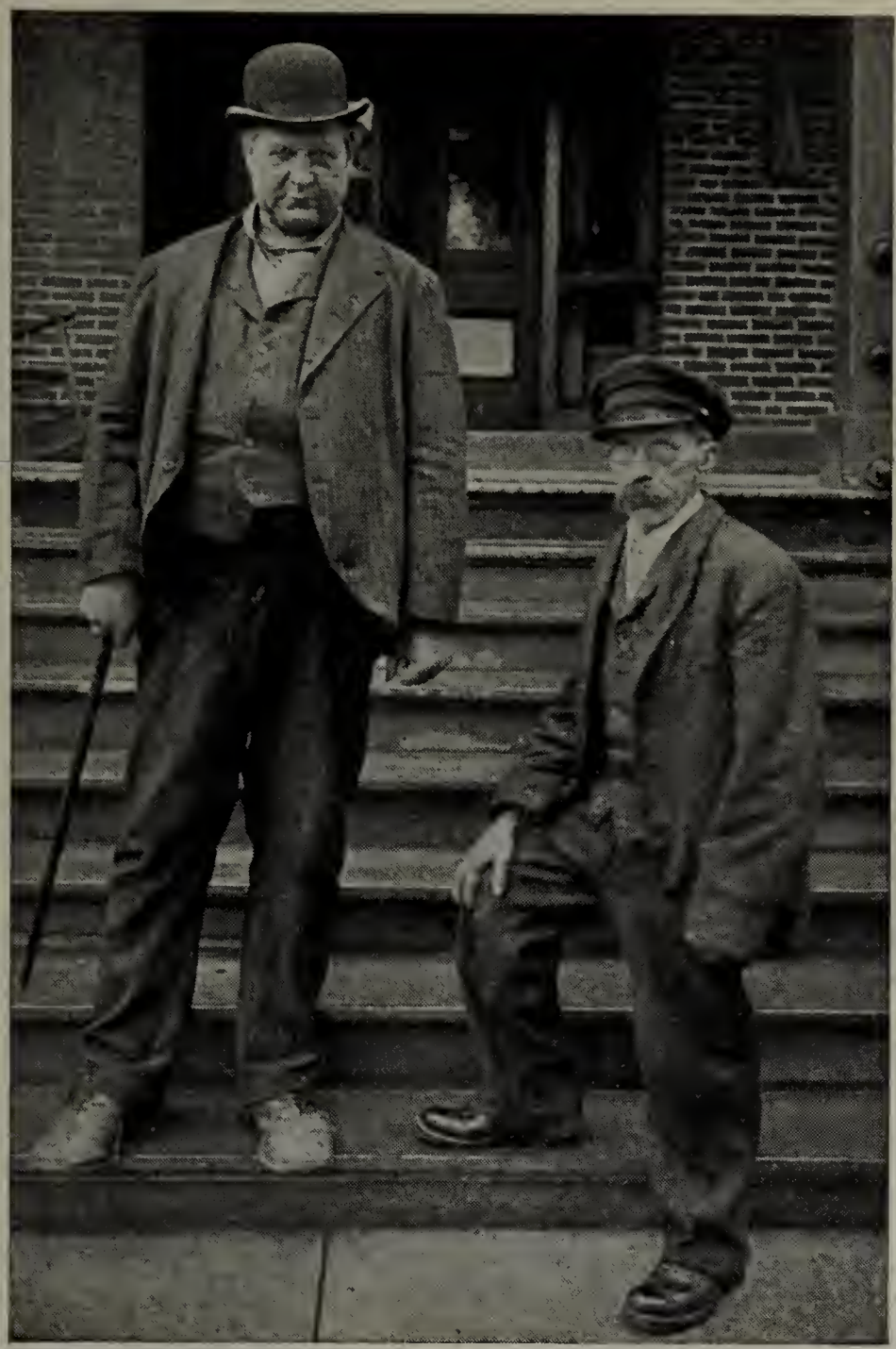
"MOST OF THEM HAD DONE THEIR SHARE"

GRANNY BONE

her son, who was a musician, shot himself, leaving his mother, then ninety years old, alone and desolate in a strange land, with no other refuge than the city's home for the unfortunate.

As we entered her room, she, with the old spirit of hospitality, arose and insisted that one should sit in her chair and another on her bed, while she herself stood. She remembered seeing Napoleon, and at the mention of his name her eyes brightened, her bent figure became more erect, and there flashed forth something of the defiant military spirit which, as a child, she must have felt. With a shrill and trembling voice she sang the "Lorelei" and the "Wacht am Rhein." In all weather she insists on going out daily for a short walk. For ten years the Almshouse had been her home, and each year she had grown a little weaker, a little more bent, a little more helpless, until, as she herself said, "I can no longer sew, or mend, or read, or knit, for my head is always dizzy; I can only pray, and that do I all the day long."

Seated in her favorite corner was the witty Mary, at times demented. She spoke with a Scotch accent, and told a rambling story of a quiet village and the bonnie heather growing on the moor. She cunningly concealed her real name. As she was recounting in a disconnected way her girlhood and her marriage in the village church, thinking to find out her secret, I suddenly said to her, "Whom did you marry, Mary?" Quickly she answered, "I married me mither-in-law's son."



"JUMBO" AND MR. NORD

"Granny" Bone came to greet us with her hospitable Irish welcome. She had had two boys, one wild and the other always thoughtful of his old mother. The good boy died, and her mind was unbalanced. She was still expecting her John to come home again, and was often hunting for the t'akettle so that "we can have a cup of t'a together when my boy comes home." Looking intently into our faces, she asked, "Have you seen my John lately?"

Out in the yard we met "Jumbo," big, good-natured, simple-minded, loose-jointed Jumbo, willing and ready as a child to run errands, to carry ice in summer and shovel snow in winter, but utterly irresponsible and unable to care for himself. In striking contrast to him was Mr. Nord, small of stature and of a nervous and excitable temperament. His parents were wealthy and gave to their son every advantage. After graduating from one of our Eastern colleges, he spent several years in a polytechnic school in Vienna, becoming an expert naturalist. He could speak fluently several languages and converse with intelligence and even brilliancy on many subjects. With the culture of extensive reading and wide travel, but broken in health and unable to cope with the practical world, he also found a home with the city's poor.

Sitting at his bench in the basement was an old man making the wooden buckets and tubs used in the institution. In his younger days in Germany he was a worker in wood, with an intense passion for carving. His untrained skill wasted

itself in trifles and made him a wanderer. He finally drifted into the Almshouse, and for many years he was an industrious worker at his rude bench. Beside him was an old man who could make by hand a complete pocket-knife, but machinery had rendered his skill of little commercial value.

THE PATHOS OF AGE

Among the others were those who had been wasteful, intemperate, and vicious. Some were undeserving, many of them had done wrong, but these things are true of a part of the children of luxury. The bent backs, the swollen joints, the wrinkled faces, of these unprivileged told the story of toil, hardship, and suffering. Most of them had done their fair share of the world's work. The Almshouse was the last gathering-place of the wreckage of a great city, of the abandoned derelicts of our social and industrial life, but each one had made the human voyage.

The only fair method of the citizens of a municipality dealing with unfortunates is that of the Golden Rule. What would I desire if the misfortune should come to me, or, worse still, to mine? Society can well afford to be generous and merciful, for the fullness of the blessing comes more to him who gives than to him who receives. The social feeling for justice and kindness grows broader and deeper. In the long run the community reaps the greater reward because of its generous beneficent service. The old poorhouse was not the best which a prosperous city could do for its children of adversity.

THE COURT AND CLOISTER

In order to provide freer opportunities for life and happiness we purchased for the city of Cleveland a great tract of nearly two thousand acres of rolling land, of meadow, cultivated field, forest, and pasture. It absorbed twenty-five farms, and is located on an electric line ten miles from the business center. On this three square miles of land, named by the City Council the Cooley Farms, four broad estates of five hundred acres each were set apart for different purposes: the Colony Farm, for the Almshouse people; the Overlook Farm, for the tuberculosis patients; the Correction Farm, for the House of Correction prisoners and vagrants; and the Highland Park Farm, for the development of an extensive park cemetery. They are so distinct that the entrance from the public highway to the Colony Farm is nearly three miles from that of the Correction Farm, yet there is opportunity for the absolute control for all time of a great, free, open environment.

"ALTE GROSSMUTTER"

The Colony Farm is high and has a magnificent outlook over the surrounding country. The gardens, fields, orchards, pastures, poultry yards, and barns invite to useful, helpful tasks. In the city the speed and output of the shop and factory must be maintained and the inefficient are crowded out, but Mother Earth still has a place for men past their prime, for the weak, the crippled, and the aged. If they only do according to their ability, she has ample room and welcome and reward for them. They can all be given some needed, useful work, and are happier for the doing of it for the common life of the colony. Their own labor brings from the orchards, fields, and gardens better and more nourishing food. The normal environment of the country restores normal hopes, feelings, and interests. To most of them nature is as much a delight in their second childhood as it was in their first childhood.

Four of the permanent buildings were completed, and in April, 1909, the six hundred people, crippled, defective, infirm, were moved to their new home and the old Almshouse or Infirmary in the city was abandoned. The inmates of the Poorhouse became the residents of the Colony Farm. The change from the crowded, humiliating life of the traditional institution to the freer and more open life under the whole sky immediately expressed itself in the bearing and attitude of the residents.

The new buildings, which are a part of plans for a complete group, are of marble-dust-plaster finish with red tile roofs, and in the setting of green fields and forests present a fine architectural appearance. Political opponents gave them the name of the "Moorish Palaces." They are simple, but practical and beautiful. The use of the reinforced concrete construc-

LISTENING TO THE BAND IN THE COURT

tion has enabled us to say that "strength and beauty are in the sanctuary" even of the poor and unfortunate.

The main building, the Service Quadrangle, is two stories in height and covers an acre of ground. In the center is a large open court entirely surrounded by a covered archway or cloister. It includes the service rooms, and forms the center of the life and industry of the village. It is an adaptation of the monastic mission architecture to present uses. The monks were wise builders, and they built with the accumulated wisdom of their order. They lived the communal life, as do our old people in the Colony. The cloister is very attractive, and affords protection from the heat and storm and gives more opportunity for outdoor life. Under its archways in summer is abundant room for carrying on the old hand-crafts.

A separate building was erected as a Home for Aged Couples. Their rooms on the ground floor have French windows opening out on to the lawn and flower-beds, giving the effect in summer of a cozy cottage by itself. This is to be their humble home together as long as both shall live. Suggested by the tender devotion of an old man to his sick wife at the time of their moving into their new cottage, we inscribed over the doorway the motto, "To lose money is better than to lose love." Above the great fireplace in their common living-room are the lines of Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra:"

> "Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made;
> Grow old, . . . nor be afraid."

The atmosphere and environment of the Colony suggest, not a retreat in which to die, but rather a community in which to live the declining years in some comfort and enjoyment. Some are too badly wrecked in body and mind to be influenced by the new life, but with most of the residents there is responsiveness and appreciation. A crippled woman in a wheel-chair was on one of the wide verandas looking out over the fields and forests. A visitor said to her, "This is fine here." "Yes," replied the cripple; "sometimes when I look out over the hills, it is so beautiful, I just cry."

Two years ago the Japanese Government sent a delegation of some of her ablest men to study our American industries and institutions. When they came to Cleveland, Baron Shibusawa, the head of the delegation, asked to see the Colony

Farm. He was much interested in the trip about the farm and through the buildings. He could not speak English, but if our old people had been kings and queens he could not have treated them with more courtesy. On leaving him at his hotel he took my hand, and, through his interpreter, said: "Since coming to America, they have shown to us wonderful mills and factories, beautiful banks and business places, but the most interesting thing which I have seen is the Colony out on the hill." The next day he sent to me a letter of appreciation of the work, and inclosed were two fifty-dollar bills, sent that the old folks at the Colony might have a happier time at Christmas.

The governments of the countries of Europe are giving increasing attention to old age pensions, to accident, sickness, unemployment, and infirmity insurance. The soldiers of industry are to be cared for as generously as the soldiers of war. The rising movement for Conservation is an effort to realize justice in restoring and preserving birthrights for the unprivileged. The growing social heart or feeling toward the unfortunate is to express itself in larger brotherly services and unconscious kindnesses, of which the old individual conscience has been hesitating and afraid. The problem of protecting and caring for human life is rapidly becoming the question for National Assemblies and Imperial Parliaments.

MAY

BY JOEL BENTON

Iris-tinted May now skirts the woods and hollows,
And, where the south wind leads, swift and soft-footed follows;
There's incense in her breath, before her steps and after,
And in her loosened brooks echoes of woodland laughter.

In the bosky thickets birds are briskly singing,
While the lofty swallow some message must be bringing
From the far Azores, so strong is his endeavor
To brush against the azure, and go sailing on forever.

Not less the crystal lake he puts in his dominions,
He skims its polished face; and, with his preened-out pinions,
Single-eyed, surveys all his insect quarry,
Having two highways, the mundane and the starry.

That white sheet you see, where all the greenery varies,
Is the petaled snow shed by the sanguinaria's
Clear and spotless blossoms—seen by every comer—
A chosen scarf of spring thrown on the neck of summer.

The wind-flower, all alone, that with no other matest,
Lifts tremblingly its head—the dearest, delicatest;
More than all flowery forms in wood or meadow places,
Its rose-edged, pearl-like tint, grim winter's spell effaces.

May, the maiden month, has in her rich possession
All the cavalcade of nature's fair procession;
Even the bobolink, that like a fountain rises,
Soon will add his song to her supreme surprises!

Learn We to Live

By Lee Wilson Dodd

I

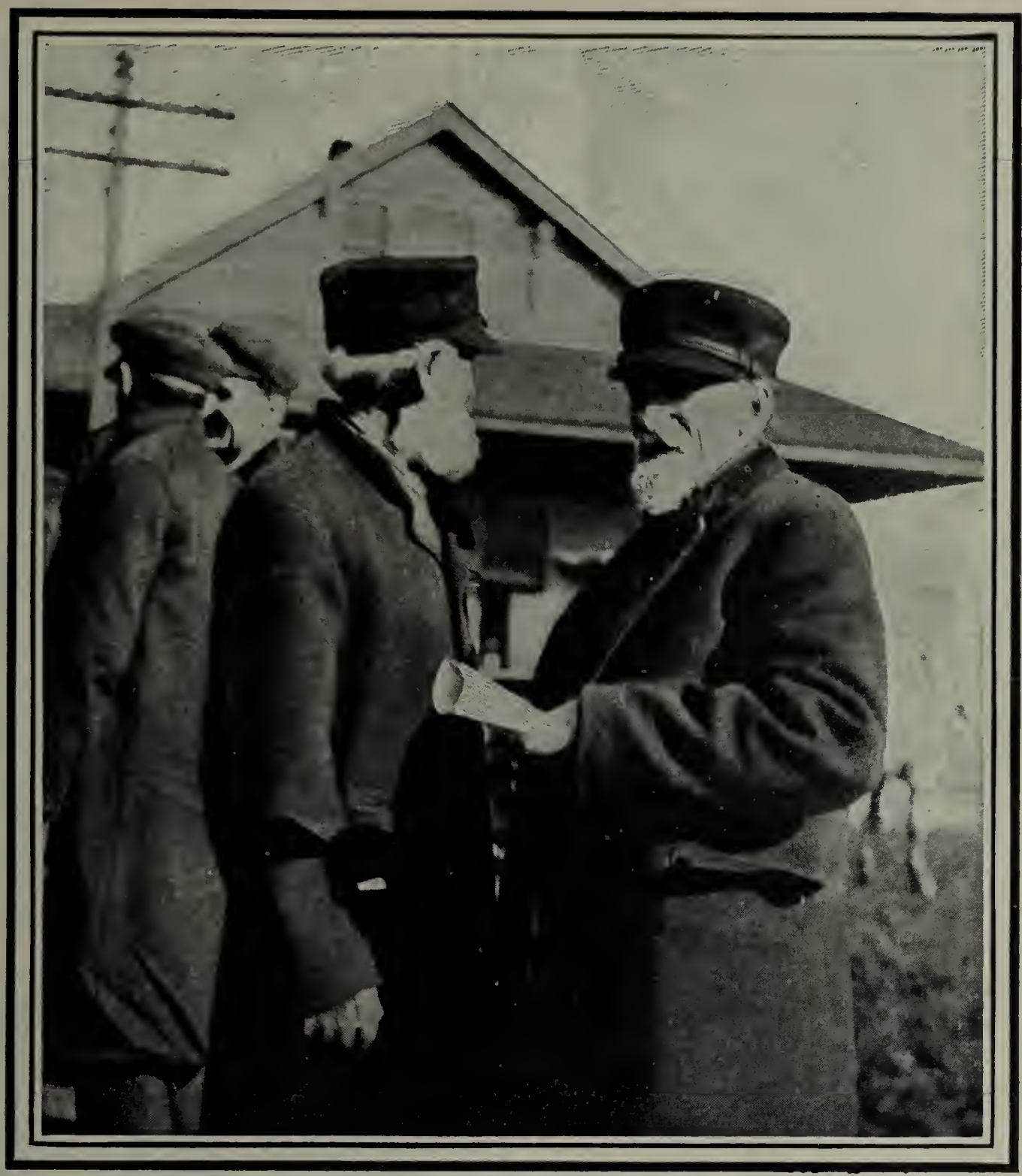
Light, light and air! the colored earth and sea!
O woman that I love, fly to the hills with me!
Or to the cleansing breadth of wave, where night and day
The unreluctant winds pursue their ample way!
Are you not sick, beloved, as I am sick,
Of the sophisticating city-world, where trick
O'erreaches trick, where life's a game of cards
Played with sharp lust for pitiful rewards?
O come, heart of youth, recover the delight
Of satisfying song!
We once were eager for the soul's persuasive right
To banish right and wrong,
Duty, and all his kin,
Sad thoughts of destiny,
Fears of a world to be,
Deep arguments of sin,
Doubt's dubious eclipse,
Death, sorrow, and disease,—
To banish all such dreary folk as these,
And kiss the dreaming Rose of Beauty on the lips!

II

Is there not moon-fire, star-dust, lily-shine?
Is there not a gleaming bow round your head and mine?
Are we not immortal,—young for ever, fair?
Is it not our beauty silvering the air?
Surely these our kisses leave our lips to fly,
Blue birds, singing birds, all along the sky?
Surely when our eyes meet in a fixed delight
All the stars in heaven tremble, and the night
Sighs and is silent, and the dawn is stirred
To flutter o'er the eastern hill like a sleepy bird?

III

Light, light and air! the magic earth and sea!
O woman that I love, fly home to poesy—
Home to the beauty man forgets to praise,
Wasting his heart in labor all his days;
Home to the beauty God delights to spread
Broadly and kindly round about man's head;
Giving him the spaces of the myriad sky,
And the shimmering pastures of the sea. Ah, why,
Why do we struggle ever, strive and cry?
Learn we to *live*, dear, ere we learn to die!



TALKING IT OVER AT THE STATION

Farming by Special Train

By Clifford V. Gregory

THAT a college professor should be given a special train with which to spread his ideas over a great State is significant of the changed relation of the people to the colleges. It shows that the college has come to a better appreciation of the problems of everyday life, and is earnestly trying to help solve them. It shows that the people are learning that science can accomplish results where "main strength and awkwardness" fail. The agricultural college was first to realize that while it is important to educate man so that he can enjoy life, it is just as important to teach him how to make the wherewithal that makes enjoyment possible.

The agricultural college has brought science down to a practical basis. It has argued that science that cannot make some one's burden lighter is not worthy of the name. From science for learning's sake it has come to be science for humanity's sake. At first this popularized science was furnished in the form of bulletins. These reached a few people, and did a

ON THE SEED CORN SPECIAL

great deal of good. But the personal element that must furnish the inspiration for any new movement was lacking. The colleges tried institutes, and reached more people. They tried short courses, and reached still more. It needed something spectacular to complete the waking up of the farmer. That is how the college professors came to ride in special trains.

In the spring of 1910 the farmers of Iowa faced a crisis. Corn is Iowa's principal crop. A failure in the corn crop of Iowa would mean disaster to the State. Also, it would mean hungry mouths all through the country, for Iowa stands at the head of the corn-producing States. With the present narrow margin between production and consumption, Iowa's corn crop would mean the difference between plenty and hunger. With Iowa corn out of the running there would be a good many car-loads of hungry cattle and hogs rushed into the Chicago stock-yards, and when they were gone the meat famine would be on in earnest. Even a twenty-five per cent reduction in Iowa's corn crop would turn the Nation's wild hallelujah over bumper crops into a wail for johnny-cake and spare-rib.

There was a hard freeze early in October, 1909, that covered Iowa and portions of adjoining States. The corn was full of moisture, and many of the germs were frozen so hard that they were killed or badly weakened. Most of the seed corn was not saved until after this freeze, and most of it would not grow. Eight hundred samples of the best corn in the State were shown at the winter short course at Ames. The tests showed that but sixty-six per cent was able to germinate strong, while twenty per cent would not grow at all. And this was the best corn in the State, mind you. The exhibitors knew beforehand that it was to be tested, and that none but the strong ears would receive prizes. Yet twenty kernels out of every hundred were absolutely dead.

Even after a winter of strenuous work by the extension lecturers and months of campaigning by the agricultural press and the daily papers, the danger of a partial

AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE

LISTENING TO A PLEA FOR BETTER SEED CORN

crop failure was still apparent. It was at this juncture that the railways came to the rescue. Professor Holden smiled as he dictated replies to letters from railway presidents offering trains and asking for men. Six years before it had taken all of the Professor's arguing ability—and he has a great deal—to convince a few of the railway managers that a corn gospel train would be a paying proposition. It took all his persuasion and all the pressure he could bring to bear to get these trains. This year the railways were so eager to put on trains that it was difficult to find speakers enough to man them.

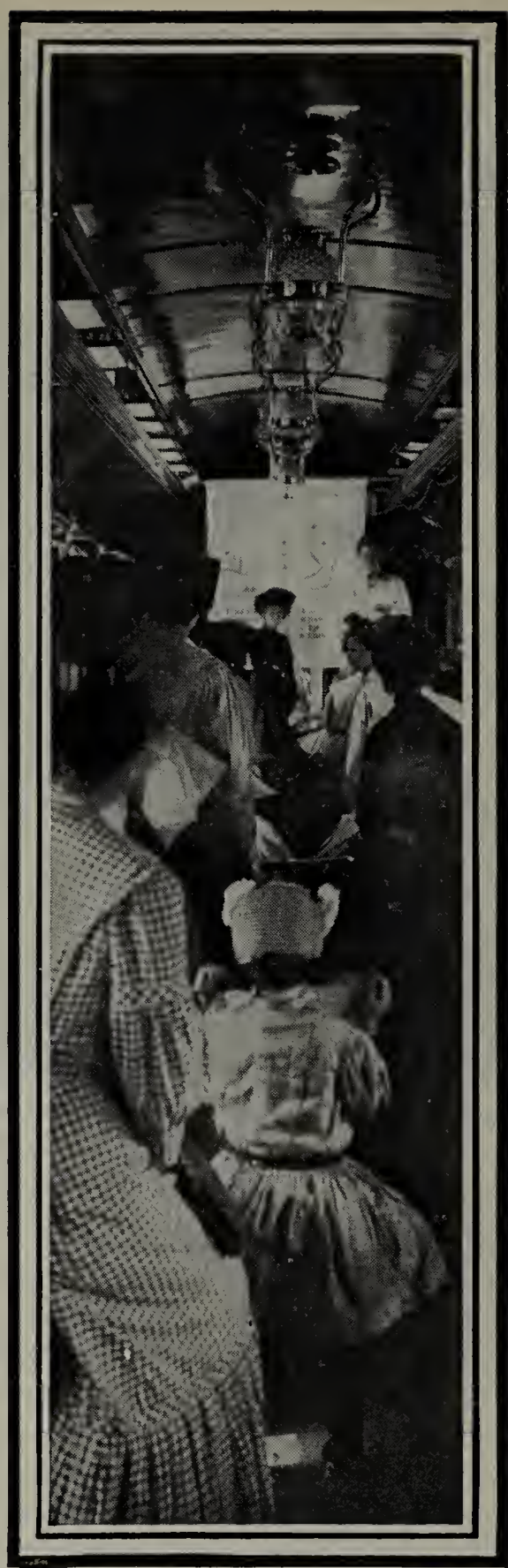
Spring came early in 1910, and the farmers were at work in the field when the first gospel train started. It was with considerable trepidation that the professors watched for the first station platform. It takes a great deal to pry a farmer loose from his field on a sunshiny day. But the platform was full to overflowing. The train had hardly stopped before the men began to crowd aboard the cars. They had found out that their seed was poor. They wanted to know what to do.

To make the object-lesson more effective, a man had been sent on ahead of each train to get in touch with the farmers and tell them what was coming. This man put in half a day or so at the rural telephone, calling up the farmers and inviting them personally to meet the train. When the college takes enough interest in a man to give him a personal invitation to come out to hear its professors talk, he can hardly refuse, no matter how busy he is. Except for the absence of screaming posters, the seed-corn train was just about as well advertised as any circus that ever came to town.

This advance man procured ten ears of seed corn from each of thirty or forty farmers, and put kernels from them in the germination box. When the special arrived, the station platform was crowded with farmers eager to learn whether or not their corn had made a satisfactory test. Occasionally a man was found who had corn that would test ninety per cent

strong. More often the test was around thirty. At no station was an average test of more than twenty-five per cent found.

"Do you know what this means, men?" Professor Holden asked. "It means that you are going to plow a hundred acres of ground, and disc it and harrow it and get it into shape to plant, and then plant only twenty-five acres of it to corn that will grow. You may think that these kernels that test weak will produce something. Did you ever see a hill of corn with two big healthy stalks and one little spindling one? What do you suppose was the matter with the little one? You may say that the others got the start of it. But why was it that they got the start? They were planted at the same depth, in the same kind of soil, and they all had the same kind of a chance. The reason that the little spindling stalk wasn't able to keep up with the others is that it came from a weak ear—one of the kind that sends out a little sickly sprout in the germination box.



ON THE HOG TRAIN SPECIAL

"And that isn't the whole story. That weak stalk has from eight hundred to a thousand little brothers and sisters scattered around over the field. Did you ever mark that kind of a stalk and watch it till husking time? It sends out a tassel as big as life and lets loose a million little pollen grains to fertilize all the good ears for a rod around. Next fall you will pick out a big, good-looking ear and think you have something pretty fine for seed. You won't know that the father of that ear is the same measly stalk that hasn't the sign of an ear of its own.

"When you plant that ear next year, some of the characteristics of that scrubby father are bound to crop out. You can't get away from this law that 'like produces like.' The father stalk has just as much to do with the offspring as the mother ear does.

"Now the thing to do is to test your corn and get rid of the weak ears and the dead ones. Instead of planting twenty-five acres out of that hundred with good seed, plant it all with seed that you are certain will grow. Then, when husking time comes, you won't have to ask the produce of twenty-five acres to pay the expense of cultivating a hundred."

AFTER THE LECTURE

THE FARMERS COME IN THEIR AUTOMOBILES FROM MILES AROUND

The Professor then proceeded to explain how to make a germination box that will do the work of selecting the good ears from the weak and dead ones. "If I would advertise to tell you how to spend five dollars and get ten dollars back, you would fall all over yourselves to get to hear me," he said. "Now I've told you how you can increase the average yield of corn in this county ten bushels to the acre without spending a cent. What are you going to do about it? Are you going to go home and test your corn, or are you going to plant it a little thicker, and then blame your crop of nubbins and barren stalks to your luck or say it was your wife's fault?"

At one station I asked a bright-looking young farmer to tell me just what he thought of the Professor's idea of corn-raising.

"I don't think, I know," he said, "that Professor Holden has added millions of dollars to the wealth of the State. He's taught us farmers to take an interest in our work and to study our crops. It isn't so much just this idea of teaching seed corn. That's good, of course, but if a man tests his seed corn it means that he's pulled himself out of the rut and taken a new start.

"I just want to tell you an instance that happened over in my own locality. I have a neighbor over there, a strong, healthy young fellow, but he never could seem to get ahead. He said the farmers didn't have any chance, and he just plugged along in the same old way, considering himself lucky if he made enough to pay the rent.

"The first year the corn trains were run I got him to come over with me to hear Holden talk. He went home and tested his seed corn. He seemed to spruce up from that time on. He took an interest in his work and began to keep things up in shape. He began to make money, too, and last year he bought a quarter-section. I laughed when he told me about it, and asked him what he thought now about the farmers not having any chance. He said the trouble was there were so many chances that he didn't know which to take hold of first."

Most of the farmers who visited the special train and heard the lecturers went

home and tested their seed corn. They saved the good ears to plant, and fed the others to the hogs. The second week out the corn trains—there were two of them—reached about forty thousand farmers. Careful inquiry showed that about one-fourth of these farmers tested their corn as a direct result of attending the lectures on the seed corn train. By doing so they increased their crop at least ten per cent. At that rate the one week's work increased the value of Iowa's 1910 corn crop by over half a million dollars. As a matter of fact, the average yield in the State this year was thirty-five bushels to the acre, almost up to the average of the past five years. That such a record should be made when a third of the best seed corn in the State was dead is phenomenal.

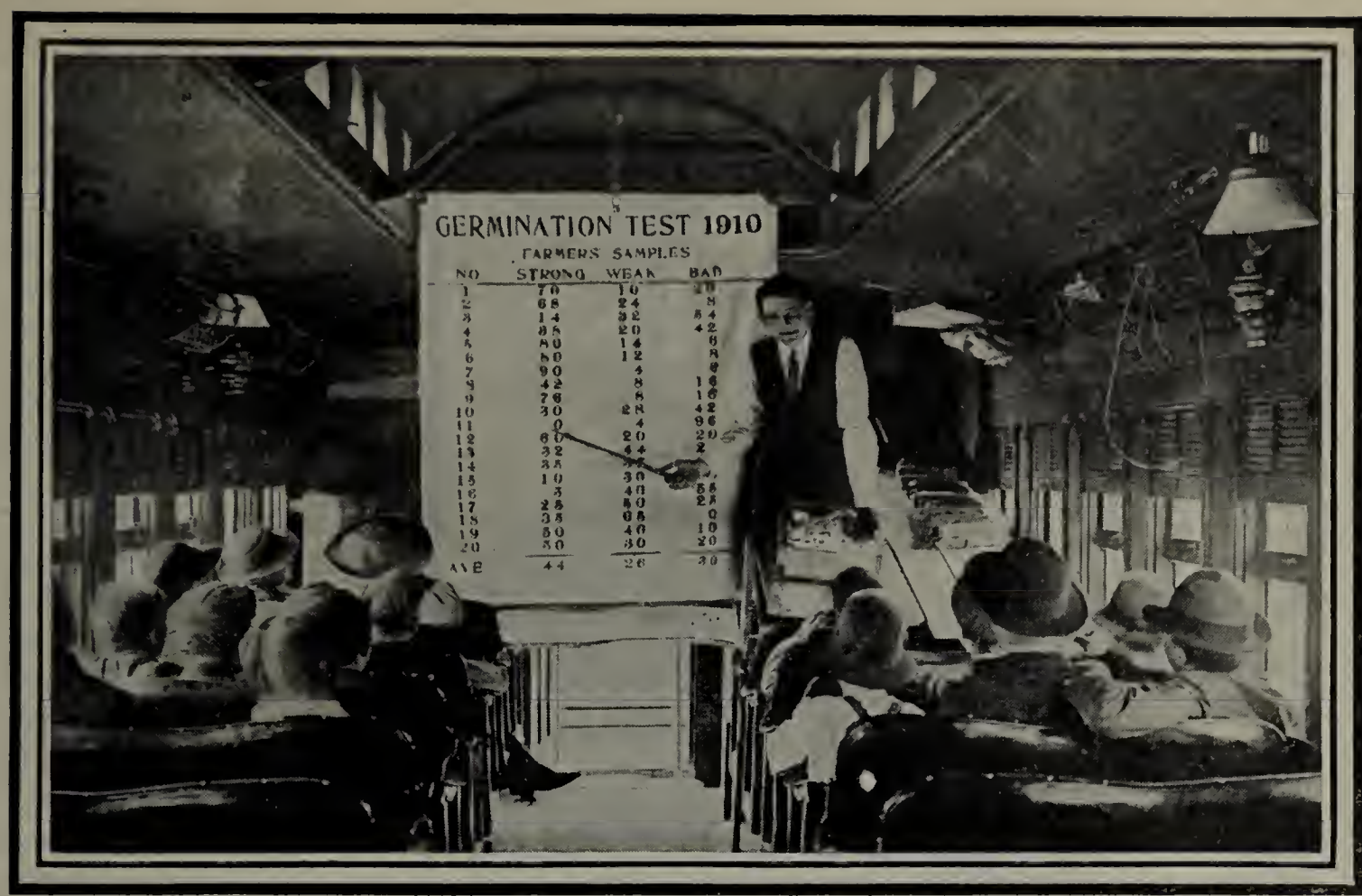
There are critics of the special train idea, of course. Some ridiculed it as being an expensive way of reaching the people. These same people do not object to attending a show that comes to town on four or five special trains. The expense is a secondary matter. An increase of one bushel of corn per acre on Iowa's nine million acres will pay for a good many special trains at $100 per day.

PROFESSOR HOLDEN EXPLAINING THE GERMINATION BOX

The first year the corn trains were run they met with strong opposition from the co-operative elevator people. This was at the height of the desperate fight between the co-operative people and the strongly intrenched "regulars." Professor Holden, with more ambition than discretion perhaps, accepted the help of Secretary George A. Wells, of the Iowa Grain Dealers' Association, to secure the special trains. He needed help of some kind, and the Grain Dealers' Association was strong with the railways. In the eyes of the co-operators Wells was the arch-fiend of the power that so ruthlessly opposed them by every questionable means that could be devised, and they hated him accordingly. The "Wells-Holden corn specials," as they called them, aroused their ire.

The six years that have elapsed since then have witnessed the dissolution of the Iowa Grain Dealers' Association. The co-operative people have intrenched themselves beyond any fear of opposition. But it takes time to forget. When the oat train went through their territory in the winter of 1908–9, some of them attended the lectures to criticise. They went away thinking. They were beginning to see that it is even more important to have grain to sell than it is to sell it to advantage. When the corn train came, they met it with a brass band. They are raising money to put on a seed corn train of their own next year.

Then there are other people who are suspicious of the railways and shy away from the specials as if they were dangerous. The running of the specials is simply a business proposition on the part of the railways. They are



A LECTURE TO THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN

not doing it from any particular spirit of philanthropy. The truth is, the railways are learning that their profits vary directly with crop yields. They cannot cultivate the farmer's corn for him, but they can help influence him to test his seed.

King Corn cannot claim a monopoly on the special train. South Dakota and northern Iowa have added millions of bushels to their oat crop by means of oat trains. Illinois ran a "good roads" train and taught the farmers how they could have hard roads the year around. Washington ran a dairy train and taught thousands of farmers how to separate the good cows from the poor ones. Ohio and New York have spread new agricultural ideas throughout the State by means of special trains.

During the coming winter it is planned to run an entire domestic science train through Iowa, with demonstration and lecture cars. Commissioner Cottrell, of the Rock Island, already has his plans complete for a rice train in Arkansas, a cotton train in Louisiana, a dry-farming train in Texas, and a horse train in Kansas. The Burlington Railroad last fall ran a soils special through the southern half of Iowa. Its object was to teach the farmers the principles of soil conservation, so that they might put off the day when they will have to divide their profits with the fertilizer manufacturer. The Iowa Dairy Association put on a special dairy train for a two-thousand-mile trip last winter. One-third of the cows of the State are on the loss side of the ledger. Their owners are paying for the privilege of having them around. The dairy-train lecturers taught the farmers how to feed their cows. They taught them how to use the Babcock test and the scales to tell how many cows are producing butter-fat enough to pay their board. Dr. David Roberts, of Wisconsin, one of the foremost veterinarians in the United States, told the farmers how to combat the tuberculosis problem, which is the bogy-man that frightens many a prospective dairyman into some other business.

Everywhere the dairy train met with enthusiastic crowds. The farmers of the northern half of the State have followed the lead of the farmers of Minnesota and Wisconsin and gone into the dairy business. They are making big money at it. In the southern part of the State, where the dairy train was run, the farmers have an idea that milking cows is too much work, and a large share of them still let the calves draw the milk in nature's way. The dairy train opened their eyes. The grain farmers have been watching the

WOMEN LEAVING THE BREAKFAST BACON SPECIAL

fertility of their soil grow steadily less. Professor Van Pelt, the official lecturer of the State Dairy Association, figured out for them that for every ton of butter they sold they were taking out but eighteen cents' worth of fertility from the soil. This makes a striking contrast with the $10 worth that is taken away by a ton of corn.

The men who have been raising beef have had a hard row to hoe for the past few years, in spite of climbing prices. It takes nearly two years at best to mature a beef steer, and he gets away with a whole lot of feed in that time. The beef men have been keeping up the fertility of their soil, but, one year with another, they have not been adding appreciably to their bank account. When Professor Van Pelt told them that they could make from forty cents to a dollar an hour milking cows, it sounded too good to be true. Dairying means more intensive methods and better farming generally. There are no better-tilled farms in the country than in the prosperous dairy districts of Wisconsin and New York. The spread of dairying means prosperity for the country and the hastening of the day when there will be butter enough to go around and the wage-earner can cut loose from the oleomargarine trust.

Last summer a "better wheat" train was run in Kansas. Previous to this Kansas farmers had been raising mixed wheat. The flour made from this wheat would make only 130 loaves of bread to the sack, while the leading Minneapolis flour mills guarantee their flour to produce 180. In consequence they refused to touch the Kansas wheat, although it comes on the market several weeks earlier than the wheat of the Northwest. As a direct result of the "better wheat" train 300,000 acres of pure wheat were sown in Kansas last fall. This year's crop from these 300,000 acres will amount to something like five million bushels, and will be worth ten cents a bushel more than the mixed wheat. This increase of half a million dollars will pay the Kansas farmers big wages for the time they spent listening to the wheat lectures. The Rock Island figures on hauling a large share of that five million bushels of wheat to Minneapolis, and so getting back in freight charges many times the thousand dollars a week that it costs to run the special train.

The latest in the way of special trains

is the "Breakfast Bacon Special." There was a shortage of three million hogs at the six chief packing centers during the first six months of 1910. At these same points the shortage during 1909 was five million carcasses. The people who were hungry for the pork and bacon from these eight million hogs had to satisfy their appetites with canned salmon or turn vegetarians. By rights, pork should be the poor man's meat. While a steer makes but five or six pounds of meat from a bushel of corn, a hog will make ten or twelve. But the man who has breakfasted on bacon very many times during the past year has seen very little reason for calling pork cheap meat. The result of the shortage in the pork supply sent prices skyward. They reached a point higher than at any time since the Civil War. The farmers who were fortunate enough to be "long" on hogs reaped a rich harvest. As a typical instance, a farmer in Illinois who keeps books figured up his profits on a car-load of hogs, and found that they paid him $1.25 a bushel for all the corn they had eaten. For once, at least, he had the laugh on his neighbors who hauled their corn to the elevator at 55 cents a bushel. And when it comes to his children and grandchildren, they will, to a still greater extent, have the laugh on the children and grandchildren of his grain-farming neighbors. Every time a bushel of corn is marketed by the hog route only 3 cents' worth of fertility is taken from the farm. When the corn itself is hauled away, 18 cents' worth of fertility is taken with every bushel.

If all of these things are true, why don't the farmers raise more hogs? Well, it is due to habit, largely. They are not used to caring for hogs, and they think it is more difficult than it really is. Some of them fear the cholera. They have been through a siege of it, maybe, and they know from bitter experience what it means to have the year's profits swept away in a few days. They have heard of the serum treatment, perhaps, but they are skeptical. It will take much teaching and demonstration to convince them that the Government veterinarians have really discovered a treatment that is a sure preventive of the dread disease. The main thing that these farmers need is a little explanation, a little clearing up of the points about the hog business of which they are not quite sure.

EVEN THE TOWN LOAFERS ARE MILDLY INTERESTED

It was with this thought in mind that Agricultural Commissioner H. M. Cottrell, of the Rock Island lines, joined with the hog experts of the State Agricultural College of Iowa to jar the farmers into a realization of the profits of hog culture. While they are urging the farmer to go into the hog business to make money for himself, they are not neglectful of the demands of the laborer for cheaper ham. They are showing the farmer how to produce pork on clover or alfalfa pasture for three or four cents a pound. With pork produced at this price, it would be a very selfish farmer who would still claim that he should still have ten cents on the hoof for his hogs.

The hog experts are urging the farmers to eliminate the waste, to put the hog business on a strict business basis. In Iowa twenty-five per cent of the hogs that are farrowed never live to reach the packing-house. Most of this loss is due to improper feeding of the sow and lack of

attention at farrowing time. The average sized litter raised in Iowa is four. If that number could be increased to six, it would add four million to the annual hog crop of the State.

At every one of the 137 stations where the special made its half-hour stops it was met by enthusiastic crowds. The farmers and their wives came in wagons and buggies and automobiles. The merchants and bankers locked their doors and came down to the train in force. The teachers came marching down to the train at the head of their flocks. At one place a conference of Presbyterian preachers adjourned by unanimous consent and came down to hear the lecture on hog culture. One lady eighty-five years old came down to hear the lecture on domestic science. "I expect to cook pork for a good many years yet," she smiled, as an attendant helped her aboard. One old gentleman, disregarding the shouted instructions of the attendants to "take the front car," made his way back to the ladies' car. "My wife makes me get up and get breakfast in the morning," he said. "I'm tired of toast, and I want to learn how to fry bacon." Almost every one came to learn. The few who came to scoff usually "remained to pray."

The actual results of the special trains are, of course, rather hard to determine with any degree of accuracy. It has been long enough since the first trains were run, however, so that a comparison of the crop yields shows some interesting figures.

In 1904 the first special agricultural trains were run. They reached 670 towns in 97 counties out of 99 in the State. The total distance traveled was 10,000 miles, in the course of which 1,085 talks were given and 127,000 people were reached. During the five years just previous to 1904 the average corn yield in Iowa was 33.5 bushels. The average for the five years following the advent of the special trains was 35.9 bushels. A five-year average should be sufficient to eliminate differences due to the varying weather conditions. The increase of 2.4 bushels to the acre must be attributed largely to better methods. A large share of the credit for the dissemination of these better methods belongs to the special trains. For the last five years the average acreage of corn in the State has been nearly nine million acres. The average farm price for the five years has been 39 cents. At this rate the value of the increased corn yields has been worth over eight million dollars a year.

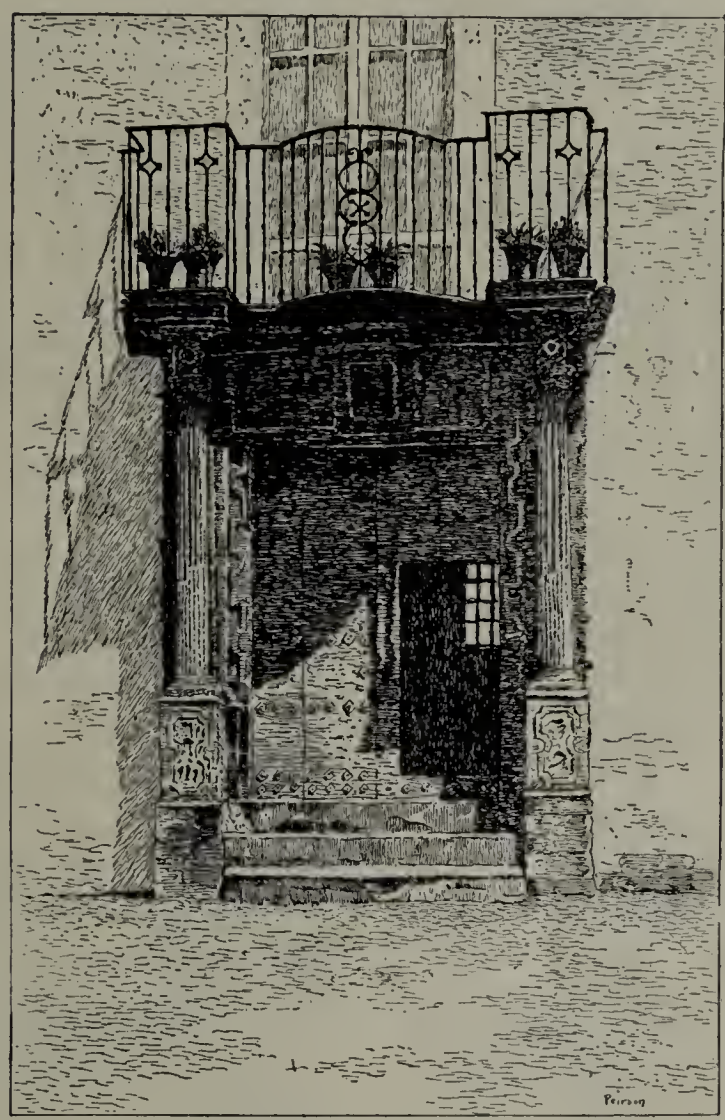
While the cities are boasting of the added thousands or millions for which the new Census gives them credit, the farmer is looking at the matter from a different angle. On him rests the burden of supplying these additional millions with food. The problem is not so simple as it was twenty-five years ago, when the wants of each added million could be met by opening new farms in the West. To-day there are few new farms to open. The farmer must by hook or crook get more out of his soil. At this stage of the game the Nation needs men who can increase crop production more than it needs men who can corner the stock markets or get themselves elected to Congress.

In the face of these facts it is little wonder that the railways are asking for more special trains, or that the farmers leave their plows in the fields when they hear the whistle of the special train. The college on wheels seems to have come to stay.

How We Found Ronda

By Clara Crawford Perkins

With Drawings by Alden Peirson



THE OLD DOORWAY

FIFTEEN years ago we discovered Ronda. We had landed at Gibraltar in a cold March rain. Two weeks we had allotted ourselves for a first glimpse of Spain, and, with Western notions of travel, we were counting on Granada, Seville, Cordova, and the Prado at Madrid, not to mention several lesser points of interest. But we had reckoned without our Spain. Barely had we elbowed our way to our hotel through the seething, shrieking mass of men and beasts which make a Babel of the streets at the foot of the mountain of Tarik than we were informed that the one railway running from Algeciras across the bay up into Spain had been washed out by the spring rains. Not a train had run between Algeciras and Ronda, thirty miles to the north, for sixty days.

"We must go by boat, then, to Malaga or Cadiz," we quickly decided, fearing for our look at the Prado. But the boat service, too, was interrupted. Since a recent storm one of the local steamers had been missing, and all the others were out seaching for her.

Our anxious inquiries as to when the road might be in order or the boats running were met by a shrug and outspread palms. "*Quien sabe?*" Only time could tell. "*Acaso mañana! acaso no!*" Not only the Prado, but all the rest of our hoped-for look at Spain threatened to be swallowed up by this unexpected and, we soon learned, most Spanish suspension of the facilities of travel. We were in despair, for, although we had already discovered the fascinations of the Gib, we did

not desire to spend all our cherished fortnight there.

At this desperate moment an enterprising fellow-traveler suggested horses to Ronda, from which point the railway appeared to be running. "Splendid!" we cried. "But what about Ronda? What kind of a place is it? Could ladies spend the night there?" The information elicited by these questions was not very promising as to creature comforts, but most alluring as to Ronda's mediæval atmosphere and extraordinary beauty of situation. We recalled, too, the siege of Ronda in Irving's "Conquest." We would go to Ronda on horseback.

But we did not go to Ronda on horseback. No one would furnish us horses, or even mules. "The roads were impossible; we would mire at every step." But by the time we were able to leave Gibraltar on a tramp steamer for Malaga, when the delay had rendered Madrid and the Prado impossible, our disappointment was measurably lessened by the prospect of a stop at Ronda instead, on our way back.

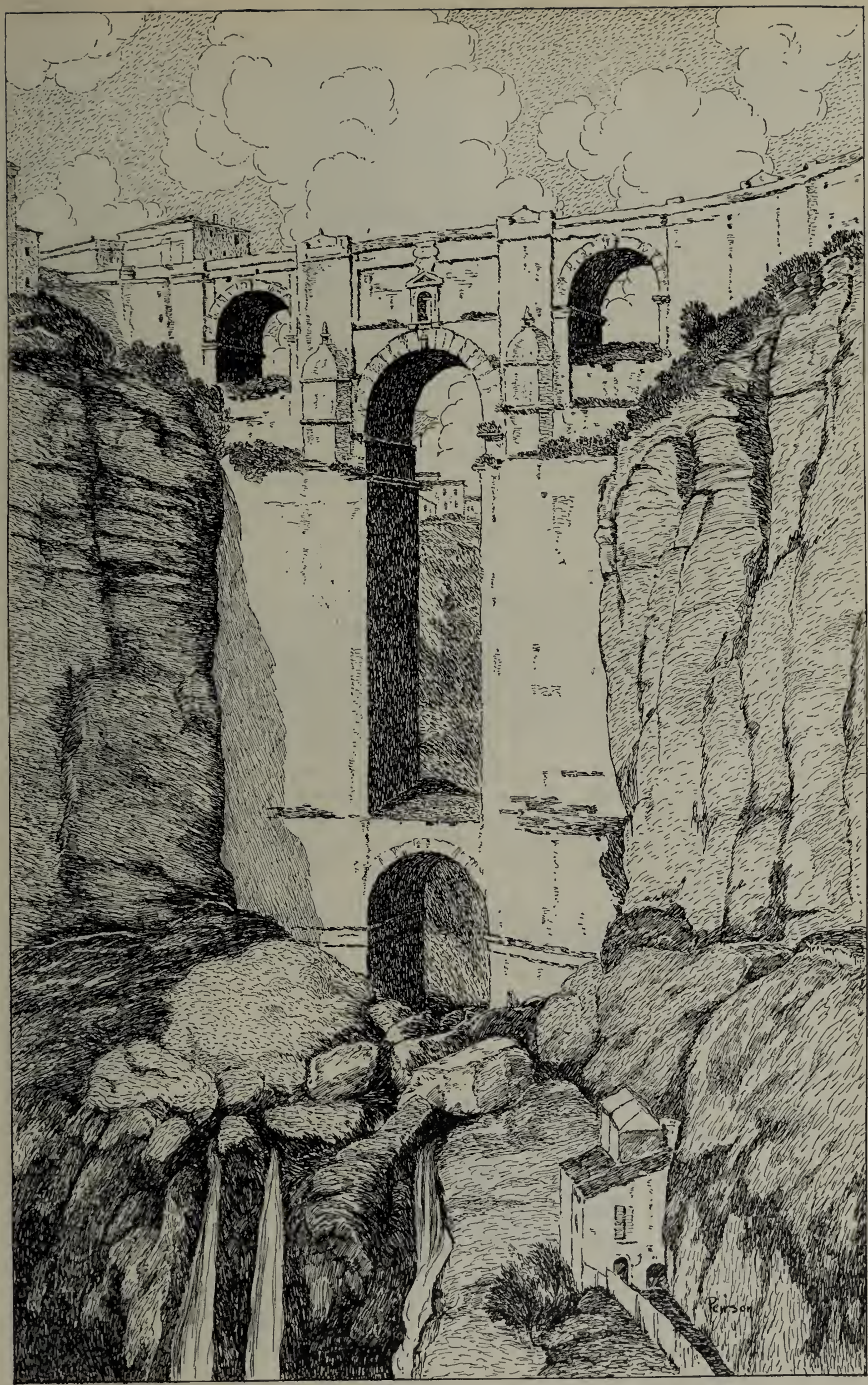
Our train puffed up to the little town after dark. We saw the usual bare and characterless wooden station, feebly lighted by flickering oil lamps. The few attendants were lolling half asleep when we rolled up to the platform, but no sooner had we descended than pandemonium was let loose. Evidently visitors from overseas were rare birds in this mountain nest, and every man of them wished to have a hand in the bestowal of our persons and our luggage in the creaking and protesting omnibus which was expected to transport us to the only possible hotel.

I say "expected to" advisedly, for there appeared to be no certainty about it. The road was evidently totally unfit for the passage of wheels; and to our apprehensive senses the aged and loose-jointed vehicle constantly threatened to fall to pieces and deposit us in the road. We plunged, lunged, and swayed over stones and into ruts; but fate was kind, and we finally pulled up in front of a door in a whitewashed wall from which streamed a welcome radiance. The labor of unloading ourselves and our belongings was not without its difficulties. News of our arrival had spread through the town, and already there was a large and rapidly growing crowd desirous of seeing these strange creatures who came to Ronda from such a vast distance. But *el posadero* came to the rescue, and with the aid of loud and evidently strong language, emphasized by frequent blows, we were at last disembarked and safe inside the door.

It was much better than we feared. There was a tiny court paved with red bricks, with a circular depression in the middle, presumably for a fountain, although then dry. Rooms, mostly small and of confusing irregularity, opened from this court. Somewhere a crooked stairway mounted to a second story. There were smells of strange foods, but they were not unappetizing, and everything appeared to be most scrupulously clean. We had been to Granada, to Cordova, and to Seville, but already, before we had seen anything of Ronda save tantalizing glimpses caught through rents in the curtains of our decrepit omnibus, we realized that this was different. Here was the real Spain.

As we sat at dinner the strangeness of it, together with occasional surprises to our protesting palates, mounted to our heads. Running through the middle of the table was a long row of black bottles, twenty-five or more, all apparently empty. A special course of long, thin asparagus, whose appearance was hailed with delight, but whose unexpected bitterness caused many a grimace, still remains in my memory. Then there was music, not the suave, obvious melodies to which our ears were accustomed, but the weird, wailing cadences of the East. It was not cheerful or enlivening, but, by the rule of contraries, it went to our heels. A dance in the brick court was suggested, and the rather undignified romp which followed doubtless left in the minds of our bewildered *posadero* the impression that the inhabitants of America were still savage. During a breathless pause in our hilarity some one glanced through the door into the street. Apparently the entire town was gathered there, spellbound by what they saw. Then we fled to our rooms.

The next morning the town lay before us, and we soon found that the half had not been told. All day long we wandered along the brows of steep bluffs and through



THE MAGNIFICENT BRIDGE WHICH SPANS THE GORGE AT RONDA

steep and crooked streets—for the most part, all too steep for wheeled vehicles. Here, then, was the cause of our hectic ride of the night before. Except to bring strangers from the station, no one ever attempted to ride in Ronda. Indeed, our consumptive omnibus was the only wheeled conveyance in town; manifestly it would have been extravagance to keep roads in order for one vehicle.

Almost at once we were reminded of the situation of Orvieto. Like that hitherto incomparable crag, the cliffs occupied by Ronda rise sheer out of a lovely valley. But Ronda's altitude is greater, the encircling mountains higher, many of them snow-covered, and every detail is on a grander scale. Moreover, while Ronda's perpendicular crags drop down six hundred feet and more on three sides, on the fourth there is a gradual approach, that up which the railway climbs. Finally, Ronda is cut in two by the gorge, three hundred and fifty feet deep, of the Guadelavin, and this gorge, spanned at its narrowest point, two hundred and fifty feet, by a magnificent bridge of a single arch, is the climax of a majestic yet savage beauty which leaves the milder picturesqueness of Orvieto far behind.

But this was not meant to be a description of Ronda. Such may be found in guide-books and in the occasional pages of tourists, who, alas! are finding their way in rapidly increasing numbers to this marvel of a Spanish town. As with every one who "finds" it, our senses were fairly stunned by the natural grandeur of the place. But even on this, our first visit, we were more impressed with the vividness of its life, both past and present. Never were such imps as the boys of Ronda. No need of the Piper's magic flute to keep a train of them at our heels; and before the day was half over we were fully convinced that these were the lineal descendants of the daring Gomeres, who, under the leadership of the intrepid Hamet el Zegri, so long terrorized the borders of Castile and held the Christian advance at bay.

As we gazed down from our giddy height we saw, not alone strings of piebald donkeys laden with bags of grain from the mills below mounting the face of the cliff, but bands of wary horsemen crossing the sunny *vega*, setting out on marauding expeditions or returning with booty of herds or captives, the latter to swell the numbers of those already rotting in the dungeons whose black mouths we could pick out in the face of the cliffs beneath us.

With such a situation, well might Ronda be reckoned impregnable; and when word was brought that a large Christian army had gayly marched down to besiege Malaga, what wonder that the wily Hamet set out at once to ravage the country left unprotected by their departure? With his band he had suffered defeat at the defense of Lopera. Now he thirsted for revenge. Moreover, Ronda stood in need of food.

At the head of his impetuous Gomeres the Arab leader swept down into the *vega*, then up into the Serrania de Ronda, and across into the rich pasture-lands of Medina Sidonia. Bells were rung and alarm fires kindled to rouse the country for defense, but no effective opposition was possible, and within a few weeks the exultant band, leaving devastation in their

THE STREET FOUNTAIN

track, were homeward bound, and safe from pursuit in the wild passes of the Serrania. The narrow ravines were fairly choked with their booty of herds and provender. Whole droves of cattle and sheep bore witness to the prowess of Hamet and his band, and once more they boasted a quick and ample revenge.

THE BULL RING

GENERAL VIEW OF RONDA

It was over there to the north that Hamet, alarmed by strange reverberations, broke into a sudden gallop. Gaining a rocky height, he gazed over toward Ronda, and with eyes bursting from their sockets he discovered the encircling valley white with the tents of besieging Christians. Among the gay banners which floated from their peaks the most conspicuous were those of the Most Christian King and Queen—Ferdinand and Isabella. The siege of Malaga had been a ruse, then, and Hamet had fallen into their trap.

Although for centuries considered impregnable, Ronda was already in a bad way from this her first bombardment with gunpowder, and Hamet quickly saw that only prompt and bold action could save his home. That very night the daring little band made a heroic attempt to cut through the lines of the besiegers. The weakest point in the circumvallation was chosen, and they were very nearly successful. But their numbers were too few, and they were driven back into the Serrania, where the pursuing enemy were easily persuaded to retire by the simple expedient of dislodging huge boulders which went crashing down on their heads.

Alarm fires calling for help from other Moslem towns were now lighted on all the surrounding heights, and soon, hidden in the crags and crannies known only to themselves, Hamet had a little army composed of these neighboring mountaineers and led by his swift Gomeres. With this force he made repeated attempts to relieve the now nearly ruined town. Again and again the besiegers were hard pressed by the rapid tactics and sudden onslaught of the fiery Moslems. But Ferdinand was a man of resource, and Isabella was possessed of indomitable perseverance. Save for its incomparable position, the town had been theirs long ago. They would never give up now—and so the siege went on.

Explosive shells, thrown by clumsy cannon, had already battered down most of the walls. Now balls of tow soaked in oil, pitch, and gunpowder were shot into the town, where they quickly set fire to all that was inflammable. From their hiding-places over there Hamet and his Gomeres watched these horrors with burning eyes and gnashing teeth. The rage of impotence was in their hearts, for it

was fast becoming evident that theirs was a lost cause.

But Ronda was brave too. Although surprised with no fighting force within her walls and subjected to new and terrifying horrors, she did not capitulate until the enemy had discovered and cut off her most precious possession—the spring at the foot of the cliff from which her water supply was carried into the town. With no water surrender was inevitable. But after so heroic a resistance they were allowed to march out with all the honors of war, plus their effects—as much as they could carry. Some were even assigned lands elsewhere in Spain, and for a time at least were allowed the practice of their religion.

Hamet, perforce, drew off his Gomeres, hoping for an augmented vengeance in other fields, while the Christian army mounted Ronda's cliffs and threw open the dungeons where languished so many of their brethren. As a proper finish to the story of this siege there is not wanting the usual tale of a beautiful Moorish maiden who had been converted to the faith through the teaching of a Christian youth who had been one of these captives. In this southland the command to love one another had borne quick fruit, and now the two only wanted the consent of the Queen and the blessing of the Church. Both were quickly forthcoming, and so ended the siege of Ronda.

Again, eight years later, I went to Ronda, and this time there was no difficulty about going up from Gibraltar. We arrived shortly after noon, and from the lack of local excitement we judged that *forasteri* were not so rare in the mountain town as when we were there before. Then, was it the daylight that robbed the transit from station to hotel of all spice of danger, or was there a new omnibus? The hotel, too, looked strange. Indeed, we could not be certain that it was the same. To be sure there was a tiny brick court, but all its surroundings were different. And instead of dining in a crowded little room off this court we were led into a long, hideously new and bare apartment on the second floor, which immediately suggested increasing numbers of tourists.

Doubtless the morrow would disclose the rugged old town with no shadow of diminution in its mediæval atmosphere; and nothing could touch its incomparable situation. But, some way, our arrival had lacked the earlier flavor. With a banal effort to add to the gayety of the occasion, some one suggested that the evening be devoted to Ronda's Opera. The suggestion was referred to the elderly and anxious-looking waiter, who, instead of being mystified and embarrassed, at once melted into enthusiasm.

"There was the café, and dancing that night."

We looked askance at each other. "Could ladies go alone?"

"They could, but it would not be necessary; he would escort us."

In the end the remainder of the serving force of the hotel—the cook, who was also the boots—added his services, and an hour later saw us, guarded by the two sober retainers, seated in a bare little café, possibly twenty-five feet each way, and with a small raised platform in one corner. There were perhaps twenty other spectators, all sipping the small cups of black coffee which were the only cost of admission. Back of us, seated against the wall, was a row of lean, swarthy Spaniards. Were they of Andalusian or Castilian stock? Their color was of the south, but in physique and solemn dignity they suggested the north; and we knew that the "Conquest" had left a trail of the Castilian strain all through Andalusia. The voluminous *capas* worn by these fine old *hidalgos* were not taken off, but only thrown back; and their broad hats, likewise not removed, threw strong shadows which accentuated the blackness of their eyes and hair. With solemn dignity they sipped their coffee, perfectly poised and keenly alert, yet they were not seen to smile, and scarcely to speak, during the hour that we remained.

The dancing had begun before we entered. We had already seen a number of exhibitions of Spanish dancing, gotten up for tourists in the hotels of Granada and Seville, but we soon saw that this was another thing. A man and a girl were dancing. She wore the usual short gay skirts, bright Manila shawl, and flower in her shining black hair; and he the famil-

A GLIMPSE OF RONDA

iar velvet jacket, knee-breeches, and beribboned hat, with a gay sash wound many times around his middle. The girl used castanets, but the man, as well as the row of other dancers who sat behind them against the wall, marked the rhythm with sharp, explosive hand-claps.

All this, as well as the steps and posturing, was not sensibly unlike what we had seen before. It was the spirit of the dancers (for their lack of self-consciousness was a most pleasing contrast to the exaggerated coquettishness which had marked our former experiences) that marked the difference. These were dancing for the love of it, not for our applause or for pay. As always with dances of this type, a violent flirtation was figured. All the swift motions and poses of the girl were provocative, and those of the man pursuing. Yet neither touched the other throughout the performance, and, although fast and desperate, they never passed the bounds of a sustained dignity and decorum. Indeed, in spite of its inherent vividness and gayety, the dance was permeated with an almost religious fervor, and one scarcely wondered at the solemn silence with which it was viewed by the audience.

After a short pause a single guitar began a weird, minor cadence. It mounted in beat and intensity and fell into a rhythm marked by hand-claps from some of those in the audience as well as those on the stage. Then a woman advanced. She was not beautiful, and her dress, of some simple, even shabby stuff, hung in straight folds to the floor. She began to sway slowly and languorously, while we, enchanted, cried under our breaths, "The *flamenco*." It was just what we had wanted and had been unable to get. Again we were in luck in Ronda.

Far be it from me to attempt a detailed description of this performance. Mere words could never picture the harmonious movements in which every muscle of the body had a part, yet, as in the other dance, always with sustained dignity and restraint; never, as with some recent exhibitions of the art in our own country, with writhings or contortions. The figure of the dancer was always an embodied harmony; and not the least, to us, remarkable part of the performance was the way in which her audience yielded to and at the same time inspired her. Either consciously or unconsciously, all were swaying to the beat.

Occasionally the dancer's motions increased in intensity and rapidity, but for the most part they were confined to slow glidings and voluptuous swayings. It was easily seen that the *flamenco* allowed the widest freedom to individual dancers. There were no set figures and no regular recurring motions. This is true to a degree, of course, of all so-called Spanish dancing, but it is especially true in the *flamenco* that each dancer interprets; and the result is colored, not only by the temperament, but by the mood.

Even more than the livelier dancing the poses of a *flamenco* dancer suggest those of the figures on Greek vases. Why, then, the name *flamenco* (Flemish) should have been given to it has long been a puzzle. Salillas explains it in this wise: The Spanish soldier who had been to the wars in the Netherlands was dubbed a *Flamenco*. In the later years of these wars these soldiers mostly degenerated into dissipated rowdies, consorting with and descending to the plane of Gypsies. And Gypsies have long been the chief dancers of Spain. It is at least an ingenious explanation, and in default of a better may be made to serve.

May one see the *flamenco* to-day in Ronda? That is as it may happen. The writer cannot say. There is a fine new hotel out near the station, and tourists now spend months there exploring on donkey-back miles of the surrounding country, climbing up and down the steep cliffs, and venturing up into the inclosing Serrania de Ronda. The very thought is entrancing; yet not even for these joys would one give the memories of those more primitive days when no hint of modern life or of modern comfort intruded an incongruous note into a purely mediæval experience.

"THE PLACE WHERE POLLIWOGS GATHERED THICKEST"

Hookey

By Edmund L. Pearson

A LARGE bumblebee lay helpless on a plaintain leaf under the morning-glory vines—a sad example of the effects of too much intoxicating drink. He had imbibed honey freely all the day before, and now, past eight o'clock of a bright June morning, when his fellows had been at work for hours, he sprawled, half-paralyzed, a shocking sight to all busy people. He was an especially handsome bumblebee. His body was rotund, well nourished, and decorated with a band of yellow plush. I imagined that he looked like a Lord Mayor of London, though exactly why I had this idea I cannot tell. There was a sumptuous appearance about the bee that must have suggested that gorgeous official. Certainly it had nothing to do with the bee's shameful condition.

I took a blade of grass and tickled him gently in his yellow plush region. He raised one leg—he was lying on his side—and waved it toward me in feeble protestation. The gesture spoke plainly. It said, "Lemme 'lone, can't yer? Jus' wanta have li'l' nap."

A little nap! A little nap, indeed, on that morning when all the garden was rustling and humming and whirring and twittering with life. The robin, who was the father of a hungry family living in the apple tree, was hunting worms on the lawn; the portulacas had been open for half an hour—ever since the sun had touched them; the fat toad who lived near the yellow lilies was awake and looking about with slyly twinkling eyes (he had probably been up all night, too); and the morning-glories had been unfolded since daylight. Another bumblebee came humming along, sailing scornfully over the debauchee and alighting on a pink morning-glory. He was awake, sober, and busy—evidently a person of temperate habits, or else one who had had the good luck not to be overtaken the night before. He folded his wings quickly and crawled into the morning-glory to investigate. I stepped nearer, and closed the flower, holding the bee a prisoner inside. Instantly he began to rumble and boom like a far-off thunder-shower. It was not so much his liberty as his dignity that was threatened. Bumblebees carry their regard for dignity to an extreme—it amounts

to nothing short of pomposity. This one increased his murmurings and mutterings and bumblings till I began to grow alarmed. I judged it was time to release him. I had not meditated any personal injury to him, anyway, and there was a legend to the effect that a bumblebee similarly imprisoned had once driven his sting through the morning-glory and into the thumb of the boy holding it. So I let the flower come open, and the bee instantly sailed out, with one last indignant hum. He did not pause for an instant in a spot where such outrages could occur, but flew off at great speed, forsaking the morning-glory vines, the garden, and our street altogether.

I watched him as he flew. High over the fence he went, over Mr. Hawkins's woodshed and althea, over Jimmy Toppan's garden, and then off into the open country. He dwindled to a speck and disappeared. At that moment the school bell began to ring. It was twenty minutes before nine, and time for me to start on my melancholy way. On this morning, so bright, so warm, so interesting, I must leave the garden, leave the portulacas and the toad, leave the robins and the morning-glories, and drag off to school. I could not even make a dash to the open country, like the bumblebee. And what should I get in return? The weariness of sitting for an hour singing a dismal refrain of "*Do, sol, fa, mi, re, do.*" Then I would have to add nauseous columns of figures on a slate. And so on, save for a short respite, for three mortal hours. It was sickening; that was the name for it, sickening.

By this time I had reached the head of the street. To the right lay school; straight ahead was the path the bee had taken. One meant safety, the approbation of teachers, and good-conduct cards. The other led to freedom, but it also threatened danger. Visions of a certain stout official in blue clothes rose before me. He was Mr. Cooper, the truant officer, who possessed, so I firmly believed, autocratic powers. He could doom those whose offendings came within his province to everlasting imprisonment. Had he not dragged Clarence Brown once more to school when Clarence had made a bold attempt to reach the West where he could fight Indians? And it was a narrow thing for Clarence that Mr. Cooper had not then and there sent him to jail for life. Every boy in school knew that.

Nevertheless, Mr. Cooper seemed far away that morning, and the tantalizing effect of the bumblebee's flight was very potent. At least, I would not turn toward the school immediately. It would do no harm to keep on, and then I could go around by the pond, and so to school in time enough. On the other side of the pond I paused to examine some toadstools that had grown up overnight near the foot of an elm; and then, after a glance at the pond-lilies, which were now in bloom, descended to the water's edge. Here was a place where polliwogs gathered thickest, and I saw with satisfaction that they were coming on very nicely indeed. Most of them now possessed two hind legs, and it would not be long before all of them should appear as polliwogs no longer, but as miniature toads. I decided that they would do very well by themselves, and I went up the banking once more, and along by the old graveyard. Here the pungent odor of tansy filled the air, and I had to stop long enough to turn over a fallen headstone to see if a small snake might not be lurking under it. There was no snake, but at that moment I glanced toward the distant school and saw that its gate had closed and the last boy had gone in. Well, I was in for it now—I was either to be late or to play hookey. There were penalties to follow either offense—why not choose the one which carried some fun with it? A long road bordered by willows stretched before me—dusty, but inviting. Meadows lay on either side, warm in the sunlight, and full of creatures that had little care for Mr. Cooper or any of his kind.

A big yellow and black butterfly danced by me, and I was after him as hard as I could run. He flapped along, tolling me on and on, but at last mounted high over a willow and disappeared across the field. I stopped to pull up my stockings—hot, dusty, and out of breath. A song-sparrow threw back his head and trilled out his music. Another, his mate perhaps, answered him from a tree farther up the road. Near by a flycatcher sat on a

fence-post. His shining black eye and long sharp bill gave him a half-humorous expression, as though he were fully aware of the fun of life. As I watched him he made a short, quick flight, turned suddenly, and then flew back to his fence-post. He had a contented look, and I knew that there was one less gnat or mosquito in the world. Two or three small yellow birds flew ahead of me, lighting here and there in the willows. Two of them had a greenish tinge among their feathers, while the other was a more stylish individual. His colors were carefully marked and differentiated, and his black wings showed to great advantage against the bright yellow of his body. In a few weeks, as I knew, he would be perching along the roadside and tugging at the thistledown.

As I went on I disturbed a large bird who flew off across the meadow. All I could see was a white spot on his back, but it was enough to mark him, or rather her, for an old acquaintance. Last summer Ed Mason and I had found that flicker's nest in the hole of a willow tree, and had watched the rearing of two families of children. I walked on rapidly now, for I was coming to the known limits of the world—probably a mile and a half from home. The sun poured down, hot but not unpleasant, for a tempering breeze waved the branches and brought the delicious smell of the June meadows with it. Then I reached the end of the willows, and all was open. The fields stretched for miles, broken only by a tree or two, and ending when they met the blue sky and the swelling white clouds. Two kingbirds darted up from the fence, quarreling as usual, until they saw a crow in the distance, when they set off together after the common enemy. But I wasted no time on the kingbirds, for I was anxious to get into that meadow, to plunge into that long sweep of waving grass alternately striped with white and yellow, where the daisies and the buttercups were.

I climbed the fence and left the road behind. Here I did not follow any prescribed course, but could wander and turn as I liked. A quarter of a mile ahead there was a little knoll, and toward this I walked or ran. There were so many things to see and sounds to hear that I could not run fast enough, nor pause long enough. Half-way to the knoll was a faint streak of blue. As I came nearer I could see that there was a little stream hidden in the grass, but marked along its course by the blossoms of the blue flag. Out here alone, where no one came to look at them, they bloomed by the thousands—great, rich, dark-blue flowers, unexpected treasures indeed in a New England meadow. The very birds that rose out of them seemed to understand the demands of the place, for two gorgeous red-winged blackbirds flew up and sailed away to another part of the stream.

I went on, climbed the knoll, and stopped for a minute to look about. But not for long—the meadow beyond called for me to come and expiore. Another meadow lay ahead of it, and another, and another, to the rim of the world, each more beautiful than the last, each fuller of life, each brighter in the sunshine. I went down the slope, and waded above the knees in grass and red clover. At first everything was quiet. But the spirit of summer presided over the place, the climax of the growing year had been reached in this spot and at this moment. I stood and waited—waited for some one who should put it all into words or into song, some one who should interpret the meaning of so much visible beauty. And I was not disappointed, for the poet was at hand, and ready. The bobolink swayed and balanced on a tall reed, bathing himself in the sunlight. Then, as I moved toward him, up he flew, and as he flew poured out all the joy of summer, all the gladness of life, in his delirious song. The notes followed each other so fast that one was never finished before another came tumbling after it. The last ecstasy of happiness, of sunshine, and of bright June weather—all these were only the beginning of his lyric, only the parts of it which I could understand.

He ended his song and fluttered slowly down to the grass once more. Then he arose again, and again he sang. The song—it seemed a new one this time—bubbled and trilled and rollicked and filled the air, while I stood, waist-deep in the clover, and listened.

The American Worker in Country and Town

By Theodore Roosevelt

I

A Visit to the Tenements

ON February 13 I spent the afternoon in company with Mr. Alfred T. White, Mr. Darwin R. James, Mr. J. J. Murphy (Tenement-House Commissioner), and one or two other gentlemen in visiting a number of tenement-houses in Brooklyn, our purpose being to see the difference between the old tenement-houses and the new, so as to do what was possible in hastening the day when the old type of tenement-house would entirely disappear. Thirty years ago, when I was a member of the Albany Legislature, hardly so much as a beginning in the movement for tenement-house reform had taken place. At that time, with considerable difficulty, we passed a law providing for the abolition of tenement-house cigar factories. When the law was under consideration, I visited a number of the tenement-houses in which these cigars were being made, and it was what I then saw that first waked me to a full realization of how much there was to be done in the way of making things better in the tenement-house districts; although it was not until I became Police Commissioner and got into touch with Jacob Riis that I became actively interested in the movement for tenement-house reform. We passed a bill to do away with the tenement-house cigar factories, but neither public opinion nor judicial opinion had been educated up to the proper point. It was still the period when educated men prided themselves on their acceptance of the hard futilities of the *laissez faire* school of political economy. On the whole, I think that educated public opinion approved the action of the State Court of Appeals in declaring the bill unconstitutional, and thereby delaying for twenty years the cure of the festering misery which it in part sought to prevent.

Fortunately, year by year we have grown away from the destructive system of social philosophy which found expression in this decision. What I saw on my brief trip through the tenement-houses that afternoon was enough to show the really extraordinary good that had been done by legislative interference with the conditions of tenement-house life. The struggle has been hard, because the owners of the property involved have fought the improvement laws at almost every step; and they have been helped throughout by the wooden inability of so many estimable citizens both in public and in private life to understand the needs of the situation and to adopt the necessary means for meeting those needs.

We first visited a number of old tenement-houses, built before there was any thought of meeting hygienic requirements —before, in fact, there was any thought that it was to the interest of the whole public that the conditions of life should everywhere be decent. Mr. Murphy does not have an adequate force of inspectors, but he is doing all that can be done with the force he has. His aim is to do all that the law permits in making these old tenements more habitable, by giving better opportunities for light and air, preventing overcrowding, and providing for the cut-

ting of windows; and gradually, as from natural causes the old tenement-houses are pulled down, the new tenements, built under the new law and representing an immense improvement, will take their places.

Some of the tenement-houses we first visited showed very bad conditions. They were for the most part tenanted by recently arrived Italians. In one ground floor below the level of the street we found a rear room in which thirteen people had been sleeping, in addition to a baby. It is hardly necessary to point out that thirteen people of both sexes, some married and some unmarried, some kin to one another and others not, cannot live in a dark room with any expectation of having the children grow up fitted for the very exacting duties of American citizenship. The authorities were already working an improvement in this room. They had cut a window through one wall and had forced a reduction by over a half of the number of people who slept there, but at best it was melancholy to think that children had to grow up under such surroundings of darkness, dirt, foul air, and overcrowding. It is hard to arouse the public on a matter like this to the need of law. Without law only a few exceptional men will act. The owners of tenement-house property include some hard men who care nothing for the welfare of poor people; others are themselves unaware of how bad the conditions are; while there are small owners, themselves brought up in tenement-houses, who do not understand that the conditions really are bad. All of these fight bitterly against any legislative change which would reduce, and perhaps even do away with, their profits. Mr. Murphy mentioned also the difficulty he had with some of the magistrates in securing the punishment of offenders guilty of overcrowding and the like. His bureau does not proceed against the offenders until it has become impossible to get them to reform save by duress. But when the case comes up, the magistrate naturally does not realize this, and the kindly qualities of the judge are enlisted on the side of the offender, who is often a very poor man struggling against misery, and the Court's reluctance to punish him by for the moment increasing his misery often results in the perpetuation of the conditions which breed the misery.

We saw several such tenement-houses. The stairways were narrow, the halls dark and dirty. In one place we found living-rooms in the basement below the level of the rear yard, which itself contained an old stable. The room in which the people spent the day was only partially lighted, and the two bedrooms were closets, without windows, and absolutely without light save such as penetrated when the doors into the other room were open. The ceiling was about seven feet from the floor, and the rooms were about eight feet by ten feet inside. Each contained all the members of one family and two or three outsiders. Again it is unnecessary to point out that under such conditions it is well-nigh impossible for children to grow up into men and women of the type that should exist in a democracy. It was a tribute to the efficiency of the authorities, however, that, shortly before our visit, these conditions had been found out, and the particular rooms in question were being closed against human habitation.

It was interesting to come across several cases where even under the adverse conditions offered by tenements of this kind self-respecting families were leading self-respecting lives. We came on one tenement where, on the ground floor, there was a kitchen in the rear and a living-room in the front, these being connected through a line of three bedrooms, in not one of which was there a window or any natural light save what might filter in through the door that opened into the next room. The surroundings were not encouraging; yet the family that lived in these rooms was obviously a thoroughly good family. The mother was away at a funeral, but the daughter who received us was taking care of her little brother, and showed a courtesy, good breeding, and lack of self-consciousness, shyness, or embarrassment which would have been creditable anywhere. Her business was that of a telephone operator, and she possessed those good manners which are themselves the outward signs of a good heart. There were several such cases. One, for instance, was where the proprietress, a widow, was a dressmaker and seamstress, and the most casual acquaintance was sufficient to make one respect

her. A very nice-looking young fellow, by the way, was calling upon her at the time of our visit, and I could not help hoping that she was not to remain a widow long!

The people who in these tenement-houses were leading lives of this character were generally the children of German, Irish, or other immigrants, or occasionally of native American stock; and it was significant and cheering to see that the tenement-house dwellers as a whole were obviously rising and not falling. Of course there were many exceptions, but, on the whole, it seemed to me evident that not only were the surrounding conditions being made better, but that the people themselves were steadily tending toward a higher level; and I may add that among the people who were rising we saw representatives of practically every race that comes to the United States. In all of these houses we were received in very friendly fashion, and at one of them twenty or thirty of the boys and girls seized the opportunity to have me photographed in their company, all jammed together on the steps of the tenement-house.

Having finished our tour of the older tenement-houses, we then visited several of the newer tenement-houses. The first series of the latter which we saw were new in type but not very new in years. They were built by Mr. White, who has been a practical pioneer in the work of raising tenement-house conditions. When he built them, there was no law requiring him to do anything else than erect another vile rookery designed merely to get the utmost possible return for the least expenditure of money. But Mr. White, without any compulsion, built his tenements practically along the lines now demanded by enlightened legislation. They were so constructed that it was an easy matter for the persons who dwelt there to keep them clean and to lead healthy and self-respecting lives. Each set of rooms was isolated from every other set of rooms, and each room was lighted by a window opening on to the outer air. Moreover, each group of buildings opened on to a large yard. In these tenements, which have always paid a moderate profit, it would be purely the fault of the family itself if there were overcrowding, foul air, and uncleanliness. As a matter of fact, we found none such. The dwellers had taken advantage of the favorable conditions. The children were being brought up in a way which tended toward good citizenship. There was no reason why any family could not live in these tenements with all the essentials of decency and comfort and self-respect.

My next visit was to a row of tenement-houses which were familiarly alluded to as "the Incubators." They were in a Jewish neighborhood, and owed their name, I found, to the size of the families which they contained—I was being taken there in a spirit of humorous deference to my liking for large families. This was one of the most interesting experiences, for the tenements had been built, not by philanthropists, but by business men who wished in good faith to meet the requirements of the new tenement-house law and at the same time to get as good a return as was possible upon their investments. At the door of the house we selected we met a pretty girl, very well dressed, evidently about to go off for a pleasure walk. She was a Jewess, born on this side of parents who came from Russia; and it was fairly startling to realize how far upward she had moved from the status of the hunted fugitives who had first come hither from Russia. She was a pretty, well-dressed, good-natured, and good-mannered girl, just like any other American girl. She was most friendly, and at once undertook to show us around the tenement-house. The first suite of rooms we entered was typical of all the rest. It was on the ground floor, and consisted of a kitchen, a living-room, two bedrooms, and a bath-room. The family included a father, mother, and, I believe, five or six children. Everything was as neat as possible, and it was a really attractive apartment; the older people prosperous and contented, the children growing up under good conditions, which represented an immeasurable advance over those in which their ancestors had lived for untold generations, and an almost equally great advance over the conditions of tenement-house life in New York a generation ago. As elsewhere, I looked carefully into the bath-room. Like every one else, I had heard many stories told to the discredit of the

inmates of the new tenements by those worthy persons who always object to any effort to better conditions; and chief among these stories was the statement that wherever bath-rooms were put in, the tenants used the bath-tubs for storage of coal or other goods. In each case I found the bath-room well cared for, the bath-tub used for its normal purpose, and, as I was assured by every one, regularly used, too. Inquiry developed the fact that when bath-tubs were first put in tenement-houses a score of years ago or so the inmates at first knew nothing about them, did not use them for their legitimate purposes, and did often use them as receptacles for coal and other things. But the use of the bath has spread in tenement-houses very much as it has spread elsewhere through the country; and now all the better-class people demand bath-tubs and will not go to tenement-houses that do not contain them. Even a short visit among tenement-houses of the new type shows that the movement for them has been more than abundantly justified by its fruits; and that its opponents and detractors have spoken absolutely without warrant.

We visited a couple of other blocks of tenement-houses built under the new law, one of them being the property of a friend of mine, a first-class citizen who is an alderman, and who took the keenest pride in having us see just what he had been able to do. In these tenement-houses the inmates were for the most part of Irish, English, German, Scandinavian, and native American ancestry, practically all having been born on this side of the water. I could say nothing but praise of these tenement-houses and of their inmates. The latter—men and women, boys and girls—were thoroughly good citizens, and they made one pleased to think that they were his fellow-citizens. All the conditions were good; the rooms as neat and clean as possible. In one tenement, for instance, there were three rooms and a hall. They were small, but they were well lighted, well aired, and not only neatly but prettily furnished. The inmates consisted of two brothers and a sister. In the sister's little room there was a piano. The kitchen served also as dining-room, and all the fittings were conditioned upon getting the most use out of the least space. For instance, the arrangements for washing were such that the board on which the basin stood, when lifted up, disclosed two wash-tubs, and when the partition between these was lifted up there remained a bath-tub. The name of one of the brothers, by the way, began with "Grover Cleveland," and in another portion of the same house I was shown with pride a picture of a small brother who had been given my own name. In these houses the conditions were such as to render it easy to secure cleanliness, neatness, comfort, and attractive surroundings; and the character of the people was such that they took full advantage of the conditions.

In one of these houses, incidentally, I suddenly encountered an old friend, who was in charge of the fire station a few steps down on the other side of the street; and nothing would do but that I must visit the fire station and see "the boys." So over I went, shook hands with the strapping firemen, as lithe and muscular as so many panthers, and saw the trained horses rush out with instantaneous rapidity to take their places by the pole when the alarm rang. What fine fellows these firemen are! There are plenty of conditions in modern life that warrant our feeling alarm, and among these conditions are those which tend to produce rather enervated types of men, lacking in the robuster moral and physical qualities. It is therefore a real source of pleasure to see such a body of men as the firemen, or, for that matter, the railway men, the policemen, and many other groups of workers which have been produced by our modern civilization, the members of which in point of bodily vigor and address, and in point of courage, initiative, and power of instant decision and readiness to accept responsibility, are the equals of the men of any group or kind who have existed at any stage in the development of the peoples of the past.

This trip through the tenement-house regions was, perhaps, particularly interesting when compared with the trip previously taken through the remoter hill country of certain of the counties of New York in which the farming population has shrunk, and where not only many farms but some small villages are practically

abandoned. There was a striking and evident contrast between the way in which conditions had been studied and difficulties met and overcome in the tenement-house regions and the lack of such study and effort in the farming regions. There were no farms that I saw where the conditions were quite as bad as in the worst tenements, and on the best farms the people were living in surroundings better than those in the best tenements. Nevertheless, the impression left by visiting the tenement-houses was, on the whole, more favorable than that left by the outworn farming districts. In the districts of outworn and partially abandoned farming land there were large tracts where there had been no advance, but sometimes even retrogression.[1] In the tenement-house region, however, the marked facts were that the tenement-house population was generation by generation improving, and that the conditions under which they lived were also improving. Each problem is a very complex problem, and no simple solution for it can be found; as Tom Reed used to say, "Nothing is simpler than a half-truth, whereas the whole truth is usually one of the most complex things in creation." Doubtless all kinds of causes have been at work both to retard the full development of farm life in many places and to better the conditions of those living in tenement-houses in the cities; but one of the main reasons is unquestionably to be found in the fact that the problems of tenement-house life have been the subject of unceasing and patient study for over a generation, while the problems of farm life have only just begun to attract wide attention. The State has acted for the betterment of the tenement dweller, along various lines, far more freely and intelligently than it has worked for the betterment of the farming districts. Very much remains to be done in order fully to remedy evil conditions in the tenement-house districts, but more remains to be done in order to put the farming regions on their proper level; yet this last is the most important task before our Government, for the men of the open country have always been the real backbone of the Nation, and it will be a National calamity of the very gravest sort if they are permitted to sink in moral and physical well-being relatively to the dwellers of the cities.

[1] I need hardly say that I am not speaking of the fertile farming districts.

II

The Abandoned Farm

On October 24 last I went by automobile from Ithaca to Binghamton for the purpose of looking over some of the districts in which there has been a marked shrinkage of rural population, and in which many of the farms once cultivated are now disused. I was accompanied by Professor L. H. Bailey, one of the foremost authorities of the world on all questions relating to rural life; by Mr. George E. Monroe, who was an employee of the National Department of Agriculture, and has made a careful expert study of this very region; and by Congressman Dwight, who has long taken a special interest in this problem. We passed through portions of five counties, designedly going, so far as possible, through the parts where the soil was poorest and the conditions most adverse.

At first sight there was unquestionably much that was depressing in the situation. During the day we passed by many scores of deserted farm-houses and barns, and of fields that had once been tilled, but that were no longer cultivated and were growing into brush. We passed by one little hamlet of a dozen or fifteen houses clustered round a mill which had once been worked by water power. All these houses had been abandoned, though we were told that a family was about to move back into one of them. Some of the farms which were still inhabited were in poor shape, and the people on them seemed dispirited and shiftless, as the result of a long battle against hopelessly adverse conditions.

However, the picture was by no means

one of unrelieved gloom. Even though we were carefully choosing out the lands where the conditions were worst, we continually came across little regions of good soil which were prosperous, and we came across some families who were doing admirably under conditions that seemed quite as bad as those which had brought failure in other cases. At one place we came upon a farm owned by a man from Illinois, of German parentage. His wife was by birth a Norwegian. They were as fine a couple as one could wish to see, and it was a pleasure to look at them and their five sturdy boys. Much though I respected the farmer, I respected his wife even more. She was of foreign birth, but she was just the type of woman that one likes to think of as the ideal of what an American should be; the housewife and mother of the best kind, who has found the high pleasure that can come only when life is well led by doing bravely and cheerfully and efficiently all the duties, instead of seeking a mean and inglorious ease by shirking them. The man was making the farm pay by hard work and intelligence; the woman kept the house neat and clean, attended to the poultry, using the money she thus gained for her own purposes, and looked after the children, a sturdy, chubby set who each day trudged valiantly to the school-house two or three miles distant.

Looking at this farm, one realized how much could be accomplished in the midst of much failure by the man and woman of the right kind. The presence in these Eastern States of men from the West also called attention to another development of significance in the last decade. There has been a considerable movement of Western farmers on to Eastern farm land which has been wholly or partially disused, the Western men often successfully applying the methods which had won success in the West, and being tempted to come East by finding areas of good land where the prices had been arbitrarily depressed, largely because the young people had gone to the cities or gone West, leaving the land in the possession of the old and the feeble, who could not be expected to make the best use of it. Conditions of this kind are of course not general but local; yet in certain localities they are sufficiently widespread to have had the rather comic result of bringing about the existence of new settlers', instead of old settlers', associations. In one place through which we passed, the new settlers, mostly Westerners, took such a pride in the association that they had held a New Settlers' Picnic a few weeks previously.

Another farm was of particular interest because it illustrated what can be done by direct teaching on the farm itself, where the teacher is himself a practical farmer. Of course farmers and their wives are quite willing to gather in a school-house, or in the opera-house of a little town, and listen contentedly to demonstrations by a clever lecturer of how they can improve their farms. But under such circumstances only a very small proportion of the hearers make the least effort to apply practically the lessons they have heard—which merely illustrates the fact that farmers are like other human beings, and that mighty little good comes from listening to speeches, whether by politicians, clergymen, reformers, or agricultural demonstrators, unless steps are taken to transmute the words of advice into action. But the United States Agricultural Department, followed by a number of State agricultural departments, has been endeavoring to bring its demonstrators into actual touch with the farmer on his farm. The most remarkable success that has been achieved along this line has been in connection with Dr. Knapp's work in the South; but much has also been done elsewhere. The demonstrator who was with us, Mr. Monroe, had been practically engaged in visiting a great number of farms, and showing the farmers just what they could do to increase their crops. We stopped at one of the farms which had benefited by his advice. It was on the summit of a bleak, wind-swept hill, surrounded by the fields of other farms now grown up with young pines or a tangle of scrub. The buildings showed that this farm had also been running down. But two years previously the Government demonstrator had established touch with the farmer, and had overcome the suspicion naturally felt by any man in regard to any other man who seeks to benefit him without demanding anything in return; and the result, as the farmer himself in-

formed me, was that the crop yield of the farm had been more than doubled. He took me down into his cellar, for instance, and showed me a really extraordinary crop of potatoes, representing four or five times the value of the crop that he had gathered prior to working under methods which were both scientific and practical—and, of course, all "scientific" agriculture that is not strictly practical is also not really scientific agriculture at all.

But it would be altogether unsafe to generalize from the experiences of these two families, and to conclude that all the disused farms could again be used and the farmers become prosperous merely by putting the right kind of men and women on the farms, or by training those already on them to utilize them to the best advantage. We must not fall into the sentimental mistake of thinking that because a house has been abandoned it is our duty to try to get some family back into it. In a great number of cases—whether a majority or not I cannot with my present information say, and probably no one can—the farms have been disused and the houses abandoned because it no longer paid to till one or occupy the other. Many of these farms should never have been cleared. The land was of more permanent use to the community while in forest than when the effort was made to till it. In other cases the soil is too poor, or the conditions such that for many years to come it will not be worth while for energetic, enterprising men to try to make a living, and a little more than a living, out of it; it is better for them to turn their attention elsewhere. In other cases it is possible that the farm may pay, but only if it is joined to another farm, or if intensive farming is practiced. The agricultural survey of Tompkins County by the Department of Farm Management of the New York State College of Agriculture developed, among other interesting things, the fact that the larger farms—those of over one hundred and fifty or even over two hundred acres—pay better than the smaller farms of fifty acres or less; for, although the receipts per acre are less on the larger farms, the expenses, and especially the labor cost, are so very much less that the profit per acre is very much greater on the large farm than on the small farm. Of course if farms are added one to the other, the poorer and less desirable farm buildings have to be abandoned; but in this case it does not really mean that the farm is abandoned; it merely means that farms have been combined so as to enable people to make a good living where before it was difficult or impossible. As for intensive farming, it is usually unwise to try it on very cheap and remote land. In such cases it may pay the farmer and pay the community better to allow the cheap and remote farm to fall into disuse, while the farmer takes another farm where the conditions are such that he can try intensive farming to advantage.

In other words, it is wise to endeavor to bring remote and little-used lands back into cultivation as rapidly as it is economically profitable to do so, but it is useless to attempt to force people into uneconomical conditions so long as there remains so much land that can be farmed to a greater advantage with a less expenditure of energy. City men who wish to take up abandoned farms would do well to remember that farming is not only hard work but expert work; and in buying a farm they should act just as they would in buying any other business, and consider whether in any given case most can be accomplished by paying a small price for a farm which is not very productive, or a larger price for a farm that is productive.

Unquestionably immense improvement can be made in the condition of most lands of low productivity. On our trip we ourselves saw what could be done by the establishment of some hoed or tilled crop like potatoes on such lands in order ultimately to establish clover or other sod and the making a beginning of a rotation system in which live stock may become an important factor. Much can also be done by liming soils; the value of the agricultural stations has been well illustrated by what they have succeeded in teaching farmers as to the discriminating liming of acid lands. But the problem is not a simple one. Very few great problems really are simple. Our knowledge must be much more complete than at present before we can with assurance urge remedies which shall go to the root of the matter. The re-establishing of country life in its different manifestations, social and busi-

ness, is a much more fundamental process than merely increasing rural population; and while outsiders can help, and ought to help, and, above all, ought to be willing to see the power of the State used to help, it yet remains true that the evolution must be worked out chiefly from the inside. It is more important for the city to try to help the open country by working out a real economic and social co-operation with it than by attempting itself to go into farming. The Long Island Railroad people are trying to give such economic co-operation by the way in which they encourage agriculture on Long Island, not only by themselves running experimental farms, but also by endeavoring to get the farmers to combine in business fashion so as to send their produce direct to their customers with the minimum of intervention by middlemen, and therefore with the minimum of payment which does not represent positive gain to the producer, while at the same time the consumer gets the full benefit of the reduction of price. As far as the so-called "abandoned farms" are concerned, as I have said before, many of them are useless except for forestry, and should be acquired by towns and counties for forestry purposes. Timber is a crop just like other crops, but instead of ripening and yielding profit once a year or oftener, it ripens and yields profit once in a generation—that is, in three or four decades; and so it may be economically wise that much of the forest land should be used by the community as a whole, or by portions of the community, instead of by individuals. Probably a good part of our waste lands cannot with advantage be made usable at present, and it is by no means an unmixed evil to defer the exploitation and settlement of these lands for the time being. They form reserves for the future use of our Nation. A generation or two hence land that has not been despoiled will be far more valuable to society than it is now. At present we should begin a thorough study of the needs of our country population along the lines of the studies that have been made of the needs of our city dwellers. We should try to secure the fullest and most advantageous development of social and industrial life in those portions of the country which it is economically advisable to have fully developed and used at the present time, and by doing so we can fit ourselves as a Nation to turn the reserves of waste lands, which it is not now advisable to try to use, to the fullest possible advantage when the day comes to use them. Meanwhile there is urgent need of more light and of action, cautious but resolute, to help meet those features of the problem as to which our diagnosis is now reasonably accurate.

THE NEW BOOKS

Four books on Spain have lately appeared and are worth noting. The first, "Heroic Spain" (Duffield & Co., New York, $2.50), is by Miss O'Reilly, a daughter of the Irish poet-patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly. The book is specially interesting because it is fervidly Roman Catholic. It is also interesting because, unlike many accounts of travel, it is not the result of one trip. Miss O'Reilly has spent much time studying Spain. She knows her Spain, not only as the traveler sees Madrid, Seville, and Granada, but she knows the remoter spots—the "sleeping cities of León," for instance. Despite the fact that Spain is not beautiful like Italy or orderly and finished like England and France, despite the fact that it is gaunt and denuded, we have a grateful sense of warmth in what this writer tells us about the Spanish people, and especially about that disclosure of their life found in the novels of the modern Spanish school of writers. In our opinion Miss O'Reilly has done well to devote as many pages as she has to a description of this admirable latter-day school, showing how essentially it has produced novels of manners and customs, rather than the romantic or fantastic tales which might suit other peoples. We are also glad for the emphasis she puts on the child-beliefs in Spain—a subject doubtless peculiarly sympathetic to a Roman Catholic author. And, while we may quite understand how unsympathetic to such a writer some of the onslaughts on Roman Catholicism by the great Galdós must be, and are sorry that she cannot rate him higher as a creator of literature, while we may disapprove of the extravagant praise

she gives to Valera, we are glad to have her apt and pat characterizations of the works of such people as Alarcón (the compositor has inadvertently omitted the R), Pereda, Valdés, and Fernán Caballero. As anti-Romanist as Miss O'Reilly is pro-Romanist is Rafael Shaw, the author of "Spain from Within" (The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, $2.50). It also describes not so much Spain as the people of Spain—their racial and class distinctions, their morals, their religion, and, in this connection, with an adequate account of the religious orders and of certain Church abuses not disconnected with a very "Church militant." Though in this latter part of the work the author often seems much too credulous and one-sided, the book should arouse interest at the present time, owing to the religious crisis. The author's natural conclusion is that the Church should be confined to purely spiritual functions and restrained from interference with politics and education. The educational, economic, and political outlook is then treated. Mr. Shaw justly concludes that, to regenerate Spain as an entirety, an honest, fearless, and unbribed administration is essential. That the outlook in other respects is not só hopeless as it was may be indicated by the fact, which Mr. Shaw confirms, that the taste for the bull-fight is on the wane. The next volume to which attention may be drawn is by S. L. Bensusan, on "Home Life in Spain" (The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.75). The book is the product of a twenty years' acquaintance with the Peninsula. Like the foregoing volumes, it affords a glimpse into the life of present-day Spaniards, describing in particular those things which make the Spanish life different from the life lived in other countries of Europe. The presence of a British-born Queen at Madrid, so it is hinted, may possibly bring about some change even in inveterate customs. This has special point, we presume, because the Queen's influence, believed to be dominant with her husband, has caused some slight change in whatever public sentiment may be molded by him. An indication of this may perhaps be found in the advent and surprisingly long continuance in power of the very radical Cabinet headed by Señor Canalejas. The fourth volume on the Spanish people, as distinguished from the Spanish country, is "The Spaniard at Home" (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, $1.75), by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, the author of "With a Pessimist in Spain." Mrs. Roulet's book should certainly be read, for, more even than in the case of any of the above writers, hers seems a glimpse through Spanish rather than through alien eyes. With few exceptions, we have had recently only books of travel catering entirely to the tourist, and occasional accounts of bull-fights or cock-fights or church festivals, so that the whole life of the Spaniard of to-day has been to most of us practically a closed book. Mrs. Roulet and the others have opened the book, and with these four volumes we have practically for the first time an account of the real life and intimate character of the Spaniard. It is fortunate that all these books have been written from the standpoint of personal knowledge of the country, and of large experience with the people. It is also fortunate that the books have been written with not a little charm of style as well as of sympathy. It is also fortunate that the illustrations, particularly in the last-named volume, are so genuinely illustrative; though the pictures in Mrs. Roulet's book might have been better printed, their subject-matter is singularly original and interesting. Finally, it is fortunate for international friendliness that these books have appeared, not only because Spain is now at an interesting crisis in her religious and political history, but because much in Spanish manners and customs ought to be better appreciated by other peoples.

In "The Newer Spiritualism" we have the last work that will bear on its title-page as author the name of the late Frank Podmore, the well-known English psychical researcher whose death occurred last summer under most tragic circumstances. Mr. Podmore, as was pointed out by a contributor to The Outlook in a survey of the labors of the Society for Psychical Research, was always one of the most keenly critical observers of the debatable phenomena which that Society has made it its special business to investigate. To the last, his posthumous book makes evident, he retained the spirit of cautious skepticism with respect to the evidence proffered in support of the belief in spirit communication. But "The New Spiritualism" also makes clear that some of the latest evidence, particularly certain recent phenomena noted in the trance mediumship of Mrs. Piper and the Verrall-Holland-Forbes group of "psychics," made a more profound impression upon his mind than any he had previously studied; and, while holding fast to the explanatory hypotheses of telepathy, suggestion, etc., he frankly admits that "if evidence of this kind were multiplied, the presumption in favor of the reality of spirit communication might at length become irresistible." Written as, in a way, a sequel to his "Modern Spiritualism," this last work of his is concerned mainly with a review and analysis of the work of psychical research during the past ten years. Much space is devoted to Eusapia Paladino. Mr. Podmore reiterates his familiar arguments to sustain the contention that we need not look beyond conscious or unconscious fraud on her part, and sense-deception on the part of her sitters, to account for her mediumistic marvels. The remainder of the book—with the exception of two chapters on that famous medium D. D. Home—is taken up with a consideration of the "cross-correspondences" and other more striking manifestations of the "writing mediums." As a whole, the book is scarcely so interesting or so carefully constructed as "Modern Spiritualism," but it will repay perusal by those who desire

to acquaint themselves with a first-hand account of the phenomena in question written by one who was able to study them at close range with a singularly open mind yet with no surrender of the critical faculty. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.75.)

The "Early Letters of Marcus Dods, D.D.," the late Principal of the New College, Edinburgh, one of the seminaries of the United Free Church, exhibit a distinguished leader of that Church in process of development during his salad days. They are probably to be followed by another volume covering the story of his public and fruitful ministry. That these letters are mostly family letters, especially to his favorite sister, Marcia, gives them peculiar interest as a free disclosure of his outward and inner life during student days and the six subsequent years of weary "candidating," longing for the recognition that came in his call to a pastoral charge in Glasgow. "As I know you take a tutorial interest in me," he writes from the university at the age of nineteen, "I will tell you what I do: Get up and read Calvin, and write out in Latin what I read the previous morning." Shortly after he writes of an author he enjoyed, "No man is without his faults, and he does not believe in Eternal Damnation." At the age of thirty he condemns Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch as "a very dangerous book." In later years Dr. Dods had revised his judgment on both these subjects, and did not himself escape criticism by heresy-hunters, while ever seeking to adjust "the form of sound words" to the exigent requirements of advancing learning. These letters, selected and edited by his son, Marcus Dods, depict Scottish life and character in a very attractive aspect. (Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $1.25.)

"Souls in Action in the Crucible of the New Life," by Harold Begbie, is supplemental to "Twice-Born Men," by the same author. It is a narrative of spiritual experiences of conversion in London under the work of the West End Mission, founded by Hugh Price Hughes. These narratives are of experiences more normal than those inspired under the work of the Salvation Army narrated in the previous volume. They are therefore less dramatic, but perhaps, for that very reason, more convincing. The tone of the book also is less journalistic and more philosophical. The combined narratives, which bear on their face the evidence of their truthfulness in their simplicity and general freedom from exaggeration or even high coloring, furnish cumulative evidence of the presence in the world of an invisible spiritual Personality working with men and upon men and co-operating by pervasive and inspiring influences toward a life of purity, truth, and virtue. Our author treats this influence as supernatural. In that we think he is wrong It is superhuman, as the force of electricity is superhuman, but it is as truly natural as the force of electricity. This at times he seems to recognize, at other times he seems to assume that it is never witnessed except in Christianity, and even in Christendom is never to be recognized except where there is a distinct religious consciousness. That is equivalent to saying that God works only where God is seen, which we are quite sure from other passages in the book the author does not believe. The impression of his narrower view is perhaps partly due to his fondness for antithesis. And while antithesis often gives great clearness in expression, this is sometimes at the expense of exactitude in thought. (George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.)

The Baroness Bertha von Suttner is now in her sixty-eighth year. Those who have seen her or heard her speak have come in contact with an interesting personality, an emotional, magnetic manner, and an appealing sincerity. Certainly, Baroness von Suttner is one of the remarkable women of our time. She recently published in two volumes an account of her life, and the English translation has just appeared. The "Memoirs of Bertha von Suttner" have been written with unnecessary amplitude of detail and in rather exuberant style. But let these facts deter no one from reading the work. As a whole, it is entertaining, instructive, inspiring. In the first place, the well-printed volumes introduce us to a brilliant and sometimes fascinating young Bohemian girl, Bertha Sophia Felicita, Countess Kinsky, in her vital effervescence, keen observations, and masculine mind—indeed, so effectively did her pseudonym hide her sex that it was long before her publishers knew she was a woman. Good, too, are the accounts of social adventure and of visits to Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden-Baden, of her study of music and her stage fright when she had to appear in public. Best of all are her accounts, first, of the home life of the Suttner family, with whom she (reduced in circumstances) found a place as a governess and companion, and then, later, of the married life with the youngest son of the house, especially of their nine years spent in the Caucasus—volumes containing many wholesome sentiments on what wedlock may mean. In the second place, the work should be read by those who would acquaint themselves more vividly with some worth-while people. In the third place, the volumes should be read because of their history of the Peace Movement, dear to the author's heart, and bringing her the renown she enjoys. Who is not touched by the motive underlying her indefatigable activities in this regard? For her wedded life was so ideal that she could not bear the thought of the annihilation of other similarly ideal existences by the brutality of war. It is interesting to note, however, that even before her marriage she was interested in pacifism by the Swede Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite and a man of wealth, then living in Paris. After the then Countess Kinsky left the Suttner family as

governess she became Nobel's private secretary. The biography sets forth the facts concerning the Nobel bequests in what we believe to be hitherto unpublished detail. Not until five years after Nobel's death did the distribution begin of the annual prizes provided for by his will to persons who had gained distinction in the sciences, literature, and in the cause of peace. It took this length of time before the lawsuit, brought by certain members of the Nobel family against the validity of the will, was decided and the estate liquidated. If the then head of the family, Emmanuel Nobel, had joined the rest in protest, the will would have been broken, to his own great advantage. But his unselfish refusal insured the fulfillment of Alfred Nobel's wishes. Among the recipients of prizes bestowed "on that man or woman who shall have worked most effectively for the fraternization of mankind, the diminution of armies, and the promotion of peace congresses," we find, as is appropriate, our author, the list being: 1901, Frédéric Passy and Henri Dunant; 1902, Élie Ducommun and Albert Gobat; 1903, Sir Randal Cremer; 1904, the Institut du Droit International; 1905, Bertha von Suttner; 1906, Theodore Roosevelt; 1907, Teodoro Moneta and Louis Renault; 1908, K. P. Arnoldson and M. F. Bajer. The second volume seems rather more padded and spun out than does the first. Perhaps too much space has been given to the printing of letters from the Baroness's many friends. We like better her own comments. For instance, speaking of the union of the European Powers after the Chino-Japanese War of 1894–95 in imposing conditions on Japan, she asks, why did not they unite *before* the war in intervening and demanding that the Korean question be submitted to arbitration? And extremely readable are the author's accounts of how she came to write her several books, in particular her powerful story, "Die Waffen Nieder!" ("Lay Down Your Arms"), a work sometimes called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Peace Movement. (Ginn & Co., Boston. $5.50.)

"The Story of Old Japan" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York) is emphatically worth telling. We do not know as much about it as we should, but we may learn more by reason of two just-published volumes. The first, by Joseph H. Longford, Professor of Japanese in King's College, London, has the title above given. The second, by James Murdock, formerly Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen, is called "A History of Japan" (Kelly & Welsh, Yokohama). The first is a moderate-sized volume, the second a portly tome. Both historians begin with the creation of the Empire. Professor Longford carries us to the time, a generation ago, when Japan emancipated herself once and for all from feudalism, exclusion, and seclusion. Professor Murdock brings us only to the arrival of the Portuguese in 1542. His book is thus the first volume of a series, really begun seven years ago, when he published a volume, similar in size and binding to the present, describing the first century (1542–1651) of early foreign intercourse with Japan. To have a quick, general view of Japanese history Professor Longford's book should be read first, because it is much shorter; but then, without fail, Professor Murdock's volume should be studied. Both are full of suggestive detail. Both disclose the unity of the Japanese social organization. Incidentally, both explain some of the motives of many of the great works in Japanese pictorial and glyptic art.

What student of art has not consulted the standard books on "Christian Symbolism" by Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Clement? Students have now the advantage of a small, compact, but extremely illuminative book by another woman, Mrs. Henry Jenner, with the same title. Yet this is not a book on actual art alone, nor even chiefly. In it there seems more information to students of theology, ecclesiology, and liturgiology than to students of art. Christian symbolism certainly involves a necessary and well-nigh inextricable blending of all these subjects. While Mrs. Jenner's text lacks vivacity and atmosphere, her information has been conveyed in clear and concise language. Nor is the note of authority absent. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.)

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts knows the primeval wilderness at first hand; and, while his descriptive narrative takes on a good deal of atmosphere and sentiment, it is based on exact observation. His new book, "Neighbors Unknown," returns for its background and subjects to the scene of some of the earlier books. "The Backwoodsmen," for instance, presented graphic sketches of the men who lived in the loneliest and wildest places. "Neighbors Unknown" portrays animals; some of them living in the Far North, all of them well beyond the range of civilization—so far out of the field of ordinary knowledge and travel that the title of the book is not a misnomer. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

A book on New England is always desirable, for New England means, vitally, much in our American civilization. We speak daily of this, but few, save New Englanders, stop to think of just what New England really *is*—geographically, ethnologically, agriculturally, industrially, etc.—that is to say, how New England appears to the foreigner who may be over here for the first time. The present volume, "New England: What It Is and What It Is to Be," edited by George French, should satisfy those, not always Yankees, who "want to know." (Boston Chamber of Commerce, Boston, Mass.)

The Outlook

APRIL 29, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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THE PUBLIC CONTROL OF ELECTIONS

By the passage of the Geran Bill, New Jersey, under the vigorous and effective lead of Governor Wilson, has not only extended the application of the direct primary, which was already in practice, under a limited form, in that State, but has put the whole machinery of nominations and elections under strong public control. The view that a political party is a voluntary and private association of citizens, whose organization and methods and purposes are of no concern to any but themselves, is still held, or at least professed, by some Americans; but it is fast giving way to the view that a political party is a part of the machinery of government and should be kept under the control of the whole people. This new election measure in New Jersey is a clear instance of the way in which the broader and more intelligent view is finding expression in statutory law. The Geran Act provides that the members of the Election Boards, who have charge in each district of the registering and polling of voters, must be selected from such party members as have passed a civil service examination; that their selection shall be under the supervision of the judges of the Courts of Common Pleas, and that it shall be by lot; that in case of vacancies in these boards, or removals for non-compliance with the law, the places shall be filled through appointment by the judges; that in Presidential elections there shall be an approach to the direct primary through a provision for the election of delegates committed to specific candidates for the Presidency; that there shall be an approach to the direct election of United States Senators by requiring each candidate for the Legislature to say whether he will or will not vote for the man who is nominated for the United States Senatorship at his party's primaries; that all State officials, including the Governor, shall be nominated by direct primaries; that the State committees of the parties shall be chosen by the members of the parties at the primaries; that the party convention shall consist of the party's principal candidates, and, in a year when a Governor or when Senators are not to be elected, that the then incumbents shall be members of the convention of their own party; that voters may be enrolled as members of one party or the other (provision apparently being made only for Republican or Democratic enrollment); that no voter can change from one party to another without the intervention of a general election; that the ballot in use in the primaries shall accord with certain specified provisions, and that in elections the ballot shall be a blanket ballot containing the names of the candidates in alphabetical order, each name being printed but once, but being accompanied with party designations. The Geran Act is one of the notable achievements of Governor Wilson, for its passage is due to his leadership. It is a wholesome sign that the people are not content with merely the name of self-government, but are determined to use means to secure to themselves its substance.

THE TARIFF IN CONGRESS

For the second time the Canadian Reciprocity Bill has passed the House of Representatives. The vote last week Friday was 265 to 89. The majority was larger than it was in the last Congress, and was, as before, composed mainly of Democratic votes. The debate on the

Reciprocity Bill in the main followed the arguments already familiar to the country. The most notable speech in opposition to the bill was made by ex-Speaker Cannon, who defended the extreme policy of protection on the old and recognized lines. Mr. Cannon asserted that the Reciprocity agreement was a good thing for Canada, but a bad thing for the United States, and that to pass the bill without amendment would be to allow Canada to legislate for the United States. He also insisted, but without making much impression on the House, that the submission of a bill which had been arranged with Canada by the President was a violation of the Constitutional provision that revenue bills must originate in the House of Representatives. Despite Mr. Cannon's argument, and more elaborate if less enlivening speeches on the same side by Mr. Richardson, of Alabama, Mr. Fordney, of Michigan, and others, the sentiment of the House, as evinced in several running debates as well as in set addresses, showed a strong belief in the justice and desirability of the measure. The closing speeches were by Mr. McCall (Republican), in favor of the bill; Mr. Dalzell (Republican), in opposition, and Mr. Underwood (Democratic), in support of the measure. The Outlook's approval of the measure has been repeatedly stated. One other important tariff measure, it has been decided by the Democratic leaders, requires action before any attempt at tariff revision schedule by schedule. This is the bill putting on the free list various commodities which are in use particularly by farmers—the idea being to offset any supposed loss incurred by farmers through the Canadian Reciprocity measure. This bill was submitted to the House by Mr. Underwood, Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, who took the ground that the Canadian Reciprocity Bill only makes a "desirable beginning of the greatly needed work of revising injurious tariff rates;" that its advantages are greater for the people of Canada than for our own people; and that the free list bill introduced by him as a part of the Democratic programme would do only justice "to the great army of agricultural producers who, in the Canadian agreement, are to have all the alleged protection removed from their products, without a corresponding or reciprocal removal of the protective duties most burdensome on the commodities they must purchase as necessary to sustain their lives and industries." Mr. Underwood took up seriatim such items in the bill as agricultural implements, bagging, hides and leather, meats, and lumber, and urged that in most cases these products were under the control of trusts, and that not only the farmer but the general consumer is entitled to relief from the unnatural and abnormal high cost of living resulting through the power of unfair protective duties. The bill is sure to provoke a keen and spirited discussion in the House before it reaches its final vote.

SOME DIPLOMATS AND A SENATOR

In common with all our diplomatic representatives, Dr. David Jayne Hill, American Ambassador at Berlin, resigned his office at the beginning of the present Presidential term. Mr. Taft accepted the resignation of certain officials, but requested others to continue in office for the present. Among those others was Dr. Hill. President Taft's own term is now more than half spent, and Dr. Hill resigns again, the resignation to take effect in July. In accepting the resignation the President expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the Ambassador's work. These words will be echoed by all who have followed Dr. Hill's distinguished and successful public career as Assistant Secretary of State, as Minister to Switzerland and then to Holland, and as Ambassador to Germany. To sound scholarship, a keen knowledge of men and of life, Dr. Hill unites a quiet, urbane manner which accentuates the note of authority in whatever he says. His friends will hope that his future activities will not interfere with the publication of the great "History of Diplomacy" on which he has long been engaged. Two of the six volumes have already appeared, and represent the union of a broad historical perspective with practical personal experience. Changes are also announced in the Russian and the Turkish Embassy. The latter is to be filled by the transfer of the Hon. William Woodville Rockhill, our accomplished Ambassador at St. Petersburg,

who is to be succeeded by the Hon. Curtis Guild, ex-Governor of Massachusetts. At Constantinople Mr. Rockhill will doubtless find quite as much to do as at St. Petersburg, in which place Governor Guild's well-known energies and tact will have ample play. A political change of equal importance is found in the election by the Iowa Legislature of Judge William S. Kenyon as United States Senator. The new Senator has been Judge of the Eleventh Iowa District, and more recently Assistant to the United States Attorney-General, by whom he is highly regarded. Judge Kenyon comes from Fort Dodge, the lamented Senator Dolliver's home. The two were close friends and mutual admirers. The new Senator, therefore, is a Progressive. His election is a decided victory for the Progressive cause. It gives promise of material aid to the cause of good government.

MAYOR SEYMOUR OF TACOMA

On Thursday of last week Mr. William Wolcott Seymour was elected Mayor of Tacoma, Washington. Following the Seattle mayoralty recall, there was a mayoralty recall at Tacoma. The late incumbent of that office had shown himself to be a petty politician. He had kept the City Hall in a continual uproar over non-essential matters, much to the detriment, in particular, of the great engineering contracts recently let by the municipality, especially that of a municipal hydro-electric power plant, costing $1,700,000, and an extension of the water supply to bring pure water from Green River at a cost of $1,500,000. At the election on April 4 for the nomination of candidates, Mr. Seymour received 1,300 more votes than the Mayor did, but not enough to make a majority over all the candidates, the Socialist candidate in especial polling a large vote. The other candidates were then all eliminated except Mayor Fawcett and Mr. Seymour. At the final election last week the latter won by about a thousand votes. Mr. Seymour, a graduate of Williams College, is one of the best-known business men of Tacoma, and as his enterprises have brought him into contact with men all over the country, he enjoys a wide popularity. He is emphatically a Progressive in temperament and in principle. He has already shown his spirit as President of the Park Board of Tacoma, where he has instituted some excellent reforms and brought about a different civic atmosphere. Mr. Seymour's election, like that of Judge Kenyon in Iowa, is not only another sign of the Progressive movement throughout the country, but, involving as it did two elections, also indicates that, as a feature of governmental machinery, the recall is not necessarily—as it has sometimes been charged with being—a mere instrument of "popular passion."

THE WAR IN MEXICO

War it is, although the insurgents have not been recognized as belligerents by any power, for when a town like Juarez is formally besieged and the insurgent leader notifies the President of Mexico that attack will be made if the President does not resign within twenty-fours, the struggle can hardly any longer be called one against brigands or guerrillas. We reported last week the capture of Agua Prieta by the insurrectos, the fight on the American border, and the infliction of death on one or two and wounds on several American citizens in the town of Douglas, Arizona, together with President Taft's warning to the Mexican Government that it must prevent the recurrence of such outrages. Mexico's reply has not been made public as we write; it is understood to deplore the incident, to assure the United States that measures will be taken to prevent its recurrence, but to call in doubt some of the statements of fact reported to the President from Douglas. Semi-official newspaper despatches from Washington state that Mr. Taft is confident that intervention or the use of force will not be necessary to secure hereafter the safety of Americans on their own territory, and that the Administration relies on the good faith of the Mexicans; while the insurgents also, it is said, have sent assurance that they will not permit any firing across our line. Senator Stone declared in the Senate that Congress "should at once and without delay authorize the President to employ whatever force may be necessary to prevent a repetition of the bloody outrage committed at Douglas." But his view did not

THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO AND THE SEAT OF WAR

meet with assent. Senator Root and Senator Lodge, for instance, declared, the first that a threat of force would be "to reverse the policy of the United States and take a step backward in the path of civilization," the second that the President would not ask for authority to use force until diplomatic methods had failed, and that no such state of affairs existed, indeed that we have nothing but the kindest relations with Mexico. Elsewhere will be found an editorial discussion of the principles involved in the peculiar international situation now existing as between the United States, the Mexican Government, and the revolutionists.

HOPES OF PEACE AND THREATS OF WAR

Juarez, which last week became the center of military interest when Agua Prieta had been recaptured from the insurgents by the Federals after severe fighting, is just opposite the Texan town of El Paso on the Rio Grande, is a railway and customs station of importance, and has perhaps fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is well fortified by the Federals and presumably able to make a strong resistance to Madero's forces, which advanced toward it in considerable strength last week. Madero's reply to those who urged an armistice was, in effect: Diaz must give up the Presidency at once, agree to the no re-election principle, allow a member of his Cabinet to become Provisional President until a new election can be held, and meanwhile give Juarez over to the insurgents. Peace negotiations appear to be going on in a roundabout fashion. Madero declares that he does not want the Presidency himself. An American correspondent of The Outlook in Mexico, in a letter just received, gives the following outline of the reforms really desired by intelligent revolutionists in Mexico. They are as follows:

1. The reform of the electoral laws, so that there will be effective popular suffrage.
2. Reform of tax laws, so that assessments cannot be arbitrarily made by Government officials.
3. Effective police protection.
4. The enactment of laws to better the condition of the laboring man, to form habits of morality, and to stimulate habits of economy through savings institutions.
5. Administrative work and zeal in the carrying out of the laws regarding primary education.
6. The adoption of rules calculated to facilitate the quick administration of justice, to make judicial practice uniform, and to fix responsibility on judges and court employees, as also lawyers and litigants.

PLACING THE RESPONSIBILITY

Coroner's juries are not popularly supposed to act, as a rule, with the highest wisdom and forcefulness, but a most notable exception has been presented in the case of the coroner's jury dealing with the recent Washington Place fire in New York City. This jury was made up of men well qualified to consider the questions at issue, for it included engineers, architects, builders, and business men. The findings not only criticised the conditions existing in the factory in which the fatalities occurred, but made sensible and clearly expressed recommendations to the authorities for dealing with the danger of fire throughout the city. Harris and Blanck, who comprise the firm whose employees were burned, and who had been already indicted by the Grand Jury, were declared responsible for the death of the two women whose cases were presented to the coroner's jury, because of culpable and criminal negligence in leaving a door locked which should have permitted these women to escape. Furthermore, the jury declared that no attention had been given or means provided for quick exit of the employees, but that, on the contrary, their safety had been utterly disregarded. The crowding of tables and lack of passageways are instanced, as well as the locking of doors. The jury declared that the conditions obtaining in this factory were such that, if they were not forbidden by law, such a law should instantly be framed. The jury recommends that fire-escapes should be regularly inspected by the Fire Department and reported to the Bureau of Buildings, and that then the latter should order changes made and have power to enforce such orders. It is further recommended that every application for a new building should show for what purpose it is to be used, and that, if its use should be changed, written consent from the Superintendent of Buildings should be required, and he should make certain that after the change the building conforms to the law for that class of buildings to which it would now really belong. Concentration of responsibility is strongly urged, and there are specific recommendations for improvement of the laws or practice as regards inspection of factory buildings, the construction of stairways, the use of automatic sprinklers, and the posting of rules in the buildings. The public continues to take the strongest possible interest in the investigation as to the cause of this fire, and will agree with the coroner in his thanks to the jury for doing a work of great benefit to the public, and also in his hope that the jury's recommendation will result in immediate and practical reform.

A SOUTHERN JOURNALIST AND NOVELIST

A Virginia background and the Middle West "bringing up" of a generation ago make vivacious, picturesque, and interesting characters; and among the writing Americans of the time few were more individual and picturesque than Edward Eggleston and his brother, George Cary Eggleston, who died recently at his home in New York. Mr. George Eggleston was a veteran journalist. Beginning as a reporter, he later became managing editor and then editor-in-chief of "Hearth and Home," and subsequently, in one editorial capacity or another, was connected with the New York "Evening Post," the "Commercial Advertiser," and the New York "World." He was much more widely known, however, as a writer of books, some of them autobiographic, like "A Rebel's Recollections" and a volume of Memoirs, many of them either stories of semi-historic or romantic interest. The Civil War, in which he served on the Confederate side, and of which he had first-hand knowledge, afforded him rich material for fiction, and he used it in a series of stories notable for simplicity, invention, and freshness of feeling. Mr. Eggleston had the Southern instinct for assuming a personal relation with his work, and of dealing with his literary material as if he had shared in the adventures which he described. His personality was very interesting and his figure was striking. He was at his best surrounded by a little group of friends, discussing questions of literary interest or telling stories about his adventures as a Confederate soldier. His affiliations were with the South, as the affiliations of his brother Edward were with the Old West, though both of them often went back in interest and knowledge to the Colonial days. Edward Eggleston's

"Roxy" and "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" were first-hand stories of the Central West of forty years ago, and will remain original documents in American history. He was also the author of a projected history dealing with Colonial habits and manners, of which he lived to print only two delightful volumes. The titles of some of Mr. George Cary Eggleston's books—"Strange Stories from History," "Southern Soldier Stories," "The Last of the Flatboats," "The First of the Hoosiers," "Two Gentlemen of Virginia"—indicate the historical interest of the books of the younger brother, whose death leaves many friends bereft.

IS THE AMERICAN TYPE CHANGING?

That human nature does not change is an ancient and mistaken maxim, as The Outlook pointed out several weeks ago. The ideals, aims, and active qualities of men and women do radically change from age to age, and, while the possibilities of human nature remain substantially the same, the developments of those possibilities which constitute character are constantly taking on new forms. This is true of the body as well as of the spirit and of the mind. There seems to be no doubt that the American has changed greatly in this country. The typical American is a more substantial person than he was thirty years ago, and probably enjoys better health. He takes a great deal more rest and exercise; he is much given to the open air; he plays many games with enthusiasm, and his interest in sports is probably twentyfold what it was a generation ago. A Harvard professor has recently made the prediction that other changes are taking place in him which involve the disappearance of the "light-complected" American, to use a good old country phrase. The people of this country, according to this observer, will gradually grow darker, though wide evidence of this development will not be visible for several generations. One reason for this change is found in the large migration from southern Europe and the large Jewish immigration as well. The southern Europeans and the Jews settle largely in cities, while the northern, or blond races, go into the country; with the result that the Northwest, which has especially attracted the Scandinavians, shows a large percentage of blonds, while many of the cities show an increasing number of men and women of darker coloring. In cities relationships are more intimate than in the country and racial prejudices disappear much more rapidly, with the result of an increased number of international marriages among the younger generation. This means in the cities a large intermixture of darker blood and a tendency away from the blond to the brunette type.

UNITING FOR COMMON GOOD

It is a noteworthy fact that a declaration of religious principles and aims has been recently adopted unanimously by a conference in New York composed of Trinitarian and Unitarian ministers and Jewish rabbis, after holding a discussion continued over two adjournments, and after having obtained strong commendation from men of note, such as university and seminary professors, church pastors, and rabbis. As might be expected, this declaration is ethical rather than theological, and an enunciation of general principles rather than of exact definitions, and it will be criticised by some theologians for what it omits rather than for what it contains. Nevertheless, acknowledging these facts, which do not seem to us to constitute real criticisms, it remains as significant that representatives of theological schools so widely variant have been able to agree upon any statement—significant because it indicates that there are certain fundamental and essential principles upon which orthodox and liberal Christians and progressive Jews are able to unite in a campaign for the common welfare. This statement reaffirms "the essential faith both of Judaism and Christianity in the kingdom of God on earth as the supreme ideal of human hope and endeavor"—an ideal "attainable only through culture in personal and social life of the religious morality which the Hebrew and the Christian Scriptures identically enjoin as the loyal imitation by the children of God of his character and ways as their Father and Lord." "Defining religion ethically as consisting essentially in attachment to God with the will, the Conference regards

the practical identification of religion and morality as the goal of endeavor at which religion and ethics are jointly and inseparably pledged to aim." For this the Conference lays "stress upon the deepening of a consciousness of God as the Eternal Spirit in whom all live and move;" who is "the Life and the Law of all," and upon "the teaching of Holy Scripture that the necessary inspirations of progressive morality are to be found in a growing consciousness of the Living God as the Soul of the soul." It will be seen that this statement, while ethical in its aims and conclusions, is spiritual in its tracing back all true morality to its true root in obedience to and companionship with the Eternal Spirit. The statement is certainly far from the whole of Christianity, but it is admirable as indicating how much of Christianity is held in common by all schools in the Christian Church, and by the most liberal and progressive element in the Jewish Church as well. Copies of it may be had by addressing Dr. W. M. Hess, Trinity Congregational Church, Tremont, New York. The New York State Conference of Religion gives a concrete and practical example of religious union for moral ends by its Committee on Moral Legislation that is heard from every winter at the Capitol, most recently in promoting the law that has closed up vicious dance halls. A similar case of religious union for moral progress is seen in the admirable working together at Cleveland of Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews, and of private and civic institutions, in the successful investigation of public dance halls in that city, which has resulted in the passing of an ordinance, said to be superior to that of New York and Chicago, admirably adapted to strike at one of the worst evils in urban life.

AMERICAN ART IN ROME

The Outlook has already referred to the remarkable architectural features of the exhibition which has just been opened to commemorate the semi-centenary of Italian independence, upon which The Outlook commented editorially last week. That independence was proclaimed at Turin, the ancient capital of the house of Savoy, fifty years ago, and it is appropriate that there should be held in that city the part of the Italian Exposition which illustrates industry and commerce. Though Rome did not become a part of United Italy until nineteen years later, it is now Italy's capital; and as such it is appropriate that the part of the Exposition relating to art and history should be held there. The Italian troops entered Rome in 1870; but for twenty-five hundred years other troops of men have been entering the Eternal City to find inspiration for the creations of art which they were to accomplish. American sculptors and painters have drunk deep from that fountain-head, as witness the sculptures of Crawford and Story and many another American who has long lived in Rome, and the canvases of Vedder and Coleman, and now of Carroll Beckwith. It seems appropriate, therefore, that Americans who have drawn so much from Rome should send of their best to an art exhibition there, and it is reassuring to know that the works of art to represent America are to be passed upon by artists of the standing of John W. Alexander, William M. Chase, and J. Alden Weir. The response from American artists has been generous; and there is every prospect that our showing at Rome will be as representative of American art in 1911 as was our showing at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS MOSELEY

By the death of Edward Augustus Moseley the cause of progressive labor legislation suffers a distinct loss. In 1887, the year of the establishment of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, Mr. Moseley came to Washington to accept the secretaryship of that Commission, a position he filled with great efficiency until his death. It may be said, without reflecting upon any of his official superiors, that the work of the Commission practically revolved about him. His office became the Commission's clearing-house and information exchange. Mr. Moseley's qualifications for his work were evident. In the first place, he was a man of character. In the second place, he was a good lawyer. In the third place, he was a man of great energy; indeed, it is thought that his unceasing activity may have shortened

his life; he was only sixty-five years old. Finally, he was a man of great geniality; perhaps a more popular man than he did not exist in Washington; no death which has occurred in the capital in recent years has caused wider personal grief. Secretary Moseley was regarded as the leading authority in the United States upon all measures designed either to arbitrate between capital and labor or to promote the safety of passengers and trainmen upon our railways. He, if any one, was the "father" of the employers' liability, hours of labor, safety appliance, and other labor laws. He was not only the promoter but also the actual initiator of certain acts passed by Congress. Through his efforts the arbitration, better known as the Erdman, law was enacted, and also the right-of-appeal law—and it may be said in this connection that he had great influence with the various organizations of railway employees. But he will, we think, be longest remembered by his special activity, extending over a generation, in obtaining the legal establishment of uniform standards for equipping railway cars with safety appliances. Certainly his name must stand with those of the humanitarians of our time who have employed their powers for the protection of human life.

NOTABLE GIVERS

A few gentlemen gathered last week at a remarkable dinner at the Hinsdale Sanatorium, Illinois, when Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons, whom Mr. Carnegie has called "the prince of givers," celebrated his ninety-first birthday and retired from his active career. His gifts to colleges, hospitals, churches, and missionary boards have exceeded in amount seven million dollars; and, after having properly provided for all who have legitimate claims upon him, he has so arranged matters that he will die poor. Thirty or forty colleges and other institutions in different States which have been recipients of his bounty were represented at the dinner. At its close Dr. Pearsons distributed checks among several colleges amounting to $200,000, and then drew his last check for $100,000 to the order of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and made his valedictory in a few words, which deserve permanent record as the expression of a great donor inspired and guided in his career by a woman who has kept steadily out of the way of publicity:

> As I look back over the last twenty-two years, I realize that none of my gifts would have been possible without my wife. It was she who taught me how to make the money and imbued me with the spirit of philanthropy. To her I owe everything, and my advice would be to every young man who wants to start on the road to fortune and wealth, to marry.

Among the benefactors of American colleges probably no man has stimulated more effort or done more to awaken individual interest through his gifts of money than Dr. Pearsons. His example has been followed by larger givers, but by no one who has sought with greater diligence to make his gifts tell, not only in the enlargement of resources, but in the activity and interest of graduates. Such a career needs no comment, but it does need publicity; and Dr. and Mrs. Pearsons must be inscribed among those whose great good fortune it has been to make their happiness contribute to the welfare of the world.

THE CONSUMERS' LEAGUE: A NEW METHOD

Most of our readers know about the systematic effort and excellent influence of the Consumers' League in procuring better conditions for the employees of stores. Before long The Outlook will print a somewhat extended and carefully prepared article by a writer who is intimately acquainted with this work. Meanwhile, we note a change of method which is of decided interest. For a score of years the association has published what has been called a White List, which gives the names of the stores which are known to treat their employees fairly and in accordance with the regulations of the Consumers' League. Now, in place of this, there will be published from time to time statements which will describe the actual conditions as they exist in individual stores—wages, vacations, hours, conformity to all physical welfare, etc. In making this change the Governing Board pointed out that it has become increasingly difficult "to distinguish a basis for commendation between houses which, while maintaining

certain very desirable conditions, nevertheless fall below our general standard in some respects, and houses which, while conforming outwardly to the requirements of our standard, still, in ways difficult of investigation and of proof, allow conditions of which the League cannot approve." It therefore seems advisable in the future to state the facts and leave to the judgment and the conscience of the individual consumer the decision as to what houses seem worthy of patronage. The Outlook joins in the hope that this method will increase the benefits which have already been exercised by the League in bringing out proper conditions of labor for working-girls. It may be noted that the League's label is now used by sixty-five manufacturers, and that leagues of the same kind have been formed in France, Germany, and Switzerland.

THE CHINESE INDEMNITY STUDENTS

The approaching examination for the selection of Chinese students to be sent to the United States will occur in July. The subjects are: Chinese composition and English composition, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, history, elementary chemistry and physics, German or French. The subjects for this year's examination differ from last year's in the elimination of English literature; in that subject over seventy per cent of the candidates failed. At last year's examination candidates were accepted entirely on the merits of their work, quite irrespective of the provinces from which they came. On this account, Kiangsu Province, as the center of foreign education at present, contributed the largest quota. This year the system is to be changed and the number of students to be selected from each province will, as far as practicable, be determined by the respective amounts of the Boxer indemnity allotted to and paid by each province. After this year's examinations, students to be annually despatched to the United States will be exclusively selected from those in the Tsing Hwa-yuan Academy, where the Government has instituted a special course of study for students to be sent abroad, and also where the students from various Government educational institutions in the provinces are to be sent up under instructions from the Provincial Educational Commissioners. The Academy, which is to receive new students continually on competitive examination, will be divided into two departments, the primary and the intermediate. The buildings are now in course of erection and will stand in the midst of large playgrounds in rural surroundings in the vicinity of Peking. A large property has been given for the purpose by the Imperial household, and the Government has allocated an annual amount of $150,000 for the school's maintenance. The Peking-Kalgan Railway passes near. It is encouraging to all friends of American educational progress to know that among the teachers chosen by the Chinese Government for the instruction of the five hundred accepted students ten of the men and eight of the women are to be Americans.

THE LOETSCHBERG TUNNEL

The Loetschberg railway tunnel through the Alps has just been driven through. It is the fifth long bore to be completed in those mountains: the Simplon is 12½ miles long; the St. Gothard, 9¼; the Mont Cenis, 7½, and the Arlberg, 6⅓. The Loetschberg and the St. Gothard are of equal length. The new tunnel will be specially advantageous to passenger and freight traffic between England and Italy, for it will save about eighty miles of transit. It is really a connecting branch of the Simplon, eliminating the long detour now necessary to reach that tunnel. Thus, in order to go by the shortest route, travelers from England to Italy will now have two long tunnels before them instead of one—the Simplon and the Loetschberg. The new direct route from London will now be by Calais to Laon and thence to Belfort, entering Switzerland at Delle, from which the traveler goes to Berne, and then by the Lake of Thun to Spiez, up to Frutigen, and so through the tunnel, reaching the Rhone Valley at Brigue and connecting with the Simplon. Though the Loetschberg is only a detail in the route, it is a very important detail, not only in making a shorter line from London to Italy, but also in contributing still more to the revenue of the French railways, compared with the German, as carriers between the north and south of Europe.

PROTECTING THE AMERICAN BORDER

Under the United States Constitution Congress has power to declare war. The President has no such power. But as Chief Executive of the Nation it is his duty to protect persons and property, not only from mob violence within the territory of the Nation, but also from peril and assault from without. In truth, the latter duty is even clearer than the former, since it is the primary duty of the State authorities to preserve order within the State, and the duty of the President to do so only when the State fails in its duty. Any one who believes that Abraham Lincoln did right in calling for troops to protect the National property from insurrection within the State, and that Grover Cleveland did right in sending troops to Chicago to protect the mail trains from interference by the strikers, will not doubt that it was right for President Taft to assemble troops on the Mexican border that he might be prepared, on the one hand, to prevent bodies of Americans from crossing over into Mexico with intent to take part in an insurrection against a government with which we are at peace, and, on the other hand, to protect the border from peril threatened alike by the Mexican insurrectionists and the Mexican regular troops. Nor can it be doubted that, now that the troops are there, the President has a right to make whatever use of them may be necessary to protect either Mexico from American filibusters or America from Mexican troops. To warn the Mexicans that they must not invade the American border and to use whatever force may be necessary to prevent them from invading America is not to declare war. And America is as truly invaded by bullets flying across the border in pursuit of Mexicans as it would be by a force of cavalry riding across the border for the same purpose. Rifle bullets have already killed one or two and seriously wounded something like half a score of Americans peacefully pursuing their lawful vocations on American soil. Suppose instead of rifle bullets they had been bombs, and instead of wounding half a score of individuals they had destroyed half the American town. Can any American imagine that it would have been the duty of the President to do nothing for the protection of the border until Congress had debated what to do?

That it is the right and the duty of the President to do whatever may be necessary to be done to protect American citizens from violence and the American border from the incursion of Mexican bullets—that he has, for example, a right to march troops across the border in force sufficient to maintain a neutral zone where fighting between the Mexican forces will not be permitted—we think is not to be questioned. Such an act is no more a declaration of war than was the act of George Washington in sending troops into Pennsylvania to put down the Whisky Rebellion a declaration of war against Pennsylvania, or than was the act of Grover Cleveland in sending soldiers to protect the mails in Chicago a declaration of war against Illinois. It is not even an unfriendly act, and implies no hostility to a friendly State. Our readers will remember how our troops marched with other forces to rescue Americans in Peking from the Chinese insurrectionists, and how John Hay and President McKinley insisted that this was no act of war against China.

The President's *right* to act is not to be questioned. But what it is *expedient* for him to do it is not easy to determine. If by sending troops across the border to establish a neutral zone he should arouse wrath against Americans residing in Mexico and imperil their lives, the act would be of very questionable wisdom. To hazard the lives of hundreds of peaceful Americans in Mexico in order to protect the lives of a score or so of Americans beyond the Mexican border would be a course of action which only the gravest necessity could justify. The course of the President has been characterized by equal strength and caution. He has acted with great promptitude in assembling a force ready for action if action is called for; he has acted with commendable caution in holding that force in reserve, not to be used except as a last resort, in case peaceful diplomatic measures fail. It is greatly to be hoped that they will not fail, and the President believes that they will not.

CAN A FREE PEOPLE BE FREE?

We purpose in this article to give to our readers an interpretation of the recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals declaring that the Workman's Compensation Act is unconstitutional. We regard this decision as of very great importance, because, if the Court has correctly interpreted the Constitution of the United States, that document prevents America from adopting an industrial reform which has been adopted as just and necessary by practically the entire civilized world. We do not believe that the interpretation of the Court is correct. It is, in our opinion, in conflict alike with the progress of civilization, the spirit of democracy, the principles of social justice, and the analogies and tendencies of law. And we believe that this unconscious attempt to fasten upon the workingman an unjust and intolerable burden from which all other civilized nations, with one exception, have relieved him, will ultimately prove as futile as was the conscious and deliberate attempt of the United States Supreme Court, under the lead of Chief Justice Taney, to halt the movement for the emancipation of the slaves.

In the earlier stages of industrial development, when industry was unorganized, machinery hardly existed, and labor was an individual handicraft, the courts naturally assumed that accidents occurring to a workman were probably due to his own negligence. If he were mowing in a field and cut himself with his scythe, if he were digging a ditch and sprained his ankle, if he were cutting down a tree and it fell upon him and broke his leg, he could recover from his employer only on proof that his employer was at fault. Nor could he recover if the accident were due to the carelessness of a fellow-workman. There was always a natural presumption that he could better guard against such carelessness than could the probably absent employer. If he were turning a grindstone and his awkward fellow-workman so held the scythe as to cut him, if he were in the forest and his fellow-workman gave no notice of the falling tree, it was natural to presume that the carelessness was shared between the two, and the law would neither attribute blame to the employer nor levy the damage upon him when he was not blameworthy.

But the organization of labor and the creation of elaborate machinery has destroyed this presumption of the common sense, and therefore in all civilized countries has destroyed this presumption of law. When a railway train runs off the track because of a misplaced switch or a defective rail, there is no presumption that the engineer was careless or could have guarded against the carelessness of the switch-tender or of the manufacturer of the rail. When a fire breaks out in a room where scores of shirt-waist-makers are confined at their work and a hundred and forty of them are burned to death, there is no presumption that the impossibility of their escape through narrow passageways and a locked door was due to their carelessness, or that they were to blame because the tables at which they were working were wood, not metal, or that they could have prevented the careless fellow-workman from throwing his cigarette down in the inflammable material which surrounded them. In fact, only a very limited number of modern accidents are due to the carelessness of the injured party; probably a somewhat larger number are due to the carelessness of some other employee; while a very considerable proportion are incidents of the trade and due to no definite culpability which it is possible to trace home either to the employer or the employed.

The Christian nations of the world have, with singular unanimity, recognized this change, and have changed their laws to meet the new conditions. The change which they have made was indicated to them by their maritime laws, which in this respect have been alike in all civilized nations and from a very early period. An accident occurring to a sailor on shipboard has always been regarded as an accident to the ship; and the ship has always been required to bear the burden of his care and keep and cure. This right to be cared for does not rest on any assumption that the master of the ship has been negligent, nor is the seaman deprived of his

right to care and keep and cure by proof that the accident was due in part, or even altogether, to his negligence. He is not debarred from recovery by proof of his carelessness; he is not given larger damages upon proof of the negligence of the master. His right to be cared for rests, says Mr. Justice Story, upon the fact that "seamen are in some sort co-adventurers upon the voyage." Modern jurisprudence throughout Christendom recognizes that under modern industrial conditions the workman in the railway, the mine, and the factory is a co-adventurer in the enterprise, and that the hazards incident to his employment should be borne, not by the individual, but by the industry. This principle is now recognized and incorporated in their legal systems by every country in Europe (including Russia but not Turkey) with the single exception of Switzerland.[1]

The justice and importance of this reform have been recognized by such statesmen as the President of the United States and his predecessor in office, by such lawyers as Elihu Root, by workmen who desire some better insurance against accident than is furnished them by a right to sue their employers, by employers who desire to be protected from vexatious lawsuits and the peril of verdicts for great sums, and by about half a dozen States, including Kansas, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and New York, all of which have passed Workmen's Compensation Acts. Such an Act, shifting the responsibility for the risks which are incident to the trade in organized industry from the individual to the organization, the New York Court of Appeals declares no State in the Union has authority to enact, because the Constitution of the United States forbids its enactment. The Court recognizes the need for a change in the law. "We desire," says the Court, "to present no purely technical or hypercritical obstacles to any plan for the beneficent reformation of a branch of our jurisprudence in which, it may be conceded, reform is a consummation devoutly to be wished." It presents forcibly, appreciatively, and apparently with entire approbation, the arguments which have brought about this reform in other lands: "There can be no doubt as to the theory of this law. It is based upon the proposition that the inherent risks of an employment should, in justice, be placed upon the shoulders of the employer, who can protect himself against loss by insurance, and by such an addition to the price of his wares as to cast the burden ultimately upon the consumer; that indemnity to an injured employee should be as much a charge upon the business as the cost of replacing or repairing disabled or defective machinery, appliances, or tools; that under our present system the loss falls immediately upon the employee, who is almost invariably unable to bear it, and ultimately upon the community, which is taxed for the support of the indigent; and that our present system is uncertain, unscientific, and wasteful, and fosters a spirit of antagonism between employer and employee which it is for the interest of the State to remedy."

To these considerations the Court suggests no reply, and upon them it offers no criticism. On the contrary, it in terms concedes "the strength of this appeal to recognized and widely prevalent sentiment." It declares that "no word of praise could overstate the industry and intelligence of the Commission" which prepared the New York law, and it apparently agrees with the conclusion of the Commission, based on "a most voluminous array of statistical tables, extracts from the works of philosophical writers, and the industrial laws of many countries"—the conclusion that "our own system of dealing with industrial accidents is economically, morally, and legally unsound." But all these considerations of public policy, social justice, and world-wide conviction are set aside "as subordinate to the primary question whether they can be molded into statutes without infringing upon the letter or spirit of our own written Constitution." The countries which have adopted this desirable reform, it is said, "are so-called constitutional monarchies in which, as in England, there is no written constitution, and the Parliament or law-making body is supreme. In our country the Federal and State Constitutions are the charters which demark the extent and the limitation of legislative power."

[1] Probably the reason why it has not yet been adopted by Switzerland is because her organized manufacturing industries are so few that no pressure has been brought upon the State to change the law.

In brief: The change in the law is just; it is demanded by the change which has taken place in our industrial system; it is all but universally desired; the experience and the conscience of the civilized world call for it; but America is powerless to make it under her present Constitution. Other countries can make it because they are monarchies; America cannot make it because she is free.

The clause in the Constitution which, in the opinion of the Court of Appeals, prohibits the Legislature from making this wise and just reform in our law is the clause which provides that "no person shall be . . . deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law"—a prohibition which occurs twice in our Federal Constitution (Amendments V and XIV), and is to be found in many, very probably in most, State Constitutions. We believe that the Court of Appeals, in its contention that this clause in our Constitution prohibits this just and necessary reform in our industrial laws, is sustained neither by the spirit nor by the letter of this clause in the Constitution, neither by the history of its origin and significance nor by the course of judicial interpretation which has been given to it by the United States Supreme Court.

Let the reader stop a moment here and reflect upon the principle involved in the law enacted in other civilized countries and proposed in ours. It is not that an employer should be mulcted in damages when he has been guilty of no fault. It is not that he should be compelled to pay for his carelessness without an opportunity to prove to the court that he has not been careless. It is that accidents occurring in the course of organized industry should be held to have occurred, not to the individual, but to the industry.

"In everything within the sphere of human activity," says the Court of Appeals, "the risks which are inherent and unavoidable must fall upon those who are exposed to them." The jurists of all the civilized countries of Europe agree that in modern organized industries it is the industry, not the individual, that is exposed to the accidents. The law applies to the factory hand for the future the principle heretofore applied to the seaman in maritime law. The factory hand is henceforth to be regarded as a "co-adventurer" with the employer in the industry.

Nor is "due process of law" denied by the Workman's Compensation Act. No damages can be recovered from the employer against his consent without a suit at law. The statute in terms provides that "any question which shall arise under this Act shall be determined either by agreement or by arbitration as provided in the Code of Civil Procedure, or by an action at law as herein provided." And what is provided is that, if the employer fail to make compensation as provided by the Act, the injured party or his guardian or executor may sue for the amount. The law does not deny the employer his day in court. But it redefines the question for the court to decide. It has not to decide whether the employer is guilty of fault. His liability does not depend on his fault. The court has simply to decide whether the accident occurred in the due course of the business, and, if the employer chooses to raise the question, whether it was "caused in whole or in part by the serious and willful misconduct of the workman." If not, the workman is entitled to recover, and the amount which he is entitled to recover is fixed by the statute. The question, then, is this:

Does a law which, for accidents in certain carefully defined and especially dangerous employments, transfers the liability from the individual to the organization, and which carefully preserves the right of the employer to submit any questions which arise under the law to the courts for adjudication, deprive the employer of his property without due process of law? The Court of Appeals of New York State affirms that it does. The Outlook affirms that it does not.

To state this question appears to us to answer it. Certainly there is nothing in the Workman's Compensation Act which violates the *letter* of the Constitution. It does not in terms take the property of the employer without due process of law. How any one can find in the Act a violation of the *spirit* of the Constitution we find it difficult to conceive. And that difficulty is enhanced, not relieved, by a careful study of the opinions of the Court. For in those opinions it is assumed that on its face the law is unconstitutional, and

the Court devotes all its intellectual energies to an attempt to show that the authorities cited in opposition are exceptional. That the law and the Constitution are not inconsistent is, however, established both by a consideration of the object and intent of the Constitutional provision and by judicial decisions interpreting it. To these two considerations we now direct the attention of the reader.

The provision in the Federal Constitution that "no person shall be . . . deprived of life, liberty, or property, except by due process of law" (Fifth Amendment), and the provision, "nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," (Fourteenth Amendment) are derived from the Great Charter wrested from King John by the Barons in 1215. "No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseized, or outlawed, or banished, or any ways destroyed, nor will we pass upon him, nor will we send upon him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land." This is perhaps the most important of those general clauses in the Great Charter which, says Hallam in his "History of the Middle Ages," "protect the personal liberty and property of all freemen by giving security from arbitrary imprisonment and arbitrary spoliation." Hume gives some intimation of the abuses that led to this provision: merchants had been subjected to arbitrary tolls and impositions; the property of the dying had been seized and their lawful heirs dispossessed; officers of the Crown had levied on horses and carts in time of peace for their own or the public service. Green, in his "History of the English People," gives the picture of John's despotism and of the growing spirit of liberty in the English common people with greater detail. The King's exactions drove the Barons into alliance with the people. "Illegal exactions, the seizure of their castles, the preference shown to foreigners, were small provocations compared with his attacks on the honor of their wives and daughters." The demand of the common people to substitute due process of law for wager by battle, and to be secure in their lives, their liberties, and their property from acts of lawless and irresponsible power, the Barons made their own, and by the same act claimed for others what they claimed for themselves. "The under tenants were protected against all exactions of their lords in precisely the same terms as they were protected against the lawless exactions of the Crown."

From such a provision for the protection of the fundamental rights of person and property it is a far cry to the conclusion that the people cannot remedy the injustice which inflicts all the consequences of accidents which occur in extra-hazardous trades upon the individual who, in practicing that trade, happens to be subjected to the peril. Common sense, as well as frequent decisions of the courts, sustain Daniel Webster's definition of the scope of the Constitutional provision embodying in our law this provision of the Great Charter: "The meaning is that every citizen shall hold his life, liberty, and property and immunities under the protection of general rules which govern society." That society can never make new rules for the better protection of life, liberty, and property and immunities, is a doctrine as repugnant to reason as it is to social progress. It is equally repugnant to the principle of interpretation laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States: "The law is perfectly well settled that the first ten amendments to the Constitution, commonly known as the Bill of Rights, were not intended to lay down any novel principles of government, but simply to embody certain guarantees and immunities which we had inherited from our English ancestors."[1] And it seems never even to have occurred to English lawmakers that the Workman's Compensation Act is inconsistent with this provision of their Great Charter—a charter which is as much a part of the British Constitution as the Fifth and Tenth Amendments are of ours. In the English Constitution, as in the American, the principle is carefully defined in writing. The only difference is that in England the Parliament is the final judge of its meaning; in the United States that final judge is the Supreme Court of the United States.

At least it ought to be. But the New York Court of Appeals does not allow that

[1] Robertson vs. Baldwin, United States, 281.

it is the final authority. In this particular case it is not, for no appeal lies by the plaintiff in this case from the State to the National Court. But an appeal does lie by the public. The Outlook takes such an appeal. And it declares without hesitation that the decision of the New York Court of Appeals is in conflict, not only with the trend of judicial decisions in that Court, but also with its very explicit statement of the fundamental principles to be applied in interpreting the Constitution.

We have already noted the fact that maritime law regards a seaman as a co-adventurer with the ship-owner, and therefore makes the ship liable for his care, keep, and cure in case any accident occurs to him, even though it be produced by his own fault. We now add that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that such a law does not take the ship-owner's property without due process of law. That, says the Court of Appeals, is different, for "the contract and services of seamen are exceptional in character. . . . When he is sick or injured he is entitled to be cared for at the expense of the ship, and for the failure of the master to perform his duty in this regard the ship or the owner is liable." No doubt there is a difference between a seaman on a ship and a factory hand in a factory. Very probably that difference ought to weigh with the representatives of the people in determining what difference there should be in their respective treatment. But if making a ship liable for accidents happening to a seaman does not take the ship-owner's property without due process of law, then rendering a factory liable for accidents happening to a factory hand does not take the factory-owner's property without due process of law. The Constitution of the United States is precisely the same on sea as on land; but to the Constitution of the United States the Court of Appeals gives one meaning on shipboard and another meaning in the town.

The right of the Legislature to impose new responsibilities upon property is not confined by the United States Supreme Court to the sea. It is equally sustained upon the land. The State of Oklahoma provided for an assessment on all banks in the State in order to create a fund for the purpose of guaranteeing the depositors in all banks in the State. The Noble State Bank brought suit against the State to prevent it from collecting this assessment, on the ground that it was taking property without due process of law. The Supreme Court, without a dissenting opinion, held that the act was Constitutional, on two grounds: first, because "it is established by a series of cases that an ulterior public advantage may justify a comparatively insignificant taking of private property for what in its immediate purpose is a private use;" and, second, because "it may be said in a general way that the police power extends to all the great public needs. It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare." A similar case coming before the Court from the State of Kansas was decided with the same unanimity by the Court at the same time.[1]

This definition of Constitutional law by the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, if accepted, clearly determines the constitutionality of the Workman's Compensation Act. That this Act "is sanctioned by usage and held by the prevailing morality and strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare" is proved by the fact that it is demanded alike by employer and employee, that it has been approved by the general public, that it is apparently regarded by the Court of Appeals itself as a reform much to be desired, and that it has been adopted by every civilized country in Europe except Switzerland. The New York Court of Appeals can find only one escape from this declaration of principle by the highest tribunal in the land, in these two cases, namely, a repudiation of the authority of that tribunal in these cases: "We cannot recognize them as controlling our construction of our Constitution."

In this review of the decision of the New York Court of Appeals we have passed by without comment some extraordinary statements which should not be

[1] Noble State Bank vs. Haskell; Shallenberger vs. Bank of Holstein, January 3, 1911. Lawyers' Co-operative Publishing Company, Rochester, New York.

passed by in any complete review—the statement that "practically all of these [European] countries are so-called constitutional monarchies in which, as in England, there is no written Constitution," whereas, in fact, practically all of the European nations have written Constitutions; and the statement that the Workman's Compensation Act "does nothing to conserve the health, safety, or morals of the employee," whereas, in fact, it is aimed and purposed to accomplish all three results, and was urged in the English House of Lords by Lord Salisbury specifically on the ground that "to my mind the great attraction of this bill is that I believe it will turn out a great machinery for the saving of human life."

But we have deliberately neglected all minor details in an endeavor to put before our lay readers a true interpretation, and what we hope they will generally believe to be a just criticism, of this decision of the highest court of the Empire State. In that decision, in our opinion, the Court has disregarded all considerations of social justice and public policy, has set itself against the conscience and judgment of the civilized world, and in its forced interpretation of the Constitution has disregarded alike the history of the Constitution's origin and of its judicial interpretation by the highest court in the land.

THE USES OF A CATHEDRAL

The consecration last week of the choir and two chapels of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, on Morningside Heights, in New York City, will be a memorable day in the history of the metropolis. After nearly twenty years and an expenditure of nearly three million dollars, the great edifice still lacks the transepts and the nave, but its majesty is already evident. The square, or space under the dome, has been temporarily inclosed, and seats about two thousand people. On the day of consecration this space was packed with deeply interested worshipers and listeners; while in the choir were nearly five hundred clergy, with many representatives of other communions, and laymen holding special official relations to the event. The services were marked by dignity and by the beauty of simplicity. The organ sent great waves of sound through the edifice, and its first strain revealed its cathedral scope and quality. When finished, the cathedral will rank fourth in size among the minsters of the world, while its interior, with the prevailing tone of light limestone, the exquisite purity of its altar, and the great columns which separate it from the ambulatory, will give the church a wonderful lightness, so that its vast size will bring no sense of weight.

The criticism of the cathedral lately made by a minister in New York City, who protested against the spending of millions of dollars on a colossal structure while the needs of the poor are so imperative, showed that curious lack of vision which has prevailed since the time when a devout woman broke a box of ointment over the feet of the Christ and a disciple cried out that its price ought to have gone to the poor. It would be as wise to protest against the money spent on the deepening of the springs instead of on the aqueducts which convey the water at the surface; for while to-day consecration to the service of God has largely taken the form of practical, first-hand ministry to men and women, it is also true that the fundamental faith which is the source of philanthropy was never in greater need of majestic expression. That will be the first and obvious service of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine when it stands complete on the highest eminence of the city amid commercial buildings of towering height, costing many millions of dollars; itself the evidence, by the majesty of its structure and its vast expense, that the men and women of the metropolis place the worship of God higher than the worship of Mammon, and are ready to give more to maintain that worship without material return than they are to put money into the great structures which may be high-class investments.

Men are always saying, when a great age has passed, that its inspiration will never return; and yet it has often happened that while they wrote the elegy of an art, that which gave that age its special genius and quality was beginning to manifest itself—not in the old forms, but with more than the old life. This age, which men call commercial and materialistic, has

seen the completion of Cologne Cathedral, the building of the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Westminster, London, and it has now witnessed the rise in one of the greatest commercial cities of the world of a church which will rival in magnitude the greatest of the thirteenth and fourteenth century structures. Those noble churches were the flowering of religious faith and architectural genius, of a devout imagination, and a widely diffused, although instinctive, sense of beauty. Great architects—"masters of live stone," as the Florentines call their sculptors—could not have brought them into being if architecture had not been a living speech, intelligible not only to trained men but to all men, and if the building of cathedrals had not been a popular movement. The stone for St. Mary Radcliffe, at Bristol, which Queen Elizabeth called the "fairest church in England," was brought five miles from hand to hand, a long line of men co-operating with the architect. The Cathedral of St. John rises in a different age, in which there are a hundred new forms of religious beneficence; but it could not rise if the old faith were not still sovereign in the minds of a host of people, and it will not go to its completion unless a long line of benefactors stand behind the architect as the line of workers stood behind the builders of St. Mary Radcliffe.

A cathedral not only registered the rise of a great wave of enthusiasm and faith, but commemorated a great moment in civic life; for the cathedral and the modern idea of a city as a self-governing political entity—not an aggregation of houses but a group of families organized into a higher unity, a great household—were born at the same period; and the great spires rising above ancient towns symbolized the religious spirit of the corporate life. The cathedrals were the shrine and center of that life, and knit all its activities together in a higher community. Every art contributed to the minster; the architect, the sculptor, the painter, the wood-carver, the weaver of tapestry, the maker of glass, the musician, brought the offering of their skill and the resources of their arts to the worship of God. There, too, modern drama had its rise in the mysteries, the miracle plays, the living pictures at great festivals, the pictorial scrolls let down from the pulpits by priests. Connected with it were the hospital, the library, the school. It was the center of social life. This external unity has gone. Society is divided into a hundred arts and occupations, often apparently antagonistic to religion. Some day they must come together again; and the cathedral is a symbol of that reunion. In an age when art is in imminent danger of being commercialized and men are in great peril of being engrossed in practical affairs, the Christian faith is not only a sublime ruler of conduct, but it keeps the human soul alive and is the guardian of its highest interests. The poetry of life and the ideals of life are in its keeping. It is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. It is the sublimest of symbols, built in the form of a cross, as every great building must rise on sacrifice. It stands for that strength which is embodied law and obedience; it illustrates the only lasting beauty—that of structure, of proportion, order, subordination of the parts to the whole, of detail wrought by a dozen associated arts into a perfect whole; so that it becomes at last, with its activities, a complete expression of all the interests of humanity, a visible aspiration and prayer, its ascending lines carrying the imagination on to an invisible perfection; for it is the evidence of things not seen.

The cathedral, with its chapels of seven tongues, as interpreted by Bishop Potter and by Bishop Greer, will be the church of a great community. It was significant that on the first Sunday night after the opening of the building a great meeting in the interests of peace was held under the dome, addressed by laymen and by ministers of other communions. The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, if it is to express the highest ideals of a great Church, must not fear to rival the breadth of activity and of interest of the mediæval cathedrals. It must unite the political and religious life by identifying itself in all proper ways with the movements which make for civic righteousness, for social betterment, for the service of the people who need guardianship and protection. Nothing can justify so vast an expenditure of money except a service to the community as great. Not by the building of beautiful altars, nor by the

lighting of candles, nor by dignity of service, nor by great organ harmonies, can the worship of God best be rendered to-day. These things minister in manifold and inspiring ways to the life of the spirit; but the religious life can be adequately and fully expressed only by a practical helpfulness which shall reach all parts of the city, as light and force streaming from a great central motor. This keynote was struck in Bishop Greer's sermon, emphasizing the threefold unity of religion, patriotism, and philanthropy: the love of God, the love of country, the love of man. If this great church shall become a center of teeming activities, and shall translate the word service in terms of fruitful and beneficent usefulness in the homes of New York; if it shall be a great house of God, directed not to serve a single communion, but to interpret in wise and true ways the unity of all who serve, it will be a spiritual treasure-house to the whole city.

A SOCIALIST SUICIDE

Daniel Kissam Young left last week a letter for his associates containing the following paragraph:

> You will notice in almost every daily paper the most fulsome praise of "The Business Interests" of the country. Take it from one who knows, and who has been in the game, that of all the contemptible people in the world the "Business Men" of this country are the meanest and most contemptible. There is nothing to which they will not stoop.
>
> Cheating, lying, misrepresentation, adulteration, murder of the workers by neglecting proper safeguards, are merely every-day occurrences. And it is no wonder when you remember that what we call business is merely taking advantage of your neighbors' necessities, and that the best business man is one that takes the most advantage of his neighbors' necessities.

A good deal of allowance must be made for the mood of a discouraged man to whom life has been a failure and who abandons the battle in despair. But Mr. Young's expression reflects an opinion not infrequently put forth by members of his school. It is one which ought not to pass with the silence that gives consent.

Such a statement belongs in the same category with the declaration of William Lloyd Garrison in the fifties, that every slaveholder was a man-stealer. Every slaveholder was not a man-stealer. Very few slaveholders were man-stealers. Many slaveholders were doing the best they could for their slaves, and a great many were doing the best they knew how. They were as much entangled in the slave system as the slaves themselves. So to-day: there are some business men who are single-hearted in their devotion to money and who do not care how they get it, but they are a comparatively small minority. The great majority of business men are honest, industrious, and hard workers, who regard business as a mutual exchange of products or services for the benefit of both parties, and who always desire to give a fair equivalent for everything they get. Great numbers of them are thoroughly interested in doing the best they can for their employees. This interest of employers in their employees is attested by such facts as voluntary raising of wages, giving directly or indirectly participation in profits, arrangements whereby employees may become stockholders in the business, organized welfare work, and provision made in many cases to enable employees to become owners of their houses on very advantageous terms.

The characterization of all men by the Church as totally depraved did nothing for the reform of humanity and something to discourage reform. The characterization of one class as totally depraved by another class is rather worse, for the universal condemnation of humanity has at least this merit, it involves self-condemnation, while the condemnation of one class by another class produces Pharisaical self-deceit. There are good employers and bad employers; good labor leaders and bad labor leaders; good lawyers and bad lawyers; good ministers and bad ministers; good play-actors and bad play-actors. Wholesale condemnation of one class by the representatives of another class is not true in fact, does nothing to promote and much to hinder social reform, and does something to excite that antagonism of classes which it ought to be the object of all patriotic citizens to abolish.

THREE CENTURIES OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE: 1611-1911

BY GEORGE H. GILBERT

IT is the purpose of this article to compare the use of the English Bible in 1611 and in 1911, more particularly in regard to the extent of its use and the correctness of its interpretation. The original sources of information are so numerous and the subject so great that the comparison must be suggested rather than exhaustively set forth.

And first a word of general orientation. Our forefathers of 1611 may have numbered about three millions, or less than one-fortieth as many as now speak their tongue. Education had made rapid progress through the reign of Elizabeth. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were flourishing, and were said to have as many buildings and students as all other European universities together. Assuming that their registers contained about six thousand names in 1611, we should have as large a percentage of the population seeking the best education of the time as we have to-day in America. The general state of the country was one of prosperity. The average man had far more worldly goods than his grandfather, or even his father, had possessed. Lordly houses had been erected in considerable numbers, and even common dwellings were provided with chimneys. In the homes of the middle and upper classes wooden dishes had been replaced with pewter and silver. Among the evidences of increased wealth was the elaborate dress to be seen in court circles and in great houses. It was not uncommon in those golden days for a man to "wear a manor on his back."

London, with its quarter of a million inhabitants, was well supplied with theaters, and the number of poets and dramatists was large. Literary activity was intense—nowhere more so than in the field of religious controversy—and the annual output of books was remarkable both in quantity and quality. There was therefore in 1611 a large reading class.

To form an idea of the use of the Bible in 1611 we shall turn chiefly to books and letters belonging to a few years before and a few years after that date, from about 1600 to 1625.

It were a great mistake to suppose that the Puritans were the only or the chief readers of the Bible in those days. There were many in the national Church who read it as eagerly as they. King James could introduce Scripture words and examples into his letters and speeches as readily as any bishop or Puritan divine. In his speech of March 9, 1604—the year in which it was decided to have a new version of the Bible—are numerous allusions to Scripture. For example, speaking of the union of England and Scotland which his coming to the English throne had brought about, he says: "What God hath conjoined, let no man separate. I am the husband and all the whole isle is my lawful wife: I am the head and it is my body: I am the shepherd and it is my flock." Izaak Walton tells us that Sir Henry Wotton, Ambassador of James I to Italy, and later Provost of Eton College, was in the habit while in the latter position of spending *some hours* each morning in reading the Bible and in the study of divinity. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a prisoner in the tower when the Authorized Version was prepared and published, began his "History of the World" with a passage on God which abounds in Scripture allusion, and when speaking of the death of Prince Henry he expressed his heart in the language of Job. Thomas Nash, a Cambridge literary man, in a treatise on the lack of hospitals in England and on the uncharitableness of the rich, as also in "The Unfortunate Traveller," drew illustrations and arguments from the Bible. Two years after the publication of the King James Bible Thomas Dekker, who wrote both dramas and devotional treatises, sent out a little book on prayer called "The Four Birds from Noah's Ark."

But there are other writings in which the appearance of Scripture is more noteworthy. Thus Mr. Esquire, in "Secrets of Angling," published about 1611, in his

paragraph on "Baits," refers to "Balaam's horse," and to

"That great whale that by three whole days' space
The man of God did in his belly hide."

Captain John Smith, in his description of New England, published in 1616, makes an appeal to his readers for greater interest in the settlement of America in which the Bible plays a great part. He cites Adam and Eve, who first began the "innocent work" of planting the earth; Noah and his family, who began the second plantation; and Christ and his Apostles, who exposed themselves to greater perils than people were called upon to face who crossed the ocean to New England or Virginia.

It is a long way from Captain John Smith to our next writer, Francis Bacon, whom Walton happily called "the great secretary of nature and all learning." The reader of his "Essays" will remember that he drew his illustrations alternately from the classics and from the Bible. Thus in the essay on "Adversity" he not only refers to David's harp, to the afflictions of Job and the felicities of Solomon, but he sums up the teaching of the Old Testament and the New as only one could do who had read the Bible deeply. His great work on the "Advancement of Learning," though it be, as he says, "a small globe of the intellectual world," and not a treatise on religion or Christianity, quotes aptly from nearly one-half of the sixty-six Biblical writings. It is obvious that what he said to the honor of Queen Elizabeth, that she was "very conversant in the Scriptures," was true also of him.

Of Macaulay's "two incomparable men," it remains to note to what extent the second read the Bible. We are thrown entirely upon the study of his works for an answer to this question. These I have not myself searched with reference to the point in hand, but rely on the labors of Burgess. According to this student of Shakespeare, there are in his plays some two hundred passages which either quote or adapt Biblical language. It may be noted of Shakespeare's use of the Bible as compared with Bacon's that, whereas Bacon cites the Scripture words, Shakespeare usually transforms them, yet without perversion. We recognize the Biblical thought, but it has passed through the alembic of a poet's mind. Thus we recognize the thought of Matthew x. 29, in the words of Adam:

"He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!"

Again, out of Psalm cxxx. 3, and Matthew vi. 12, are Portia's words to the Jew:

"Consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

We do not know whether Shakespeare was a Catholic or an Anglican, but it would be easy to believe that in his boyhood the Bible was to him, as later to Lincoln, what Homer was to Alexander, the book that he oftenest read, and read with delight.

Thus far we have followed the reading of the Bible between 1600 and 1625 among those who were not Puritans. To these we now turn for a little. It is well known that the Puritans were from the beginning zealous in searching the Scriptures. As it was the Bible through which they had been conscientiously arrayed against the Established Church, so opposition to that Church and from it threw them back more and more upon the word of Scripture for their justification and support. It seems probable that every Puritan household had a copy of the Bible at the time of which we speak. The Geneva version had been imported for fifty years in scores of editions and tens of thousands of copies. It was doubtless true of the Puritan in a larger degree than of the Anglican that he lived and moved in the Scriptures. In the diary of John Winthrop for February 8, 1606, we read that when on a certain occasion he had deferred "reading and prayer" until three in the afternoon his heart was thereby "very much unsettled;" and for May 23, 1613, we have this entry: "I will so dispose of my family affairs as [that] my morning prayers and evening exercises be not omitted." Winthrop was eighteen at the time of the former of these entries. William Bradford, Governor of the Plymouth Colony in 1621, learned Hebrew because "he would see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in

their native beauty." Now Winthrop and Bradford probably represent in a fair manner the educated Puritan laity at the commencement of the seventeenth century. It need hardly be said that the Puritan minister of that day was "very conversant in the Scriptures." John Cotton preached a farewell sermon at Southampton, England, about 1622, on the occasion of the sailing of a company of people to New England. This sermon fills only ten pages of ordinary size, but it draws its nourishment from about sixty-two passages of Scripture. Yet it is not a mosaic of quotations, but a coherent, well-argued discourse.

If now we turn from the Bible reading of 1611 in the English tongue to that of 1911, what do we find? To judge from the allusions to Scripture in current literature, one would quickly conclude that our forefathers of three centuries ago read the Bible more than we do. The literature of 1611 in all departments has a far deeper Biblical hue than has the literature of today. But this test, though it has value, cannot be regarded as furnishing a complete answer to the question before us. For the conception of the Bible is narrower now than it was in 1611. A man may know the book thoroughly and read it daily, but if it is regarded as solely for the *religious* life, that man is not likely to quote it often in writings on popular education or chemistry, on exploration or astronomy. The Biblical color in the literature of England in 1611 is indeed evidence that the Bible was then read, but the relative lack of that color in our current literature does not prove a proportionate lack of acquaintance with the Bible.

But there is another fact of the present day which is decisive in its bearing on the extent of our Bible reading in comparison with that of our forefathers of 1611. Every family in the English-speaking world that has a Bible in the house has also a newspaper; millions have one or more weekly or monthly magazines; and every family that has a Bible has, at a low estimate, ten other books, predominantly stories, for every one that was to be found in the homes of our fatherland three hundred years ago. These papers, magazines, and books are read, and therefore, even if we have more leisure for reading than our forebears in 1611, it is a physical impossibility that we should read the Bible as much as they did. They were as eager to read as we are, and they had, to say the least, as deep an interest in the Bible.

But there is another side of the subject to be considered. Granted that the Bible was read more in 1611 than it is in 1911, was it read as correctly? Which is much the same as asking whether its purpose was as fully accomplished then as it is now. To answer this question we turn again to the sources.

King James, whom Bacon in 1605 called "the most learned monarch ever known in Christendom," who assumed to speak with authority on all points of Biblical interpretation, argued from the case of the Sadducees, who denied the existence of angels or spirits, that any one who denied the existence of *witches* stood condemned by Scripture. Even a more luminous instance of his ability to understand the Bible is afforded by the fact that he had Bartholomew Legate burned at the stake in Smithfield, March 18, 1612, because he said he had not prayed to Christ for above seven years. Bacon, in a letter of March, 1602—not long, that is, before the death of Elizabeth—expressed apprehension lest that "threatened judgment of God" was about to be fulfilled—"I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." Surely, one who could see in Zechariah xiii. 7 a threatened judgment on the English people in the year 1602 might well say: "I do much condemn that interpretation of Scripture which is only after the manner as men use to interpret a profane book." It is fortunate indeed for "profane" books that they have not fared so ill at the hands of interpreters as has the Bible.

But let us listen to other writers. Broughton, who died in 1612, exhorted his friends, when near his end, to study their Bible, but when one considers *how* he studied it—how he found the very hour of the crucifixion foretold in Daniel ix. 24, and how he discovered that every Scripture "consenteth" with every other, one is prepared not to expect too much from his friends' fulfillment of his parting word. William Loe, master of the Gloucester school in 1612, made a paraphrase of the Song of Songs "to be used by every

devout soul in his private conferences with his God"! How different is our reading of this old Hebrew love-song!

Again, take the case of James Melville, who died in 1614. He tells how some Spanish soldiers were wrecked on the coast of Scotland, after the destruction of the Armada, and how he and other leading men of the neighboring town took counsel whether they should succor the starving men or leave them to their fate. The question was finally decided from the Old Testament story of Elisha, which was regarded as a warrant for giving the poor Spaniards bread and water. In his "Anatomy of Melancholy," published in 1621, Burton sandwiches the Scripture text between Galen and Hippocrates, and introduces an Ezekiel and Moses among the Arab physicians of the Middle Ages. He proves from Scripture that a sick man must use prayer and physic together, not relying exclusively on either one, and from Scripture also that the sick should not seek for cure at the hands of any exorcist or witch, though freely admitting that the "Devil is an expert physician."

The foregoing instances of interpretation are representative of the better class of writers. We will not stay to add to them, but will proceed to conclusions. Our forefathers of 1611, whether Anglican or Puritan, with rare and partial exceptions, held a view of the Bible that was marked by two characteristics, each of very great importance. In the first place, they regarded the Bible as a book for all occasions and all the manifold questions of life. Because it was good for much it was thought good for everything. It was appealed to with as much assurance in matters political and ecclesiastical as in the matter of the soul's relation to God. It was an infallible authority on the origin of things and on chronology, on the government of kingdoms and the constitution of the Church, on demonology and education and taxes. Nor was this wholly without an appearance of plausibility. Did not the Old Testament touch more or less on all these interests? Doubtless, but for other lands and times remote. Yet our forefathers took these writings as specifically applicable to them. To be sure, there was an obvious lack of consistency in this procedure, for while they accepted some statutes and precepts they rejected others. They appealed to the Old Testament in support of the gentle practice of burning witches, but bravely neglected its injunction to abstain from pork. But the main point now is not that they were inconsistent in the extension of the old Hebrew legislation to themselves, choosing this and discarding that, but simply that they read the Old Testament at all as a book of statutes and ordinances for them.

In the second place, our forefathers of 1611 had little or no sense of historical perspective in their interpretation of Scripture. The Old Testament was as good as the New; indeed, it was often regarded as of greater practical worth. The Lord Bishop of Winchester, in his Christmas sermon before King James in 1616, represented not a few Christian people when he said that the greatest stay of faith was that they found the things of Christ foretold so many years before they came to pass. This view was as old as the second century, but it was not therefore true. The great fact of *the development of teaching* in the Bible was completely ignored, as a rule. That maxim of the early Fathers, particularly and comprehensively false as it was, that the New Testament is concealed in the Old, was unquestioned in 1611. Through this reduction of Scripture to a dead level a sane interpretation of any part of it was impossible. The end was confounded with the beginning, Christ with Moses. The dark ages of Hebrew barbarism and the civilized age of Paul were not discriminated. Men saw no diviner authority in the Sermon on the Mount than in the legislation of the Pentateuch. Therefore there was no consciousness of perpetrating an outrage against Scripture when it was invoked to justify the burning of men and women as witches and heretics.

But whence, then, came the strength and beauty of Christian character which adorned so many of our fathers and mothers in 1611? It was achieved, we reply, in spite of erroneous views of the Bible. There is, fortunately for us all, a large element of moral and religious teaching in Scripture which the wayfaring man can hardly fail to grasp, if he is really in earnest.

Turn once more to 1911 and to current interpretation of Scripture. We grant at once that the interpretation of the Bible in England and America is still, as a whole, far behind the interpretation of the civil and criminal law, and that the grotesque impossibilities of interpretation in 1611 can be matched from current works—as, for example, when the Scriptures are declared to prove that the souls of the faithful are to inhabit the stars, or when one mode of baptism or one form of church government is demonstrated as divine, or when high doctrines of metaphysics involving an analysis of the very nature of God are laid on men's consciences as the obvious teaching of the Bible—but, granting all this, it can still be confidently affirmed that the average Christian of 1911, though he does not read the Bible as much as did his forefathers in 1611, interprets it more correctly. There is now, as there was *not* then, a science of interpretation. There is a widespread sense of the impropriety of using the words of Moses or Paul as though they were equal to Christ's word. And even more widespread is the belief that the Bible is for inspiration rather than for specific direction, and that its sphere is the ethical and religious. We do not *appeal* to the Scriptures as much as our forefathers did, but we *listen* to them more. And we listen to the Gospel more than to the law or the prophets. Hence our type of Christianity in 1911 is more humane and gentle, more sympathetic with all truth, more joyous, and more deeply stamped with Christ's law of service than was that of 1611.

But we have not yet reached the goal. With as lively a hope as John Robinson had in 1620, we may look forward to a coming of more light from the Scriptures. To those who shall speak our tongue three centuries hence how crude and ill balanced, how halting and obscure, is our interpretation of the Bible likely to appear! And perhaps in those far-off days the clearest interpreters of Scripture will not be our descendants, hampered still by the traditions of long centuries of error, but rather the Master's disciples in India and China and Japan. As our reading of the Bible is more intelligent and helpful than was that of the Greek and Latin Fathers of the early Church, so may the reading of it that shall be known in those lands three hundred years hence surpass our own. If that shall be the case, may our descendants have the sense to go to school to the great Japanese, Chinese, and Indian prophets of those days as now their ancestors are coming to us!

CHANGE

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

The wind blows west to-night,
I smell the salt of the sea,
I hear the patient surges smite
In endless ecstasy
The sands and silent rocks.
I know the joy of the laughing tide;
I know the devil-laugh that mocks
When joy has died.

The wind blows east to-night,
And all the lights of the land
Flame red and yellow, blue and white,
Like prairie fires fanned
By the wind athirst for the sea.
How soon its thirst is gone!
And westward again to the far-off fires
It speeds enchanted, on and on,
And never tires.

STUDENT DISORDERS IN RUSSIA

BY GEORGE KENNAN

MANY attempts have been made by the Russian Government in recent years to thwart public initiative and prevent the expression of public feeling by arbitrary exercise of the police power; but none of them has been more indefensible, and none perhaps has had more evil consequences, than the attempt to put gags into the mouths of the millions of Russians who wished to express publicly their grief at the death of Count Tolstoy. The body of the great Russian author had hardly left the railway station at Astapova when the administration began to take measures for the prevention of what it called "demonstrations" on the part of those who sorrowed over the Count's death and wished to do honor to his memory. Thousands of citizens of St. Petersburg and Moscow desired to attend the funeral at Yasnaya Polyana; but, although the regular railway trains thither from both capitals were so crowded that passengers stood all night in the aisles of the day coaches, the Minister of Ways and Communications refused to put on extra trains or to increase adequately the number of cars. This lack of railway transportation compelled the delegations from the Duma and the Moscow University to go to Yasnaya Polyana in automobiles. Of course they arrived too late for the funeral, and had to content themselves with a visit to the grave by torchlight in the evening.

In many of the larger cities of the Empire, including St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Kharkof, Warsaw, and Tomsk, the people tried to have memorial services of song and prayer in the churches; but they were informed by the priests that prayers for Tolstoy, or even prayers "for the repose of the soul of a man named Leo," had been strictly forbidden by the ecclesiastical authorities. They then organized funeral processions and attempted to march through the streets singing the requiem of "Everlasting Remembrance;" but they were soon attacked and dispersed by Cossacks or the police.

Public meetings in honor of Tolstoy were generally prohibited, and the Pedagogical Society of St. Petersburg was even forbidden to assemble for the purpose of listening to addresses on "Tolstoy's Views with Regard to the Education of Children" and "Tolstoy as an Apostle of Self-Sacrifice and Love." In Odessa the Prefect, General Tolmachef, would not allow the theaters to close for one evening as an expression of respect for the memory of the dead; and in Riga theatrical managers were officially informed that if they presented scenes from Tolstoy's plays or allowed actors to recite extracts from his works they must intersperse such scenes and recitations with vaudeville performances. The exhibition of moving pictures of Tolstoy's funeral was almost everywhere prohibited, and in a number of places theatrical orchestras were forbidden to play either Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" or Chopin's funeral march. In Kharkof the editor of the daily newspaper "Utra" was administratively sentenced to three months' imprisonment for requesting the actors in the city theaters not to play on the night after Tolstoy's death; and in a dozen different places individual citizens were held to account for rising in theaters and suggesting to audiences that they show their respect for Tolstoy by quietly dispersing. In Yalta booksellers were ordered to take portraits of Tolstoy out of their windows; in Tula stationers were forbidden to sell picture post cards representing the Count on horseback; and in Nizhni Novgorod the chief of police would not allow the recall of invitations to a dancing party that was to take place on the day of Tolstoy's death. Liberal editors, of course, suffered from administrative lawlessness almost everywhere. Scores of them were fined or imprisoned for praising Tolstoy or referring to his attitude toward Church and State, while thousands of copies of the "Tolstoy numbers" of leading periodicals were seized by the police and destroyed.

For most of these senseless punishments and prohibitions the Central Government in St. Petersburg was not directly responsible; but governors and chiefs of

police in the provinces knew that the Czar and his Ministers favored the repression of all actions or utterances that might "excite the public mind" or serve as an excuse for political demonstrations, and they therefore availed themselves of the wide discretionary power given them by the provisions of martial law to prohibit such meetings, processions, speeches, religious services, and moving picture shows as seemed to them politically objectionable or dangerous. Premier Stolypin himself might not have regarded a lecture on Tolstoy's philosophy of self-sacrifice and love or the playing of Chopin's funeral march by a theatrical orchestra as an incitement to tumult and disorder; but his subordinates in the provinces knew that the applause which would inevitably follow the delivery of such addresses or the playing of such music might easily develop into a popular "demonstration," and "demonstrations," of course, were unseemly and improper, if not absolutely treasonable. They determined, therefore, to prevent anything that might even suggest an expression of popular feeling in a public place.

This bureaucratic campaign of prohibition and repression, which seemed to throw a shadow of dishonor across Tolstoy's grave, excited everywhere—and particularly in the cities—a feeling of deep indignation and resentment. Tolstoy had been not only one of the greatest men of his time, but one of the greatest literary artists of all time, and the attempt of the Government to prevent the people from doing honor to his memory was universally regarded as an intolerable invasion of popular and personal rights. This feeling was particularly strong in the universities and higher technological schools. Russian students have always taken the lead in giving expression to popular discontent, and the baffled attempt of the nation to honor the memory of Tolstoy made a stronger appeal to them than to any other class of citizens. Then, too, the Government's measures of repression were directed first against them. On the very next day after Tolstoy's death the University of Kiev was surrounded by troops and mounted police, and every attempt of the students to get together in groups and sing the "Everlasting Remembrance" was forcibly prevented. Processions of students chanting the words of a well-known funeral march or singing requiems for the dead were attacked and dispersed by Cossacks in half a dozen provincial towns, and even in the capitals students who attempted to go into the streets in groups were stopped by detachments of police posted just outside the university grounds. In St. Petersburg pupils of the Ecclesiastical Academy were threatened with immediate expulsion if they ventured to send so much as a brief telegram of sympathy to the Countess Tolstoy on the day after her husband's death.

Such administrative "regulation" as this would not be tolerated by students in any country in the world, and least of all in Russia, where grievances are so many and means of redress so few. The first university to take decisive action was that of St. Petersburg. On the 23d of November, 1910, the next day after the funeral in Yasnaya Polyana, four thousand St. Petersburg students held a meeting in the great university hall to consider the best means of showing their respect for the memory of Tolstoy and their disapproval of the methods adopted by the Government to prevent the expression of public feeling. In view of the facts that more than three thousand persons, mostly revolutionists, had been hanged in Russia in the five years that immediately followed the promulgation of the "Freedom Manifesto," and that the last article written by Tolstoy for publication, nine days before his death, had been a protest against these executions, the meeting almost unanimously resolved to make an anti-capital-punishment demonstration by marching in procession, with suitably inscribed flags, through the principal streets of the city. The Liberals in the Duma, and particularly the Constitutional Democrats, who foresaw the inevitable result of the conflict that such a demonstration would precipitate, endeavored to dissuade the students from this course of action, and published an open letter begging them not to imperil the future of higher education in Russia by beginning a struggle that might have disastrous consequences. The students, however, were too much excited to listen to the counsels of prudence, and at eleven o'clock on the following morning

several thousand of them formed in column on the Basil Island side of the Neva, and attempted to cross the river by the Nikolai Bridge.[1] The Government, however, in anticipation of this movement, had placed a strong force of guards on the bridge and all along the Basil Island shore, and as soon as the students formed in a body outside the university grounds they were surrounded by mounted police and gendarmes and gradually pressed back into the "lines," or streets which cross the island at right angles to the river. Baffled in their attempt to reach Admiralty Square and the Nevski Prospect by this route, and prevented by the police from marching in procession along the shore, the students gradually broke up into small groups, and eventually dispersed; but they were not yet at the end of their resources. Hundreds of them crossed other and more remote bridges, either separately or in small detachments, and shortly after noon they made their appearance in the Nevski Prospect, where they were joined by sympathetic students from the Polytechnic Institute, the Mining Institute, and the Institute of Civil Engineers, as well as by hundreds of young women from the Women's Higher Educational Courses. Finding it impossible to march through the street, or even to form in procession, on account of the restraint to which they were subjected by large bodies of police and gendarmes, they gathered here and there in small parties, displayed black or white flags inscribed "Away with Capital Punishment!" or "Thou Shalt Do No Murder," and began to sing the requiem of "Everlasting Remembrance."

A student "demonstration" in St. Petersburg always attracts an immense crowd of curious or sympathetic spectators; and before one o'clock in the afternoon the Nevski Prospect for a distance of half a mile or more was an almost solid mass of closely packed humanity. It was estimated that between Admiralty Square and the Anitchkof Bridge there were at least eight or ten thousand people, intermingled with detachments of mounted police and gendarmes, squadrons of Cossacks armed with lances, and hundreds of students of both sexes from half a dozen different educational institutions. The populace generally seemed to sympathize with the students, and whenever one of the latter's flags was seized hundreds of voices shouted, "Down with capital pnuishment!" or, "Away with the death penalty!" The mounted police and gendarmes, aided by Cossacks and a battalion of riflemen from the guards, made repeated attempts to clear the Nevski by charging the people with drawn sabers, striking them now and then with *nagaikas* (Cossack riding-whips), and gradually driving them into the side streets. But as fast as they were dispersed in one place they gathered in another, and it was after three o'clock before the avenue was clear enough to admit of the passage of street cars. The police and Cossacks generally showed self-restraint in the use of their weapons, but two or three students, including one woman, were sent to hospitals with saber cuts in the head, while a number were knocked down by horses or slightly injured by blows from the rawhide *nagaikas* of the Cossacks. Forty or more students were arrested and taken under guard to police station-houses.

Among the students of the Russian universities there has always been a feeling of sympathy and solidarity, and when a protest or a "demonstration" is made in St. Petersburg it is sure to be followed by collective action of the same kind in Moscow, Kiev, Odessa, Kharkof, Warsaw, and other university towns. On the evening of November 26, three days after the St. Petersburg "demonstration" and less than a week after Tolstoy's death, eight thousand students of the Moscow University held a mass-meeting and decided to follow the example of their fellow-students in the capital by marching through the streets with mourning and anti-capital-punishment flags, singing the requiem of "Everlasting Remembrance." The result, of course, was another day of public turmoil and excitement, which ended in the calling out of troops to clear the streets. The university students, reinforced by a thousand or fifteen hundred young women from the Women's Higher Educational Courses, made four successive attempts to organize a marching procession; but they were broken up again

[1] The university is situated on Vassili Ostrof, or Basil's Island, which is separated from the official and business part of the city by the main channel of the Neva.

and again by the police, and were finally dispersed by a squadron of Don Cossacks and the Sumski regiment of hussars. All that they were able to do was to form in small bodies here and there and keep together long enough to wave black or white flags, shout "Away with capital punishment!" and sing the "Everlasting Remembrance." Three or four hundred of them were arrested, including a hundred or more women.

In the two weeks that followed Tolstoy's death memorial meetings of students were held in practically all the higher educational institutions of the Empire. In some of them the students were satisfied with the adoption of resolutions deploring the Count's death and protesting against the Government's repressive measures, while in others they decided to organize public "demonstrations" similar to those made in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Some of the street processions —that in Warsaw, for example—carried no flags and made no protest against capital punishment; but the fact that they were strictly memorial in character, and not at all political, did not save them from dispersal. Students could not march through the streets carrying portraits of Tolstoy and singing the "Everlasting Remembrance" without "exciting the public mind," and to keep the Russian mind in a state of passive inactivity has always been the prime object of bureaucratic administration.

About the middle of December, when the storm raised by the Tolstoy "demonstrations" was beginning to subside, the universities were again thrown into a state of excitement by wholly unexpected news from northern Russia and Siberia. It came in the shape of telegrams to members of the Duma, and was to the effect that the Government had begun to flog political offenders in the convict prisons. Fifty-nine criminals of this class had been whipped by the prison executioner in Vologda, and six or eight more, including one well-known student, had been subjected to the same humiliating punishment at the East Siberian mine of Gorni Zerentui. Legally, political convicts and common criminal convicts stand on the same level, and one class is no more exempt from corporal punishment than the other; but in practice a distinction has always been made between them. Common criminals have been whipped, always and everywhere, but the flogging to death of Madame Sigida at the mines of Kara, in 1890, was the last attempt made to discipline politicals with the lash. They were often beaten, kicked, or clubbed with the butts of rifles, but they were never whipped with rods or the *plet*. The sudden subjection of sixty or seventy men to this hateful and disgraceful form of punishment seemed to indicate a radical change in the application of the Government's penal methods, and it profoundly shocked Russians of liberal opinions everywhere, and particularly in the universities and higher technical schools. The details of the floggings, moreover, were of such a nature as to intensify the general feeling of horror and indignation. The politicals at Vologda had been flogged because they refused to work on half rations (fasting allowances), while those at Gorni Zerentui had been whipped, by order of a new prison warden, because they would not rise and shout in unison, "We wish you health, your High Nobility," when he entered their *kameras*,[1] and because they declined to take any notice of him when he addressed them with the contemptuous *tee* (thou) instead of the courteous *vwee* (you). Of the men flogged or sentenced to be flogged at Gorni Zerentui, three took poison, which they had concealed for use in such a crisis, while three more opened veins in their arms with pieces of broken glass. One, a student named Sazonof, was reported dead, and the others were dying.

Such a tragedy as this naturally excited intense feeling in all parts of Russia, and particularly in St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Constitutional Democrats and Social Democrats immediately made urgent interpellations in the Duma, while the Government, without attempting to deny the essential facts, declared that discipline in the prisons must be maintained; that the politicals in Vologda and Gorni Zerentui had been insubordinate and defiant; and that in the latter place they had planned to escape by poisoning the prison officials with "thiocal," a drug which some of

[1] Large cells holding from ten to fifty prisoners.

them did actually have, but which was subsequently found to be perfectly harmless.

The publication of these details revived the excitement caused by the forcible repression of the Tolstoy "demonstrations;" and again the students in the universities, the women's educational courses, and the higher technical schools began to hold indoor meetings to protest, not only against the death penalty, but against the infliction of corporal punishment upon political offenders in the convict prisons. The Government thereupon directed the university councils to put a stop to these meetings and to expel the students actively engaged in organizing them. It was much easier, however, to order the meetings stopped than to stop them. The professors and councils warned the students, exhorted them, locked the doors of the assembly halls, and took such other measures of repression as seemed to them practicable; but all attempts to quiet the malcontents proved unavailing, and the Government finally resorted to forcible intervention. Strong detachments of police and gendarmes were sent into the universities to break up meetings, arrest speakers, get the names of insubordinate students, and prevent concerted or collective action in any form. This move of the administrative authorities, however, not only added fuel to the fire of dissatisfaction and insubordination, but changed the nature of the question at issue. The protest, up to this time, had been against the repressive measures taken by the Government after the death of Tolstoy and the flogging of political offenders in the convict prisons. Now it became a protest against the invasion of the universities by the police. In this form it was greatly intensified, late in December, by the shooting of a student named Iglitski during an attempt of the police to break up a meeting in the Novorossisk University of Odessa.

Before the middle of January, 1911, the students in most of the higher educational institutions of the Empire, from Warsaw to Tomsk, were practically in a state of revolt. Disorders were reported in the Polytechnic Institute, the Institute of Civil Engineers, the Technological Institute, the School of Mines, the School of Forestry, the Electro-Technical Institute, the Women's Normal School, the Women's School of Domestic Economy, the Women's Higher Educational Courses, the Women's Medical Institute, and the University of St. Petersburg; in the Agricultural Institute, the Institute of Surveyors, the Commercial Institute, the Women's Medical Training School, the Women's Higher Educational Courses, and the University of Moscow; in the Polytechnicum and University of Kiev; in the Technological Institute and University of Tomsk; and in the Universities of Warsaw, Odessa, and Kharkof. Everywhere the police, who were practically in control, attempted to prevent or break up meetings, and everywhere the students rebelled and resisted. Driven out of the halls and lecture-rooms, they crowded into the corridors, where one-minute speeches were made to them by speakers who concealed their faces with masks; and when they were attacked in the corridors, they resorted to "chemical obstruction," and made the air unbreathable by breaking on the floor glass bottles filled with liquids that gave off suffocating gases or vapors that irritated the eyes. Hundreds of arrests were made, and scores of students were expelled or exiled; but the resistance everywhere continued.

On January 24, 1911, the Council of Ministers issued an order which not only prohibited student meetings of any kind, in any place, and for any purpose, but formally deprived the universities of the autonomy which they had previously enjoyed under the "temporary rules" of September 9, 1905, and the Imperial ukase of June 24, 1907. In the opinion of the Government, the university councils had shown their inability, or their indisposition, to suppress disorders that were clearly revolutionary in character, and it had therefore become necessary to take away from them their administrative and disciplinary powers. The promulgation of this order was followed by the resignation of more than a hundred professors, including the rectors and pro-rectors of the Moscow University and the University of St. Petersburg, and by a general strike of the students in nearly all of the higher educational institutions of the Empire. How many students participated in this strike it is impossible to say, but probably not

less than thirty thousand. In the Moscow University alone there were more than ten thousand enrolled students, and nearly all of them declined to continue their studies under existing conditions.

In dealing with student disorders between the years 1885 and 1911 the Government made a practice of closing the universities temporarily, in order to give excitement time to subside; but this year it determined to keep them open and break up the strike by means of administrative terrorism. In pursuance of this policy it expelled three hundred and seventy-five students of the Technological Institute in Tomsk; fined or imprisoned four hundred and thirty-one students of the University in Kiev; exiled thirty-six students of the Novorossisk University in Odessa; and arrested, imprisoned, expelled, or banished hundreds of others in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, and Kharkof. At the same time it filled the universities and higher technical schools with police and gendarmes, and compelled the professors to give their lectures at scheduled hours without regard to the number of students who listened to them. In many of the class-rooms of St. Petersburg and Moscow a professor might be seen lecturing on history, geology, or jurisprudence to one student and a police officer. But many of the "faculties" were soon left without professors, as well as without students. Minister of Public Instruction Kasso admitted, in an interview published on the 16th of February, that there were one hundred and twelve professorial chairs vacant in the universities and higher technical schools, and that he did not know where to find men to put into them. Before the end of the month the number of vacant chairs increased to one hundred and fifty-three, and the professors who had left them represented the flower of Russian literary and scientific culture. In commenting upon this state of affairs Minister Kasso said that it would probably become necessary to educate young men for Russian professorial chairs in Germany and France, where they would not be influenced by the revolutionary spirit that seemed to pervade Russia, and he suggested Paris, Berlin, and Heidelberg as places where it might be expedient to establish special Russian schools for the education and training of a "politically trustworthy" class of instructors. This extraordinary suggestion, however, was ridiculed by the Russian liberal press on the ground that foreign training increased, rather than diminished, politically untrustworthy tendencies. The most liberal, as well as the most distinguished, of the Russian professors were men who had traveled or been educated abroad.

Although the Government by its repressive policy has alienated the best and ablest of its professors and forced twenty-five or thirty thousand students into open rebellion, it shows no disposition to yield or to modify its aggressive attitude. The police still govern all the higher educational institutions of the Empire, and in most of them the strike still continues. The question at issue now is not whether capital punishment should be abolished or whether political offenders should be flogged in the convict prisons, but whether or not Russian universities shall be arbitrarily governed by the police and insubordinate Russian students be sent to Siberia by "administrative process," without trial or hearing. In discussing student disorders in Paris, some years since, Prime Minister Clemenceau said: "It is impossible to enforce measures that students do not like and to impose upon them professors who are objectionable to them. An overwhelming majority of students are of age, and consequently are free citizens; and a university is not a barrack." Practically the same opinion was expressed twenty-five years ago by Associate Minister of the Interior Trepof, then the all-powerful head of the Russian police. At a meeting of the Council of Ministers held in St. Petersburg in August, 1885, for the purpose of considering the government of universities, General Trepof said: "The police should not, and hereafter will not, take repressive measures inside the walls of educational institutions The enforcement of such measures by the police does not remove the causes of disorder, but, on the contrary, brings about still greater disorder, not only in the particular school affected by them, but in the other educational institutions of the Empire. It creates, morever, and with reason, an excited state of public feeling. The university councils should have full power

to deal with students, and if they find it impossible to control them without the aid of the police they should be authorized to close, temporarily, universities where disorders occur." In this opinion Imperial Comptroller Schwanebach and Minister of Justice Manukhin coincided, and after further discussion it was unanimously agreed that the university laws of 1884 should be so changed as to place the government of all the higher educational institutions of the Empire in the hands of their professorial councils.

This action of the Council of Ministers in 1885 may serve as a measure of the present reaction. Premier Stolypin and his associates, in their university policy, have gone back to methods that were abandoned as unjust and inadequate more than a quarter of a century ago. The results are a crippled force of instructors, empty class-rooms, an army of rebellious students, and a general revival of revolutionary feeling, if not of revolutionary activity.

The eminent Russian surgeon Pirogof once said: "A university is a barometer which shows the state of the public mind. A wise man does not break the instrument, but learns from it what the weather is likely to be." The present Russian Government is breaking its barometers, because they point to "Stormy" instead of "Fair," and is scattering the pieces through sub-Arctic Russia and Siberia by "administrative process." But the broken fragments are neither lost nor annihilated. In far-away Archangel, Vologda, Tobolsk, Turukhansk, and Verkholensk, they still exist, and out of them the Angel of Wrath is making terrorists.

IN THE RAIN

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

IT was raining. It had begun to rain the afternoon before; it had rained all night, with the drizzling, sozzling kind of rain that indicated persistence. It had rained all the morning; it was obviously going to rain all day. The hollow beside the stone hitching-post, where the grocer's horse and the butcher's horse and the fishman's horse had stamped all through the drought, was now a pool of brown water, with the rain-drops making gooseflesh on it. There was another pond under the front gate, and another under the hammock; and the middle of the road, in the horse-rut, was a narrow brown brook. The tiger-lilies in the old stump were bending with their load of wetness, the phlox in the garden was weighed down till its white masses nearly touched earth. Indoors, when the wind lulled and the rain fell straighter, we could hear the drops tick-tick-ticking on the bark of the birch logs in the fireplace. This flue of the chimney is almost vertical, with a slant to the southward, and I have always liked the way it lets in samples of the weather—a patch of yellow sunshine on clear days, a blur of soft white light on gray ones, and on stormy ones flicks of rain to make the fire sputter, or, as on this particular day, to dampen our kindling if it has been laid ready to light.

The belated postman's buggy, with presumably a postman inside it somewhere behind the sheathing of black rubber, drove up, our mail-box grated open and shut, and the streaming horse sloshed on. Jonathan turned up his collar and dashed out to the box, and dashed in again, bringing with him a great gust of rainy sweetness and the smell of wet woolen.

"Jonathan," I said, "let's take a walk."

He was unfolding the damp newspaper carefully so as not to tear it. "What's that? Walk?"

"That's what I said."

He had his paper open by this time, and was glancing at the headlines. When a man is glancing at headlines, it is just as well to let him glance. I gave him fifteen minutes. Then I reopened the matter.

"Jonathan, I said walk."

"What's that?" His tone was vague. It was what I call his newspaper tone. It

suggests extreme remoteness, but tolerance, even benevolence, if he is let alone. He drifted slowly over to the window and made a pretense of looking out, but his eyes were still running down the columns. "My dear," he remarked, still in the same tone, "had you noticed that it is beginning to rain?"

"I noticed that yesterday afternoon, about three o'clock," I said.

"Oh, all right. I thought perhaps you hadn't."

"Well?" I waited.

"Well—" he hung fire while he finished the tail of an editorial. Then he threw down the paper. "Don't you think it's rather poor weather for walking?"

This was what I had been waiting for, and I responded glibly, "Some one has said there is no such thing as bad weather, there is only good clothes."

"Do you mean mine?" He grinned down at his farm regimentals.

"Well, then—"

"Why, of course, if you really mean it," he said, and added, as he looked out reflectively at the puddling road, "You'll get your hair wet."

"Hope so. Now, Jonathan, aren't you silly, really? Anybody would think we'd never been for a walk in the rain before in our lives. Perhaps you'd rather stay indoors and be a tabby-cat and keep dry."

"Who got the mail?"

"You did. But you wanted the paper—and you ran."

The fact was, as I very well knew, Jonathan really wanted to go, but he didn't want to start. When people really enjoy doing a thing, and mean to do it, and yet won't get going, something has to be done to get them going. That was why I spoke of tabby-cats.

Jonathan assumed an alert society tone. "I should enjoy a walk very much, thank you," he said; "the weather seems to me perfect. But," he added abruptly, "wear woolen; that white thing won't do."

"Of course!" I went off and made myself fit—woolen for warmth, though the day was not cold, a short khaki skirt that shed water, an old felt hat, and old shoes. Out we went into the drenched world. Whish! A gust of rain in my eyes half blinded me, and I ran under the big maples. I heard Jonathan chuckle. "I can't help it," I gasped; "I'll be wet enough in a few minutes, and then I sha'n't care." From the maples I made for the lee of the barn eaves, disturbing the hens who were sulking there. They stepped ostentatiously out into the rainy barn-yard with an air of pointedly *not* noticing me, but of knowing all the time whose fault it was. They weren't liking the weather, anyhow, the hens weren't, and showed it plainly in the wet, streaky droop of their feathers and the exasperated look in their red eyes.

"Those hens look as if they thought I could do something about it if I only would," I said to Jonathan as we passed them.

"Yes, they aren't a cordial crowd. Here, we'll show them how to take weather!" We were passing under an apple tree; Jonathan seized a drooping bough, and a sheet of water shook itself out on our shoulders. I gasped and ducked, and a hen who stood too near scuttered off with low cluckings of indignation.

"Now you're really wet, you can enjoy yourself," said Jonathan; and there was something in it, though I was loth to admit it at the moment. A moment before I had felt rather appalled at the sight of the rain-swept lane; now I hastened on recklessly.

"I think," said Jonathan, "it's the back of my neck that counts. After that's wet I don't care what happens."

"Yes," I agreed, "that's a stronghold. But I think with me it's my shoulders." It did not really matter which it was—neck and shoulders both were wet, back, arms, everything. We tramped down across the hollow, over the brook, whose flood was backing up into the swamp on each side. I paused to look off across the huckleberry hillside beyond.

"How the rain changes everything!" I said. All the colors had freshened and darkened, and the blur of the rain softened the picture and "brought it together," as the painters say.

"Well," said Jonathan, "woods or open?"

"Which is the wettest?"

"Woods."

"Then woods." And we plunged in under the big chestnuts, through a mass of witch-hazel and birch.

Jonathan was quite right. Woods

were the wettest. One can hardly fancy anything quite so wet. Solid water, like a river, is not comparable, because it is all in one lump; you know where it is, and you can get out of it when you want to. But here in the woods the water was everywhere, ready to hurl itself upon us, from above, from beside us, from below. Every step, every motion, drew upon us drenching showers of great drops that had been hanging heavily in the leaves ready to break away at a touch. Little streamlets of water ran from the drooping edges of my hat and from my chin, water dashed in my eyes and I blinked it out. Jonathan, pausing to hold back a dripping spray of blackberry, heavy with fruit, remarked, "Aren't you getting a little damp?"

"I wonder if I am!" I answered joyously, and plunged on into the next thicket.

There is as much exhilaration in being out in a big rain and getting really rained through, as there is in being out in surf. It has nothing in common with the sensations that arise when, umbrellaed and mackintoshed and rubber-overshoed, we pick our way gingerly along the street, wondering how much we can keep dry, hoping everything is "up" all round, wishing the wind wouldn't keep changing and blowing the umbrella so, and fancying how we shall look when we "get there." But when you don't care—when you want to get wet, and do—there is a physical glow that is delightful, a sense of being washed through and through, of losing one's identity almost, and being washed away into the great swirl of nature where one doesn't count much, but is glad to be taken in as a part. I fancy this is true with any of the elements—earth, air, water. The tale of Antæus was no mere legend; there is real strength for us in close contact with the earth. There is a purifying and uplifting potency in the winds, a potency in the waters—ocean and river and great rain. Our civilization has dealt with all these so successfully that we are apt to think of them as docile servants, or perhaps as petty annoyances, and we lose the sense of their power unless we deliberately go out to meet them in their own domain and let them have their way with us. Then, indeed, they sweep us out of ourselves for a season, and that is good.

We came out from the thickets on a high, brushy field, sheeted in fine rain that dimmed even the near wood-edges. Blackberries grew thick, and we made our way carefully among the briers, following the narrow and devious cow-paths. Suddenly we both stopped. Just ahead of us, under a blackberry bush, was a huge snapping-turtle. He was standing on his hind legs, with his fore legs resting on a branch loaded with fruit, his narrow dark head stretched far up and out, while he quietly ate berry after berry. He was a handsome fellow, with his big black shell all brilliant in the wetness of the rain. As he worked we could see his under side, and notice how it shaded to yellow along the sutures. It was a scene of contentment, and the berries, dripping with fresh raindrops, looked luscious indeed as he feasted.

We stood and watched him for a while, and I got an entirely new idea of turtles. Turtles usually have too much reserve, too much self-consciousness, too little *abandon*, and I had never seen one so "come out of himself," literally and figuratively, as this fellow did. It made me want to follow up the acquaintance, this happy chance of finding him, so to speak, in his cups, but I repressed the desire, feeling that he might not share it, and we carefully backed away and went around by another path so as not to disturb the reveler. He never knew how much pleasure he had given as well as received.

Into the woods again—"Look out!" said Jonathan. "Don't step on the lizards!" He stooped and picked up one, which struck an attitude among his dripping fingers—sleek back a little arched, legs in odd, uncouth positions, tail set stiffly in a queer curve. They are brilliant little creatures, with their clear orange-red coats, scarlet-spotted, like a trout.

"Pretty little chap, isn't he?" said Jonathan.

"Stylish," I said, "but foolish. They never do anything, that I can see, except attitudinize."

"But they do a great deal of that," said Jonathan, as he set him gently down.

"Come on," I said; "I can't stand here being sentimental over your pets. It's raining."

"Oh, if you'd like to *go*—" said Jonathan, and set a pace. I followed hard, and we raced down through the empty woods, sliding over the great wet rocks, rolling over black fallen tree-trunks, our feet sinking noiselessly in the soft leaf-mold of the forest floor. Out again, and through the edge of a corn-field where the broad, wavy ribbon-leaves squeaked as we thrust them aside, as only corn leaves can squeak. If we had not been wet already, this would have finished us. There is nothing any wetter than a wet corn-field.

On over the open pastures, with a grassy swamp at the bottom. We tramped carelessly through it, not even looking for tussocks, and the water sucked merrily in and out of our shoes. Into brush once more—thick hazel and scrub-oak; then down a slope, and we were in the hemlock ravine—a wonderful bit of tall woods, dark-shadowed, solemn, hardly changed by the rain, only perhaps a thought darker and stiller, with deeper blue depths of hazy distance between the straight black trunks. At the bottom a brook with dark pools lying beneath mossy rock ledges, or swirling under great hemlock roots, little waterfalls, and shallow rapids over smooth-worn rock faces. It is a wonderful place, a place for a German fairy-tale.

The woods were empty—in a sense, yes. Except for the lizards, the animals run to cover during the rain; woodchucks, rabbits, squirrels, are tucked away somewhere out of sight and sound. Bird notes are hushed; the birds, lurking close-reefed under the lee of the big branches or the heavy foliage, or at the heart of the cedar trees, make no sign as we pass.

Empty, yet not lonely. When the sun is out and the sky is high and bright, one feels that the world is a large place, belonging to many creatures. But when the sky shuts down and the world is close-wrapped in rain and drifting mist, it seems to grow smaller and more intimate. Instead of feeling the multitudinousness of the life of woods and fields, one feels its unity. We are brought together in the bonds of the rain—we and all the hidden creatures—we seem all in one room together.

Thus swept into the unity of a dominating mood, the woods sometimes gain a voice of their own. I heard it first on a stormy night when I was walking along the wood-road to meet Jonathan. It was a night of wind and rain and blackness—blackness so dense that it seemed a real thing, pressing against my eyes, so complete that at the fork in the roads I had to feel with my hand for the wheel-ruts in order to choose the right one. As I grew accustomed to the swish of the rain in my face and the hoarse breath of the wind about my ears I became aware of another sound—a background of tone. I thought at first it was a child calling, but no, it was not that; it was not a call, but a song; and not that either—it was more like many voices, high but not shrill, and very far away, softly intoning. It was neither sad nor joyous; it suggested dreamy, reiterant thoughts; it was not music, but the memory of music. If one listened too keenly, it was gone, like a faint star which can be glimpsed only if one looks a little away from it.

As I had listened that night I began to wonder if it was all my own fancy, and when I met Jonathan I made him stop. "Wait a minute," I begged him, "and listen."

"I hear it. Come on," he had said. Supper was in his thoughts.

"What do you hear?"

"Just what you do."

"What's that?" I had persisted, as we fumbled our way along.

"Voices—I don't know what you'd call it—the woods. It often sounds like that in a big rain."

Jonathan's matter-of-factness had rather pleased me. "I thought it might be my imagination. I'm glad it wasn't," I said.

"Perhaps it's both our imaginations," he suggested.

"No. We both do lots of imagining, but it never overlaps. When it does, it shows it's so." Perhaps I was not very clear, but he seemed to understand.

Since then I have heard it now and again, this singing of the rain-swept woods, not often, for it is a capricious thing; or perhaps I ought rather to say I do not understand the manner of its uprising. Rain alone will not bring it to pass, wind alone will not, and sometimes even when they are importuned by wind and rain together the woods are silent. Perhaps, too, it is not every stretch of woods that can sing,

or at all seasons. In winter they can whistle, and sigh, and creak, but I am sure that when I have heard these singing voices they have always had their full leafage. But however it comes about, I am glad of the times that I have heard it. And whenever I read tales of the Wild Huntsman and all his kind, there come into my mind as an interpreting background memories of wonderful black nights and storm-ridden woods swept by overtones of distant and elusive sound.

We did not hear the woods sing that day. Perhaps there was not wind enough, or perhaps the woods on the "home piece" are not big enough, for it chances that I have never heard the sound there.

As we came up the lane at dusk we saw the glimmer of the house lights.

"Doesn't that look good?" I said to Jonathan. "And won't it be good when we are all dry and in front of the fire and you have your pipe and I'm making toast?"

I am perfectly sure that Jonathan agreed with me, but what he said was, "I thought you came out for pleasure."

"Well, can't I come home for pleasure too?" I asked.

MAX REGER AND THE CLASSICAL REACTION

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

ONLY the other day I first began to suspect that the epoch-making event which many of us have long awaited was actually beginning to occur. It was Max Reger who unstopped my heedless ears.

For some time I had been interested in his music, especially in the orchestral "Prologue to a Tragedy," which seemed to combine an extremely modern development of instrumentation and harmony with a feeling for the unities quite foreign to his French contemporaries, an actual gift of real melody and a command of polyphony unsurpassed in our day.

Recently Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, the sightless tenor, had come home fresh from a visit to Reger's home and had sung me full of the German's extraordinary songs, bringing out the fact that Reger—like his great master, Bach—is a humorist of no mean ability, as when he analyzes woman in the psychological song, "Schmeichelkätzchen," or depicts the whining of little Liza in the prelude to the "Strampelchen." Mr. Heinrich had had many amiable wrangles with Reger about modern tendencies in music, and had been obliged to champion his friend Debussy against the other's attacks.

The gist of their argument is interesting, despite the fact that Reger is no more a philosopher than creative artists generally are. Reger called Debussy an invertebrate, and accused him of throwing form to the winds. Mr. Heinrich very properly contended that the Frenchman had merely made new forms for himself. "*Ach*," cried Reger, springing to his feet, "*zu diesen Tagen gibt's überhaupt kein Form mehr!*" ("Alas, nowadays there isn't any more form, anyhow!") Then he spoke of himself as fighting single-handed in the rôle of champion of form in modern music, and contended that he had succeeded in making the old bottles hold his new wine.

Now all this is rather significant—although Reger is, of course, as far wrong in his estimate of himself as of Debussy. For we know that Reger's bottles are at least half composed of brand-new glass; and we all know, or pretend to, that radicals like Debussy are always inventing for themselves genuine new forms—although this confidence of ours occasionally grows a bit shaky and we feel inclined to paraphrase Browning's word to old Galuppi:

"The form, doubtless, is immortal—where a form can be discerned."

One day not long after the conversation

with Mr. Heinrich a level-headed editor began talking of Reger with the utmost enthusiasm. "Have you heard the new E flat quartet?" he asked me. "No? Then go and hear it the first chance you have. The Kneisels played it last night, and simply revolutionized my idea of Reger. I had thought of him as heavy, with the heaviness of dark German beer; subtle, but with the gnarled, unglamourous involution of the higher geometry—simply a musical mathematician gone to seed, and without much emotion or sense of beauty." (This, by the by, is the way editors often talk.) "Well, this new work changes everything. It's the only thing on last night's programme that I could stand hearing over half a dozen times in succession. Why, it's the sort of music that will wear like armor-plate!"

The other pieces on that programme, as I learned with astonishment, had been a ripe quartet of Beethoven and the Schumann quintet. At once I was seized with an urgent desire to hear this revolutionary work.

The following day I spent an hour over the score of it with Mr. Kneisel, marveling as he pointed out the polyphonic skill which had made the four parts so independent; at the uniqueness of the *scherzo*, a form which Reger best knows how to make completely his own; at the sensuous wonder and sonority of the *larghetto*, written in the most effective register of each instrument; and the imposing architecture of the closing fugue, whose dizzying technic, however, seemed no more to hamper Reger's fresh spontaneity than if it were the mistiest improvisation of a super-Frenchman. In Mr. Kneisel's opinion the *larghetto* is among the most beautiful and effective passages in the literature of chamber music. "There is no other quartet movement that so sounds out to the audience," he declared, in the distinctive phraseology of the musician.

Before I left the house Mr. Kneisel had promised me a special private performance of the work, and in the event he was even better than his word. Meanwhile I let slip no opportunity of hearing more of Reger's orchestral and chamber music, or of gathering some idea of the man himself from those who knew him.

Mr. Theodore Spiering (the concert-master of the Philharmonic Society, who has of late been filling Mr. Mahler's shoes so amply) was good enough to play me the first of the eleven sonatas for violin unaccompanied—works comparable alone to the suites with which Bach founded the modern school of violin-playing, but which the original Reger has made scarcely reminiscent of their old progenitor.

Mr. Spiering had recently seen much of the composer in Germany and Switzerland, and described him as a tall man who looked even heavier than his more than two hundred pounds, with big, rough-hewn features and shoulders bowed as if from much stooping over a desk. Coming from such a massive figure, his voice seems rather light in quality. He speaks rapidly and with as few "rests" as any part in one of his fully scored quartets. With mouth or music-pen he can express himself with equal facility. His bolts of repartee are hair-triggered. As Mr. Spiering put it, "He seems to be forever effervescing." His wit is of the bright, sparkling, French variety and is rather too apt—as indeed his choice of song lyrics indicates—to verge on the salacious. This tendency, taken with his love of convivial-ity, seems to show how he tries to balance the austere erudition of much of his writing.

It is curious to observe how often this need for a counterpoise makes an artist in his hours of leisure personally quite different from the character of his art. Mr. Heinrich, after visiting both Reger and his great French contemporary and gauging them with the delicate perceptions of the blind, declared that Reger, the married man, the most Teutonic composer of the day, seemed more like a light-hearted French bachelor, while Debussy was close to the normal type of German family man.

Mr. Kneisel did not forget his promise. One morning his voice came over the telephone announcing that he had put the E flat on his programme at Newark the following evening, and inviting me to go with the quartet.

On the train it developed that two of the four artists knew Reger personally. Behind the scenes, in the intervals of warming up their instruments, they told me of his humor and his eccentricities and

of his singular, velvety, cat-like touch, which can arouse the cut-and-dried piano tone into surprising fullness of life. And they told me what a dare-devil he was in his art, composing far too fast and carelessly and relying too much on the astounding technical facility which allows him to vault into any musical saddle and feel at home from the first plunge. The sense of the meeting seemed to be that, significant figure as he already is, he will be a great deal more significant once he has outlived his wild musical adolescence.

The Reger quartet came first on the programme. If the opening movement held more with the restless tone of the contemporary Frenchmen, and the unique, scudding, soaring *scherzo* foreshadowed the aviation music of the future, the last two movements, for all their modernity, owed unashamed allegiance to the mighty past.

When, a year before, I had heard Elgar's new symphony, I had felt that the long-looked-for event was close at hand. But when, in that Newark hall, there sounded the calm depths, the melodic beauty and formal clarity of the Reger *larghetto*, and then the fugue with its massive grandeur, deepening toward the end into the impressive authority of a very Bach, and when I saw how perfectly these harmonized with the Beethoven that followed, and with what equal pleasure both the new and the old were received, I began to wonder whether the long-drawn-out movement of nineteenth-century romanticism were not even now turning, and beginning to swing, though almost imperceptibly, towards the new classicism.

For if history can tell us anything about the future, it shows that the times have long been ripening for this event.

Art swings forever like a slow pendulum between romanticism and classicism; only this pendulum is not fixed, like others, in one spot, but is carried slowly along the path of progress so that its shadow keeps zigzagging from side to side.

Now romanticism and classicism are purely technical and relative terms, and should not be confused either with romance or the classics. They represent in the sphere of art those two correlative world tendencies which historians call radicalism and conservatism, except that the sting must be extracted from both of these terms before they can safely be used in talking about beautiful things. Romanticism lays more stress on the emotional, classicism on the intellectual. The one is more engrossed with the expression of subjective feeling; the other, with the more formal and objective. In a word, romanticism enriches, classicism clarifies.

I know of no clearer description of the workings of the law of periodicity in art than the one Mason gives in "From Grieg to Brahms:" "For a while it [art] develops its power of synthesis until it is able to present a few simple factors of effect in clear, salient unity. This is what is called a period of classicism. Then, dissatisfied with its attainment, desiring a richer reflection of the great whirl of experience, it reaches out after novel effects; its vision is for a while more extended than clear, and, presenting many effects which it cannot yet unify, it becomes brilliant, suggestive, fragmentary, turgid, inchoate. There has been a sacrifice of the old simple clarity for a richer chaos, or, in the trite terminology, a romantic movement. Now, however, technical skill and synthetic power of thought again advance, and a new and complexer order supervenes on the temporary confusion. Unity of effect is regained, art is classic once more (but with increased wealth of meaning), and the time is ripe for another burst of romanticism."

The romanticist is the child who finds the house stuffy and runs out to romp on the sunny beach and wanders far, having all kinds of strange and wonderful experiences, until he falls into a quicksand. And the classicist is his learned father, the renowned professor, who pulls the lad out and carries him home to bed. Thereupon he empties the little pockets and discovers—among the bits of kelp and sea-urchins and curious pebbles and shreds of jellyfish—three or four absolutely new and priceless specimens to add to his incomparable but somewhat dusty shell collection. It is exactly the impulse he needs, and he gets out the feather duster and sets to work with renewed enthusiasm.

It is good to realize that these two are quite necessary to one another. For, if the man steadies and saves the lad, the lad brightens the man up and makes his life very rich.

"If there be no romantic movement," Mason goes on to explain, "there is stagnation, pedantry, academicism; if there be no classical period of assimilation, we have vagueness and turgidity, qualities even more fatal, since . . . the justification of art is its power to clarify."

Now it is perfectly easy to make out the separate oscillations of the huge pendulum if only one can get centuries enough away for an adequate view. In an ancient art like architecture, for example, one sees clearly how art swung from the classical Romanesque to the romantic Gothic, back to the classical Renaissance, and forth in due time to the romantic *baroque*, to give a last *rococo* jerk in the same direction before the classical Empire reaction, and so on.

When we pass, however, to the young art of music, it is not so easy to see in a large way. Our noses are almost too close to the wet paint to allow us a clear view of the picture. But we can discern this, at least, that the present romantic movement, inaugurated by Weber and Schumann, and now almost a century old, has for some time shown symptoms of a rather too ripe age. Classical periods sicken for their end in pedantry and desiccation. But the beginnings of the end of musical romanticism are heralded by chaotic vagueness, intellectual flabbiness, the habit of musical paradox whose Shavian motto is, "Anything for a rise!"—a restless straining after novelty for its own sake. There is one other symptom, and this is common to both movements in their extreme stages; it is the absence of original melody, which is the very vital principle of the art. All else in music—form, harmony, counterpoint, instrumentation—may be laboriously acquired. Melody can never be acquired. The melodist, like the poet, is born, not made.

Now, in thus describing the inevitable symptoms of the decay of a romantic period, have we not been describing the chief faults of those brilliant, suggestive, daring, exciting, dazzling leaders of the musical world to-day—Debussy and Strauss? These engaging figures are busily gathering many rare shells for the great collection. But how long are we to go on depending upon them? It is rather as though little Johnny, the sunbeam of the family, should be given entire charge of the household. The establishment would soon get into the most unsatisfactory state.

Without for one moment wishing to speak of one art in terms of another, I would like to call attention to a curious parallelism between the period of musical romanticism now ending and the *baroque* period in architecture and design. Both were given their initial impetus by a giant of the previous classical period in his struggles for greater freedom of emotional expression—Michelangelo on the one hand, Beethoven on the other. When this impetus was spent, the *baroque*, instead of swinging back to classicism, was pushed on by the influence of Louis XV almost *ad absurdum* into the more violent romanticism of the *rococo*—that architecture of ornament which was so vague and unconstructural that it scarcely merits the name of architecture. Likewise, when musical romanticism had run its course from Weber to Berlioz and Liszt, and seemed almost ready for the return journey, Wagner appeared and gave it a mighty fillip in the same direction. I have even wondered sometimes whether the long and bitter opposition to Wagner's innovations was not due in part to a sort of blind intuition in the souls of his opponents that he was reversing the natural order of events by the sheer power of his personal genius, and that such a thing was not quite healthy. At any rate, Wagner brought it about that Brahms, who would have been the natural leader of the classical reaction, became like a man born out of due time. If he had come a generation later, he would be the leader to-day and not Reger. As it was, his clarifying influence only prolonged the romantic period by delaying its culmination.

But, because it is wrong, even in the light of a great common law, to set up hard and fast analogies between two different arts, I would not for the world call the works of current romanticism "our *rococo* music." But I feel, all the same, that Debussy and Strauss have in their art pushed romanticism quite as far as ever the architects of Louis XV did in theirs. And it was surely a curious coincidence that Mr. Gustav Mahler should himself have mentioned the *rococo*, in speaking to

me of Debussy, before I had broached the idea of this paper.

"Debussy!" said he, with one of his quick, conductor's gestures, "ah, Debussy is a man who has a genuine abhorrence of the large. Show him Chimborazo, and he will cry: 'Take it away! That's nothing!' Show him, however, a small *rococo* statuette in Dresden china, and that will just please him."

Mr. Mahler's words must, of course, be discounted by the fact that he is a creative artist in a large way, and stands perhaps next to Reger in Germany as a leading classical spirit. But it is none the less interesting to know that he thinks the modern romanticists have gone very far afield in their search for musical riches, and have even wandered beyond the pale of their art. "Now, Debussy," said he, "is more of an impressionist painter and Strauss is more of a literary man, while Reger and I—we are more strictly musical." As he spoke he rested his elbow on a score of his "Fifth Symphony," which was clad, I noticed, in the stately Peters Edition. "We are the modern classicists, but that does not mean that we go back to write in the old forms. Why, if any one had written a symphony in this form a hundred years ago"—he brought his hand down slap on the green score—"they'd have thrown him right out. Do you realize that Beethoven invented different forms for his different symphonies as he went on, and that the 'Ninth' belonged already when he wrote it to the music of the far-distant future? Ah, no, a classical reaction never goes back to the old forms. Even when art seems to be going around in a circle it is but *Schein*—illusion. Art is really rolling around in an upward spiral. For what seem to be the old classical forms are in reality the new classical forms, only they are on the next round above. They are actually as much higher than the romanticism they supplant as that romanticism is higher than the former classicism."

Now let us for a moment suppose that the classical reaction has not yet really begun. When it comes, what will its leaders in all probability be like? History prophesies that they will express themselves in stricter, simpler forms and more coherently than the romanticists; that they will have the authentic gift of melody; that their technic will be far better assimilated and subordinated to its proper place as a mere means of self-expression.

When we come to think of it, is not Reger such a person? To my mind he is. And each year he is growing to be a more typical classicist. Whether we realize it or not, the new classicism is in the air to-day. Musicians and music lovers in every land are beginning to revolt from the current excesses of musical mysticism. They are beginning to creep along up towards the other side of Mr. Mahler's spiral.

Certainly it will be many years before this movement can assume the popular importance and influence that romanticism has to-day. But even now there is a steadily growing list of established composers who have come into the divine birthright of melody and are remolding the grand old shattered forms "nearer to the heart's desire." Intellect and masculinity are coming back into their own.

But the best criterion of the future is the rising generation. And, to my mind, it is very significant to see promising young composers, like von Gaertner and Stock, Grasse and Palmer, Hadley and Wathall—to mention only a few American names—writing symphonies and chamber music full of the spirit of the neo-classicism.

And one remembers that Reger, the leader, is barely thirty-eight. It seems hardly credible that so young a man could have qualified as leader by his amazing mastery of strict form and by, at the same time, assimilating faster than any other the rich spoils of the ultra-romanticists.

The situation seems to be this: Debussy and Strauss are fast disappearing into the quicksand. To them enter Reger with his large Teutonic hand outstretched. At this moment he is busy turning the last one of those pockets inside out and is battening on the contents. His digestion, it may be remarked, rivals that of the ostrich.

That the public is ready to meet the classical reaction half-way is indicated by such things as the astonishing success of the three-day Reger Festival at Dortmund last May, and by the fact that Reger was the chief figure at the Zurich festival of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein in the same month. Indeed, this movement

has been so long delayed that the popular taste even seems to have anticipated it, as witness the multiplication of Bach festivals in different parts of the world of late, and the ever-growing interest in Beethoven and Brahms, who were never before so popular as at the present moment.

This tendency is quite in harmony with the reaction from impressionism in painting, and in literature from the rich, romantic chaos of Walt Whitman (but the literary reaction needs a separate essay), and with that yearning for the sane, simple, clear-cut joys of country life which is coming over the sophisticated, bedazed minds of our city dwellers.

A number of my friends agree with me that the neo-classical movement in music can be said to have already begun. Whether it actually has or not, I do not care a fig; for it is bound to come before very long. But what I do care about very much indeed is to have learned the wisdom of catholicity in judging the beautiful, and the utter foolishness of hostility toward any great movement in art.

It is such a comfortable thing to know that romanticism and classicism need each other like man and woman, like body and soul, and that art needs both if that great system of variety in unity is to keep alive.

To one who used to look with a jaundiced eye on the wraithlike Debussy hovering amid his strangled melodies, it is like a draught of cordial to realize that the full value of to-day's romanticists will appear only when the coming classicists have performed their rigorous, selective work of pocket-picking.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

GUESSWORK HISTORY

An English poet, Dryden, enthusiastically told the world some centuries ago that

"Not Heaven itself upon the Past has power."

But we have changed all that. In his long "review and impression" of my good old friend John Brown, whom neither he nor his guesswork historian, Mr. Villard, ever knew —an impression more than a review—Dr. Abbott has shown that from an Outlook far enough off the past can be made to change its character. The future, of course, has always been at the mercy of able editors, who can predict as freely as any Hebrew prophet. In that combination of past and future which constitutes the *grand peut-être* or impossible might-have-been Mr. Villard excels. For example, he informs us as follows:

> It is idle to assert that Kansas never would have been free had it not weltered in blood in 1856; if the Sharp's rifle policy had not been followed. Climate and soil fought in Kansas on the side of the Free State men. The familiar slave crops never could have been raised in Kansas, with its bleak winters. Moreover, the South was never a colonizing section.

Having been alive and observant at the date mentioned by our guesswork historian, and sharing with Abraham Lincoln and Senator Atchison the knowledge that Kansas in 1855–6 was not only attractive to slaveholders, with their human property, but actually had among its few inhabitants about one in every forty residing there as a slave, I wrote making inquiries to a friend who has lived for more than thirty years, sometimes in Missouri and sometimes in Kansas, where he now is. He writes me:

> Slavery had a much more vigorous growth in Missouri north of the river than in its southern part. . . . The heavy slave counties of Missouri were along the Missouri River, in latitude about equal to central Kansas, and the climate of Kansas has always been more salubrious and milder than that of Missouri. Our State does now, and always did, produce well two crops believed profitable for slave labor—tobacco and hemp. Southern Kansas raises splendid cotton. Any crop raised in Kentucky (where I was born) or Missouri can be raised equally well in Kansas. In the thirty years I have lived in Kansas I have seen but three cold winters. The soil-and-climate theory was originated as an excuse for the pro-slavery party when it was found that slavery was beaten here by the Free State men; it was propagated industriously by G. W. Brown, but never fooled any genuine Free State Kansan.

It certainly did not deceive Atchison, who in 1855 wrote to Amos Lawrence (April 15, 1855): "Let me suggest that you purchase $90,000 worth of negroes, come out to Kansas, feed and clothe your slaves well, give them employment, cover the prairies with wheat, hemp, and corn, feed your cattle on a thousand hills, assist your poor neighbor, and you will do more good for your race, white and black, than you are doing or can do in Boston."

Nor did it deceive Lincoln, who wrote in December, 1859: "Senator Douglas says, whoever wants slavery has a right to have it; that whether the people will have it or not is simply a question of dollars and cents; that the Almighty has drawn a line across the continent, on one side of which the soil must be cultivated by slave labor." And Lincoln then proceeded, with his exact logic (in which neither Dr. Abbott nor Mr. Villard has imitated him), to show that slavery is not an economic question merely, but is a moral wrong, and can be kept out of our territory only by positive law, as it is now

kept out by Lincoln's emancipation decree, enforced by Act of Congress.

As for the colonization of slave territory by the South, how does our guesswork historian, a prophet of the might-have-been, suppose Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, and even Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, became infested with slavery, if not in their colonization by slaveholders from Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas? Northern emigrants did not carry slavery there, though they often adopted it as a question of dollars and cents; but the colonization by slaves was an exclusively Southern act, and the most familiar and universal slave crop was slaves, born and bred in Virginia and other Eastern States, and colonized, by sale and migration, in the newer States.

Dr. Abbott praises the impartiality of Mr. Villard; in this case it must have been the impartiality of ignorance; for every contemporary of John Brown and Lincoln, the two immortal martyrs of emancipation, knew the facts to be otherwise. Dr. Abbott does not adopt this guesswork; indeed, he does not seem to have read his author with much care. Mr. Villard says Brown went to Europe in 1849 (which is true); Dr. Abbott says in 1851. Mr. Villard puts his convention of 1858 at St. Catherine's in Canada; Dr. Abbott at Charlestown in West Virginia. Dr. Abbott says that Brown belonged to that class of Abolitionists who called the Constitution "an agreement with hell"—namely, the Garrisonians—while Mr. Villard, a grandson of Garrison, expressly excludes him from that class, and says he contemned and despised them. The latter statement belongs to the inferential or guesswork part of his big book, but he was certainly right in saying that Brown was not a Garrisonian.

When two witnesses agree in disparaging a hero and martyr, they ought to get together before testifying in public and agree what specifics of defamation they will swear to; otherwise they contradict each other, as in this case. They agree in calling the Pottawatomie execution a "murder;" it was, in fact, an act of war, and should be called a surprise.

That the condition of things in Kansas from December, 1855, to January, 1859, was a condition of civil war, intermittent, yet persistent, is well known to me and to every person then living who took the trouble to ascertain the facts. Exaggeration prevailed, as in all wars—there were summer campaigns and winter campaigns, and certain districts would be quiet when others were violently disturbed. Now, more than half a century later, partisan exaggeration still continues, to which is added the bias of long-cherished personal hatred and jealousy of reputation. Persons animated by these passions and by long-abiding prejudice have offered and paid money to have their own characters written up or those of their opponents written down. This was the case with several of those persons whom Dr. Abbott cites as authority. Nobody familiar with facts at the time they occurred as events would believe the testimony of Charles Robinson or G. W. Brown, unsupported by others; and for the good reason that they have told different and conflicting stories about the same events. Mr. Villard cites the testimony of all sorts of persons, good witnesses and bad, swift witnesses and slow, and prints a great deal which is evidence and a great deal which is not. He does not seem capable of drawing sound inferences from his own collection of testimony, and has evidently had little experience in the sifting of testimony. An old Kansas resident (better acquainted with the facts of the war of 1856, and the hundreds of witnesses, living or dead, on both sides, whom he personally knows and has questioned, than any other man known to me, now living) has written me this:

> In Mr. Villard's book (I do not pretend to quote its language) it is stated that no difference whatever existed between the actions of the border ruffians and of the Free State people; that both robbed and murdered indiscriminately. But he proceeds to contradict this, when the Pottawatomie affair is in question—intimating that the cause of the Free State people was without a blur till that particular matter. He is clearly refuted by the report of the claims commissioners, to which he loves to refer. It shows a total of Free State losses (approved) of $335,779.04, and of the losses of pro-slavery people amounting to but $77,198.99—less than a quarter part. Much of his reference matter quoted proves (if it proves anything) exactly the reverse of what he cites it to prove. The Free State party was composed of people with all shades of political belief, having in common only the anti-slavery principle; when that triumphed, each man reverted to his former proclivities, and bickering and jealousies divided all councils.

The best men in Kansas almost invariably justified Brown's executions at Dutch Henry's, as Brown always justified them for their effect. Nor did he ever deny his responsibility for them. Others denied his presence there, but he admitted it to his son Jason, to Captain Walker, to his neighbor Coleman, and to others.

I have lived many years and have known many men—authors and rhetoricians, as well as men of religion and of affairs—occasionally a hero also. Brown was of that rare class which the world sooner or later acknowledges as heroes; a peer of Leonidas, Joan of Arc, Cromwell, Garibaldi, and Toussaint L'Ouverture. He was recognized as a hero by Victor Hugo, by Garibaldi, by Emerson, Phillips, Parker, Garrison, Thoreau, Higginson, and many others, who knew him and could read with ease the outlines of his simple and grand character. Had he slain twenty times as many as perished under his orders—which I think was less than fifty—he would have none the less been saluted as a hero, as he was by the million men in arms who followed his lead in the abolition of slavery by force. I suppose that Joan of Arc caused the death of more than a thousand before she sacrificed her own life; and she is now canonized as a saint, after being insulted for centuries by

the jeers of authors as great as Shakespeare and Voltaire. What those two could not do for the Maid of Orleans, neither Villard nor Abbott can do for John Brown; and all true friends of theirs must be sorry, as I am, to see them try. I have watched the course of emotions in the ambitious nature of Mr. Garrison's grandson; and as he guesses at motives in other men, whether he knew them or not, I may be allowed the same liberty of guessing at his motives—since I do know him. Being a partisan journalist (not a good training for impartial history), he set out to contradict much of the current belief about Brown. He denied Brown's descent from the Mayflower company, in the face of the family record of the second and third Peter Brown; he represented John Brown as a restless, dissatisfied wanderer from place to place, which was no more and no less true of him than of St. Paul, of King Alfred, of Columbus, of Franklin, and of Brown's friend Dr. Howe, against whom Mr. Villard has a special grudge. He tries the theory that Brown was insane (as Dr. Abbott also does), and cannot quite settle it in his own mind, for the quite obvious reason that he does not know what true insanity is. He guesses at Brown's character in the mass, and, of course, guesses wrong; but, overcome at last by the dignity and romantic heroism of Brown's nature, Mr. Villard throws aside his contradictions, and acclaims him as an inspiring champion of liberty against oppression. May Dr. Abbott do the like!

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, Massachusetts.

THE SCIENTIFIC WAY IN BUSINESS

In my travels through the Middle West during the past month there has been brought to my attention, in several lines of trade, the contest between the man who knows the cost of doing business and the man who bases his prices on guesswork or slipshod calculations. Many of the concerns which have adopted cost accounting systems during the past few years have been surprised at the serious mistakes they have made in past years, and admit that only the high average margin of profit which formerly prevailed protected them against loss. With the narrowing margin of profit they feel that cost accounting is a necessary insurance against doing business at a loss, in spite of the extra charge which the institution involves. These people point out, too, that their cost accounting systems give them absolute knowledge that many of their competitors are losing money, and must sooner or later be wiped out if they persist in their methods. There is no complaint that there is not sufficient business for these competitors, nor have I found in any case an expression of satisfaction that the competition in question was destroying itself. On the other hand, the complaint is of the demoralization which is caused by the concerns which sell below cost, and in many cases the "man who knows the cost" has made a sincere, public-spirited, and, to him, expensive effort to show his competitors the folly of their methods. In this connection two characteristic conditions are to be found. The "man who knows the cost" is inevitably with the growing, and in many cases the large, concern.

Some of the small concerns now losing money because of failure to know the cost will be forced into different methods by their own circumstances, but it stands to reason that most of them must go down. It follows that the big man will be richer, stronger, and his position more unassailable by the future little man. And if this condition prevails in nearly every line of trade, as I believe it does, we have the situation of ever-increasing wealth on one hand and increasing poverty on the other. The rich will increase in numbers, and so will the poor.

I meet both the progressive manufacturer and dealer and the ignorant and unprogressive. The progressive manufacturers tell of the conditions which I have outlined among the classes with which they deal, and other traveling men tell me much the same things of their line of trade. I find, and the stories that are told me bear out the assertion, that it is these unfortunate people whose ignorance is the cause of their condition who are complaining of the evils of wealth, who are acquiring a sinister hatred of the rich.

There are, however, some encouraging features in the picture which continually bobs up before me of a feudal America. One of the features is that of greater consideration on the part of the wealthy employer for his employees. Many of the large concerns which, if you so choose to put it, are grinding the little fellows out of existence, have modern factories, profit-sharing with their employees, and other things which lighten the load for the small worker. The heads of the concern, like Julius Rosenwald, of Sears, Roebuck & Co., frequently spend a large portion of their time in philanthropic and other public-spirited work entirely unconnected with their own business. Another inspiring feature is the young blood, frequently the son of the little ignorant proprietor. In many cases this young blood is fighting inch by inch for the adoption of better methods by a father and associates. The improvement in intelligence which the younger generation shows gives you faith in American institutions and in the future of the country itself. The courage and self-sacrifice which this younger element shows in waging a battle when a better position and greater ease might be had form an inspiration too. It gives one the feeling that education is, after all, the way out. But how, pray tell, are you going to educate those who refuse to be educated?

J. N. NIND, JR.

Grand Rapids, Michigan.

BOOKS ON SOCIALISM

Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott's article on "Socialism" is a calm, clear, and, for the most part, accurate survey of the subject. The list of books which he gives contains

many of the most important works, but it seems to me that he has included some that are superfluous and omitted others that are important.

For example, Charles Edward Russell's "Why I Am a Socialist" is of very little use in getting an understanding of Socialism. Morris Hillquit's "Socialism in Theory and Practice" is immensely more useful. Similarly, I think it would have been better to omit Spargo's "The Marx He Knew" and Wells's "Socialism and the Family," and in their place put Marx's "Value, Price, and Profit," Marx's "Wage-Labor and Capital" (a five-cent pamphlet), and Thompson's "Constructive Program of Socialism." I think also that Engel's "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific" is far more useful to the average investigator than his "Landmarks of Scientific Socialism." Engel's "Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State" is a most acceptable substitute for, and improvement over, Lafargue's "Evolution of Property."

I offer these suggestions merely to indicate how a Socialist looks at this matter of selecting books on the subject. There are two more books that I should like to have included, but I did not see just what books they could replace. These are W. J. Ghent's "Mass and Class" and Achille Loria's "Economic Foundations of Society." Perhaps they might replace London's "Revolution" and Marx's "Poverty of Philosophy." I regard these two books that I have just suggested as most important for understanding the theory of historical materialism (known also as economic determinism, the economic interpretation of history, and the economic or materialist conception of history). If Mr. Abbott were familiar with these books, he would not have stated this theory quite so crudely as he has done. The fault with his statement—the crudity in it—consists in its incompleteness. He does not mention how the Socialists trace to this source, often through several metamorphoses, all institutions, ideals, religions, and ethics, and how they consider the economic life the basis of ideas. It is evidently for lack of understanding this that he makes the first of his objections to Socialism at the end of the article.

The only other fault to be found with the article is the undue prominence given to the views of Bernstein and the Revisionists. These persons have accomplished one, and only one, thing. They have shown us that economic evolution is at present proceeding less rapidly than the history of the first half of the nineteenth century would have led us to expect. But their other assertions do not hold good. Their influence has really been very small, and what Mr. Abbott calls orthodox Marxism is now, as heretofore, the basic set of ideas in the Socialist movement.

I quite agree with Mr. Abbott that the transition from the present economic system to the next will come through many and various methods, though I cannot agree with him on what they will be; and I think they will all be symptoms of the rise of the proletariat. I quite agree with him that economic development will not follow the lines of any philosophy. All that a philosophy can do is to tell us what is destined to happen; and if that philosophy explains adequately the past, we can safely rely on its predictions of the future, at least in general outline. And the Socialist philosophy, which does this, is essentially based on science. It rather predicts than denies that the institutions of the future will be established by a cut-and-try process.

As for Mr. Abbott's remark that the lines of demarcation in the class struggle seem to him neither clear nor becoming so, that may be due largely to the difficulty of getting behind the form to grasp the fact. For example, a farmer who owns his land is not thereby presumably a capitalist. He is one in form only, I think. As for his remarks on the question of woman's independence, it would take an article to discuss that matter even superficially. I do not think, however, that his view is anti-Socialist.

Mr. Abbott's last objection speaks for itself and himself.

S. G. Rich,
Librarian Socialist Party, Branch 5, Local N.Y.

[It is natural that the writer of this letter should think that the list of books printed in connection with Mr. Abbott's article was meant to be a bibliography of typical books on Socialism. It was not presented, however, as such. It included simply those books on the subject which within the last few months have come to The Outlook for review.—The Editors.]

PROTECTION FOR PROPERTY

Permit me to call attention again to the fact that the State of Ohio affords no protection for property destroyed by riot. And, as insurance companies cannot be held liable in such cases, it is a clear case of taxpaying without civilized protection.

Owing to the writer's five years' efforts in behalf of himself and the other unfortunate owners of the more than dozen houses burned at Springfield, the Hon. L. H. Lorenz, of Clarke County, has had the sense of justice to introduce a bill in the Legislature for the payment of loss, but, curiously enough, for only one of the houses! Efforts are, of course, being made to have all the houses included that were destroyed in the notorious "Levee" and "Jungles" riots of 1904 and 1906.

It is so very difficult to get just action, if ever, in such cases, that opportunity is here taken to bring forward again the suggestion which the writer has already made in The Outlook: That Congress, or at least the House of Governors, should make inquiry into the attitude of the different States on this question of property loss from riot, with a view to bringing about a uniform responsibility.

Clarke Dooley.

Brooklyn, New York.

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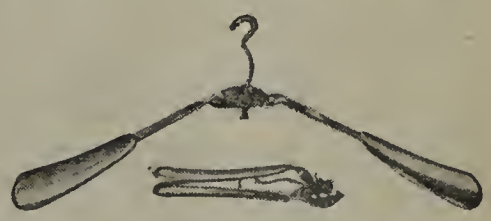

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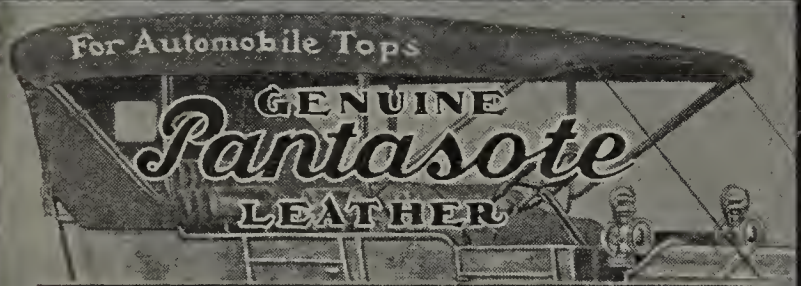

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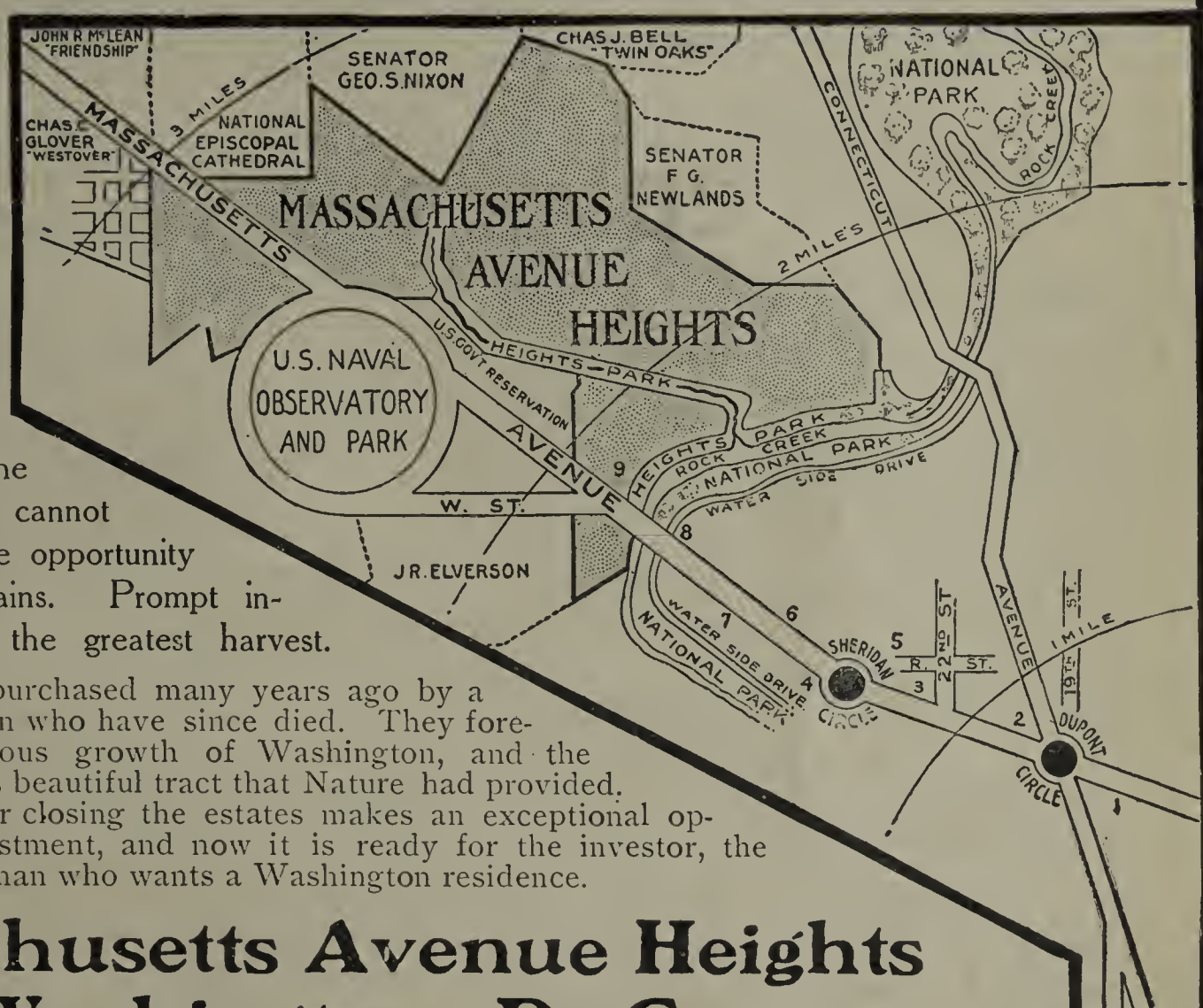

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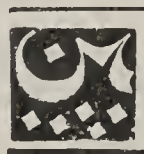
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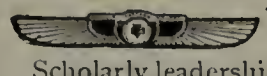

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Summer cottage on lake shore, facing mountains; large, fully furnished; seven chambers, bathroom; hot and cold water, spring water; long distance telephone; bathing; through Pullmans to lake; trout, salmon, and togue; daily mail; rental, five hundred dollars, includes canoes, sailboat, ice, fuel, telephone, and complete equipment. References, photographs, and particulars. F. S. SNYDER, 55 Blackstone St., Boston, Mass.

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NEW YORK

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Five acres, sloping to tree-shaded shore front. Thirty-mile view of lake and Green Mountains. House is completely furnished. On first floor are large living room with stone fireplace, dining-room, pantry, and also large bedroom with bath adjoining. Broad verandas on two sides of house. On second floor are one single and four double bedrooms and large bath. Covered passageway connects house with detached kitchen, which has accommodations for servants on second floor. Long distance telephone. Tent, two canoes. Garden will be started so that tenant may have vegetables and flowers. For terms address VAN NORDEN and WILSON,
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SALES manager. I offer my services to any one requiring broad knowledge and experience that gets results. Box 2,013, Philadelphia.

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POSITION as governess desired by kindergartner. Understands physical care. Music and language. Country preferred. 5,592, Outlook.

POSITION wanted as teacher of German in high school, private or preparatory school. Teacher, care Mrs. H. M. Sill, West School Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG Frenchwoman, college student, former experience, best references, wants position as tutor or companion during summer. 5,611, Outlook.

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